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NO. CCCI.

ART. I.—*The Earls of Cromartie, their Kindred, Country, and Correspondence.* By WILLIAM FRASER. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1876.

THE book to which we purpose to direct the attention of our readers is one of several works of a similar character due to the industry and wide knowledge in such studies of Mr. William Fraser, a distinguished official in the General Register House in Edinburgh, who is, perhaps, still better known to the public from the success which has attended his exertions in resuscitating some of the dormant or disputed peerages of Scotland. Queen Victoria cannot make a Scotch peer, but Mr. Fraser has raised several of those noble persons from the dead. Among the families whose history and biographies he has already written, are those of the Nithsdales, the Montgomeries, the Southesks, the Maxwells of Pollock, the Colquhouns, the Stirlings of Keir, the Lennox, with the Cartulary of Cambuskenneth, the Red Book of Grandtully, and others; and we believe that a history of the great house of the Scotts of Buccleuch will soon be forthcoming from the same fertile source. Although these works have as yet passed only into the hands of the private friends of these families, or into some public libraries, and such private collections as have been deemed worthy to receive them, thanks are largely due to the liberality of the owners, who have incurred great expense in these publications, as well as to the gentleman who has so well carried out their intentions; and they supply us with abundant materials of historical and personal interest, not to be obtained elsewhere.

Of the origin of the great and widely spread clan of the Mackenzies, two theories have been advanced, both of which are before us in Mr. Fraser's pages. The one, which deduces its origin from the great house of Fitzgerald in Ireland, is founded chiefly on a fragment of the records of Icolmkill, and on a charter granted in 1266 by King Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald (called Colinus Hybernicus) of the lands of Kintail. This theory is supported, among others, by the opinion of the first Earl of Cromartie himself, surely a most competent authority. The other theory is grounded on an allegation, by Mr. Skene, that this charter is a forgery of later times, an opinion supported by arguments to which, as to anything from his pen, respect is due, but which seem to be hardly sufficient to overcome the evidence for the earlier belief. His opinion is based on a genealogical MS. of Highland families, now in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, written in Gaelic about the year 1450. Its anonymous author, believed to be one of the Maclachlan family, deduces the 'genealogy of the clan Kenneth' from Colin of the Aird, a progenitor of the Earls of Ross, who must have lived in the tenth century, and who, with his son Colin the younger, are represented to have been the ancestors of the Mackenzies of Kintail, from whom descended the family of Seaforth, and from them that of Cromartie. We will not attempt to decide this question, and, as Mr. Fraser remarks, either theory gives to these houses a sufficiently ancient descent, whether derived from one side of the Irish Channel or from the other. We will, however, from our own knowledge add to the testimony of the first Earl of Cromartie that of the last Lord Seaforth, which was certainly given in a remarkable manner. Lord Seaforth died in 1815, and some few years

previously the late amiable Duke of Leinster visited Ross-shire, and was then acknowledged by the Scotch Laird as his superior chief, and as such received his formal homage.

It may be remarked that the armorial bearings of Seaforth give no information on this point; their stag's head, the well-known *Caber Feidh*, forming no part of the arms of the Earls of Ross, any more than of the Fitzgeralds. Those who have visited Brahan Castle will remember West's large picture of the incident to which the Chief of Kintail was indebted, according to highland story, for the stag's head on his shield, and there may be some also who will have smiled as they recalled the lines devoted to the picture by the facetious muse of Peter Pindar in his 'Farewell Odes' for 1786:—

'Behold, *one* fellow lifts his mighty spear,
To save the owner of the Scottish crown;
Which, harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.'

The first Baron and the founder, as he may be called, of the house of Cromartie, was Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, Knight, who was the second son of Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, and brother of Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail.* Sir Roderick was born about the year 1574, and was endowed by his father, as his portion, with the lands of Cultcleod, afterwards called Castle Leod, in accordance with a custom not infrequent with the lords of wide lands in those days when these were more ample than their personal wealth. The barony of Coigeach he acquired through his marriage in 1605 with Margaret Macleod, daughter of Torquil Macleod, of the Lewes, and he acquired the lands and barony of Tarbat not long before his death in 1626. He built the picturesque Castle Leod in Strathpeffer, which tourists know and admire, and which bears on its massive walls the initials of Sir Roderick and Margaret Macleod, who strongly impressed her name and lineage on the family into which she married, for when they achieved an earldom they adopted Macleod as one of their minor titles. Sir Roderick, or, as he was popularly called, Sir Rorie, was a man of very great influence, and not more so from his own considerable property and his judicious guardianship of the interests of his nephew, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, than from his great abilities. We are told 'Sir Rorie is still remembered in Ross-shire as a man of great bravery, and many anecdotes are told of him.' The following tradition is current in the country:—

'The Tutor had occasion to visit Edinburgh in the interest of his ward Seaforth, and, while passing with his retinue through Athole, he was challenged by a band of Athole men for doing so without leave from the lord of the land. The Tutor dismounted, and quietly proceeded to look out for a smooth stone, on which he began to sharpen his claymore. The Athole men kept at a safe distance, and their spokesman interrogated him what he was doing there. "I am going to make a road," was the ready answer. "You shall make no road here," was the defiant rejoinder. "Oh, I don't seek to do so, but I shall make it between your master's head and his shoulders if I am thus hindered from pursuing my lawful business." The Athole men sought no further parley, but retired; and on reaching their lord they recounted what had occurred, when he remarked that they must have encountered one of two personages—the Devil or the Tutor of Kintail. "Let him have a free path by here for ever." The following proverb is also still current:—"There are two things worse than the Tutor of Kintail: frost in spring, and mist in the dog-days."'

Sir Roderick died at Castle Leod in 1626, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and was buried at Dingwall. His successor was his eldest son, Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, created a Knight Baronet in 1628 by King Charles I. The memoir of his life tells more of his sayings and doings in the General Assemblies of the Kirk of Scotland, in the earlier part of his life, than of aught else. When, however, the disputes of that body with Episcopacy culminated in the greater strife between King and Parliament, Sir John seems to have sought to combine his devotion to the Kirk with loyalty to the Crown; and he took part in the inglorious movement styled the Engagement, shared with the Duke of Hamilton in its failure,

* The Mackenzies of Kintail, however, flourished, as we have seen, in the preceding century and long before. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail was buried in the Priory of Beauly in 1491, and an engraving of his tomb is prefixed to the volumes of the Charters of that Priory, published in 1876 by the Grampian Club, and ably edited by Mr. Chisholm Batten. This Sir Kenneth was the first of his family buried at Beauly, as he had married a daughter of Lord Lovat. His predecessors were all buried at Iona. This doughty champion, as Mr. Batten observes, routed the Macdonalds of the Isles at Blairnassare, took the Red Castle from Hugh Rose of Kilravoch (to whom it had been granted in 1482), and expelled him and his allies, the Clan Chattan, from the Black Isle; thereby establishing the preponderance of the Mackenzies in Ross-shire. Their dominion extended from sea to sea. It is scarcely necessary to add that the present owner of the lands of Kintail has no claim to a descent from these warlike chieftains, and merely holds the property by purchase from its hereditary proprietors.

and accomplished for himself only an imprisonment under Cromwell. Sir John died at his Castle of Ballone, or Castlehaven, in Easter Ross, on September 10, 1654, and was survived by his wife Dame Margaret Erskine, who made a second marriage, and acquired some fame from her perseverance as a litigant, whereby she induced the Scottish Parliament to reverse a decision of the Court of Session against her in the interpretation of her marriage contract with her second husband. This lady's age is not precisely known, but it would appear she must have seen nearly ninety years; and she is said to have greatly rejoiced in the advancement of her distinguished son. In a letter to him, written shortly before her death, she says:—

'I put no qwestion bot ye have enamies, bot give God be your frind ye neid not cair. I have sent you your legasie befor I dy. I wold not have you give this gold away, onles it be at a strat. I got it from your father, and I think I cannot bestow it better than on yourself. This with my blisen.'

Sir John Mackenzie was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, Baronet, afterwards first Earl of Cromartie, who was born in 1630, at Innertiel, near Kinghorn, in the county of Fife, the residence of his maternal grandfather Lord Innertiel. Here it may be well to notice the strange confusion which has sometimes been made by writers, less perfectly instructed than Mr. Fraser, between this distinguished man and another perhaps more famous lawyer, viz., Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, who was Lord Advocate, with a short interval of resignation, from 1677 to the Revolution in 1688. He was born in Dundee in 1636, died in London in 1692, and was buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, where, owing to the name of the 'Bluidy Mackenzie,' given to him by the Covenanters, his well-known tomb was long the terror of the children in the neighbourhood, who invented some uncomplimentary rhymes with which to salute it before nightfall. He belonged to the Seaforth family, and was only connected with that of Cromartie by marriage ties. A notable instance of the confusion of persons which we have noticed occurred in the exhibition of national portraits on loan to the South Kensington Museum in April 1866, where a well-known portrait of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate, figured on the walls, and still figures in the catalogue (No. 891), as that of the first Earl of Cromartie.

Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat was an infinitely more pronounced loyalist than his father, and during the Commonwealth he forbore any connexion with what he held to be an usurpation. In fact he took up arms at the early age of eighteen, serving in the 'Engagement,' to which we have already alluded, and again at the age of twenty-three took an active part in the Earl of Glencairn's expedition, in 1653, when the royal standard was raised in the West Highlands. He does not appear to have done military duty after the suppression of this rising for the King, and during the Commonwealth his occupation, with frequent attention to those philosophical pursuits to which he was all his life addicted, seems to have been chiefly the study of the law, that 'gloomy labyrinth,' as a great historian has termed it, by means of which he was destined in after life to seek, and to find, high political distinction and a peerage.

The Restoration at once opened a career to Sir George. The Earl of Middleton, who had had experience of his abilities in Glencairn's expedition, when appointed by the King as Commissioner in Scotland, at once selected him as his chief adviser, and included him among the judges of the reconstituted Court of Session, under the official title of Lord Tarbat. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that his life was mainly a judicial one. He was immersed in politics and in political and party strife, his chief rival for the King's confidence and favour being Lauderdale, while his friends were Middleton and Rothes; but in this struggle he was finally worsted, and in 1664 he was dismissed from office and deprived of power.

Lord Tarbat continued in retirement for many years, and a letter printed in the Cromartie papers, from James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews, is the first indication of his return to high office, to which he was appointed on Oct. 16, 1678, as Lord Justice-General of Scotland, a position then only second to the Lord Chancellor; and shortly after he was named a Privy Councillor. He was subsequently, in 1681, appointed Lord Clerk Register, in the room of Sir Archibald Primrose, who took the office of Lord Justice-General, and soon after he was again admitted one of the ordinary Lords of Session. Mr. Fraser, than whom no one is better entitled to do so, bears testimony to the efficient manner in which Lord Tarbat discharged the duties of the Register House, an office of the greatest usefulness to Scotland, and for which his acquirements and capacity for business well qualified him. Lord Tarbat continued in power during the remainder of King Charles's reign, and in that of his brother,

shortly after whose accession he was created a peer by the titles of Viscount Tarbat, Lord Macleod and Castlehaven.

The Revolution of 1688 and the landing of the Prince of Orange were trying times to many great men in Scotland, and to Lord Tarbat among others; but he had early foreseen the impending catastrophe, and was prepared for it, and ready to cast in his lot with William, whose prudent resolve to treat none as his enemies till he should find it impossible to make them his friends rendered his task easier than it had at first appeared. He succeeded so entirely that he held his office of Lord Clerk Register from 1692, till he resigned it in 1696, on a pension.

Lord Tarbat could hardly expect to escape unfriendly comment on this change of masters, nor did he, and his conduct of affairs generally has been severely handled by opponents. The heaviest of the charges brought against him was that made by Secretary Johnstone of his having falsified the minutes of Parliament on various occasions; but Mr. Fraser adduces reasons for holding these accusations to be unsubstantiated, and quotes the language of the Duke of Queensberry in a letter to Lord Tarbat, of about the year 1701, in which the Duke says:—

'If his Majestie's servants there (London) are not sensible of the value of my dear Tarbat for their master's interest, I am sure that I have an advantage over them in knowing his worth. The small things that were procured to your lordship from the King, I doe assure you, were very readily granted; and he expresses himself on all occasions with great satisfaction in your service, and a personal esteem of you.'

Lord Tarbat's first wife, to whom he was married for forty-five years, died in 1699, and in six months after that event, and at the ripe age of seventy, he married Margaret, Countess of Wemyss. This lady was the sister uterine of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, and the marriage was celebrated in April 1700. The duchess writes at this time to Lord Melville:—

'Tarbat wrott a bantering letter to me, and I writt just such another to him, but my sister did not naim him in her letter to me, so I shall make no serious answer to him till he owns it, for I think it should have bene from herself that I should first have heard of it."

In another letter from the duchess to the same correspondent she says:—

'At last I had a letter from my sister Wemyss, dated the 28 of Aprill. The last of it was she believed she should be marryed tomorrow or next day. A hansom warning for a sister of a thing of that consequence.'

This marriage, which appears to have been a happy one, was also short-lived, the countess having died at Whitehall, London, on March 11, 1705. The death of King William brought no ill results to Lord Tarbat, but rather the reverse. The important office of Secretary of State for Scotland was bestowed on him, to be followed by his elevation in 1703 to the dignity of Earl of Cromartie, Viscount Tarbat, Lord Macleod and Castlehaven.

He seems to have felt very much the death of his countess, and having then attained the age of seventy-five, he resigned the more arduous post of Secretary of State, and resumed that of Lord Justice-General, an office he had formerly held, with the duties of which he was familiar, and in this capacity he did his utmost to promote the long-projected union of the two kingdoms. It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the energy of his language in behalf of this measure, or the continued persistence on every occasion, and almost in every letter, public or private, with which he advocated it; and it is only just to his memory to remark, that in an age when views of personal advantage are continually visible in every discussion, and on every subject, Lord Cromartie merits the eulogy that his sole object in this great matter, even at the risk of unpopularity, was the welding together, to their mutual advantage, of the two kingdoms into one inseparable Britain—and this great consummation he lived to see. In 1710, being then eighty years of age, Lord Cromartie vacated the last offices he had held, and the last four years of his life were passed in complete retirement, followed by his death on August 27, 1714, in his eighty-fourth year, at Milnton, afterwards called New Tarbat, and more lately Tarbat House.

The memoir of Lord Cromartie in the work before us concludes with a summary of his character and an enumeration of his published or written works. We shall content ourselves with saying that he was not only one of the ablest men of his time in Scotland, but one who would certainly have attained distinction among any associates. He was more than ordinarily learned, having little to fear from competition in that field; and he added to his learning a strong intellect and great energy of character and expression, with a ready activity of mind and body. He speaks in his letters of being poor, but he acquired from his long public service a considerable landed property; though it is perhaps the best answer to any criticisms which may be made upon

these acquisitions, that, with the high offices he held for so long a period, he certainly did not accumulate any such fortune as to justify accusations of peculation, or even of greed, in a time when such judgments were neither infrequent nor ill-founded. His obtaining for political purposes an Act of Parliament which annexed all his scattered property, wherever situated, to the very small county of Cromartie (so that the sporadic fragments of that county are in reality the Tarbat estates), was a proceeding which would not now be tolerated, and was long the cause of inconvenience and of some failure of justice: but similar motives have not been unknown in very much more recent days, though assuming a more modest shape; and it would be to take a sanguine view of mankind to assert that they will not be discoverable in the future. Lord Cromartie's life affords ample evidence that he had strongly and actively at heart the progress and material interests of his native country when such enlarged views were held by few; and his descendants may without hesitation point to him as one who has shed lustre on their name.

The second Earl of Cromartie was John, who was born in 1656, and died in 1731; but his life hardly calls for remark here beyond this, that with him began those indications of preference for the exiled Royal family which afterwards cost his own house so dear.

George, third Earl of Cromartie, who was born about 1702, succeeded his father, and married, in 1724, Isabella Gordon, daughter of Sir William Gordon, Baronet, of Invergordon, an alliance from which, coupled with the fact that Robert Dundas of Arniston, afterwards Lord President of the Court of Session, was his brother-in-law, one would have expected the suppression of any Jacobite proclivities. Their happy married life continued uninterrupted till the landing of Charles Edward in Loch-na-nuagh brought them ruin.

The Prince's letter to Lord Cromartie, as we read it by the light of later days, must, one cannot but think, have been a perplexing one to the Earl; and judging from certain letters written by him in September and October of this year, it was so.

'Boradel: August 8, 1745.

'Having been well inform'd of your principles and loyalty, I cannot but expect your assistance at this juncture, that I am come with a firm resolution to restore the king, my father, or perish in the attempt. I know the interest you have among those of your name, and depend upon you to exert it to the utmost of your power. I have some reason not to make any application to the Earl of Seaforth without your advice, which I therefoir desire you to give me sincerely. I intend to set up the Royal standard at Glanfinnen on Monday the 19th inst., and shou'd be very glad to see you on that occasion. If time does not allow it, I still depend upon your joyning me with all convenient speed. In the mean time you may be assured of the particular esteem and friendship I have for you.

'Charles P. R.

'For the Earl of Cromarty.'

Lord Cromartie and his son Lord Macleod, with four hundred of their clan, joined the Prince's followers at Perth, some three months subsequent to the date of this letter. The events of 1745–46 need not here be retold. Suffice it to say that the Earl and his following remained at Perth or Dundee as their head-quarters till Charles Edward's return from England, but took an active part in the battle of Falkirk in February 1746, thus fully identifying themselves with the rebellion, if such their enterprise was fated to be called. Lord Cromartie's capture at Dunrobin Castle the day before the battle of Culloden, his being carried to London and committed to the Tower, and being afterwards pardoned, when the peers, his partners in misfortune, were executed, are incidents all too familiar to be again narrated.

The family lived in England assisted by a small pension from the Crown, but the adverse conditions of exile and poverty seem to have been softened to them by mutual affection and resignation. Lord Cromartie died in 1766, and his widow in 1769. The earl had in domestic life the advantage over another Scottish noble long an exile, and we may hope that he passed from life as serenely as did the last Earl Marischal at Potsdam in 1778, when saying to Hugh Elliott two days before he died, 'Je vous ai fait appeler parce que je trouve plaisant qu'un ministre du Roi George reçoive les derniers soupirs d'un vieux Jacobite.' Their eldest son, Lord Macleod, having also received the Royal pardon, and disdaining dependence and idleness, resolved to seek military service abroad, and stated his purpose to his father in the following manly letter:—

'Bridport: April 18, 1749.

'My Lord,—You will perhaps be surprised to find by this letter that I am set out for London without having acquainted you with anything of my design; but when I have informed you of my motives for taking this step, I flatter myself you will approve of the principles on which I act, and do justice to the sincerity of my intentions. It cannot but be very disagreeable to me to find that there

are some of my relations in Scotland who make it their business to carp at everything I do; and all this because I wou'd not follow the scheme of life which they had laid down for me. They not only disapprove of every visit I make, but my going into any company, however mixed; my being at the most publick places, however indifferently frequented by people of all parties; and my very cloaths are offences of the highest nature. As this fully convinces me that they are resolved to disapprove of every step I can take, I was afraid that, if you was acquainted with my design, they might attribute a part of this other imaginary offence to your share. It is to prevent any bad consequences of this nature that has determined me to act as I have done; and I declare before God that the above reason is my only inducement for so doing. As I have ever made my duty to my parents the inviolable rule of my conduct, so I shall always continue in the same sentiments, and shall with pleasure embrace every opportunity by which I can show it. As idleness is certainly very detrimental to everybody, so it is likewise very shamefull for a young man—especially for one in my situation—to loiter away his time when he ought to be pushing his way thro' the world. This has determined me to offer my services to some of the northern powers, where the approaching war offers a favorable opportunity to such as are determined to make a figure in the world, or fall in the attempt. I have as much money as will carry me to town, and if I can get as much there as will carry me over the water, it will do very well. If not, I still think it better even to beg my bread over, and afterwards to carry a musket, than to continue any longer a burden to you. I shall write again from London, where I propose to stay but a few days. I offer my most affectionate duty to my mother, and my affectionate compliments to my sisters. I am, my Lord, your most affectionate and dutiful son,

'Macleod.

'To the Right Honourable the Earl of Cromartie.'

Lord Macleod took service with the King of Sweden, having been assisted in his equipment by the Chevalier de Saint George, on the recommendation of Lord George Murray. He continued in it for twenty-seven years, including within that period a campaign with Frederick the Great in the seven years' war of which he has left us an account written in French, and now first printed in this work. He also wrote a most interesting narrative of the rising of 1745, from its commencement to near its conclusion, which, with the Prussian campaign, forms a valuable part of Mr. Fraser's second volume. Lord Macleod's distinguished services abroad procured for him several marks of honour from the sovereign he had served, and were fitly followed by his obtaining military rank and a command from King George III. in 1777, for whom he raised the 73rd Regiment (since numbered the 71st) of 1,100 highlanders, and styled 'Macleod's Highlanders,' with whom he proceeded to Madras in 1780. His services in India are well known. He returned to England in 1782, with the rank of Major-General, having been in his absence, in October 1780, elected Member of Parliament for the shire of Ross, amid the tumultuous applause of its whole population; and on August 18, 1784, the Act was passed for restoring the forfeited estates to their former owners or their heirs—a wise and generous measure, carried out by Henry Dundas, afterwards first Viscount Melville, who must have had no small pleasure in placing at the head of the list the name of his gallant relative, Lord Macleod.

Lord Macleod married in 1786 Marjory Forbes, eldest daughter of James, Lord Forbes, and died April 2, 1789, his widow afterwards becoming the wife, in 1794, of John, fourth Duke of Athol. When her Majesty Queen Victoria passed through Dunkeld on September 8, 1842, on her visit to the late Marquis of Breadalbane, she called at the abode of the widowed and aged duchess, and, it is said, looked into the room where her grace, then in her last illness, lay on a sofa asleep and unconscious of the visit of her sovereign. The duchess died in the following month; and should her Majesty enjoy the fulness of years wished for her by every subject of her beneficent reign, she may be able to say that she had seen and visited the widow of one of the rebel lords who pleaded for their lives at the bar of the House of Lords some 150 years previously.

Lord Macleod was succeeded in his estates by his cousin, Kenneth Mackenzie, only son of the Honourable Roderick Mackenzie. He died in 1796, leaving no issue, and was succeeded by Lady Isabella Mackenzie, Dowager Lady Elibank, the eldest sister of Lord Macleod. This lady died December 28, 1801, and was succeeded by her eldest daughter, the Honourable Maria Murray Hay Mackenzie, the wife of Edward Hay of Newhall, brother of George, seventh, and uncle of Field-Marshal George, eighth Marquis of Tweeddale, recently deceased. Mrs. Hay Mackenzie, who lived to a great age, resided much at Tarbat House, and took especial interest in a careful exercise of the large Church patronage which belonged to the family of Cromartie. She witnessed the disruption in 1843, which not a little inconveniently called on her to select

ministers to fill the vacant pulpits, but, dying in 1858, she did not live to see the Act which abrogated those rights.

She was succeeded by her only son, John Hay Mackenzie, of Cromartie and Newhall, who married Anne, daughter of Sir James Gibson Craig, Baronet, of Riccarton. He died at Cliefden on July 9, 1849, much mourned, especially by his tenantry, who were greatly attached to him; and his widow continued to reside at Castle Leod, dispensing its kindnesses and charities to all around her, till her death in September 1869. Their only child is Anne Hay Mackenzie, Duchess of Sutherland, created on October 21, 1861, in her own right Countess of Cromartie, Viscountess Tarbat, Baroness Macleod and Castlehaven. Her grace's marriage to the Duke of Sutherland was received in the North as a welcome link between the counties of Ross and Sutherland; and when the honours of her predecessors were revived in her person, it seemed as if a seal had been set to the old ties which, in less peaceful days, had united the noble houses of Sutherland and Cromartie.

We have been unwilling to interrupt this genealogical sketch of the Cromartie family and of its fortunes from the days of the 'Tutor of Kintail' down to the creation of the present earldom, by more than an indirect reference to the mass of correspondence collected in these volumes. Yet upon their compilation Mr. Fraser has expended no little care, and materials existing either at Tarbat House or in the charter chests of Mar and of Athole have given a real interest to this book. These letters contain, along with historical details of some merit, many interesting and amusing sketches of domestic manners. We trace the intermarriages of the great highland families, their jealousies and their friendships;—we see how their rentals were gathered, how their children were educated, and the letters from first to last reflect a great deal of public opinion in Scotland from the year 1662 to 1750, and that on many important subjects. We will first take some of those which bear on the state of the Church in the highlands.

In 1665 Episcopacy was still by law established, and James Sharp was Archbishop of St. Andrews. He writes thus to Sir George Mackenzie (Lord Tarbat):—

'St. Andrews: Sept. 2, 1665.

'My Lord,—By a letter from the Bishop of Ross, last night, I was so surprysed, that I resolved to give you the trouble of this account of it. He wreats that after he had thought that all differences about the dues of his see had been, by your and the Bishop of Murreyes interposing amicably, settled, the Earl of Seaforth, accompanied with yourself and the laird of Cromarty and above a score of gentlemen of note more, came to his howse; and you were pleasit, in your heat, to publickly discharge all friendship, correspondance, or respect to him, alledging that he had wreat a letter to me challenging my Lord Seaforth, yourself, and Cromarty, of disaffection to the Church government. If that be the cause of this strange usage, I must bear testimony to the bishop's innocency. . . . I have been told indeed that it has been observed, that, since my Lord Seaforth his last coming from the Sowth, the bishop has not been used with that kyndness and respect which formerly he had, which is very grevous and discouraging to him, and caused admiration in me, my Lord Seaforth having, when he did me the honour to see me, givin me those assurances of his friendship to the settled order, and assistance to the Bishop of Ross, that I did wreat to London, and caused represent to the King how necessary it would be for the good of his service that the Earl of Seaforth be incouraged and inabled by a speciall fruit of his royal bounty. By the relation I had from the Archbishop of Glasgow, I cannot say that my humble motion on my Lord Seaforth's behalf was without some effect. But now, my lord, I confess I am at a stand what to think of this odd usage putt so publickly on the bishop with whose carriage and obliging dealing towards those who hold of his see I have heard you speak with much commendation. This putts me in mynd of an expression which stuck with me you had in freedom of discourse to me upon a night in my chamber in Edinburgh, about two years agone, that you did prognosticate I would hear complaints from some northern bishops of the contempt and injuries would be cast upon them. I shall not judge what has been the instigation to this, or what is designed by it, or what is at the bottom where such smoak brakes forth, but am sorry that such essayes and shrewd experiments should be first attempted in Ross, whence it was least expected. . . . I leave it to be considered by you how it will be construed that upon a causeless suggestion a bishop, who is commissionated by the King and by the law of God and of the law, and intrusted with the inspection of the clergy and layety in that precinct, should be, by the chief persons in the diocess, publickly inpresence of the most of the gentry contemptuously interdicted from respect, friendship, and correspondence of those whom the law has put under his charge, is a sort of excommunication I know not where or when heard of before in the Christian Church. . . . We are not yet brought to that pass as to brook a precarious authority upon these termes; but as long as the lawes are in force, and our gracious Soveraign in condition to protect us, till a rebellion be commenced of new, we hope it will not be expected that we will be terrifyed from our endeavouring, by lawfull and Chris-

tian meanes, that the authority of Christ and the King, with which our office is invested, doe not suffer in our persons, and be thus exposed to such ill-boading beginnings, whatever lott we shall be cast upon therby. I have wretten to the Bishop of Ross that immediately he comes south, because we have use for his service in the publick concernes of the Church this winter. . . .

'J. St. Andrews.'

So much for the autumnal days of Episcopacy in Scotland.

The following letter from the celebrated William Carstairs is noteworthy. It bears the date of 1684, and in it the imprisoned presbyter asks for Lord Tarbat's good offices. In ten years' time the tables were to be turned, and there are extant three letters of Lord Tarbat's, in which he offers to resign his post of Register, and complains of his adversaries. He also asks for Carstairs' interest with King William, and that at a time when few Scotchmen had access to the Sovereign, and none possessed an influence to be compared with that of 'Cardinal Carstares.' This letter from the prisoner of Stirling Castle has been given in facsimile by Mr. Fraser. It runs as follows:—

'Stirling: Oct. 8, 1684.

'My Lord,—The scruple made by the Captain of the Castle about the meaning of the letter sent to him for the receiving me prisoner, hath made me presume to give your lordship this trouble, which I doe with the greater confidence, because of the allowance your lordship was pleased to grant me at parting, of troubling you with my concerns. I do not doubt, my lord, but both yourselfe and the other lords, who signed the order for my free prison, did design it might be as free as might be, consistent with restraint; but the commander in this place, not thinking himselfe sufficiently warranted by what was written to him about me, to allow me what libertie I had in the Castle of Edinburgh, and what I am confident was designed for me by your lordship, hath thought fitt to restrain me from walking within the castle walls, unless attended by a sergeant, or some of the souldierie of the garrison, by which your lordship's favour is almost rendered useless, and I in some manner still a close prisoner, being thus deprived of any retirement, having but one room for myself, wife, and maid. I doe therefore humbly beg the favour of your lordship, that by satisfying Captain Stuart's doubts, I may enjoy the libertie which your lordship thinks I do allreadie share of. I must also, my lord, take the freedom to tell your lordship that the kindnesse I have alreadie mett with from your lordship's selfe and my lord's secretarie, doth make me presume to exspect that I shall, thro' the endeavours of your lordships, have in a little time my remission and libertie upon baill, and (if thought necessarie) I promise to appear when called, which favours when granted, it shall be my endeavour to improve, as neither his Majestie may have cause to repent of what he bestowes on me, nor your lordship of your kindnesse to, My Lord, your most humble and faithfull 'W. Carstares.'

The year 1706 found George, Earl of Cromartie, in Edinburgh, and a new year's letter of greeting from him to the Earl of Mar shows the prominent place that the projected Union had in this statesman's thoughts:—

'Edinburgh: Jan. 1, 1706.

'My dear Lord,—As yet your lordship's letters have availd little more than herr Majestie's former letters, and that is *nothing* to your servant. But of this too much.

'On this New Year Day, many happy yeares are wished by me (and I am sure by many Scotsmen) to you and your family, and (as that which I think Scotland's cheef politick good) to ane intire vnion with England. I doe not mean without provisions and exceptiones—that were ridiculous for both—but in substantials, that both head and body might be one politick body. Unless we be a part each of the other, the vnion will be as a blood puddin to bind a catt, i.e., till one or the other be hungry, and then the puddin flyes! God give all of you prudence, wisdom, and honesty, and Brittish minds."

This petition seems to have been breathed by the Earl of Cromartie with reference to the many opponents to the proposed Union. That body included among its number Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, the man of whom it was said that, brave as the sword he wore, he would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it. His aversion to the proposed Union was deeply rooted, and was expressed at great length and with much force in a paper on the state of this controversy. It was his conviction that legislation for the two kingdoms and the two Churches could not be carried on by one Parliament sitting at Westminster, where he said that the Scottish members might turn themselves round and round for evermore 'in a trap of their own making.'

Some such ominous prognostications must have been in Cromartie's mind when he alludes to needful 'provisions and exceptiones;' and certainly the details of the Union must have been a hard nut for any politician to crack in the disaffected state of the northern kingdom. He goes on to say:—

'I will not obtrude to say what kind, what mode of union—that I committ to better judgments—if it be in the way of federation (so that be good and sure), or ane incorporat-

ing (which I think can hardly be bad and unsure) so it effectuate a solid peace, affection, and proportionable advantages, by peace, trade, or in warr, to all parts of the island.'

The strange and pathetic eloquence with which Lord Belhaven argued the other side of this question can never be forgotten, and his words must have sent a thrill of patriotism through many a purely Scottish breast, less prepared than was Lord Cromartie's to nourish the larger hope. 'Where,' Lord Belhaven had asked, 'are the Douglases, the Grahams, the Campbells, our peers and chieftains who vindicated by their swords the independence of their country, which their sons are about to forfeit by a single vote?' The depth of Belhaven's feeling on the passing of the Act of Union cannot be better illustrated than by recording here the legend on a stone erected by him in his garden at Biel, and apparently marking its date. — 'Traditionis Scotiæ anno primo, 1707.' Lord Cromartie struck a very different note when he wrote to Lord Mar :—

'May wee be Brittains, and down goe the old ignominious names of Scotland and of England. Scot or Scotland are words not known in our native language; and England is a dishonorable name, imposed on Brittains by Jutland pirats and mercinaries. Brittain is our true, our honourable denomination.'

That denomination became legal throughout the whole island by the Act of Union of 1707; but the passions roused by the long controversy were by no means all appeased by the prevalence of the counsels which Lord Cromartie knew so well how to advance.

The year 1708 saw a naval expedition prepared against England at Dunkirk, and many of the northern nobles — Panmure, Gordon, Athole, and Errol — engaged to take arms in the cause of the Stuart pretender. This attempt at invasion came to nothing, but the prisons of Scotland were immediately crowded with persons of all ranks, among whom Belhaven and Fletcher were included. The principal hope of the Government now lay in the Presbyterian party and in a few such staunch supporters as Lord Cromartie. We can the more easily follow the letter in which Lord Godolphin conveys to him the assurance of the Queen's trust and esteem :—

'June 14, 1709.

'My Lord,—Though I have been long without acknowledging the favour of your lordship's two last letters, I have, however, taken an opportunity to reade them to the Queen, who, I believe, is very well convinced of the truth of all that is contained in them, especially of those particulars relating to the manner of the Union's being accompished in Scotland; and I can assure your lordship she remembers you with the same kindness as when you were nearer to her person. And if the peace were so near as wee thought it a month since, I believe she would yett encourage you to take the trouble of a London jorney, to have your assistance in such measures as will then bee proper for settling the future commerce of that part of the kingdome. But during the warr those things may bee thought of, but nothing will bee done to any purpose till a peace comes, which, I hope, may yett be before winter.

'I am always with great truth and respect, my Lord,

'Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

'Godolphin.'

All the letters in Mr. Fraser's volumes are not of such a grave complexion as these. They contain many naïve details of family life and domestic manners in the highlands. The following appeal from Lord Duffus is a correct picture of the narrow incomes and the economical habits of the northern gentry, who had often more acres than guineas. Kenneth, third Lord Duffus, writes to George, first Earl of Cromartie :—

'Teusday (circa 1710).

'My dear Lord,—Nothing but the assurance of a tar cou'd be guilty of this impudence, and even that could not perswad me, till necessity obliges me, to beg your lordship's assistance by the loan of 5 guiny's more, and in a very little time I hope to repay it thankfully. I would not have troubled you, my dear Lord, but that I am not able to use this freedom with any other. And to be plain, it's to pay my cook, who, without it, will not supply any further. If you can do it by the bearer, my footman, it will oblige him who even blushes to subscrive myself, tho' with a great dale of sincerity I am, your Lordship's most affectionate and most dutyfull nephew and humble servant,

'Duffus.'

Of a much earlier date, but very amusing, is an epistle written to Viscount Tarbat by his wife. She writes from 'Castalleoud, the 21 of Juli, 1690 :'—

'My dear Love,—I rescued the horses, cowes, and all as you wrot very well. I am told there was a ship of great burdin brok to pices as she entered the Suteres,* which I wondered much at, lodend with irne, and I know not what els. The men are all safe, and I hear they got very good peniwortes of it; but nather my son nor anyther acquanted me any thing conserning hir; bot so sone as John McLeod come from the hilandes, which was the uery day I furst heard of it, I sent him

* The Sutors of Cromarty, which guard the entrance to Cromarty Firth, the finest harbour on the north-western coast of Britain.

ther to see what truth was in it, and secure the anker and best rop. I hear the Invernes men boght op all at a very shep rate. . . . Our wark goes on bott sloley. You know Megumeri is not ouerswift. . . . I am just about to cut turff for laying the grines. I know not but you may be angri, seeing I had no directions where to cut. We know no place but from the side of Moure as we goe to church, or in the wood above the hous. . . . Davet is busi skliting the turettes. I am only now waiting for a little more lyme, which is very ill to be had; for John McLeod nides for Tarbat, who is indeed a very good griue, and becomed a very frugall man. . . . I browed only one since you went from this. You know I had very good aelle in the hous, which I bottled, and it keepes very well. I believe the wine is very good too, for oght I know, for we have not gret use for it. Once we drunk a fiow bottles when my sister Sefort come to dyne with me with her chaplen and brother-in-laue. I am told they fish preti well att Couen just now. . . . You writ me no acount of my sones wife. They tell me she is broght to bed of a doghter. I know not if it be so; I get never a letter from any of my doghters, tho' I writ many. . . . Your faithfull

'A. Tarbat.'

This is, we believe, a perfectly artless effusion, though it is very certain that when written, and for at least a century later, a wreck was never an unwelcome incident on these northern shores, where we have known sales of wreck and cargo arranged in a way much more generous to the neighbourhood than just to the owners. It is, however, more curious to find the Regent of King's College, Aberdeen (George Fraser), sending to Lord Tarbat a letter in which the condemnation of Fénelon's book, with the particulars of a French persecution of Huguenots, as brought home by merchants, are noticed along with the weather, and with the sufferings of a certain John Mackenzie, of Kildonan, for witchcraft. It seems that the witches had confessed their guilt to Lord Tarbat. His learned correspondent comments on this:—

'Their voluntare confessions, and taking guilt upon them by owning the facts as the causes of maladies and deaths, and desire to be gone to their master, (?) otherways than by burning. I go also alongst with your Lordship's decision as to the poor creatures curiosity that lookt upon their operations, accidentally coming to their elaboratory (a sort of *leyer de maine* many could look on), providing she was under no compact or promise with them or him, except secrecy. But I am more stumbled at the litle horse his speaking than any other part of the relation, it being reasonably lookt on as supernatural that brutes whose organs are not fitted for articulate pronunciation, should in one instant speak distinctly.'

The ague which resulted from the marshy nature of the country, if ever natural drainage failed, plays a more important part in the correspondence of these highland lords and ladies than it could do now. Peruvian bark was already recognised as a remedy, but some of the prescriptions in which their physicians believed are more curious than pleasant. We may congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of them from the modern pharmacopœia, though 'King Charles's drops' must evidently at one time have been a very fashionable medicine. Lord Cromartie's second wife (Countess of Wemyss) writes thus to him after she has been ill:—

'My dearest Love,—I am very sorry you have been so toild with business and satt so late up. I pray God it may not do you hurt. I long alredy to be with you againe. . . . I resolve if the Lord give me health and strength, to goe from this place to-morrow by eight o'clock in the morning, for I do not care to ly abed when I want my dearest and better parte. I shall be very careful of your Pegie, and if I finde myself weary or not well to-morrow, I will stay till Wednesday, which my sister is very earnest to have me do. It is now neer twelve o'clock, so I shall add noe more, but I am unalterably, my dearest life,

'Your oune 'M. W.'

'Your son was very carfull of me, which I took most kindlie on your account.'

It may not be uninteresting to see how a great lady of the close of the seventeenth century educated her son. Lady Breadalbane (*née* Mary Campbell), whose continued use of her former husband's signature has misled Mr. Fraser into calling her 'Countess of Caithness,' writes to consult Lord Tarbat about some legal business, and then goes on:—

'I have got a governor to Colin. Such things are not taught in the scoul where he is boarded; his tutor is to teach him at his lodging. Colin has made a considerable advance in his French, and is now learning the mathamaticks. As for his philosophie and law, his tutor is very capable to teach him these principls; and I doe think he may make as good advances in thes stuys hear (London) as at Oxfourd. . . . I went this last September to Oxfourd and stayed there 2 weeks, and did inform myselfe verie fully of all the ways that such as my son wold be managed in that place; and when I considered the good and ill that is to learnt ther, I concluded that my son's education may be ful as well hear (in London) as in Oxfourd. Being sixteen he shall still be boarded with his French maister, who is a discreet, well bred man; and when Colin is something advanced in such lessons as are thought fitt for him, there is a very good academie hear. My lord is very free to be at the charge of every thing that is

proper for Colin's education; and, I thank God, the child is very willing to learn, and I hop in a few years he shal be capable to serv your lordship. 'M. Caithnes.'

The pains which Lady Breadalbane bestowed on this son were destined to have but a short season for their fruition. Colin died in 1708, and it is left to the superstitious to see a 'judgment' in his early death. He was the only son, by his second marriage, of that Earl of Breadalbane who shared with Lord Stair the stain of the blood of Glencoe.

Much interest attaches to that part of the Cromartie correspondence which relates to George, the third and attainted earl. We find many pages which describe the early happy years of his married life, when his business letters, instead of referring to war and the levies of rebel regiments, are full of minute directions for the furnishing of New Tarbat House. He resided generally at Castle Leod, and there, before his 'bonnie Bell Gordon's' troubles began, she had her children about her, and received the visits either of her father, Sir William Gordon, or of her sister Anne, who, with Lord Arniston, came to spend midsummer days with her in the highlands. Then, when the state of the river fords was favourable, the great highland lairds visited each other. Simon, Lord Lovat, writes :—

'Beaufort : May 27, 1740.

'My dear Lord,—I was much pleased with the hopes of having the honour to see your lordship, and my worthy friend Lord Arnistoun and Sir William Gordon, in this little hutt, either Fryday, Saturday, or yesterday. But I am mighty sorry at the account that I got this evening from Braan, that the good Countess of Cromartie was dangerously ill. . . . I would certainly have had the honour to have paid my duty to you and to Lord Arnistoun yesterday, at Castle Leod, but the river of Bewlie has not been so low this year as it has been these few days past.'

This 'river of Bewlie' was not always to be trusted. The Earl of Murray comes to Beaufort, and has many adventures, which his host thus repeats to Lord Cromartie :—

'Not daring to cross the foord in his coach, he took a small fishing coble and crossed in it with the Countess and the ladies that were with her, and sent his coach by the foord, which had almost been drowned, and his horses, for there was above a foot of water in the coach, and the windows open. I wish with all my soul the Earl had been in the coach !'

Not a very hospitable wish, certainly; but to the Cromarties Lord Lovat is much more flattering, and he 'sincerely protests that except your own children there is not a Mackenzie alive that has a greater honour and value for your lordship than I have.' These protestations of regard abound in his letters. One day he prepares a gift for the descendant of the Tutor of Kintail which he believes will be very acceptable at Castle Leod.

'Beaufort : July 3, 1739.

'I can very freely assure your lordship that nothing but my long and great indisposition, which is not yet quite over, deprived me of the honour of paying my respects to your Lordship before now at Castle Leod, and bringing with me the triumphing sword of your great and worthy ancestor and my great-grand-uncle Sir Rory, Tutor of Kintail. I have it still ready to go along with me. I did design to cause brush it and dress it up; but I was advised by some of your friends and mine to keep it in the old rusty dress it is in till I put it in your lordship's hands, which I am fully resolved to do as soon as ever I am able to ride that length in any shape; for there is nothing I long for more than to have the honour to see your lordship in your own house. . . . 'Lovat.'

It is to be doubted if Lovat, when furbishing up this archaic sword, pictured to himself how soon by the Frasers and the Mackenzies the sword would be drawn in serious earnest, and Castle Downie and Tarbat receive the visits of the regiments of King George.

It was not till after the successful battle of Prestonpans that the wily Lovat threw in his lot with the party of Charles Edward. Even in the letters which he addresses to Lord Cromartie in 1745 it is curious to note how disingennous and uncertain are all his utterances. The year that was to be so eventful to the hopes of the Stuart Prince opened with a snowstorm of extraordinary severity.

'Beaufort : Feb. 4, 1745.

'My dear Earl,—I do not believe that since the deluge there was such a storm of snow upon the Strath of the Aird. It was seldom or ever seen that there was above a foot deep of snow upon the plain Strath, but now it is three and four feet deep, and in some places seven and eight feet. The cattle in this country has suffered a great deal already, and are like to perish : so much as to water they have not got out of their stalls these twelve days past—neither horse, cow, sheep, or goat—but the people are forced to carry the water to them; in short, the situation of this county is so dismal that it cannot be expressed.'

Through many pages Lord Lovat continues to discourse of the weather, of his humble cousins, and of his anxieties for the health of the lovely Countess of Cromartie ; and it is only in the postscript that he finds room for the perilous matter of politics :—

'My cusine McLeod writes to me, that tho' he is upon the spot at London, he knows nothing of the politicks. But I find by his letter and the Lyon's that the court is in great confusion.'

On October 17, 1745, he writes:—

'My son has taken a military freak; he is going, whether I will or not, with all of the name of Fraser that are fit for it, to join the adventuring Prince. You may be sure, my dearest Earl, this must affect me because my son is the hope of my family and the darling of my soul. I pray God Almighty send him safe back, and that neither he nor any that goes with him may do anything that may be dishonourable to themselves or to their family. And I can assure you that my son is fully as fond of your lordship and of my dear Lord McLeod, as I am; and I hope we shall never differ in politicks, which now divide the world, for I am very sure we both love our King and country; and I hope we shall see things go on as we could wish.'

Nothing can exceed the caution of these paragraphs, but none the less, ere very long, both Simon, Lord Lovat, and George, Earl of Cromartie, stood at the bar to take their trials for high treason. Lord Cromartie had been taken prisoner, as we have said, at Dunrobin. His wife, then within a few weeks of her confinement, hurried up to London to engage the sympathy and aid of what influential friends she could find—and with what result has been already stated.

After his pardon, Lord Cromartie lived for a time in Devonshire, and in November 1748 we find him writing from Northcote near Honiton to a friend in the North:—

'Sir,—My chief reason for writing to you now is to let you and our other friends know that we are very well, as well as we can be while in this parte of the world. There were so many inconveniences attending our living at Leahill, that I quitted it above six weeks ago. We find this place more agreeable. It is in the heart of a very fine country, and within a short walk of Honiton, a very good market town; but for all that I would much rather live at the foot of Ben Wyvis, and be better pleased with an oaten cake and the produce of the Strathpeffer or Milntoun bear than with the finest bread, the finest cyder, and all the other necessaries of life which this county is remarkable for beyond any in England.

'I am, your assured and sincere friend,

'Cromartie.'

The following letter from Lord Macleod to his father is interesting, and more cheerful, as the beginning of an honourable and distinguished career:—

'Stockholm: January 16, 1750, O.S.

'My Lord,—I left Dantzick the 11th of last month, and as I had but a few hours warning, I had not time to write. I wrote you about a fortnight before I came here, three weeks ago. I was introduced the 8th instant to the King, to the Prince, and to Madame Royale, by his Excellency Count Tessin, and was very graciously received. All the other Senators as well as the First Minister, are extremely obliging to me. My affair is already over, and in a few days I will get my commission as captain in the regiment of foot comanded by Major-General Baron Hamilton. Baron Hamilton, the elder brother of my colonel, is my zealous friend; he is High Chancellor of this kingdom. A great number of the Swedish nobility are originally Scots. Besides the Hamiltons, there are the Counts Fersen, who are Macphersons; and the familys of Douglas, Stuart, Spens, Macdugal, and several others. I am greatly obliged to Messrs. Jennings and Finlay, two rich English merchants to whom I was recommended from Dantzick. I lodge with them in Mr. Jennings' house. Mr. Jennings' second daughter is the Chancellor's bride; his eldest is likewise soon to be married to the governor of one of the provinces, and the youngest will probably soon follow the example of her sisters, as she has plenty of lovers. The court here is very brilliant; some of the nobility and maids of honour act a play every week, which is followed by a ball, in domino. There's an assembly for dancing and cards every Wednesday at Count Tessin's.

'I offer my affectionate duty to my mother, and I am, Macleod.'

The estates of the family, of whose fortunes we have now given a summary, have always been valuable, but in the present days, when Scottish landed property has so risen in worth, and when the picturesque scenery is so much more sought for, and the passion for the field sports of the highlands has become more intense and universal, than they were 'sixty years since,' these possessions have attained to a vastly higher measure of importance; and few will hesitate to sympathise with the attainted earl in his longings, even in his day, for the scenes from which his devotion to King James had banished him. At Tarbat House the visitor will find himself surrounded by all the elegance and comforts of a lowland residence, among wheat-fields, pheasant coverts, gardens, and forest trees that are the growth of centuries; but it is at Castle Leod, in Strathpeffer, and in Coigeach, that he is likely to have his greatest enjoyment. Castle Leod is a jewel of a castle, with its massive walls, its turnpike stairs, its great hall and greater fireplace, and its appropriate secret chamber; and the great Spanish chestnut tree beside it, which has honourable mention in Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's edition of Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery,' is not unworthy of that distinction. The grouse

ranges here stretch from the castle walls to the heights of Ben Wyvis, and he who, returning from the slopes of this local monarch of mountains halts at the Hare's Well to drink of its spring and count his spoils, will seldom complain of scantily filled paniers.

The wild country of Coigeach, however, will probably now-a-days be more valued by the highland sportsman than either of the two estates just mentioned. The mariner who breasts the waves of the Atlantic in his northerly progress along the west coast of Sutherland, and looks to round the dangerous tides of Cape Wrath, well knows its striking and lofty hills, and he may sometimes be glad to seek safety below them in the friendly shelter of Loch Broom, guarded as it is from westerly gales by the pleasant Summer Islands, an appanage of Coigeach. The whole district is full of lakes and streams from which the salmon and the spotted trout spring to the angler's lure; and upon the loftier hills the silent flight of the ptarmigan deepens, to the fond lover of nature in her wildest forms, his enjoyment of these solitudes.

Mr. Scrope, in his 'Art of Deerstalking,' when speaking of the forests and deer haunts of Ross-shire in 1839, has said:—

'To the west of the Freewater forest there remains of Ross, or rather of Cromartyshire, the wild district of Coigeach, a part of the Cromarty estate, and the property of the Honourable Mrs. Hay Mackenzie; and the deerstalker who loves the sport in perfection will be glad to learn that the son of this lady has devoted a considerable part of Coigeach as a forest for the deer, intending to build a lodge there at Rhidoorach, a situation of much natural beauty.'

This promise was fulfilled, and many a noble stag has fallen in the forest of Coigeach. Rhidoorach, too, deserves the character given to it by Scrope. Near to the lodge is a waterfall of singular beauty in a valley carpeted with heath and fern and wild flowers, and thickly studded with the white-stemmed birches of the highlands; while the spectator who gazes from opposite the fall upon 'the sheeted silver's waving column' of water, also sees, or did see, immediately below him, in the branches of an old natural Scots fir, an eagle's nest, which in most years was not without occupants. A noble Earl, an old friend of the house, a lover of nature, one who has laid low many a goodly hart, and who handles deftly at once an artist's pencil and a poet's pen, has not scrupled to say that in his judgment this waterfall, with its accessories, need not fear to be named even when the praise of Terni is on men's lips.

We will only add that the printing, the illustrations, and the binding of Mr. Fraser's splendid volumes will go far to insure for them, apart from their literary merits, an appreciation at least as high as has been accorded to any of their predecessors from the same trustworthy source.

ART II.—1. *Histoire de la Découverte de la Circulation du Sang.* Par P. FLOURENS. Paris: 1857.

2. *Versuch einer physiologischen Pathologie des Herzens.* Von GABRIEL G. VALENTIN. Leipzig: 1866.

3. *The Harveian Oration*, 1877. By EDWARD H. SIEVEKING, M.D.

4. *Andreæ Cæsalpini Quæstionum Peripateticarum Libri V.; Quæstionum Medicarum Libri II.* Venetiis: 1593.

5. *Servetus and Calvin.* By R. WILLIS, M.D. London: 1877.

EVERY discovery is an idea. It is an intuition at the same time that it is an induction. For the recognition of a causal sequence in phenomena implies the grasp of at least a living fragment of the creative thought, and is, as it were, a backward tracking of the dim path—a reversal of the august primeval process—by which 'this true fair world of things, emerged into existence. From the idea, in the beginning, sprang phenomena; from phenomena, in our trembling span of time, we remotely infer the idea. Thus an induction is an analysis, reducing facts to their elemental condition of ideas. And as the chemist believes in the theoretical possibility of an ultimate analysis, by which all variety of substances might be resolved into one fundamental element, so we can distantly conceive that, by one grand induction, embracing all possible phenomena, the whole visible creation might be led back to one vast, eternal, all-embracing thought. As a matter of fact, however, chemical methods are imperfect, and human cognitions limited. Nevertheless, even a partial generalisation, based on a narrow range of facts, is found to be more fruitful of results, whether practical or speculative, than theories which, aiming at being universal, succeed only in being inconclusive, and are empty in proportion to their pretension. Greek philosophers and German metaphysicians, Buddhist sages and Vedic bards, have alike tried

their skill at a scheme of the Cosmos, and with the same invariable result. All alike have been foiled by that subtle barrier—impalpable as ether, impenetrable as brass—which divides the conceivable from the inconceivable: a wizard-ring drawn round our being, confronting us on one side, when we attempt to dive into the atomic mysteries of matter; on the other, when we aspire to measure the celestial impulses of the stars—at the very frontiers of life, as well as in the dark portals of death—without the magic circle gleams the mirage of what we see within.

Abstract thought has no vital history, because it undergoes no organic development; but ideas vivified by contact with facts partake of the tentative nature of life, and share its vicissitudes. Their growth is co-ordinate with the larger life of humanity, and the biography of a single idea may comprehend the story of two hundred decades of culture. The discovery commonly associated with the name of Harvey, and which undoubtedly owes to him its first establishment in a position of scientific certainty, has passed through many phases of development, nor is there any reason to suppose that it has yet reached its final stage. Many of the deepest problems connected with it still remain unsolved, to stimulate the zeal of investigators, and perhaps to reward the diligence of some future physiologist, by affording him in his turn the opportunity of crying '*Eureka!*'

Before endeavouring to trace the gradual emergence of right views on this subject, induced by the general advance of European civilisation, it may be well, for the sake of clearness, to state precisely what it is we mean by the circulation of the blood, and to describe succinctly the admirable mechanism by which it is effected. Its causes, even the proximate ones, are still involved in considerable obscurity. The outline or ground-plan of the scheme may be traced in a few words; but many pages would be filled before even an elementary notion could be conveyed of the complicated functions fulfilled by the circulating blood in the animal economy—of its system of supply and reinforcement, of the chemical changes produced in it by respiration, or of the mode in which it nourishes the tissue irrigated by it. Our intention in the following brief sketch is to describe the modern theory, in its mechanical aspect, stripped of superfluous details with the view of following with a clearer understanding the nearer and nearer approach made towards it by those who preceded us in the search for scientific truth.

The heart is a double organ. It is divided longitudinally, by a fixed partition called the *septum*, into two distinct portions, separate in their functions, although synchronous in their rhythmical movements. Each of these is again divided transversely into two chambers or cavities, the upper known as the auricle, the lower as the ventricle, of the right and left portions of the heart respectively. Instead of an impermeable barrier, such as that which separates the main divisions, we here find a valvular apparatus—called, in the right chamber, the *tricuspid*, in the left the *mitral* valves—which opposes no resistance to the flow of a liquid from the auricle to the ventricle, but effectually prevents its return. The size of the heart is roughly estimated to be that of the closed fist of the person to whom it belongs, and each of its four cavities is of nearly equal capacity, being capable of containing from four to six cubic inches of water.* The obvious and immediate cause of the movement of the blood is to be found in the mechanical impulses communicated to it by the beatings of the heart. Elsewhere, other and more subtle forces come into play; but their consideration is not necessary for our present purpose. The heart is composed of muscular tissue, endowed with an exceptional power of rhythmical contractility. This property is not very well understood, but is believed to be lodged mainly in the nervous *ganglia* distributed through the substance of the heart itself. By the simultaneous contraction of the two auricles, the greater portion of the blood contained in them is expelled into the ventricles, the mitral and tricuspid valves yielding readily to afford it a free passage. This is followed by a period of relaxation during which the ventricles in their turn forcibly contract, and, there being, owing to the formation of the valves, no other path open, eject their contents through the semilunar valves into the arteries. These alternations of contraction and dilatation are termed respectively *systole* and *diastole*. The blood, which leaps from the left ventricle into the aorta with a velocity estimated at about one foot per second, is gradually dispersed into smaller and smaller arteries, until it enters the network of minute vessels known as the capillary system. Thence it is collected and concentrated by the veins, which finally debouch into the right auricle of the heart, in two great trunks—the *superior* and *inferior vena cava*, corresponding with the two great branches

* Huxley, 'Elementary Physiology,' sixth ed. p. 34.

of the aorta. In the capillaries, which are almost unimaginably slender tubes (they vary in diameter from $\frac{1}{1500}$th to $\frac{1}{2000}$th of an inch), lined with permeable membrane, the blood does its work of repairing tissue and carrying off waste particles. In the capillaries, therefore, occurs the change by which it is converted from arterial into venous blood. It enters them with all its affinities active, energetic for reform and renovation; it quits them inert, exhausted, unfit for further service. Here, too, it loses great part of its original velocity, the rate of which is reduced, in its passage through the capillaries, from a foot to about a quarter of an inch per second. This is doubtless in great part due to the immense increase in the total sectional area traversed by it. And, as a river, forced into a narrower bed, quickens its slackened current, so the vital stream regains in part its lost speed as it is gathered into the straitening channels of the veins. From the right auricle it passes, by the process of contraction already described, into the ventricle, and thence, through the pulmonary artery, into the lungs. Being there dispersed, and brought into contact with the outer air, it parts with carbonic acid, recovers oxygen, and so returns renovated through the pulmonary veins into the left auricle, thence to start once more on its vivifying mission. Thus we see that the blood performs two complete and independent circuits, corresponding with the twofold mechanism of the heart. The first, from the left ventricle to the right auricle, is known as the *systemic* or *major* circulation; the second, from the right ventricle to the left auricle, as the *pulmonary* or *minor*. In the first the blood may be looked upon as an agent, in the second as a patient. Upon the first journey it starts vital, and returns effete; upon the second it sets out effete and returns vital. In the great circuit it brings with it the elements of life, and carries off the seeds of death; in the lesser, it bears in its stream the products of decay, and exchanges them for the elixir of perennial renovation.

Upon this simple theory of the movement of the blood, modern physiology is founded as securely as modern astronomy upon the Copernican theory of the solar system. Both seem to us, with our facile knowledge, to be unavoidable inferences from obvious facts; but the human mind needed a long apprenticeship to error before it could fully grasp the truth of either. However, we may safely predict, that as long as our species continues to inhabit the earth, men will think on these subjects no otherwise than we now do, and that these theories will continue, to the end of time, to be the basis of their knowledge of the little world within, and of the great world without them —of the microcosm they inhabit, and the macrocosm they contemplate.

The systematic study of the human organism has only been attempted at an advanced stage of the culture of nations. Among semi-civilised or barbarous peoples, medical theory, as founded upon knowledge, has no place, and medical practice consists in a mixture of superstition and empiricism, based upon total ignorance of the subject under treatment. Thus the defective civilisations of the East transmitted to uncounted generations, from the Essenes of Alexandria to the Rosicrucians of Germany, the formidable mass of negative knowledge implied in the 'doctrine of emanations,' the belief in demoniacal agencies as the cause of disease, or in astrological delusions and cabalistic remedies; while the Greeks, alone among the nations of antiquity, attained some approximately correct notions of anatomy, and so, to a certain extent, laid the foundations of future physiological science. The ideas entertained by them as to the motions of the vital fluid through the body were more incomplete than untrue—obscure rather than positively misleading. No consistent theory on the subject was ever formulated amongst them; and some zealous *laudatores temporis acti* have even found it possible, by diligent reading between the lines, to convince themselves (if no others) that the Harveian doctrine was no secret to the 'wisdom of the old world;' while one ingenious writer ('Schleucher, Physique Sacrée') has boldly attributed the discovery to King Solomon himself! Without vowing unconditional allegiance to those antique sages,

> 'Whose fame
> Lies sepulchred in monumental thought,'

it may be admitted that in the writings of Hippocrates, Plato, and Aristotle, some not obscure hints may be found, which, with a more fruitful method of investigation than that pursued by the Greeks, ought, sooner or later, to have led to the solution of the problem. The great physician of Cos speaks of the veins as the irrigating channels, by means of which motion, and life, and spirit, are diffused throughout the body. He even seems to have divined the idea of a circuit, since he says that all lesser veins spring from one great one; but whence the generating vein comes, or whither it goes, he knows not. 'But,' he adds, in a self-consolatory spirit, 'when a circle is completed, its origin can no longer

be found.'* The naïve *Non scio* of 'old Hippocras' (as Geoffrey Chaucer calls him) soon went out of fashion amongst the medical professors of those early times: but it may be doubted whether, if judiciously applied, it would not have proved more efficacious in advancing the interests of science than any one of the many Hippocratic aphorisms under which, even in our own day, ignorance has been wont to seek shelter.

The arts of the Greeks had already expanded into serene full bloom, and their philosophy was brightening towards its highest splendour, when the 'Father of Medicine' brought the traditional wisdom of the Asclepiads from Cos to Athens, and bequeathed it, solidified by the compacting pressure of his own sagacious mind, to the great generation which succeeded him. In the hands of Aristotle, himself of the sacred race of Æsculapius, and the son of an eminent physician, it was well bestowed. The great encyclopædic philosopher, whom eighteen centuries agreed with Dante in proclaiming '*maestro di colór che sanno*,' and who, as Shelley sang,

> 'Still had held
> The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,
> If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
> Like lightning out of darkness,'

left the stamp of his amazing intelligence on every branch of knowledge or speculation, from the nature of the soul to the form of a syllogism, and on none more deeply impressed than on the natural sciences. The study of comparative anatomy may be said to owe to him its origin; and but that the prejudices of the Greeks forbade the dissection of human bodies, modern physiologists would perhaps have been left a comparatively narrow field for discovery. The germs of many of the most fruitful scientific ideas of our own day may be found in his writings; and the grossest of the errors imputed to him may not unfrequently be attributed to the presumptuous dulness of his interpreters, rather than to his ignorance. He made an important advance on the physiological doctrine of Hippocrates, by recognising the heart as the origin of all the vessels of the body—as the source and fountain of the blood. It is, he says, an organism within an organism—a vital spring of perpetual motion. It is the first part of the animal mechanism to live, and the last to die. It is, in fine, the Acropolis of the body, its sustaining centre, its ultimate stronghold.† He was the first to distinguish between the aorta and the vena cava, and discovered some of the principal nerves, to which, by many of his translators, he was mistakenly supposed to have assigned the heart as their origin; the fact being that by the word *νεῦρον* he meant to indicate tendons or ligaments, while he used *πόροι* to designate nerves properly so called.

Between the death of Aristotle and the birth of Galen, the sceptre of philosophy passed from Athens to Alexandria, and dogmatism became the method and the measure of science. Claudius Galenus of Pergamus was indeed a remarkable man, and one well fitted to lead the van of knowledge in his time (A.D. 130–200). 'His constant merit,' remarks M. Flourens, in the work with which we have headed this article, page 89, 'is that of having consistent ideas; his constant fault, that of not having verified them by observation.' He is often mistaken, but he is invariably logical and learned. He always sees clearly, even when he sees falsely. He never stands perplexed in the presence of Nature, or hangs dubiously upon her twilight utterances. Far from him is the Hippocratic *Non scio*,* and his spirit is not that of Cicero, when he wrote from Tusculum, *Me non pudet fateri nescire, quod nesciam.* Thus science became under his guidance at once more formal and more false. He left it, it must be admitted, enriched with new truths, but also disfigured by new errors. He conducted it, with flying colours, along a brilliant career of progress; but his successors found it shunted at a siding, and far from the terminus of the future. Two principal falsities, destined to shackle the feet of explorers for many a long day, made their appearance in Galen's theory of the blood-vessels. He assigned the liver as the source of the veins, and he pronounced the septum of the heart to be pierced with small apertures, so as to permit the free passage of the blood, within the substance of the heart itself, from the right to the left ventricle. The use of respiration he conceived to be that of cooling and refreshing the blood, by modifying the 'innate heat' of the body—a view which was adopted not only by Harvey, but even in the last century by the great Swiss physiologist, Albrecht von Haller, and was not finally discarded until Priestley and Berzelius demonstrated the chemical quali

* Hipp. 'De Venis,' lib. i.

† Lessing, 'Geschichte der Medizin.' G. H. Lewes, 'Aristotle,' p. 158.

* He does, indeed, acknowledge a certain measure of ignorance as to the 'substance of the soul;' but numbers among things known by evidence the residence of 'spirit' in the ventricles of the brain!—Galen, *De usu respirationis.*

ties of the gases constituting the atmosphere. To Galen we owe the long surviving theory of the four temperaments, founded on the four humours of the body, and the pathology of forty generations was largely influenced by his speculations as to the elemental qualities of air, fire, earth, and water. He explained the vitality of the human organism by assigning to each of the principal organs, as the inspirer and regulator of its functions, a special 'spirit'—to the heart the vital, to the liver the natural, to the brain the animal spirit. We find Dante, in the 'Vita Nuova,' gravely describing the different effects produced by his meetings with Beatrice on each of these three entities reduced by Descartes to one, which, in the form of 'animal spirits,' still survives in our modern phraseology. The opinion of Erasistratus, that air only was conveyed by the arteries—an error originating in the fact that, after death, they are found, in most cases, emptied of blood—was combated by Galen, but resumed by his ignorant successors, until conclusively refuted by the great Vesalius. Galen also hit upon the significant distinction between venous and arterial, or, in his phrase, *sanguineous* and *spirituous* blood; but failed to appreciate its significance, and, steady to preconceived ideas, taught the generations to come that veins, no less than arteries, convey the blood *from* the heart to the various parts of the body.

During the whole of the Middle Ages Aristotle and Galen were known only through the medium of Averroes and Avicenna; and Julius Cæsar Scaliger was still of opinion that no physician was worthy of the name who had not studied the 'Canon,' in which the latter had summarised the medical science of the past. That once irresistible authority has long been superseded, and few indeed of our modern practitioners look for scientific lights to the pages of Avicenna; but one faint trace of his teaching has silently survived in the custom of gilding or silvering pills, a practice due to the Arab author's belief in the healing efficacy of the precious metals.* Neither from the Moorish nor from the cognate scholastic system of medicine was any progress to be expected. The one multiplied drugs, and determined the positions in which the moon was 'impeded' for purposes of blood-letting; the other distinguished, with infinite dialectic subtleties, between 'substances' and 'qualities,' between the 'vegetable' and the 'rational' souls; or debated such profitable questions as whether the hair and nails were to be looked upon as a 'substantial' or an 'accidental' part of the body; and whether barley-water, being a 'substance,' could logically be administered in fever, which must be admitted to be an 'accident'! Arab quacks were the universal 'pest' of Europe in Petrarch's time, as we learn from the numerous invectives which he and others directed against them; and Chaucer's 'veray parfite practisour,' who

> 'Kept his patient a ful gret del
> In houres by his magike naturel,'

was doubtless grounded in the same school.

But already a better system was at hand. Mondino, who lectured at Bologna between 1318 and 1326, revived anatomy by introducing practical demonstrations from the human subject; and we find traces of his improved teaching in the 'Acerba' of Cecco d'Ascoli, a curious metrical compendium of the knowledge available when the 'Divine Comedy' was composed. Early in the following century, Berengario of Carpi made himself famous by his anatomical demonstrations, and opened a momentous series of lesser discoveries, destined to culminate in the great one of the circulation.

The study of anatomy was at this time especially favoured by the ruling powers in Italy. Professors were officially furnished with subjects for dissection from the prisons, and, in the States of the Church, from the hospitals also. At Ferrara, where the science-loving house of Este held sway, this indulgence was carried so far that physicians were permitted to combine the functions of the executioner with those of the anatomist—a fact which, considering the passion for vivisection then prevailing, and the recklessness, as well as too often the inhumanity, with which the practice was carried on, suggests a suspicion too horrible to be dwelt upon in detail. In the course of the sixteenth century, the vital spirit of progress seems to have been transferred, in Italy, from the arts to the sciences. The same eager crowds which had formerly haunted the studio of the sculptor or the workshop of the bronze-caster, now thronged the lecture-room of the mathematician and the amphitheatre of the anatomist. The same keen popular interest which had once watched the rivalries of Ghiberti and Brunelleschi, of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, now hung upon the disputes of Tartaglia and Cardano, of Vesalius and Falloppio. A physical discovery or a new mathematical formula was

* Sprengel, 'Geschichte der Arzneikunde,' Theil ii., S. 420.

now hailed with the same delight which had once welcomed the first display of a great painting or the unveiling of a new statue; and the coincidence of the day of Galileo's birth with that of Michael Angelo's death might, as Libri * has well remarked, be taken as a parable of the age.

The future of physiology was assured when Vesalius published, in 1543, his great work on the structure of the human body. Andrew Vesalius was born at Brussels in 1514. His father filled the office of apothecary to 'Flemish Margot,' Regent of the Low Countries, and he himself became physician successively to Charles V. and Philip II. From his earliest years he was possessed with a passion for dissection, to gratify which he did not shrink from the horrors and even the dangers of the charnel house or of the campaign, and was ready to dispute with birds of prey the ghastly spoil of the gibbet and the battle-field. Thus, at the age of fifteen, he was already in a position to expose many of Galen's errors. He studied under Sylvius (Jacques Dubois) in Paris, but soon left him far behind, and lectured and formed pupils in every university of Italy. His teachings were at first welcomed with acclamation, but he was afterwards attacked for his irreverence towards the Mahomet of medicine by his French master as well as by his Italian pupils. He clearly proved that the '*divinus vir*' had drawn his illustrations from the study of apes, not of men, and was able to point out no less than two hundred inaccuracies in his descriptions; while Sylvius and his followers maintained that the errors detected were due, not to the ignorance of Galen, but to the eccentricities of nature, or to the degeneracy of the human race. Physiology was happily defined by Haller as 'animated anatomy,' † and Vesalius was a great anatomist, but not a great physiologist. He could detail every cog and wheel of the machinery when at rest, but of its action when in motion he was entirely ignorant. The parts of each organ were familiar to him, but of its functions he could give no true account. Thus, when he confined himself to descriptive details, he was for the most part right; when he ventured to draw inferences, he was generally wrong. He was strong in premisses, but weak in conclusions. His brain served him less faithfully than his eye —the sure guide of that cunning white hand which forms so characteristic a feature of Titian's portrait of him in the Pitti Gallery. Having established the solidity of the septum of the heart, the circulation of the blood through the lungs was an all but obvious inference; yet he left it to be drawn by Servetus and Colombo, while he retained the idea of its passage by 'transu*dation' from the right to the left ventricle. He corrected the blunder by which Galen had assigned the liver as the origin of the great veins, but retained the Galenic idea that they served to convey nourishment from the heart to the body. He refuted the error of Galen's followers (as we have seen, it was not that of Galen himself), that the arteries were air-tubes, not blood-vessels; but the notions of 'vital spirit' and 'innate heat' remained part of his code; and although acquainted with the valves of the heart and great vessels, he was ignorant of the purpose they were intended to serve. Nevertheless, he gave a quickening impulse to the study of anatomy, the vibrations of which are perhaps felt to this day. And the practical work done by him was enormous in quantity, as well as permanently valuable in quality. The story of his having been condemned to death by the Inquisition for the supposed crime of opening a still living body, and reprieved at the instance of Philip II., has been proved by the investigations of M. Burgraeve to be purely fabulous. The fact, however, remains, that he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from which he never returned. While journeying homewards he was shipwrecked on the island of Zante, and there miserably perished of plague or famine, on October 15, 1564. His departure from Madrid seems, so far as can be ascertained, to have been entirely a voluntary act. Deadly *ennui* oppressed him amid the ceremonial dulness of Philip's court, where, as he complained, 'not so much as a bone was to be had for purposes of experiment;' and he longed to re-enter the lists with his peers in the schools of Italy. Whether the pilgrimage was used as a convenient pretext for escape, or was prompted by any higher motives, we have no means of judging.

A remarkable advance towards the true theory of the circulation of the blood was made in 1553 by Michael Servetus of Villanova. This ill-starred Spaniard was one of those rash and erratic characters who, if their lives fall in troubled times, seldom fail to finish them tragically. He studied successively divinity, law, and medicine, fell foul of the theological faculty in Basle, fell foul of the medical faculty in Paris, and

* Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques, vol. iii. p. 201.

† Quoted by G. H. Lewes, 'Aristotle,' p. 156.

* Lessing, 'Geschichte der Medizin,' p. 518.

ended, as everyone knows, on the pyre which the implacable enmity of Calvin kindled for him at Geneva.

'Let us not,' writes M. Flourens (page 151), 'defraud a man who was so unlucky as to be burnt—and to be burnt for an absurd book—of the high honour of having been the first to turn his back on Galen; to think for himself; and by this novel effort to lay hold of a discovery, as yet, indeed, only an incomplete view of a phenomenon of which the full recognition has sufficed to raise Harvey to the rank of great men.'

We are indebted to Dr. Willis, in his recently published life of Servetus, for an accurate account of the medical discoveries, as well as of the theological speculations, of this remarkable man, and he undoubtedly came very near the true theory of the circulation of the blood, though he failed to grasp it.

Servetus discovered the pulmonary circulation of the blood; and, what was still more remarkable, divined, so far as it could be understood without any knowledge of chemical action, the true functions of the lungs in respiration. The simple words, '*Sanguis à pulmonibus præparatur; flavis efficitur;*' implied more than the writer of them was probably aware of, and anticipated the result of many a laborious groping towards a better understanding of the animal organism. But these valuable discoveries lay entangled in a tissue of extravagances;—as Bacon says, 'a web of the wit'—and the famous '*Christianismi Restitutio*,' which promised to 'teach a divine philosophy to all who understood even a little anatomy,' was burnt with its author, only two copies escaping the *auto-da-fé*.*

Six years later, Realdo Colomba of Cremona alighted independently on the same idea of the transference of the vital fluid, 'by an admirable artifice,' from the right ventricle of the heart, through the lungs, to the left auricle. Independently, we are inclined to believe, not so much because he proclaimed his priority lustily, as because it seems highly improbable that the anatomical contents of the all but annihilated book of Servetus should have become known in Italy. All that was now wanting, in order to grasp an elementary notion of the greater circuit, was to recognise the central position of the heart and the returning office of the veins. But in both these requisites Colombo failed. He continued, with Galen, to assign the liver as the origin of the veins, and to attribute a wrong direction to the current flowing through them. As long as these two errors survived, the true idea must have continued paralysed; abolish them, and it would begin to move of itself.

We now come to Andrea Cesalpino's share in the great discovery. He was born in 1519 at Arezzo, a little town singularly fortunate in those to whom it has given birth. It owes to the civil dissensions of Florence the glory of being the native place of Petrarch, and no less than three of the learned Chancellors of the Florentine Republic were surnamed *l'Aretino*. When, in 1543, Cosmo I. undertook to restore to the University of Pisa the prosperity which had departed from it amidst the wars and calamities of the early part of the century, his first care was to secure for it the teachings of the most eminent professors then to be found in the civilised world. Colombo, Falloppio, Vesalius himself, successively lectured there on anatomy; Luca Ghini laid down, on the model of that of Padua, the second Botanical Garden which had been seen in Europe; and Guido Guidi, the celebrated Vidius, retired thither from the Court of France, to be the instructor in medicine of Cesalpino, who was later to fulfil the same office towards Galileo. Cesalpino came to Pisa as a student, and remained there as a professor, first of botany and materia medica, afterwards, from 1569 to 1592, of medicine. He left it in the latter year, on being appointed physician to Clement VIII., and died at Rome of a pleurisy in 1603. It is difficult to exaggerate the services rendered by him to the science of botany. Plants had, up to that time, been arranged only in the alphabetical order of the names arbitrarily imposed upon them. Cesalpino first attempted to classify them according to an organic system founded on the peculiarities of their fructifying organs. He worked upon the principle that 'science consists in the collection of similarities, and the distinction of differences;' and that the characteristics imprinted by nature are permanent and easily recognisable, while mere nomenclature forms but a fluctuating and uncertain mode of identification. Sir James Edward Smith, founder of the Linnæan Society, extolled him, in his inaugural address to that body, as the original inventor of the Linnæan method of classification, and gave him credit for being, with Mattioli and Aldrovandi, the regenerator of natural science in Tuscany.

* Of these, one is now in the National Library of Paris, the other in the Imperial Library of Vienna, where a few additional copies were reprinted in 1791. Dr. Willis gives us a sufficiently full account of its contents.

In 1569, he published his '*Quæstiones Peripateticæ*,' * a work directed towards the repression of the rapidly spreading insurrection against the authority of the Stagirite. The philosophical situation was critical. Telesius and Ramus had openly thrown off all allegiance; a general feeling of discontent was abroad; and opinions were rising to the surface such as those expressed by sober Benedetto Varchi in his '*Quistione se l'alchimia è vera o nò?*' 'Although the custom of modern philosophers,' he says, 'is to believe everything, and prove nothing of what they find written by the best authors, especially Aristotle, none the less it might be more secure, as well as more delightful, to do otherwise, and in some things condescend to be guided by experience.' †

Thus Cesalpino headed a reactionary movement among the thinkers of his time. Counter-revolutions are rarely successful. The mischief (if it be mischief) is in most cases already done before the remedy is applied, and nothing remains but to make the best of it. Outside protocols, the *status quo ante* has no existence. In this case, although the end in view was not attained, the attempt brought to its author a temporary but brilliant renown. Bacon had not yet swooped; the very name of Aristotle was still a power, and his advocate carried with him a vast mass of cultivated opinion. All the Peripatetics in Europe were in ecstasies; Cesalpino was a new Averroes; he was *the* interpreter *par excellence*. Samuel Parker, more than a century later, declared that no one, before or after him, had possessed so full an insight into the great mind of the Greek philosopher, and all Germany received his *dicta* as utterances of Delphic wisdom. The book was not exempt from a suspicion of dangerous tendencies, and Cesalpino has been numbered among those who, before Spinoza, held Spinoza's opinions. It was, however, never formally condemned, and its author ended his days unmolested in the stronghold of orthodoxy. The part of his work which principally interests us is that which excited least notice at the time it was published. The full import of his physiological views was not so apparent to his contemporaries as it is to us, nor did he take any pains to set them in a light so clear that it should be impossible to overlook them. That must be writ large, which the whole world is to read. The conviction of deserving recognition is a condition precedent to receiving it. Cesalpino was content to leave his meaning entangled in the verbiage of the medical schools, and thus courted the obscurity which his discovery was calculated to dispel. He placed his pride, not in originality but in servility. He deliberately preferred the praise of being a zealous disciple to that of being an enlightened master. He chose, in many cases, to be wrong with Aristotle rather than to be right without him. Although, being a man of singularly acute intelligence (*vir acerrimi ingenii*, Douglas calls him), he could not avoid seeing new truths, his constant endeavour was to see them through Peripatetic spectacles; and, while advancing beyond the boundaries of ancient knowledge, he never relinquished the effort to drag with him, along the new paths which he was traversing, the *caput mortuum* of a superannuated philosophy. Nevertheless, that his theory of the movement of the blood was by no means a matter of indifference to him appears from the persistence with which he recurs to it, and the diligence with which, from time to time, he alleges new proofs of its truth. Let us endeavour to form, from his own writings, an impartial estimate of what that theory was—of how far it anticipated, and in what respects it fell short of, the truth which Harvey's researches placed beyond the reach of controversy.

We have seen that, at the time Cesalpino wrote, two principal errors still hampered the progress of discovery—that as to the hepatic origin of the veins, and that as to the direction of the current flowing through them. Now it is easy to show that Cesalpino repeatedly and emphatically rejected both. Dr. Sieveking, in his able Harveian Oration, has saddled him with the responsibility of advocating the first of these fallacies; the fact being, that the words quoted, '*non igitur cor sed hepar est principium venarum*,' occur in a recapitulation of Galen's errors made by Cesalpino for purposes of refutation. This is no doubt an inadvertence on the part of the learned Orator; and, indeed, it demands the reader's constant vigilance to avoid misapprehension as to which are the opinions that the physiological philosopher means to approve, and which to condemn. In this case, however, the purport of the passage becomes abundantly evident, when it concludes in these words: 'These then, and of this kind, are the arguments with which he (Galen) impugns the opinions of Aristotle as to the origin of the veins and of the blood.' (*Hæc igitur et hujusmodi sunt, quibus Aristotelis*

* Published in Florence, 1569 and 1580; Venice, 1571 and 1593; Geneva, 1588.

† Quoted by G. Targioni-Tozzetti, 'Storia delle Scienze fisiche in Toscana.'

placita impugnat circa venarum et sanguinis principium).*

One of the many passages in which Cesalpino explains his views as to the true origin of the veins, runs as follows:—

'If the heart be the source of the blood' [as previously proved by him], 'it must also be the source of the veins and of the arteries, these being the vessels destined for the blood. Thus, as rivulets draw water from their fountain-head, so do the veins and arteries from the heart. It is besides necessary that they should all be continuous with the heart, in order that the blood contained in them should be preserved by its heat; since it is congealed by cold, as is evident whenever it is removed from the veins. It appears also from dissection that all veins are continuous with the heart alone. . . . The membranes placed in the heart, like gates at the mouths of the veins, opening to afford ingress or egress, indicate also that there is the origin of all the veins. These are, as it were, their beginnings; their ends terminate divided into most minute hair-tubes. It is then evident that the heart is the source of all veins; [arteries also were comprehended by Aristotle under the name of veins].'

It is not, however, enough to show that all the rivulets of the body derive a continuous life-stream from the heart, unless it be known in what direction, and in what direction only, the current sets. On this point at least Cesalpino has taken care to avoid the possibility of misconception.

'Of the vessels terminating in the heart,' he says, 'some introduce their contents into its substance, as the vena cava in the right chamber, and the pulmonary veins† in the left; others convey it away, as the aortal artery from the left chamber, and the pulmonary artery from the right. All are provided with membranes so fitted to their office, that the admitting valves can never educe, nor the educing valves admit; it follows that the heart contracting, the arteries dilate, and it dilating, they contract: not simultaneously, as it seems at first. . . . Nor is there any danger of regurgitation from the arteries into the heart. For a motion takes place from the veins into the heart, which, by its heat, attracts nourishment to itself; at the same time, also from the heart into the arteries, this being the only road open on account of the position of the membranes. Thus the same motion opens both kinds of valves—that is, of the veins into the heart, and of the heart into the arteries—the membranes being at the same time so arranged, that the contrary motion can never occur.' (Quæst. Per. lib. v. quæst. 4.)

* Quæst Per. lib. v. p. 117.

† We have translated *arteria venalis* and *vena arterialis* by their modern names, Cesalpino himself having pointed out the fallacy involved in the ancient nomenclature.

And again:—

'If the blood be perfected in the heart, there must be another vessel to receive the prepared blood, nor ought it to return by the same. Indeed, regress from the heart into the vein is not possible; three little membranes being so adapted to the mouth of the vena cava, that the ingress of the blood into the heart is permitted, but egress is prohibited.' (Quæst. Per. lib. v. 3.)

He describes the pulmonary circulation as follows:—

'The lungs, deriving heated blood through the pulmonary artery from the right chamber of the heart, restore the same by anastomosis to the pulmonary veins, which return to the left chamber. . . . All that is revealed by dissection corresponds perfectly with this *circulation of the blood*, through the lungs, from the right chamber of the heart to the left.' (Quæst. Per. lib. v. 4.)

Elsewhere he remarks: 'It passes the bounds of reason to suppose that the lungs consume all the blood which they receive.'

His argument in favour of the general circulation is founded upon a fact universally observed, but of which he first penetrated the true import—that, namely of the swelling of the veins on the side of a ligature farthest from the heart. 'But if there were any general outward movement, the reverse ought to occur.' To account for this apparent inconsistency, he describes once more the mechanism of the heart which prohibits the flow of the blood save in one invariable current, and concludes:—

'Thus there is a certain perpetual motion from the vena cava through the heart and lungs into the aortal artery.' (Quæst. Med. lib. ii. quæst. 17.)

Further, having described the transit of 'innate heat' which he supposed to take place during sleep from the arteries by anastomosis to the veins and thence to the heart, he adds that a similar motion of the blood is apparent, both waking and sleeping, in any part of the body to which a ligature be applied, or where the veins may otherwise be impeded. 'For, if their channels be closed, rivers swell in the direction towards which they are accustomed to flow.'* In the same passage Cesalpino has quite superfluously recourse to a simile, and to a simile the most unlucky he could possibly have chosen. The bare mention of the time-honoured tides of Euripus has been generally considered, in modern times, sufficient to convict a writer of total misconception as to the vital tides of the body; and it is a curious example of Cesalpino's

* Quæst. Med. lib. ii. 17.

taste for antique varnish that he should have been willing to disguise his knowledge under a metaphor by which the ancients were accustomed to illustrate their ignorance. It is obvious, however, from what has been already quoted of his writings, that he understood by it, not an ebb and flow through the same channels, but a flux and reflux from and to the heart along the different passages variously prepared by nature for the onward rush of the life-stream; and in this sense the Euripus simile may pass as not less congruous to the subject under embellishment than the majority of bad figures of speech.

We will quote but one more passage from Cesalpino's works. It is that contained in his 'Treatise on Plants,' where, instituting a comparison between the circulation of the sap in vegetables and that of the blood in animals, he says:—

'For in animals we find that the nutriment is brought by the veins to the heart, as to the manufactory of innate heat; and, having received there its ultimate perfection, is distributed through the arteries to the entire body, by the agency of the spirit, which is generated in the heart from the same nutriment.'

'Was it possible,' demands M. Flourens (p. 146), 'better to conceive and better to define the circulation? The true precursor of Harvey was not Sarpi, but Cesalpino.'

The claims of Fra Paolo Sarpi, it may be remarked *en passant*, to be ranked among discoverers in this line of inquiry have proved, on investigation, to be of the flimsiest description. They were put forward for him, after his death, by his enthusiastic friend and disciple, Fra Fulgenzio, on the strength of a manuscript in his handwriting found among his papers. This, according to some, contained notes of a conversation with Harvey; according to others, reflections suggested by Cesalpino's writings; or, finally, it recorded the substance of some of the lectures delivered by Harvey in 1619, transmitted to Sarpi by the Venetian ambassador in London. Fra Paolo was a physiological student, but his discoveries were limited to that of the contractility of the iris.

The following estimate of Cesalpino's merits is interesting from the impartiality of the writer, and valuable from his learning. It is taken from a work* by Dr. James Douglas, eminent as a physician and anatomical lecturer in the early part of the last century.

'The above-quoted opinions, and others of the same kind as to the circular motion of the blood, are not negligently propounded by their author, although he did not, of set purpose, treat on this subject. Nevertheless, we perceive that he devoted all his powers to establish the circulation of the blood (for he makes use of this identical phrase), and laboriously to explain its method; afterwards developed with new lucubrations by an illustrious Englishman. And, while affectionately congratulating our happy England upon her fortune in having offered to the whole world such a shining light of anatomy, it is nevertheless to be lamented that Cesalpino did not further amplify, and put forth in the universally available form of an hypothesis, that which he stated perspicuously enough, and without any intricacies of words. Equal glory, however, remains, both to him who first invented, and to him who afterwards perfected; nor do I know which stands first—the discoverer or the developer and enricher.'

Nearly equivalent judgments may be found in the writings of the celebrated Van der Linden, of Sénac, Karl Fuchs, Sprengel, Rudolphi, and others. Haller, whose opinion, although somewhat biassed in favour of Harvey's originality, must always be of great weight, urges against the passage from the 'Treatise on Plants,' that, although the circulation is indicated, its laws are not laid down, nor is the transit of the blood from the arteries to the veins clearly pointed out. Indeed Cesalpino's admirers have often reason to desire that he had been more explicit on this latter point; for although some passages leave no doubt as to the general correctness of his views in this respect, it cannot be denied that certain others may be found, especially that on the nutrition of the brain in the 'Peripatetic Questions,' which are open, at least in a local sense, to the opposite interpretation. In fact, until Malpighi discovered the capillaries in 1661, this part of the system remained conjectural; and although a theory is not like a chain in being no stronger than its weakest point, the flaw made itself felt. Harvey, while maintaining his solid conviction that, in some mode, the transference was effected, nevertheless remained in doubt as to what that mode was. He hesitated whether to believe that the blood was conveyed by means of direct inosculations between the extremities of the vessels, or that it forced its way through the 'porosities of the parts.' (He knew nothing of vascular tissue.) Indeed Cesalpino's ideas on this subject seem to have been more advanced, since he insisted (as we have seen) that the blood must everywhere be conveyed in channels 'continuous with the heart,' and so far anticipated the modern theory of a 'circulation in closed vessels.'

* 'Bibliographiæ Anatomicæ Specimen.' Jacobus Douglas, M.D., 1715, p. 140.

His use of the word *capillamenta* must not, however, mislead us to suppose that he had any real knowledge of the capillary system. Analogous expressions are of frequent occurrence in Galen's works; and without the aid of the microscope (an instrument, we need hardly say, not in Cesalpino's possession) the true capillaries must for ever have remained invisible, and their existence, at most, a matter of conjecture.

In what, then, does Harvey's merit consist? What was the contribution of truth by which he completed Cesalpino's theory? He added little, but that little was all-important. He added the demonstration of the true function of the heart.

William Harvey was born at Folkestone, April 1, 1578. At the age of sixteen he entered Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1597, and immediately afterwards repaired to the celebrated medical school of Padua. There he found himself at once in an atmosphere of innovation and discovery. Fabrizio d'Acquapendente, whom he chose for his master, was lecturing on the valves in the veins; Cesalpino's Medical Questions had recently been published at Venice; Carlo Ruini was just about to print at Bologna his 'Treatise on the Anatomy of the Horse,' in which the theory of the circulation might be traced as if through a veil; while, in Padua itself, Eustachio Rudio began, in 1599, his lectures on the constitution of the heart, teaching the doctrines of Colombo and Cesalpino, much disfigured in the handling, and getting abused on all sides for his unskilful plagiarisms. The membranous double doors, or valves, opening towards the heart, which are found in many of the larger veins, especially in the muscular parts of the body, formed an important item of the proofs at Harvey's disposal. Although Cannano had pointed them out to Vesalius in 1547, and they had been seen by Sylvius, Etienne, and Eustachio, in the early part of the century, their existence was not generally recognised until Fabrizio observed them in 1574. Not a little proud of his supposed discovery, he yet completely misread its meaning, supposing the use of the valves to be that of preventing an accumulation of blood in the lower limbs, instead of that of assisting its onward flow towards the heart. Thus, while many details were known, no general principle had as yet been clearly established; and although speculation and conjecture were rife, and the true theory had actually been proposed, demonstration and acceptance were still alike wanting. The discovery was plainly overdue, and we share Dr. William Hunter's astonishment at the blindness of the groping anatomists who failed to grasp it.

'The singular structure of the parts concerned,' he wrote ('Introductory Lectures,' 1784), 'so evidently proclaim the circulation, that there seems to have been nothing more required for making the discovery than laying aside gross prejudices, and considering fairly some obvious truths. It is the more amazing that this discovery was left for Harvey, when we consider that he was near an hundred years after Vesalius, in which interval many great men had appeared, and anatomical schools had flourished, in different parts of Europe. And, what is still more astonishing, Servetus, first, and Columbus afterwards, both in the time of Vesalius, had clearly given the circulation of the blood through the lungs, which we may reckon, at least, three quarters of the discovery; and Cæsalpinus had, many years before Harvey, published in three different works all that was wanting in Servetus to make the circulation quite complete. But Providence meant to reserve this honour for Harvey, and would not let men see what was before them, nor understand what they read.'

Although we can trace in Hunter some professional jealousy of Harvey's fame, he expresses here what must be felt by everyone reading the history of this discovery. It is difficult to understand how it came to pass that a learned school of anatomists, trained in the traditions of Vesalius and Colombo, should for twenty years have sat in vain conclave over a riddle, guessed at first sight by a raw lad from a far northern country, beyond the Alps and the sea, where Paracelsus and 'potable gold' were still in credit, and where 'balsam of bats' and *aurum vitæ* were to enter into the improved pharmacopœia of future eminent physicians.* It was while listening to one of Fabrizio's lectures on the valves, if we are to believe what Robert Boyle states Harvey to have related to him,† that the first glimpse came to the young English student of the truth, to the solid establishment of which he was to devote the best years of his life. We see no good reason to doubt the assertion. We hold it to be inconsistent with Harvey's simple and sincere character wilfully to have usurped any part of the praise due to another man; and although Cesalpino's writings must certainly have been well known in Padua, lying as it did within the territory and at only a few miles' distance

* See 'Biographical Memoirs of Medicine.' J. Aikin.

† This, at least, is the generally received version of the story; but in his 'Disquisition on Final Causes,' where he relates the anecdote, Boyle makes no express mention of Fabrizio or of Padua.

from the city where they were published, it is quite credible that the idea of the circulation may have occurred independently to Harvey; while the novelty of the form under which he conceived it, as well as the cogency of the proofs which he alleged in its support, undoubtedly lend a character of substantial originality to the great discovery inseparably associated with his memory. After all, it is not the first step in invention which is pre-eminently laborious; it is the last. The unifying grasp of the synthetic intellect, combined with the indefatigable spirit of practical demonstration, is that which has always received, and will always deserve, the gratitude of mankind. The book of Nature is not one in which he who runs may read; and a single new truth may be held cheaply purchased with the sacrifice of a lifetime of labour devoted to its acquisition.

We extract the following paragraph relating to this subject from Dr. Valentin's valuable work, quoted at the head of this article:—

'Grant that Harvey learned the theoretical part of his knowledge during his residence in Italy, and that he passed over in silence his predecessors in the work of discovery,* his performance nevertheless is distinguished by two principal characteristics. He puts aside, as far as possible, the prevalent obscure and fantastical notions regarding the chemical constitution of the blood; although here and there, as was to be expected, his ideas still bear, in this respect, the impress of the time. A second and far more meritorious feature is his endeavour step by step, to fortify, by means of experiments, his doctrine of the circulation of the blood. The genius, with which he discharged this task, places him well-nigh on a level with his two most illustrious fellow-countrymen—with his predecessor Shakespeare, and with his still greater successor Newton. His observations, carried on between 1602 and 1619, having been first fully made known to the world in 1628, this year is commonly assigned as the date of the discovery of the circulation, and, with that discovery, as the starting-point of a new epoch in physiology and medicine." (P. 471, note.)

Harvey's book† is, as M. Flourens says, a *chef-d'œuvre*. There is nothing in the whole range of technical literature more complete in its way than this little treatise of two hundred pages. The author's aim in the first chapters was, at the time that he wrote, a completely new and original one. It was to explain the 'action and function of the heart,' as learned by him from detailed observation of the living organism. His next object was to demonstrate the movement of the blood, caused by the impulses communicated to it by the central organ. The evidence adduced by him is of two kinds—structural and experimental; inferential and direct. He shows that, owing to the formation of the parts of the body concerned, the vital current *can* set in but one direction; and he proves by immediate observation, that it actually *does* set in that direction only. 'Harvey's experiments' (once more we use M. Flourens' words) 'are few, but they are decisive. This is genius.' It is not enough to observe; for experiment may include as many fallacies as reasoning. There is no certainty in the senses, since they only speak through an interpreter, often hard of hearing as well as mendacious in utterance. No secure system can be found for the discovery of truth, which in unskilful hands may not equally well serve the cause of falsehood; for a method is like a two-edged sword, and cuts both ways. Thus, in each generation, the advance or decline of knowledge depends upon the generation itself; and a whole armoury of traditional methods is less serviceable than the balanced spirit of one true-born investigator. Harvey's experiments were completed before the *Novum Organum* was published, but they show the true Baconian spirit.

'Everything,' he says, 'must be proved, reprobated, or rejected, after a minute examination. We must search and investigate whether what we have said be rightly or wrongly said, and lead it before the tribunal of the senses, to be confirmed and established, lest some lurking error should remain.'

His mind was evidently much exercised on the subject of those undefined essences or entities called 'spirits,' which ever since Galen's time had served to round off the ragged contours of science, like the indeterminate lakes and deserts with which geographers diversify *ad libitum* the interior of unexplored continents. Although he did not see his way to getting rid of them definitively, the repugnance is evident with which he admits them as residents in the animal organism. If he did not finally eject them, he at least gave them notice to quit. 'In the course of our dissecting explorations,' he says (*Exercitatio Anatomica I.*), 'we have never come across any of them, either in veins, nerves, arteries, or any other part of the living body. And again (page 225):—

'Concerning spirits, what they may be, what their relation to the body, and of what

* He acknowledged the discoveries of Colombo and Fabrizio, but the name of Cesalpino does not occur in any of his published writings.

† *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis.* Frankfort, 1628.

consisting; whether separate and distinct from the blood and solid parts, or mingled with them, opinions are so many, and so diverse, that it is not to be wondered at if these spirits, whose nature is thus left in ambiguity, should serve as the ordinary subterfuge of ignorance. For it is commonly seen that sciolists, when ignorant of causes, immediately assign spirits as the producing agents of what they cannot explain; introducing them as universal artificers, they call them on the stage, as bad poets do their *deus ex machinâ*, for the unfolding of their plot and the development of their catastrophe.'

There is a singular passage in Robert Boyle's 'Disquisition on Final Causes,' which shows that the ideas described by Harvey as being entertained by the sciolists of his day survived until at least sixty years after he wrote. We quote a specimen sentence (page 224):—

'I take the body of a living man to be a very complicated engine, such as mechanicians would call *Hydraulico-Pneumatical:* many of whose functions (if not the chiefest) are performed not by the *blood* and other *visible fluids*, barely as they are liquors, but *partly* by their circulating and other motions; and *partly* by a very agile and invisible sort of fluids, called *spirits*, vital and animal; and *partly*, perhaps (as I have sometimes guessed), by little *springy particles;* and perhaps, too, by somewhat that may be called the vital portion of the air; and by things analogous to *local ferments*,' etc.

Harvey's final conclusion as to 'spirits' is that they exist indeed, but not as separable entities; and that they form a portion of the blood as intimate as the spirit of generous wine does of its substance. Innate heat, another so-called 'universal instrument of nature,' was also to him a subject of considerable perplexity. Easy expedients and elastic causes were foreign to his manner of thinking. He could deal at his ease with whatever came under the dissecting-knife; but, although he did not venture to deny, he was reluctant to admit the existence of impalpable denizens of that material flesh and blood which formed the familiar subject of his experiments. It is evident, too, that his mind was not free from the disturbance which 'residual phenomena,' to use a modern phrase, are calculated to produce. No theory is sufficiently perfect to account for everything. An unlooked-for residue will still be found at the bottom of the crucible. Even after the vast mass of facts have given in their adhesion and laid down their arms, some insurgent phenomena will remain, obstinately unsubmissive, to irritate and to stimulate the enquirer. Nor are these rebels without their uses. They evoke doubts; and every honest doubt holds in its bosom the embryo of a truth.* Many of the points in Harvey's theory which were obscure to him, are hardly less so to modern physiologists. The return of the blood through the veins is only partially accounted for by the *vis-à-tergo* (as the propelling impulses of the heart are technically called); and it has been found necessary to call in the aid of a *vis-à-fronte*, in the shape of some undefined attraction, molecular or chemical, helping its onward flow. Harvey more simply supposes the blood to revert spontaneously to its fountain-head—to the heart, the domestic sanctuary of the body, 'there to recover its pristine perfection; and once more endued with native heat, potent, fervid as with vital treasure, and pregnant with spirits as with balsam, it is thence dispersed to every part of the organism' (page 83).

In former days the motion of the heart was thought to be sufficiently accounted for by attributing to it a 'pulsific virtue;' but although we now look deeper into causes, no explanation as yet offered reaches much farther than the phrase ridiculed by Swift and Molière.

'The numerous experiments' (we quote from Dr. Valentin's work, p. 304), 'carried on during the last three centuries and a half, have as yet afforded no satisfactory insight into the fundamental conditions of the periodical activity of the heart. Neither the connexion of that activity with the nervous system, nor its relation to the blood, gives any intelligible clue to the causes of the beatings of the heart.'

Harvey considered the 'pulsific virtue' to reside, not in the heart itself, but in the blood, which, by a species of ebullition, 'like fermentation,' produced a distension of the chambers of the heart. For a cause he was forced to have recourse to a 'universal instrument'—to a 'subterfuge of ignorance;' he was driven, in the last resort, to seek an explanatory refuge in innate heat!

It is an ungracious task, however, to point out the defects in a great man's work—inevitable shortcomings, from which no genius can be exempt, which no industry can avoid. We had rather follow him as he expatiated in imagination over the wide fields opened up for investigation by his discovery, and exult with him in the new light thrown by it upon some of the most obscure amongst the baffling, seductive problems set by nature for man. Before he could make an end of speculating as to the results to be expected from the establishment of the

* 'Science is the solution of doubts,'—Aristotle, Meta. iii. 1, quoted by G. H. Lewes.

circulatory theory of the blood, he says, not only the prescribed limits of his book would be exceeded, but life itself would probably fail. Three centuries have now all but elapsed since Harvey first saw the light, and two and a half from the 'natal day of the circulation' (as he terms the date of the first appearance of his book); but we have not yet exhausted the consequences of his labours. Although each succeeding generation has contributed as it passed its quota of new knowledge to that already accumulated, what they have done has but prepared the path of investigation for those to come. But their task will still be to correct and complete, not to supersede the work of the great English physiologist. His theory must always be the indispensable sub-structure upon which the science of animal life is founded; and each successive story added to the edifice, each buttress by which it is strengthened, each pinnacle by which it is embellished, far from discrediting the elder architect, serves to enhance the glory of him who drew his plans so straight, and laid his foundations so sure.

To institute a comparison between the scientific performances of Harvey and Cesalpino is to draw a contrast between their intellectual constitutions. A man's work is generally a faithful copy of himself. The original, it is true, may be defaced by passion, or wasted by evil fortune; the copy may be falsified by hypocrisy, or marred by negligence. But in the main the resemblance holds good. No one can give what he has not got, or deliver a message which he has not received; and we find in men's work the truest reflection of themselves, as well as in themselves the most trustworthy commentary on their work. Although the lives of Cesalpino and Harvey overlapped, yet it seems to us, when we compare one with the other, as if the 'great world' had been spinning, with extra rapidity, 'down the ringing grooves of change' in the comparatively short interval which separates them. Cesalpino was amongst the last in whom the scholastic form of mind survived. Harvey was one of first to be imbued with the scientific spirit. It is true that in Cesalpino we find modes of thought strictly scientific, and in Harvey conceptions which might be called scholastic. But the broad lines are laid down from models framed in different world-epochs.

At our present stage of mental culture it is difficult altogether to escape the prejudice which inclines us to depreciate the work of the Schoolmen, and to look upon them as mere pedantic dialecticians, trifling busily with empty words, and blind to the true import of things. But it is easier to deride their vagaries than to rise to the level of some of their thoughts. Their labours, far from being idle or superfluous, were not less essential to the progress of the human mind than those whose results are more tangible; and they secure for us as a permanent possession some intellectual conceptions not less precious than any of the truths, valuable though they be, of physical science. It must be admitted, however, that their system was not one well calculated to deal with the material universe, or to promote the investigation of sensible phenomena. Thus, so far as Cesalpino followed it, he was undoubtedly on the wrong track, while Harvey, in abandoning it, struck out the true path. The study of nature, simply as such, owes no allegiance to the past, is shackled by no imposing traditions of earlier genius. Each fresh observer starts with a new license of enquiry, and carries with him his own passport to hitherto unexplored places—to wit, open eyes, and a mental *tabula rasa* as regards prepossessions. Now Cesalpino and Harvey present, in this respect, a marked contrast, Cesalpino hugged the shore of antique wisdom, and sailed hurriedly across the bays of new knowledge which he met in his course. Harvey steered boldly for the open sea of discovery, pointing out, now and again, for the encouragement of weaker spirits,* a waning light of decrepit authority glimmering from the shore which he was rapidly leaving behind, but himself well content to guide his course by the compass of experience alone. Accordingly, the quality of their work is essentially different. While both propounded the same theory, there was a fundamental diversity in their understanding of it. To Cesalpino the merit is due of having first stated an important truth, and even of having partially proved it, but Harvey took a view of that same truth which marks out a new era in scientific history. Each observed the same vital motion of the blood through the irrigating system of the body, but the causes assigned for it by each were entirely distinct. The contrast of Cesalpino's '*agente spiritu*' with Harvey's '*hæc omnia à motu et pulsu cordis dependere*' exhibits the antithesis of mediæval and

* He quotes Galen for the sake of those who were willing to admit nothing, '*nisi adductis auctoribus.*'

modern modes of looking at nature. In the earlier stages of culture men instinctively personify and individualise inanimate objects, and place behind phenomena arbitrary embodiments of tendencies and impulses borrowed from their own consciousness. The clear apprehension of proximate physical causes, and of a certain necessary congruity between causes and their immediate effects, is a relatively late acquisition. It is in this new mode of grasping the sequence of facts—this new view of the proof necessary for the establishment of a scientific truth—that the immense superiority of Harvey's work over that of Cesalpino consists. It is a superiority, not in degree, but in kind—a superiority which marks the advent of another order of ideas, and opens up a spacious future before the legitimate advances of physical science.

Thus we learn with equanimity that Madrid has set up a statue to Servetus, and that Rome has erected a monument to Cesalpino, both with the avowed object of challenging Harvey's claim to the first honours in the discovery of the circulation. We may even candidly admit, without fear of derogating from the reputation we are so justly proud of, that the Aretine physician was acquainted with the fact, and only fell short as regards the principle. What we would insist upon is this:—Purely empirical knowledge can hardly be said, in a rational sense, to be knowledge at all, and facts are of value in proportion to the extent and consistence of the induction by which they are marshalled and united. We pointed out, in the beginning of this article, that theories, unless resting on a solid basis of facts, are mere idle speculations; but the converse proposition is no less true, that facts, until organised by thought, are meaningless atoms — loosened fragments from the vast mosaic of creation. The true investigator is he who penetrates into the dark places of nature, not at hap-hazard, but guided in one definite direction by the steady, onward shining of the light he himself carries. Such an one was Harvey. But while fearlessly upholding his claim to the place which the *consensus* of two and a half centuries has assigned to him, we desire to do ample justice to the merits of his predecessors—of Andrea Cesalpino above all, who so nearly approached, and had wellnigh anticipated him—and would willingly, with wise old Verulam, 'give every man his due, as we give Time his due, which is to discover truth.'

Art. III.—1. *Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine effectué pendant les années* 1866, 1867 *et* 1868, *par une Commission Française présidée par M. le Capitaine de frégate Doudart de Lagrée, et publie par les ordres du Ministre de la Marine sous la direction de M. le Lieutenant de vaisseau* Francis Garnier. 2 vols. 4to. Paris: 1873.

2. *Atlas du Voyage d'Exploration en Indo-Chine.* Première partie, Cartes et Plans. Deuxième partie, Album pittoresque exécuté d'après les dessins de M. le Lieutenant de vaisseau L. Delaporte. Fol. Paris: 1873.

3. *Annuaire de la Cochinchine pour l'année* 1876. Saïgon: 1876.

The silent growth of a colonial dependency in the far East which is already important in geographical extent and in the number of its inhabitants, might afford some consolation to France for the loss of provinces nearer home. But we fear that in the present distracted condition of that country, justice has not been done to her own achievements, and that very few persons, even in France, are aware of the success which has happily attended this great enterprise. Few acquisitions of territory have been made so quietly, extended so rapidly, or consolidated so completely as the new French colony of Cochin-China. Less than twenty years have elapsed since the naval forces of France began the operations on the coasts of the Anamese Empire which have resulted in important cessions of territory and the establishment of a dominion or protectorate over populous and extensive regions. It is not much more than fifteen years since the foundations of the present colonial government were laid, and a handful of naval officers undertook the administration of a dependency of which the richness and prosperity are now assured. The long and uphill struggle waged by the French against the forces of the Emperor* of Anam has at last been rewarded by the extension of their sovereignty over six of the richest and most important provinces of Cochin-China, and of their protectorate over the neighbouring kingdom of Cambodia. As was to be expected, by those at least acquainted with the external relations of Eastern States, the influence of France has made itself gradually but sensibly felt at the courts with whose territories its own are now conterminous. French manners

* So the French usually style the monarch formerly known in Europe as King of Cochin-China.

are already beginning to be imitated at Pnom-penh, the Cambodian capital; the sovereign and his ministers appear in the uniform of French officers, and the former distributes amongst his mandarins and visitors the decoration of an order mimicked from the Legion of Honour, with stars and ribbons fabricated in Paris. But results of real importance have also followed from the successes of the French arms in Indo-China. The court of Hué, the capital of Anam, has consented to open ports to foreign trade, and has already made over to the French large concessions of land on which to build consulates and barracks for troops to protect them; and has thus, after a long seclusion, been brought into intercourse with other nations.

To obtain a footing in Indo-China has apparently been for some generations an object which the successive governments of France have more or less consistently pursued. The Revolution scattered to the winds a carefully prepared and strongly supported attempt to intervene in the affairs of Anam, and, as we may reasonably conjecture, erect in the countries beyond the Ganges a dominion which should rival or menace our own in India. Rather more than a hundred years ago, viz. in 1774, a king of Cochin-China had been dethroned and murdered by his rebellious subjects. The unfortunate monarch seems to have been a man of liberal and enlightened mind, who had tolerated the preaching of Christianity in his dominions, and had shown favour and protection to the European missionaries. Indeed, he had gone so far as to place the heir to the throne under the tuition of one of them, the Bishop of Adran. Ths able prelate played an important part in the affairs of Indo-China, and in some measure originated the policy which, after the lapse of nearly a century, his French fellow-countrymen have thought it expedient to adopt.

He fled with his late pupil and family to an insignificant island, Pulo-wai, in the Gulf of Siam. The rebels were thus left in undisputed possession of the ancestral dominions of the fugitive prince. After many adventures, during which the exiled emperor had got himself crowned at Saïgon, in the southern part of his realm, had been forced again to flee, and had taken service under the king of the neighbouring country of Siam, the little court was once more compelled to establish itself at Pulo-wai. Thence Adran persuaded his old pupil to permit him to take his eldest son on an embassy to France to implore the good offices of Louis XVI. in restoring him to his throne. The missionary and his young companion arrived in Europe in 1787, and were well received by the Court of Versailles. Promises of help against the rebel who had usurped the throne of Cochin-China were given; and a treaty was drawn up and signed by the young prince as representing his father, and the Count de Vergennes and M. de Montmorin on the part of France. In this treaty the French monarch agreed to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the rightful sovereign of Anam, or Cochin-China, and to furnish twenty ships of war, five complete European and two native colonial regiments of infantry, besides half a million dollars in specie, and an equal sum in the shape of guns, powder, and other military stores. These forces were to be under the orders of the King of Cochin-China until his restoration to his throne had been effected. The latter sovereign on his part undertook to supply the ships placed at his disposal with all the stores needful to enable them to return home after the completion of the service for the performance of which they had been lent to him, and to organise, with the aid of a body of officers and petty officers of the French Navy, a subsidiary marine of his own. He consented to allow resident consuls of France to be stationed at various points in his country; and these officials were to be permitted to have ships built, and to cause the timber necessary to their construction to be felled. The king and his heirs consented to cede in perpetuity to France the bay and peninsula of Tourane, and to give assistance in the construction of such forts and public works as its defence and maintenance should render requisite.

When we remember the occurrences which give so vivid an interest to the history of the British dominion in India, and of our relations with the French in that peninsula during the second half of the eighteenth century, we shall see that the two following clauses of the treaty contain indications of a policy which has perhaps not even yet been forgotten. Clause 7 recites that, 'in the event of his most Christian Majesty being resolved to wage war in any part of India, it shall be allowed to the commander-in-chief of the French forces to raise a levy of 14,000 men, whom he shall cause to be trained in the same manner as they are in France, and to be put under French discipline.' The next clause promises on behalf of the King of Cochin-China to come to the assistance of the French, should any power venture to attack their new possessions, with a force of 60,000 men, whom he should himself clothe,

victual, and maintain. More than one recent French writer has pointed out the resemblance between our own early policy in India and that indicated in the provisions of these agreements.

The clever missionary who had brought about the negotiation of the treaty was named by his most Christian Majesty ambassador and envoy extraordinary to the court of the Cochin-Chinese monarch, and sailed for the East in a French frigate in company with the young prince. The fate of his expedition offers a striking commentary on French manners in the days immediately preceding the Great Revolution. Having arrived at the Isle of France, the ambassador, by virtue of the powers vested in him, ordered a large squadron of men-of-war and some 4000 or 5000 troops, which he found there, to hold themselves in readiness to proceed, when required, to the shores of the empire the throne of which he was about to claim for its legitimate owner. He and the young prince proceeded to Pondicherry, the governor of which place, Conway, had hoped to be placed in command of the expedition about to start for Cochin-China. His jealousy had been aroused by the appointment of another officer, and he was stirred to active opposition to the success of the undertaking by the honourable but impolitic conduct of the episcopal envoy. Conway was greatly under the influence of a woman who passed as the wife of a member of his staff, but who in reality was the governor's mistress. The bishop on his arrival was warned that he must pay court to this reigning favourite; but he sturdily and consistently refused to take any notice of her. The offended lady took her revenge by persuading her lover, the governor, to do all that lay in his power to thwart the object of the bishop. He accordingly despatched a fast-sailing vessel to the Isle of France, with orders to the forces lying there in readiness to proceed when called upon on no account to sail without directions from himself. The delay caused by this proceeding on the part of Conway hindered the departure of the expedition till the revolution in the mother country had wrought a convulsion which entirely changed the course of French policy in the East; and the exiled king owed his restoration to his throne to the assistance of private adventurers, and not to any supplied by the government of France.

The French missionaries profited greatly, in their efforts to preach Christianity, by the influence which Adran had gained at the Cochin-Chinese court; and at the present day—in spite of cruel persecutions—in Ton-king, as the northern part of the Anamese Empire is designated, there are stated on good authority to be 400,000 Christians. The existence of the Cochin-Chinese church has from time to time led to attempts on the part of the French to open diplomatic negotiations with the court of Hué. They have several times endeavoured to soften the rigour with which, in later times, both missionaries and converts have been treated. In these attempts it is possible that the Anamese have been induced to suspect something more than a mere religious and national connexion between the persecuted missionaries and their protecting compatriots. And the harshness with which the Christian converts have been treated has not improbably sprung from a belief that the Roman Catholic preachers of Christianity are apt to aim at temporal as well as spiritual authority. There can be no doubt that this feeling widely obtains in the neighbouring empire of China, and a distinguished Frenchman, M. Giquel, the founder of the great naval arsenal at Foochow, has not very long since written a pamphlet expressly to point out the difficulties which it casts in the way of French intercourse with that country. The lamented Mr. Margary noted in his journal at the capital of the distant province of Kwei-chou: The (French) bishop lives in a *ya-men*, has a green chair, and is called a Ta-jin, or great man, all attributes of a first-class mandarin. The assumption of this lofty character also disgusts many Celestials.*

The French, however, are not the only preachers of the Gospel in this part of Indo-China. A great part of the missionary work has been performed by priests whose nationality is Spanish, and who have been occasionally recruited from the ranks of the clergy in the Philippine Islands. To this it is owing that the early operations which placed France in possession of the colony which she now so successfully rules were undertaken in concert with a body of Spanish troops and some Spanish ships—a fact which recent French writers seem a little apt to overlook. More than once during the present century the French, as we have just indicated, have made energetic complaints of the persecuting acts of the court of Hué, but always without success. The semi-civilised sovereign and his mandarins merely opposed to these complaints a policy of consistent inactivity as far as regarded redress or even attention to demands. Shortly after the close of the Crimean war, whilst we were fully occupied

* Journal, p. 239.

in the suppression of the mutiny in India and hardly inclined to pay much attention to the concerns of Indo-China, M. Montigny was sent to demand an improvement in the religious policy of the Anamese government. Being supported by only a slender force, no notice was taken of his representations by the reigning Emperor, Tu-Duk. An expedition to bring him to reason was resolved on; and as the Spanish government had also to complain of the recent murder of a missionary, named Diaz, the two European powers agreed upon a joint undertaking.

Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, commanding the French forces in the China seas, received orders during the autumn of 1858 to begin operations against Tu-Duk. His force anchored in the bay of Tourane on September 1. The French government appears to have been in possession of very imperfect information as to the nature of the country likely to become the scene of operations, and as to the amount and character of the forces which might be expected to oppose the invasion. Missionaries, whose long residence in the country about to be attacked might have been supposed to give them some knowledge of its resources, had given a very erroneous idea of both, and led the French authorities to suppose that the expeditionary force had easy work before it. This is certainly surprising, as in Sir John Barrow's account of his visit to Cochin-China, a book published at the beginning of this century, a full description of the organisation and numbers of the Anamese army is given. Moreover, it must have been known in France that the court of Huć had long enjoyed the advantage of counting in its service several skilful French soldiers and engineers. And a mere glance at the charts of the coast-line of the country would have shown the plan of more than one fortress, with an outline unmistakably founded on the system of Vauban, which of itself must have hinted a knowledge of defensive warfare considerably above that generally prevalent in the far East.

The French admiral, under whose orders were one or two Spanish vessels, seized the peninsula of Tien-tcha, near Tourane, and set to work to organise his little army for a march upon the capital. His strength was altogether inadequate to so important an undertaking. The enemy completely outnumbered him, and in both organisation and equipment showed so respectably that an attempt to march many miles through a long series of swampy rice-fields, quite impracticable for artillery, would have assuredly ended in disastrous failure. In addition to this, sickness began to make sad havoc amongst the Europeans; and a cemetery but too well filled remains to the present day as a sad and only monument of an undertaking begun with overmuch of that lightness of heart which has unhappily distinguished of late the beginnings of a campaign by the French. A new plan had to be devised, and it fortunately occurred to Admiral Rigault to transport his armament to the southern provinces of Cochin-China, which, from their fertility and the industry of their inhabitants, had become the granary of the Anamese Empire. The court and army were dependent on their produce for supplies; and as most of these were carried by water upon the many streams which intersect the country, it would be comparatively easy for the invaders, with their light-draught steam gunboats, to stop the export of food and thus starve Tu-Duk into a more reasonable frame of mind.

In the spring of 1859 a part of the force under the admiral's orders was conveyed to Saïgon, an important city, upwards of fifty miles from the sea on a branch * of the lower Mekong or Cambodia river. The defences of the Donnaï, the mouth leading to the city, were easily forced; and on February 17 Saïgon fell into the hands of the French. Though frequently assaulted, indeed for a long time continuously besieged by the enemy, and defended by a very inadequate garrison, the place has never been given up, and has remained in possession of its captors ever since. The position of the latter long continued very insecure. The Italian war in which France was engaged in Europe prevented much assistance being sent to them from the mother country; and following upon that contest a renewal of the war with China, consequent upon the failure of the Tientsin treaty, demanded all the energies of the forces serving in the far East. The year 1860 was a critical one for the new colony. In March, Tourane had been evacuated; and but a few hundred men and two or three gunboats could be spared to hold Saïgon. The Anamese army, about ten thousand strong, occupied an entrenched camp less than three miles from the city, which it daily endeavoured to recapture, and which it finally succeeded in completely surrounding. Among the incessant combats which took place, the French remem-

* The Donnaï is perhaps not quite correctly described as a 'branch' of the Mekong: it is rather an independent stream connected by lateral affluents and *arroyos* with the main river.

ber with pride an especially gallant defence, by a small force of fifty French and one hundred Manilla men or Tagals, of a temple, known as the Pagode des Clochetons, on the road between the city and the large Chinese settlement in the suburbs. This building, which a personal inspection enables us to characterise as by no means particularly adapted for defence, was manfully held by its scanty garrison against the assaults of immensely superior numbers throughout the night between the 3rd and 4th of July, 1860, until relief was sent out from Saïgon.

The success of the Anglo-French arms in the North of China, which led to the treaty of Peking, freed, in the year 1861, a sufficient number of ships and men to enable the commander-in-chief, Admiral Charner, to bring considerable reinforcements to his beleaguered countrymen in Cochin-China. The home government had now awoke to the character of the enterprise which they had taken in hand. To the admiral were given extensive powers. Not only was the supreme command over all the forces, both naval and military, employed in the expedition entrusted to him, but he was also authorised to incur such expenditure in the hire of transports and coolies and in the purchase of supplies as might seem to him desirable. The wisdom of reposing this confidence in an officer placed at the head of a great undertaking a vast distance from home was amply vindicated by the success of the measures which he adopted. His force was a powerful one. Seventy ships, including transports and several Spanish vessels of war, composed his fleet; whilst he was able to land, under General Vassaigues, over two thousand soldiers and a thousand seamen, besides two hundred Spaniards commanded by Colonel Palanca. It is needless to say that their equipment and armament left nothing to be desired.

Victory, as might have been anticipated, declared itself for the Europeans, but their enemy was a not unworthy one, and the victory was dearly purchased. At the capture of Ki-hoa, in February 1861, the French lost two hundred killed and wounded; and the Spaniards, to whose gallantry their allies at the time rendered willing testimony, out of a total of one hundred and eighty men engaged, no less than forty. These figures show the stubborn nature of the resistance made by the soldiers of Tu-Duk. Saïgon was won effectually, its garrison freed from the fear of its recapture, and the neighbouring district cleared of the Anamese troops. But much still remained to be done, if the conquest was to be consolidated or the sovereign compelled to listen to negotiations. The plan of cutting off his supplies had only succeeded in part. The nature of the country of which Saïgon is the capital, being in reality but the delta of the great Mekong or Cambodia river, was such that the occupation of a single stream interfered but little with the navigation of the interior waters. The low alluvial plain, of which Lower Cochin-China chiefly consists, is scored by many great branches of the river, such as the Donnaï, the Soirap, the Vaïco, &c., and innumerable *arroyos* or transverse canals. By means of these the native authorities were enabled to move large quantities of rice to the other provinces, and considerable magazines had been established at no great distance from Saïgon, to which the produce of the surrounding country was brought, and from which it was transmitted wherever required. The chief of these depôts had been formed at the town of Mytho, the capture of which had become necessary to the success of the campaign.

Two months after the battle of Ki-hoa, an expedition under Admiral Page, availing itself of the water communications which had been so useful to the native officers, proceeded to the capture of Mytho. In spite of the formidable network of obstacles and stockades, which in accordance with the tactics of the inhabitants of Indo-China, with which our own countrymen in other wars have made some acquaintance, the place fell, and the province of which it was the chief town was occupied. Its capture gave to the admiral the complete command of the mouth of the great river. The native army had retired to Bien-hoa in an opposite direction to Mytho, and had there strongly fortified itself. The position had been well chosen. The army had little difficulty in obtaining supplies, and it was able to cause constant annoyance to the French in their efforts to strengthen themselves in their new possessions. The capture of the place, therefore, was indispensable to their security. Admiral Bonard accordingly proceeded to its attack. The position was garrisoned by a force of three thousand Anamese, and a series of stout barricades had been formed, one behind the other, to obstruct the passage of the river. Stockades of extraordinary solidity gave shelter to the defenders, and were flanked by a series of forts of clever construction, armed with guns. The place was taken after a severe engagement, in which the native army suffered heavy losses. The citadel of Vinh-long about the same

time fell also into the hands of the invaders.

Undisturbed enjoyment of their new acquisitions of territory would not have been permitted to the French, had not the domestic condition of his empire compelled Tu-Duk to come to terms with his foreign foes. In 1862 an insurrection broke out in Ton-king, and a descendant of the old royal family, named Le, having placed himself at its head, took advantage of the absence of the government forces, who were opposing the French invaders, overran four provinces, and threatened the important city of Ke-cho. By this movement the court was cut off completely from whatever portion of Lower Cochin-China was available as a source of supply, an inconvenience which was aggravated by a partial failure of the rice harvest and an unusual scarcity. Tu-Duk accordingly opened negotiations; and on May 24, 1862, a war junk, having on board two high-class mandarins named as plenipotentiaries to treat, arrived at Saïgon. On the 5th of the following month a treaty was signed. The three provinces of Saïgon, Mytho, and Bien-hoa were ceded in perpetuity to France, and the Anamese government engaged that no portion of its territory should be ceded to any other nation without the consent of the French. An indemnity, equivalent in amount to twenty millions of francs, was to be paid within ten years, and the citadel of Vinhlong was to remain in the hands of the invaders as security for its payment.

The conclusion of this treaty had sprung from the necessities of the native sovereign, and as soon as the more pressing of them passed away, he used all his efforts to obtain its abrogation. An embassy was sent to Paris charged to offer a large sum of money to purchase back the ceded provinces. The mission met with unexpected support in pursuit of its object from some of the advisers of Napoleon III. The new colony was believed to be both useless and costly, and the ministry grudged both the treasure and the still more valuable lives which its continued maintenance threatened to entail upon the mother country in an ever-increasing expenditure. Had communication with the newly acquired dependency been more easy, it is probable that the proposals of Tu-Duk would have been accepted. But while ministers in Europe were discussing, Admiral de la Grandière, the Governor of French Cochin-China was acting. The King of Siam claimed a protectorate over the kingdom of Cambodia, an insignificant principality with but a million of inhabitants, the poor remains of a once flourishing and powerful empire. Its sovereign had been reduced to a state of vassalage to the court of Bangkok, and was overshadowed in his own capital by a permanently residing Siamese official. Cambodia touched the whole of the northwestern frontier of the French possessions; and the admiral, feeling perhaps unequal to its formal annexation, succeeded in 1864* in practically substituting for the Siamese a French protectorate over the kingdom. A revolution, which in 1866 nearly drove the king from his throne, was suppressed only with assistance lent by the authorities at Saïgon, and the subservience of Cambodia to the new-comers is now complete.

The history of the latter, however, had by no means been a quiet one. Incessant insurrections harassed the garrisons which had been distributed through the chief towns of the colony to secure its defence. Attacks were frequently made upon detached posts. In one of these the important station of Bien-hoa nearly fell into the hands of its former possessors. The place was connected with Saïgon by telegraph, and it fortunately happened that the assailants, in their ignorance of their use, had not seen fit to cut the wires. The hard-pressed garrison telegraphed to head-quarters for aid, which arrived not a moment too soon to prevent the victory of the Anamese. The responsibility for these attacks and revolts, in general without doubt organised in Anamese territory, was fastened upon Tu-Duk, and his persistence was punished by the annexation, in 1867, of three more provinces. We suppose we must accept it as being merely a coincidence, that these provinces had interposed an inconvenient barrier between the colony and the sea, and that by their occupation not only was an extensive line of coast added to it, but the entire command of the lower Mekong given to it as well. The punishment which the Anamese monarch had drawn upon himself, besides being severe as far as he was concerned, redounded considerably to the advantage of his intrusive enemies. The whole of Lower Cochin-China was now in the possession of the French, who set to work with earnestness and discrimination to pacify and secure their new conquest. In shape a quadrilateral of pretty regular form, two of its sides, the south-eastern and south-western, are protected by the sea against any attempt at

* The date of the treaty between King Norodom and Admiral de la Grandière is August 11, 1863 ('Annuaire de la Cochinchine,' p. 70); but the protectorate seems to have become effective somewhat later.

reoccupation; throughout its north-western frontier it is conterminous with the dependent kingdom of Cambodia; whilst its north-eastern alone, the shortest of all, touches the southern province of the still intact Empire of Anam. By the treaty establishing the protectorate, King Norodom had ceded to France an important position on the Cambodia river, to which his protectors have given the name of Quatre Bras. In 1870, the boundary between the territories of the two governments was finally settled, with such 'rectifications,' we may well believe, as the security of the colony demanded.

The arrangement which had been come to with the Emperor of Anam had at length delivered the invaders from all fear of openly hostile attempts in the field. But a more persistent and more terrible foe had yet to be encountered. The climate was eminently unfavourable to Europeans, and its fatal effects literally decimated the naval and military forces which garrisoned the colony. The death-rate for a long time continued to be from nine to ten per cent., and was only reduced by a shortening of the term of service in the country to two years. The mean temperature is 83° F., and in the months of April and May the thermometer, even within doors, shows commonly 97°. As in most tropical lands, there are in reality but two seasons, the dry and the rainy. The latter begins in May and ends in August. Though the temperature in January, February and March is high, the weather is not unpleasant. The air is clear and dry; and we speak after the experience of more than one visit when we say that we found the 95° of Saïgon at the season mentioned a pleasant relief from the depressing humidity of Singapore at a temperature ten degrees lower. But this moderately agreeable climate is not sufficiently invigorating to restore to health the Europeans who have had to undergo the trying effects of the season of the rains. The pallid and worn appearance of the residents is painfully striking to visitors. The discomfort of the rainy months was described to us as being all but insupportable; and an officer on the governor's staff asked us to imagine the wretchedness of having to exist for weeks together under the painful oppressiveness of an atmosphere laden with '*des orages qui n'éclatent pas.*'

The physical geography of Lower Cochin-China at once declares how little hope there is of its ever enjoying a favourable climate or being able to produce a Creole population. By far the greater portion of the surface is a dead level. The soil is composed of a rich alluvium brought down by the Mekong and its branches; and the map shows that the principal part of the French colony is merely a succession of deposits pushed out by the river far into the sea. The Mekong spreads out into innumerable branches not far from its mouth; and its delta is formed of a fan-like labyrinth of streams which gives to the country the character of a series of low-lying islands bordering the coast. The larger streams are joined by transverse canals called *arroyos*, and the whole system of water communication thus becomes conveniently complete, and the various districts are brought into connexion with each other by a perfect network of larger and minor ways. The surface is but slightly elevated above the level of the water; a great deal of it is often actually below it, and the luxuriant growth of trees and shrubs, which border the great artery leading to the city of Saïgon, bears a striking resemblance to a West Indian mangrove swamp. Almost every available spot is devoted to the cultivation of rice, the disgusting operations necessary to which aggravate the malodorous exhalations generated by the action of a tropical sun upon a swampy soil. In the earlier days of the colony, when the new-comers were badly housed and improperly fed, and no drainage, however imperfect, was in existence, the mortality was excessive. The greatest scourges were dysentery and fevers of the intermittent type. Of the latter a specially virulent variety, called the wood fever, is nearly as fatal to natives as it is to strangers. The former, indeed, exhibit many symptoms of the injurious effect of their pestilential climate, and everyone who has visited the country must have noted the large proportion of sickly and fever-stricken countenances presented to his view by an Anamese crowd.

Of late a considerable improvement in the health of the colony has taken place. Sanitary measures have been adopted with marked vigour by the government. The surface of the ground on which buildings are erected has been raised. It is said that the whole of Saïgon has been built on an artificially elevated site of several feet. Drainage has been carefully attended to. The streets of the colonial capital have been planted with trees; and the *Eucalyptus Globulus*, credited with important fever-dispelling properties, has been introduced. A sanatorium has been established on the lofty promontory of Cape St. James, and another at the island of Pulo Condore; and it is proposed to seek for others likely to be still more beneficial in elevated and healthy

positions near the newly established settlements in Ton-king. An important amelioration of the condition of the Europeans in the government service has been introduced in the reduction of the period of service in the colony to two years, and their periodical movement from place to place with undeviating regularity.

The task before the men who attempted to occupy and organise this new dependency of France, harassed as they were by open foes and by the more subtle hostility of the climate, was undoubtedly a difficult one. Its difficulties, nevertheless, were diminished by the character of the people whose home had been annexed, and by the institutions which a long continuity had sanctioned as worthy of being retained. Upon the Anamese the principles of religion and the sentiment of nationality or patriotism sit lightly. The prevailing cult—it would be incorrect to call it a faith—is Buddhism of the Chinese type, and with it are mingled the curious rationalistic religion, borrowed also from the neighbouring empire, and the worship of ancestors. Funereal sacrifices hold an important place in the national ritual; and near every village is to be seen a large cemetery, usually filled with tombs built in an ambitious, but in general tasteless, style of architecture. The new-comers had, therefore, to combat few prejudices. The natives soon discovered that it was preferable to live under the just administration of strangers instead of under the rapacious misgovernment of their compatriot mandarins. The French rule was in consequence easily extended. The industrious inhabitants grew tired of the perpetual insurrections fomented by the court of Hué, and of the incursions from the Anamese territory, which laid waste their laboriously cultivated fields. In many instances they themselves gave warning to the French authorities of an impending outbreak. The celebrated Quan-Dinh, a chief who, by admission of his enemies, rivalled Abd-el-Kader and defied the whole power of the colonial government for a year and a half, was at last killed in an ambush by his own countrymen, who had become weary of his ravages. In physical courage the Anamese is said to be, and indeed seems to have proved himself, superior to his Chinese neighbour. To the latter he undoubtedly yields in intellectual qualifications; and in the constructive arts, except perhaps in that of ship-building, he is decidedly his inferior and imitator. The Anamese vessels are of an exceedingly graceful design—so much so, indeed, that it seems unfair to style them junks, as our own seamen and those of France are in the habit of doing. Their sharp bows, and long tapering sails of pale yellow-coloured mats, give them much the appearance of the smart *feluccas* of the Mediterranean, a description of craft to which they are no whit inferior either in beauty or in seaworthiness. In the ornamental arts the native workmen only excel in the inlaying of wood with mother-of-pearl, many specimens of which discover a fair amount of artistic talent, and of which large quantities are exported to Canton, and may be seen any day in the bazaars and shops of that city.

The municipal system of Cochin-China was borrowed from, or founded on, that of China. The country was divided into districts presided over by high-class mandarins, which were subdivided again and again into smaller portions, each being under some member of the official hierarchy with a territorial jurisdiction commensurate with his rank. At the bottom of the scale were the villages, each one of which constituted a sort of little republic, the affairs of which were administered by agents chosen by the notables or *dinh-bô*. These men were responsible to the government for the collection and payment of certain charges, e. g. the land-tax and the personal impost or poll-tax. The regulation of the military service of the villagers was also left in their hands. In return for this the exclusive right to the possession of certain minor local offices was assured to them. Each municipality had laid upon it a responsibility towards the central government for the maintenance of order within its precincts. The territorial divisions reminded the French invaders of those into which their own country had been divided after the outbreak of the Revolution; and they named them, after the familiar terms of their own political geography, *cantons*, *arrondissements*, and *préfectures* or circumscriptions. The existing municipal institutions they retained, as nearly as practicable, unaltered, and left to the natives an important part in the management of their local affairs under the inspection of officers appointed by the governor. Of this obviously just and convenient arrangement they have every reason to be proud, and they are now reaping from it the advantage of possessing a prosperous and contented country. The code of laws was only so far interfered with as to render its provisions more humane; and an honest and careful administration of the finances replaced the rapacity and wastefulness of the former fiscal system. The efforts of the French to treat fairly, and even kindly, the people whose native land

they have, perhaps somewhat inequitably, seized upon, cannot be denied; and it needs but a short acquaintance with the able and zealous naval officers, who are devotedly serving France at so great a distance from her shores, to perceive how profoundly they are impressed with an affectionate consideration for their native fellow-citizens, and how desirous they are of doing them justice and improving their condition both physical and moral.

It was by no means easy at first to obtain interpreters who could speak both French and Cochin-Chinese, and the obstacles in the way of communication with the inhabitants seemed to be for some time almost insuperable. The Anamese use the Chinese written character, so that documents could be deciphered by students of Chinese. But in speaking the case was different, and few besides the missionaries had even the slightest knowledge of the spoken language. Like others of the Mongolian dialects the grammar was exceedingly simple, but the pronunciation was beset with all the difficulties arising from the existence of a series of 'tones.' This gave occasion to what a French writer has aptly designated a 'gymnastic accentuation.' The phonetic inflexion was infinitely varied, and a single word was made to have a different meaning with every change in the tone with which it was pronounced. The process of learning the language so as to be able to converse in it was necessarily extremely slow; and whilst the French officers were preparing themselves to be able to do so, they were compelled to employ an odd class of interpreters. These were natives or Chinese educated at Penang or by the missionaries. None of them understood French; and they communicated with their employers in the only tongue a knowledge of which was common to both parties, viz., a Latin described as highly 'un-Ciceronic.' Officers in the navy, who had left school many years before and at an early age, had to rub up their acquaintance with the language of ancient Rome. Some of the phrases used in this medium of communication have been preserved to us. *Magnum tormentum belli* implied a piece of artillery, and *parvulum tormentum* a pistol. This quaint resuscitation of a dead language has disappeared before the employment of trained interpreters or the linguistic acquirements of many officers who have honourably distinguished themselves by their endeavours to master the tongue of the people whom they are called upon to govern. In no particular have the French officials exhibited their sense of what they owe to the original inhabitants of Lower Cochin-China more plainly than in the provision they have made for their education. The aid of the missionaries and of the teaching fraternities in the Roman Church has been called in and freely rendered. A large number of schools of various grades have been established, and they are well attended; and by an ingenious system of accentual notation, introduced by the clergy, a fairly perfect transliteration of the native monosyllables has been made possible, and the scholars are taught to read and write their own language in the Roman character. By this means their power of learning the tongue of their conquerors has been greatly facilitated, and the field from which to draw recruits for the staff of interpreters co-equally extended.

The possession of a foothold in Indo-China held out to its new occupants hopes of being able to open a route which the trade with the western provinces of China might advantageously follow. Such a route, it need scarcely be said, was confidently expected to be found passing through some portion of the French dominions. How important the discovery of some mode of access to the richer and more remote districts of the Chinese Empire (judged in relation to their distance from the treaty ports in the East) has been deemed by our own countrymen here and in India, the numerous expeditions and proposals, with the history of which we have for some years been familiar, abundantly show. The tragic fate of a young consular officer of high promise, Mr. Augustus Margary, in the course of one of these expeditions stimulated the interest already taken in the subject, and has indirectly led to a series of negotiations between our representative and the Peking Foreign Office (*Tsungli-yamen*) resulting in a convention which we believe has not yet been definitely ratified. The consular authorities at Saïgon were early in the field of discovery. An expedition for the exploration of the upper Mekong, the great river which poured itself into the colony and held out such fair promise of easy navigation, was resolved on, and was formed in 1866. It was hoped that the waters of the stream would be found navigable directly from the Chinese territory, or at least from a point within easy distance of it. Should it prove so, a convenient line of communication would lie between the French frontier and that of China. These hopes, as we now know, were not fulfilled, and the expedition had to report against the practicability of utilising the great stream.

The first full account of the expedition was published by the family of an officer who took part in it, M. Louis de Carné, and who succumbed to the fatigues of the long and venturesome journey before the story of his travels which he had written could be given to the world. His extremely interesting and lively record of the career of the expedition was noticed in this journal in April 1873,* and it will be unnecessary for us to attempt to relate its history. Since that time the official report of the Commission of Exploration has been published, and its title will be found prefixed to this article. It is not easy to do justice to the luxuriant splendour of this truly superb work. There are two magnificent quarto volumes of letter-press, and two atlases of maps and coloured plates. The first volume contains the historical account of the proceedings of the expedition, and in the second are collected the scientific observations of the several members of the commission. The first volume is filled with an astonishingly large number of admirable illustrations, and its value is enhanced by its comprising some interesting chapters on the remarkable architectural remains which are found within the ancient limits of the kingdom of Cambodia, written by the leader of the expedition, Commander Doudart de Lagrée, of the French navy, who lost his life shortly after the party under his guidance had got within the Chinese frontier.

His loss, deeply lamented by his countrymen, threw the labour of conducting home the remains of the expedition, and of drawing up the report, upon his subordinate, Lieutenant Francis Garnier. This task he performed with great ability; and we may well feel in doubt which more to admire—his resolute support of the fatigues and difficulties of the protracted journey, or the learning and talent displayed in the account of it which he published. To his tragic and romantic fate in another part of Indo-China, and on another expedition, we shall have to call attention by-and-by. Here we would merely pay our tribute of praise to the meritorious manner of his appearance as chief author and editor of the splendid book under notice.

The unfortunate mortality which pursued the members of the exploring party, even after their labours had been ended, has enveloped in an atmosphere of melancholy the perhaps most romantic and interesting series of travels ever undertaken. To have penetrated to points hitherto unvisited by Europeans—where, indeed, their name was as yet unknown—to have discovered new streams, ascertained the course of known ones, and ascended lofty mountains, of which the existence was unheard of in the West; to have rectified the imperfect maps and thrown a flood of light on the geography of an important region; to have visited strange countries and nations new to us, though with a history older than our own; to have encountered savage tribes, and treated with sovereigns whose designations had not yet been sounded in European ears; to have wandered amidst the vestiges of an ancient civilisation, of which the splendour was still apparent in its ruins, have examined the mighty monuments of a past, the history of which had been concealed from us, and attempted to decipher the inscriptions upon sculptured walls to which no key has yet been found; to have halted amidst the stupendous remains of temples dedicated to a primeval worship, have gazed upon the carved memorials of the heroes of ancient Aryan epics, and have verified *in situ* the descriptions of the Mongolian Herodotus who had told his countrymen of the architectural magnificence of barbarian cities that lay beyond their borders; to have floated in strange barks on waters hitherto unploughed by foreign keels, have painfully cut a way through the thick jungles and giant creepers, where

> 'Eternal forests, on whose boughs the spring
> Hung undecaying, fenced the place around,
> And amorous vines (like serpents without sting)
> Clung to the trees, or trail'd on the green ground:'*

all this must have made up an eventful two years of travel of which the like can have seldom been experienced before.

The chapters which we owe to the pen of Commander de Lagrée, and which are devoted to a description of the wonderful architectural remains at Angcor or Nakhon, and an essay on the antiquities of the Khmer, the ancestors of the present Cambodians, are amongst those best worth reading in the book. M. de Lagrée had previous to the organisation of the expedition for some time filled the office of Resident at the court of the King of Cambodia at Pnom-penh. From thence he had been able to make excursions across the Siamese frontier and study attentively these remarkable ruins. The numerous illustrations and plans both in the body of the work and in the atlas annexed convey an excellent idea

* Edinburgh Review, vol. cxxxvii., No. 280, p. 295.

* Barry Cornwall, Girl of Provence.'

of the style and grandeur of the magnificent fabrics erected by the ancient sovereigns of the country. But few notices of them had reached Europe prior to the expedition sent out from Saïgon in 1866. Accounts more or less fragmentary had been given by King, who had travelled in Cambodia; by Mouhot, a Frenchman employed by one of our scientific societies, who died within the limits of the petty kingdom of Luang-Praban in 1861, and by a few other travellers. Dr. Adolf Bastian, in his work, 'Die Völker des Oestlichen Asien,'* gave an account of his own inspection of them. Mr. Fergusson, in his 'Tree and Serpent Worship' (2nd edition, 1873, p. 50), and in his 'History of Indian and Eastern Architecture' (1876), has given fuller details, and drawings of some of the more important of the remains. But on the whole they seem to have attracted in this country less attention than their remarkable merits undoubtedly demand. The light their examination may be expected to throw upon the extinct civilisation of the ages which produced them, and upon the ethnological questions connected with the descent and migrations of important Eastern races, not to speak of their interest as landmarks in the field of comparative religion, we may safely assume to be very considerable.

The Cambodians of the present day have fallen far from the high estate occupied by their ancestors, the Khmers. Their country is now dependent upon the French colony, and contains scarcely a million of inhabitants, including slaves and uncivilised tribes. Of their former history little is known; few travellers have visited their land, and fewer still have examined its annals. The inscriptions which cover the faces of the architectural monuments erected in the days of its grandeur have not yet been deciphered—at least but few have been, and those more modern ones, containing little reference to purely historical matters. Chinese records assert that in the seventh century of our era Cambodia became tributary to China. The Siamese admit that their own country was at one time subject to a king who has been recognised as the ruler of Cambodia under the name of Kamphoxa, a variation of the Chinese form Kamphoutché, from which Europeans probably have derived Cambodia. The people still adhere to the ancient appellation, and call their abode the country of the Khmers. The memory of its ancient glories lingers yet in places far remote from its present limits, and on the frontiers of China an aged bonze enquired eagerly of Commander de Lagrée's party of the state of Cambodia. The present inhabitants have lost nearly all trace of their earlier history; and they even attribute the construction of the vast buildings which cover their soil to supernatural agency, and not to the skill and wealth of their own ancestors.

The chief site of the ruins is within the Siamese border. They comprise remains of the ancient city of Angcor-Tom, and the temple of Angcor Wat. In the French accounts Angcor takes the place of Nakhon, which Mr. Fergusson tells us is the proper appellation. An elevation in the neighbourhood, Mount Krome, is also surmounted by the remains of a grand pagoda. The ruined city and great temple lie near the north-western extremity of an extensive lake, the Ton-le-sap, about a hundred geographical miles from the shores of the Gulf of Siam. To approach them the traveller has to take a route through a forest of gigantic trees, rendered in many places impenetrable by the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. The view of the ruins bursts suddenly upon the visitor as he emerges from the great sylvan rampart which, as M. de Carné expresses it, 'seems placed there by nature as a magnificent prelude to the ruins of Angcor.' There is little in the surrounding scenery to attract attention. Commander de Lagrée has said:—

'On emerging from the tangled forest which covers the shores of the lake, the traveller finds himself in the midst of an immense cultivated plain laid out in rice-fields, and the landscape seems to differ nothing from the monotonous aspect to which a long residence in Cochin-China accustoms one. But hardly have a few steps been taken when one discerns around one vestiges of the ancient Khmer civilisation, and we are transported in imagination to that remote epoch when this civilisation extended its powerful influence throughout the whole of Indo-China.' (Vol. i. p. 24.)

A vast causeway paved with slabs leads across wide moats to a gallery, the long skyline of which is cut by three half-ruined towers. Lions of the stiff and ferocious heraldic type guard the entrance. The plan of the *Wat*, or pagoda, is that of an edifice composed of two rectangular galleries of more than one story. Of these the outside one has an extent of about two hundred and seventy yards by two hundred, and is ornamented with pavilions at the angles. Above the interior gallery rise four towers grouped together, so that they resemble an

* Published at Jena in 1867 and subsequent years; see 4er Band, 'Reisen,' &c.; also 'Journal Royal Geogr. Soc.' xxxv. p. 74.

immense tiara. In the centre of the second gallery is an elevated block, also surmounted by four towers, and a central tower of greater loftiness, which dominates the whole building. The sanctuary is in the upper part of the highest tower. Almost every portion of the building is covered with ornament. Figures of human beings and animals, bas-reliefs, flowers and leaves intertwined in elaborate tracery are found on every available surface. Tradition declares that this vast pile was erected in fulfilment of a vow made by an ancient king who was smitten with leprosy, and whose statue still exists. Less ancient than the buildings of the neighbouring city, this splendid pagoda is in a better state of preservation, and may be considered the most perfect specimen existing of the architectural art of the ancient Khmers, of which, too, it is perhaps the highest expression.

Angcor, or Nakhon-Tom, that is Nakhon the Great, is close by. Its walls alone still remain intact; so admirable is their construction of carefully sculptured blocks of stone, without mortar or cement, that they seem capable of defying the hand of time itself, and resist even the formidable assaults of the luxuriant vegetation of a tropical clime. Grand causeways thrown across ditches lead to the gates of the city. These causeways are lined by fifty gigantic figures of stone grasping an enormous serpent, which seems to endeavour to wrest itself from their grasp. The frequency with which this reptile is portrayed in the ornaments of the building is striking, and shows probably the existence of a fresh remembrance of the veneration in which it was held, which has led to its introduction along with the many evidences of the Buddhistic faith of the builders. The principal entrance is beneath an immense triumphal arch decorated with heads of elephants. Within the city the principal monument is the Baion, a splendid pile, in which the remains of no less than forty-two towers can still be traced, and which is assumed to have been at once a palace and a temple, the Mafra or Escurial of the ancient kings of the country. A remarkable feature in the ornamentation of these towers is the representation on them of colossal faces of Buddha, of a fashion which recalled to the French travellers the Sphinx of Egypt. The age of these magnificent works can scarcely be said to have been ascertained with anything like accuracy. Lieutenant Garnier placed it between the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, Mr. Fergusson several centuries later; but the latter admits the impossibility of fixing the date at all correctly in the present imperfect state of our information. From the accounts of early Portuguese visitors we learn that Nakhon, or Angcor, had ceased to be a royal residence in the sixteenth century, and was probably even then deserted. The relation of a Chinese traveller in the thirteenth century tells us of a degree of splendour and prosperity reigning at the place which had disappeared before the arrival of the earliest Europeans. During more than one visit to Saïgon made within the last two or three years, the writer of this article was able to obtain a series of admirable photographs of the chief amongst these interesting antiquities, and was also shown at the Palais du Gouvernement some well-executed casts of several of the bas-reliefs which adorn the walls. We believe that a collection of these have been forwarded to France, and visitors to the Exhibition to be held in Paris this year will, no doubt, have an opportunity of inspecting them in the department which will be devoted to the display of articles from the Indo-Chinese colony.

The result of the exploration of the Mekong having been to place beyond doubt the impossibility of using the course of that stream as a means of access to Western China, the attention of the authorities at Saïgon was turned to the other great river of Indo-China, the Songkoi. With the upper waters the members of the Mekong Commission had become acquainted whilst in the neighbourhood of the Yunnan frontier. In its channel twelve feet of water can be counted upon for at least a certain portion of every year. M. Dupuis, the intrepid explorer of its whole navigable course, has reported* that the obstacles to be met with in the physical geography of the stream are not very important. The disturbed condition of the border country, and the existence of organised bands of Chinese freebooters, are more formidable hindrances to its navigation than any shoals or rapids throughout its length. That the existence of this important and convenient route to the western provinces of the Middle Kingdom should have become known to us only recently is a fact which may well surprise us. We have to thank the above-named Frenchman, M. Dupuis, who had been for some time settled at the treaty port of Hankow, on the Yang-tze-kiang, for the proof we have of its practicability.

In the autumn of 1872 that gentleman, who had previously travelled over the more

* See Petermann's 'Mittheilungen,' &c., No. ix., September 1877, p. 392.

western parts of the Empire, fitted out an expedition to proceed to Yunnan with supplies of arms and military stores for the use of the Imperial forces in Yunnan, commanded by a mandarin named Ma. The flotilla in which the stores were embarked consisted of two small steamers (we believe old English gunboats which had been sold out of her Majesty's service in China), a Chinese junk, and a steam-launch. Early in November, M. Dupuis' little squadron arrived at the mouth of the Cuacum, a river which he had been informed by the natives was connected with the Songkoi in the direction of Hannoi, or Kecho, the capital of Ton-king. The state of that province had long been very disturbed. It had been annexed in modern times to the Empire of Anam, advantage having been taken of a contest for the succession to its throne between two sons of a former sovereign. The court of Hué, afraid to trust the natives of the conquered district in high posts, fills the latter with Anamese or mercenary employés from China. The yoke which has been laid upon the inhabitants is hard, and in frequent insurrections they have shown their desire to shake it off.

M. Dupuis was in consequence regarded as a far from welcome visitor; and he was directed to wait for a fortnight until a reply to a request, which had been sent to the capital for instructions concerning him, could arrive. At the expiration of that time he was informed by the principal mandarin that his superiors would require three months to decide upon the answer which they would give to his application to be permitted to proceed. M. Dupuis seems to have understood the tactics of Mongolian officials. He expressed his readiness to wait even longer than three months if required, but begged permission to move to a better and more salubrious anchorage higher up the river. This was granted. But no sooner were his vessels got under way than he steamed on, and did not stop until he had reached Hannoi, four days after entering the Songkoi proper. Here the water was found to be so low that he had to transfer his cargoes from the steamers to light-draught native boats, which he hired with some difficulty; and it was only in January 1873 that he was able to proceed.

In the meantime there had been two different insurrections in Ton-king, and M. Dupuis and his goods had to pass through not only the Anamese forces, but also through two armies of rebels, all of whom had stationed themselves in the neighbourhood of the river. From the latter he received no annoyance. Indeed, he had an opportunity of doing a service to the leader of one of them, a Chinese, who begged his good offices with the Imperialist officer, Ma, to secure him an unmolested return to his own country, whose neutrality laws, we may suppose, he had broken in heading an insurrection in a friendly state. This favour M. Dupuis naturally undertook to do him; and in fact he was as good as his word, and was able to extract a promise from Ma that the friendly filibuster should suffer no inconvenience on his return home. On March 4, the flotilla reached a place called Mong-kow at the head of the navigable waters of the Songkoi, and within the Yunnan frontier. The Chinese general, as will be readily believed, received the welcome consignment of stores and weapons with considerable gratification; and there is little doubt that it was in great measure owing to the assistance which he derived from them that he was able soon after to complete the overthrow of the already waning power of the Panthays, or Mohammedan insurgents, who had long opposed him.

M. Dupuis, whom Ma had provided with an escort of one hundred and fifty men, set out on his return journey. On the way down he preserved the same friendly relations with both rebel armies that he had been fortunate enough to establish on his ascent of the river; and he was also gratified to find that the government forces permitted him to pass unnoticed. A companion, M. Millot, went on to Hong Kong with one of the steamers, and arrived at that island just eight months after he had left it in company with his principal to attempt the passage of the Songkoi and reach Yunnan. The latter remained behind with the rest of his little squadron to establish a place of business at Hannoi.

A treaty of peace between France and Anam was signed in March 1874, and by it the latter definitely resigned all claim to the six provinces which constituted the colony of Lower Cochin-China. In return for this the rights of the Emperor Tu-Duk over Ton-king and Upper Cochin-China were recognised; assistance was promised him against any enemy who should assail his territories; and he was presented with five small steam vessels, fully equipped, a hundred guns, and a large quantity of rifles and ammunition. Moreover, the arrears of the money indemnity due by him under the provisions of a former treaty were remitted. A subsequent treaty of commerce, signed in August 1874, opened to foreign trade the three ports of Hannoi, on the Songkoi, Haiphong, also in Ton-king, and Quinhon,

n a more southern province of the Emperor of Anam's dominions.

The latter agreement had not been concluded at the time of M. Dupuis' return to Hannoi from Yunnan. Either his attempt to open a place of business at Hannoi, or his presumption in continuing to ascend the river after being warned that the necessary permission had not been granted him, led to his being detained at the town mentioned with his remaining steamer and his launch. His detention brought about one of the most stirring and tragic episodes of the intervention of the French in Indo-China. It is possible that this detention was not compulsory, and that M. Dupuis himself persisted in remaining, in spite of the requests of the mandarins, who declared themselves extremely desirous of witnessing his departure. At all events an expedition was sent from Saïgon by Admiral Dupré, the governor, with the twofold object of clearing up the matter and of opening negotiations for the signature of the treaty of commerce of which we have just made mention. The expedition, which consisted of two vessels, was commanded by Lieutenant Francis Garnier, the companion and successor of De Lagrée, and the author of the magnificent work which we have already noticed.

A Chinese mandarin in the service of Tu-Duk was the chief official at Hannoi when M. Garnier arrived there. This personage gave him a very unfriendly reception, and his conduct was such that the French officer expressed a belief that he was contemplating an attack on him. It is not at the present day very clear what M. Garnier's instructions really were. That the government of the colony were prepared to force on matters until they should end in the annexation of the parts of Ton-king which lie about the mouth of the Songkoi—the importance of the command of that river having been now proved beyond question — was apparently believed by many of its officers. M. Garnier may have been directly charged to bring this about, or he may have been allowed to depart on his mission with merely a hint that his action, whatever it might be, would be fully approved at Saïgon. At this moment his own countrymen do not hesitate to express their doubts upon this point. As to one matter there can be but little question. If the mandarins were preparing in secret to make an attack, the French officer determined to be beforehand with them. He accordingly opened fire upon the citadel of Hannoi from his vessels, and, putting himself at the head of but a handful of men, made an attempt to capture it by a *coup-de-main*. In this attempt he was successful; and so rapid had been his movements that he did not lose a single man.

Having secured himself in possession of his prize, he learned that bodies of rebels and banditti were assembling with a view to wrest it from him. He again resolved to anticipate a hostile movement. He proceeded to the several points from which hostilities were threatened, and in two provinces made dispositions to meet any opposition likely to be encountered. His actions, indeed, were those of a victorious enemy to whom the country belonged by right of conquest, and by no means those of the leader of an expedition of which the chief object was the negotiation of a commercial treaty. During his absence bands of Chinese filibusters, who have come to be designated at Saïgon and Hong Kong the 'Black Flag Faction,' and who possibly had an understanding with the mandarins of Tu-Duk, had mustered with a view of attacking the citadel, the greater part of whose new garrison had accompanied Garnier in his progress through the country, during which he had been dismissing officials and replacing them by others of his own nomination. After repelling an attack of these bandits, M. Garnier, with his usual impetuosity, made a sortie at the head of only thirty men belonging to the French marines. The odds against him were too great, the sortie was unsuccessful, and M. Garnier and an officer who accompanied him were both killed. It is impossible not to feel deep regret that a life so precious to France should have been lost in a miserable struggle with a band of nameless freebooters. As an explorer, an author, and a gallant officer, Francis Garnier had given proofs of a rare combination of high qualities in his single person; and those who have perused the story of his travels as related by himself, and that of his subsequent career as told by others, will sympathise with his countrymen in the grief which they cannot but experience in this untimely cutting off of one whose deeds promised to rival those of Cortez and Pizarro.

The facilities offered to trade by the proof that M. Dupuis has given of the navigability of the Songkoi, and the possibility that an extensive commerce may arise with the provinces of Yunnan and Sze-chuan, has attracted the attention of the French more than ever to the north-eastern districts of Indo-China. More than one writer has plainly avowed the important advantages which his countrymen anticipate from the annexation of at least some part of Tonking. The trade of Europe with China is

not very ancient; at least open and important trade between them is not. Yet, since its origin, it has undergone more than one revolution. Previous to the war of 1841–2 Canton and Macao had the exclusive monopoly of it. After the opening of the five ports it became the turn of Hong Kong; and since the last wars the sceptre has departed, to a great extent, from our colony, and passed chiefly into the hands of the residents at Shanghai. The effect of the stipulations of the late convention, known as that of Chefoo, may be to give the foremost place, for a time at least, to the ports on the Upper Yang-tze. These revolutions have been noted by the French in Indo-China; and no one can deny that there is much reason in the view held and expressed by them that a turn of the wheel may bring the Ton-king cities to the top of the list of commercial centres in the far East. The reputed wealth and population of Western China seem to point them out as promising the best returns to those who will adventure their capital in opening a direct trade with them; and Haiphong and Hannoi may become to the west of China what Hong Kong and Shanghai have been to the south and east.

It would appear that there is in Indo-China a 'manifest destiny' of which the impelling force acts, as it does elsewhere, in the path of annexation. Ton-king happens to be separated from French Cochin-China and the protected dependency of Cambodia by a tolerably wide expanse of country, so that it is not easy to reach it by any possible 'rectification of frontiers.' But the claim of dominant intruders, which has also been occasionally raised on the other side of the Bay of Bengal, to interfere in the internal concerns of a neighbouring state which is being ruined by misgovernment, has already been put forward. It is declared to be intolerable that so fair a region should be torn by the factions which owe their origin to the incompetence or corruption of Tu-Duk's mandarins. 'When under the government of a civilised people,' we are told, 'it will become the chief outlet for the trade of Central China.' The French Consul at Hannoi, who has lately (in 1877) ascended the Songkoi, has reported that the banks of that river are quite in the hands of the outlaws of the Black Flag faction, who, like the old barons on the Rhine levy an excessive black-mail on all merchants who navigate it with their goods. Until there is an improvement in the government of Ton-king, it is to be feared that this state of things will continue; and whatever may be thought of the right of an European nation to dispossess those who at present misgovern it, there can be little doubt of the benefits that will be conferred on the inhabitants by the substitution of such an administration as that, for instance, which has made of Lower Cochin-China a peaceful and prosperous state, for the cruelty and rapacity of its present governors.

French visitors have painted an attractive picture of the country on which has been bestowed so much attention of late. Lying between an extended chain of mountains and the sea, it is scored by numerous rivers, which supply it with a vast system of internal communications and unfailing irrigation for its many fields of rice. The fertile plains are surrounded by lofty heights, rich with the luxuriance and beauty of tropical vegetation. Orange trees, as large as oaks, perfume the air with their ever-blooming flowers, and the tall and graceful areca palm breaks the monotony of the level rice-fields. Even in the plains the heat is not excessive; by night there is a pleasant breeze from the mountains, and by day winds from the sea lower the temperature and render it easily supportable by Europeans. It has been found that they can travel throughout the country without danger of sunstroke, which has struck down so many victims in Cochin-China. Masses of granite and syenite form the mountains, the spurs of which contain quartz, marble, and limestone. In certain districts both gold and silver mines are worked. The latter produce between six and seven thousand pounds annually. A French missionary has estimated the quantity of gold collected at a high figure, and has based his calculation on the remarkable results of his observations. His statement is: 'On y nourrit des canards *pour le seul profit de l'or que l'on retire de leurs excréments.*' The gold-dust must necessarily be very abundant in the mud of the rivers, on which, as in China, multitudes of ducks are reared, to make this strange method of gold-seeking at all remunerative. Tin, zinc, and copper are found near the northern frontier. The successful manner in which the mineral wealth of the Malay Peninsula has been made available for use, by the aid of the Chinese workmen who flock to the neighbourhood of the mines, holds out fair promise of the result should these newly found treasures ever be unlocked, lying as they do so much nearer to the great labour-field of the Eastern world.

What is really wanted in these countries to develope to the full their evidently almost boundless resources is an influx of capital, now that its investment has been made fairly secure by the extension of the

French dominion. How much we shall be the gainers by its being so, time will probably soon convince us. The slight murmurs of jealousy which were heard amongst the foreign communities of Hong Kong and the treaty ports at the increasing prosperity of Saïgon were soon hushed when the new fields which Indo-China opened for the employment of capital, for some years unremuneratively invested in operations in China and Japan, came to be understood. In the spring of 1876 her Majesty's ship 'Egeria,' under the command of Commander William Castle, R.N., escorted Sir Brooke Robertson, of her Majesty's Consular Service, to the Island of Haïnan to establish a British Consulate at the port of Hoihow, newly opened under the terms of a convention with China. Commander Castle extended his voyage to Haiphong in Tonking, and thence he ascended the river in a boat to Hannoi. He found that British enterprise had already begun to make itself felt in those places; and we may believe that, whatever may be the benefits which the lately established intercourse with Anam and the short route to Western China which passes its territories will confer upon the commerce of the world, our relative share of them will not be small.

The coast of the Anamese Empire contains several very admirable harbours, besides roadsteads which afford a perfectly sheltered and secure anchorage during the season of the north-east monsoon. The right to use these and to establish coal depôts at them is likely to be of material assistance to the steam traffic to the eastward of Singapore. The increased space which would be available for freight-paying cargo in vessels, which could replenish their stock of fuel *en route* without going much out of their course, will probably prove of immense importance to shipowners engaged in the Eastern trade in these days of narrow profits. The advantage of having such ports to run to, in case of accident to ship or machinery, will be very readily appreciated by those who have had to struggle up the China Sea against the boisterous north-east monsoon. At present a disabled vessel has no course open to her except to run back to Saïgon or Singapore, or stand across under sail to the Philippine Islands, many hundreds of miles out of her direct road.

The progress of Lower Cochin-China has been rapid. The drain upon the money resources of the mother country was greater and more apparent some years ago than it is now. At present the revenue of the colony more than balances the local expenditure; and last year there was a surplus of between eighty and ninety thousand pounds. This sum, it is hardly necessary to point out, represents but a fraction of the true cost in men and material to the mother country. The additional responsibility of defending an outlying dependency, not naturally very secure against attack, which falls upon the forces of France in consequence of the occupation of the country, is by no means light. During the late war much anxiety was felt as to the behaviour of some German war-vessels which were known to be cruising in the neighbouring seas; and steps were actually taken to erect batteries on the banks of the river below Saïgon. The inhabitants of the colony, which in 1867 numbered a little over half a million souls, have now advanced to more than a million and a quarter, the result of annexations, Chinese and Cambodian immigration, and the regular increase of the ordinary population. The people of Cambodia, as we have before stated, number about one million. In 1874 the number of ships which entered the port of Saïgon was 387, of those which sailed 398. In the year 1876 these numbers were 455 and 448 respectively; it should be noted that only twenty per cent. in each case bore the French flag. The chief export of the colony is rice; in 1875–6 the total was five and a half millions of *piculs* (the *picul* is 133 lbs.); and we were assured on high authority at Saïgon that the export for the year 1876–7 would reach to seven millions. The cultivation of tobacco and coffee has been introduced or much extended and improved of late; and hopes have been entertained of profitably cultivating the sugar-cane and thus entering into competition with the sugar-producers of Formosa, who have, during the last few years, begun to make themselves known in the Eastern market. In 1866 there were in the colony forty-nine schools attended by little over twelve hundred scholars; in 1870 these had increased to one hundred and thirty schools, and the scholars attending to five thousand. The 'Annuaire' for 1876, as regards higher education, states that there are now thirty 'principal' schools—of which one is a college—with more than two thousand pupils.

These figures will perhaps show with sufficient distinctness how greatly the material prosperity of the country has advanced since the French occupation. Whatever doubts we may have of the advantages to France herself which have been derived from her acquisitions of territory in the far East, we can have none as to the benefits which she has conferred upon her new citizens, and on that commerce of which we our-

selves have so large a share. The former history of French colonisation is, as it were, repeating itself in a certain fashion. France sowed that others might reap the harvest. The colonies which she planted came into the posssesion of others, Lower Canada and Louisiana dominated the mouths of streams as mighty as that which cuts its way through the rice-swamps of Lower Cochin-China. Already the lion's share of the trade which has sprung up with the latter dependency has been obtained by those who are not compatriots of the gallant and self-devoted men whose health was shattered or whose lives were sacrificed in the work of extending the dominion of their country over these remote and previously little known regions. But happily the jealousy and hostility which formerly armed against each other the rival colonial enterprises of France and England are now laid at rest, we hope for ever; in China our troops have fought the battle of civilisation side by side; and the establishment of these French settlements in Indo-China will serve only to strengthen the common influence of Western civilisation.

Art. IV.—*Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner.* By Edward Pierce. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston and London: 1878.

Of the American travellers and guests, who have appeared in our times in English society, Mr. Charles Sumner was the most agreeable and the most popular. He had not the dignity and self-control which enabled Mr. Adams to maintain himself in an honourable and difficult position, amidst the discord of nations and the tumult of civil war. He had not the charm of high breeding and historical associations which distinguishes Mr. Winthrop. He had not the literary genius and celebrity of Mr. Motley. He had not the wealth and social standing of Mr. Ticknor. Indeed, it is not easy to say what it was that opened the best society in England to a young lawyer of Massachusetts, who at the age of twenty-seven had achieved no great distinction in his own profession, and was then wholly unknown in political life. Mr. Sumner came to Europe as a student. In Paris he assiduously followed the lectures of half a dozen professors, and applied himself to the acquisition of the French language. He was furnished with some good letters of introduction to England, as a favourite pupil of Judge Story and a promising young advocate of Boston. He was a fair Latin scholar; and as he was blessed with a retentive memory, he recalled with ease the results of a large amount of miscellaneous reading. In the law, he had done more as a reporter of Story's judgments and an essayist on juridical questions, than as an advocate. He had neither wit nor humour, and neither his letters, now published, nor our own recollections of his conversation, retain any evidence of marked intellectual originality or power. Nevertheless, the motto of Charles Sumner, when he arrived in London in May 1838, was *veni, vidi, vici.* Within a few days he became the favoured guest, and ere long the friend, of men of law and men of letters—of judges, and of statesmen, of country gentlemen and women of the world, in the most brilliant year of the most brilliant society which London has known in the present century.

In 1838, Queen Victoria had recently ascended the throne. Her Majesty's coronation drew to the capital of Britain distinguished representatives of all the great powers of Europe. The Ministry was invigorated by the favour of a new and liberal Court; the country was hopeful of the blessings of an auspicious reign. Never, perhaps, was the bench of justice, which more particularly interested a forensic visitor, filled by more men of mark and power. Lyndhurst and Brougham sat in the House of Lords, beside Lord Chancellor Cottenham, whose merits as an Equity Judge were not contested. Lord Denman presided with consummate dignity in the Court of Queen's Bench; Tindal in the Court of Common Pleas; Lord Abinger in the Exchequer, a court which was also strengthened by the vigorous intellect of Baron Parke. Lord Langdale sat at the Rolls. Campbell and Rolfe were the Law Officers of the Crown. Follett, Pemberton, Pollock, Thesiger, Kelly, Charles Austin, James Wigram, Knight Bruce, and others, their rivals, might all be heard in a single cause. Bethell and Cockburn brought up the rear. To most of these eminent men the young Bostonian was promptly introduced. He bears ample testimony to the kindliness with which they received him in their ranks, as if he had already achieved success in life equal to their own; and on the other hand, this ready acceptance of a young and unknown stranger was a proof that they discerned in him a promise of that success in the future. Nor was their expectation vain. What was the reason of this sudden and abundant success in a society which is sometimes accused of coldness and reserve? It was mainly the fresh-

ness and enthusiasm of Sumner's nature—his candid, liberal disposition—his complete freedom from affectation—the *naïveté* of his admiration for the highly cultivated intellects of Europe, and his veneration for the traditions of our common race and history. His genial and confiding manners disarmed prejudice. His own intense enjoyment of society rendered others sociable. Without the slightest abandonment of his own country and opinions, he had the tact to show that he had come to Europe to see European life and not to display American peculiarities. Paris and Rome, Berlin and Heidelberg were, each in its own way, as attractive to him as London: in short he became during his journey a citizen of the world. To these qualities he added that of a copious and spirited letter-writer—an accomplishment which, we fear, has expired with the last generation; and he dashed off to his friends at Boston in vivid language the rapid impressions of his journey.

These letters form the staple of the volume before us. Mr. Pierce, his literary executor, has given us a large collection of them, delightfully regardless of the ordinary rules of discretion. We have heard him accused of 'gross impropriety;' but as we discover in these records nothing malicious or untrue, we think the indiscretion may be condoned. The editor has annexed to them notes—not always accurate—to inform the American public what these personages were, who welcomed Sumner into their magic circle, and whom he criticised with freedom in the confidence of private friendship. We certainly require no such guide, for some of them are still alive, and all of them were intimately known by anyone who belonged to the society of London at that period or for some years afterwards. The result is that this publication is to us in the highest degree entertaining. The shades of the old magic-lantern pass rapidly before us. The well-known figures reappear at the dinner table, on the bench, and at the bar; and we are indebted to Mr. Sumner for preserving a multitude of those fugitive impressions which seemed already to have vanished for ever.

Of Charles Sumner's early life it is needless to say much. He was born at Boston in 1811 of respectable parents, his father being a lawyer of good reputation, who was chosen Clerk of the House of Representatives at Massachusetts, when Joseph Story was Speaker, and afterwards appointed Sheriff of Suffolk County, an office which, we presume, bears more resemblance to that of our Scottish sheriffs than to the English functionary of the same title. Young Charles distinguished himself at the Latin School in Boston, and retained through life an enthusiastic love of the Latin classics. He entered Harvard College in 1826, and left it with credit in 1830. He hesitated to embrace the profession of the law, and at one moment seemed destined to subside into a schoolmaster or a professor. But a strong sense of duty prevailed for a time over his literary tastes, whilst the steady friendship of Judge Story determined his vocation in life. His own disposition was somewhat desultory. Indeed he never attained to what could be termed legal eminence. Like our own 'Historicus' he excelled in treating broad questions of international or public law on great principles and with extended learning, rather than in the minute application of positive law and procedure to private rights and wrongs. It might be said of him that his clients were nations and states rather than individuals. He was early retained to defend British interests before the American Courts in the celebrated cases of the 'Creole' and the 'Caroline.' This sort of practice makes a reputation for a man, though not always an income. But it was not often that he acted as an advocate of any views but those which favoured the interests of his own country. On leaving London, full of enthusiasm for England, his first act in Paris was to write and publish an elaborate defence of the extreme claims of the United States to the North-Eastern boundary; and in most of the controversies which have arisen in the past thirty years between the two countries England found in Sumner an eager and impassioned opponent, whose patriotism was at least equal to his law. As a lawyer he owed all his most solid attainments to the influence of the great master, Judge Story, who regarded and treated him with hereditary affection. While still in the Law School he began to write for the 'American Jurist' and other periodicals, and before long he was engaged in reporting the decisions of his illustrious friend, the Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The best character of him to be found in these volumes is that traced by Mr. William Story, the son of that great jurist, himself scarcely less distinguished in the arts; and we may quote a few passages which bring the man at once before us.

'I was a mere boy when I first knew him, but the affectionate kindness which he then showed me remained unclouded by the slightest shadow until the day of his death. His father was in a class two years before my father at Harvard; and when Charles Sumner entered the Law School, my father took an

interest in him at first, because of his father, and this interest soon ripened into a warm affection. My first recollections of him are at this period. He used to come to our house some two or three evenings in the week, and to his long conversations I used to listen night after night with eager pleasure. His simplicity and directness of character, his enthusiasm and craving for information, his lively spirit and genial feeling, immediately made a strong impression on me. My father was very fond of him, always received him with a beaming face, and treated him almost as if he were a son ; and we were all delighted to welcome him to our family circle. He was free, natural, and *naïve* in his simplicity, and plied my father with an ever-flowing stream of questions ; and I need not say that the responses were as full and genial as heart and mind could desire. . . .

'He was then, as ever in after life, an indefatigable and omnivorous student. He lived simply, was guilty of no excesses of any kind, went very little into society, and devoted his days and nights to books. Shortly after my first acquaintance with him, he became librarian of the Dane Law School, and I think there was scarcely a text-book in the library of the contents of which he had not some knowledge. Nor was this a superficial knowledge, considering its extent and his youth. He had acquainted himself, also, with the lives, characters, and capacity of most of the authors, and could give a fair *résumé* of the contents of most of their works. His room was piled with books: the shelves overflowed and the floor was littered with them. Though a devoted student of law, he did not limit his reading to it, but ranged over the whole field of literature with eager interest. He was at this time totally without vanity, and only desirous to acquire knowledge and information on every subject. Behind every work he liked to see and feel the man who wrote it, and, as it were, to make his personal acquaintance. Whenever a particular question interested him, he would come to my father and talk it over with him, and discuss it by the hour.

'He had no interest in games and athletic sports; never, so far as I know, fished or shot or rowed; had no fancy for dogs and horses; and, in a word, was without all those tastes which are almost universal with men of his age. As for dancing, I think he never danced a step in his life. Of all men I ever knew at his age, he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. Men he liked best, and with them he preferred to talk. It was in vain for the loveliest and liveliest girl to seek to absorb his attention. He would at once desert the most blooming beauty to talk to the plainest of men. This was a constant source of amusement to us, and we used to lay wagers with the pretty girls, that with all their art they could not keep him at their side a quarter of an hour. Nor do I think we ever lost one of these bets. I remember particularly one dinner at my father's house, when it fell to his lot to take out a charming woman, so handsome and full of *esprit* that any one at the table might well have envied him his position. She had determined to hold him captive, and win her bet against us. But her efforts were all in vain. Unfortunately, on his other side was a dry old *savant*, packed with information; and within five minutes Sumner had completely turned his back on his fair companion, and engaged in a discussion with the other, which lasted the whole dinner. We all laughed. She cast up her eyes deprecatingly, acknowledged herself vanquished, and paid her bet. Meantime, Sumner was wholly unconscious of the jest or of the laughter. He had what he wanted,—sensible men's talk. He had mined the *savant* as he mined everyone he met, in search of ore, and was thoroughly pleased with what he got.

'Though he was an interesting talker, he had no lightness of hand. He was kindly of nature, interested in everything, but totally put off his balance by the least *persiflage;* and, if it was tried on him, his expression was one of complete astonishment. He was never ready at a retort, tacked slowly, like a frigate when assaulted by stinging feluccas, and was at this time almost impervious to a joke. He had no humour himself, and little sense of it in others; and his jests, when he tried to make one, were rather cumbrous. But in 'plain sailing' no one could be better or more agreeable. He was steady and studious, and though genial, serious in his character; while we were all light, silly, and full of animal spirits, which he sympathised with but could not enter into. . . .

'I do not think, in his early years, he had any great ambition. *That* developed itself afterwards. Circumstances and accidents forced him forward to the van, and he became a leader terribly in earnest. He had the same high-mindedness, the same single aim at justice and truth, the same inflexible faith and courage then that ever after characterised him.' (Vol. i. pp. 105–7.)

Certain it is that at this period of Sumner's life, and for long afterwards, he had not 'found out his task,' and the course he followed led by devious ways to great ends. A law school followed by a law office could ill satisfy his desires. At three-and-twenty we find him travelling to Washington and Philadelphia to make the acquaintance of the leading men of the day ; and he had not long been admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States when he threw up his law lectures and his briefs, raised or borrowed a sum of five thousand dollars, and started for the grand tour in Europe. This was certainly an extraordinary instance of a passionate desire to see and know the wise and good and great men of other countries—to breathe a wider atmosphere than the cultivated but close circle of Boston society could afford. Here was a man entering upon life, with scarce a thousand

pounds he could call his own, depending entirely upon his professional exertions and success, who threw everything aside to see something of lands of older traditions and a higher intellectual life. For these, and no vulgar love of pleasure, were Sumner's objects. The Americans, like ourselves, are sometimes called a money-loving people. But Sumner had nothing sordid in his nature; his life was one of ardent aspiration towards the greatest and the best. He looked upon law, not as a means of making an income, but as the science of justice and equity. He looked upon society as the best means of forming the character and of employing the faculties of men. Wild as the adventure might seem, the time came, though it was long years afterwards, when he had his reward. The nobler path he had chosen led to the Temple of Fame, and he too lived to be numbered amongst the orators and patriots of his country.

He landed in France from the American packet on December 28, 1837, after a passage of twenty days. Prince Le-boo was hardly more surprised when he first saw his face in a looking-glass, than Charles Sumner at the first aspect of Europe. Often as these first impressions of a new country have been reported, there is a sort of novelty in them which never tires us, and we must quote his first notice of Havre, where he had just arrived.

'Dec. 28, 1837.—At length in Havre, with antiquity staring at me from every side. At four o'clock this morning weighed anchor, and drifted with the tide and a gentle wind to the docks; a noble work, contrived for the reception of vessels, and bearing the inscription of *An IX. Bonaparte* 1er *Consul*,—the labour of this great man meeting me on the very threshold of France. Dismissed from the custom-house we went to the Hôtel de New-York, where a smiling French woman received us, and we were shown each of us to a chamber. The house was small and narrow, and the stairs composed of tiles; but the chamber into which I was conducted harmonised with my anticipations of a French apartment. The room was of moderate size, with a floor of hexagon tiles partially covered with a neat rug-like carpet; with a bed plump and neat as imagination could picture, with a crimson coverlet and curtains; with curtains to the window of linen with a border of red, and with two engravings in the room of some of the glorious scenes of the French Republic. The whole was un-American. I should have known that I was in a foreign place even if the reality of a sea-voyage had not given me the completest assurance of it. My apartment taken, for which I am to pay three francs per day, I at once escaped to view the city. And here I felt a gush of interest at every step. Nothing was like what I had been accustomed to. Everything was old; and yet to me everything was new. Every building which I passed seemed to have its history. Old Time himself seemed to look down from its roof. And yet there was little in the way of architecture; the single element of interest was antiquity combined with novelty. I saw but one street with a sidewalk. All others slanted from the side to the centre, *ad mediam filam viæ*, where there was the gutter; and all were slippery with mud and moisture, and uncomfortable to the feet from the large stones with which they were paved. Scrub horses with heavy and inconvenient harness; men and women with huge wooden shoes which clattered over the stones; women in caps and without bonnets; market women on donkeys and horses with panniers containing their provisions on either side,—these constantly met my eye. I felt as I looked about me that I was in a country where custom and prescription were regarded; where changes, and of course improvements, were slow to be introduced, from the impression that what was established was for the best. In the United States the extreme opposite of this character prevails. Nothing is beyond the reach of change and experiment. . . .

'Dec. 29, 1837.—New scenes have been rising upon me with each moment; I find myself now with midnight at hand, and new objects were breaking upon me until I closed the door of my chamber. I can hardly believe in my personal identity. Such is the intensity of my present experience, that all I have undergone to reach here seems obliterated.' (Vol. i. pp. 217-9.)

He arrived in Paris a day or two later, but without the most essential of all acquirements—a power of speaking French. His first acquaintance, M. Foelix, the editor of a Law Review, was a poor specimen of a Parisian, for he was a German jurist, full of Teutonic learning, and, it must be confessed, a bore. But Foelix launched him in the right direction. He took two French masters, followed the lectures of all sorts of professors, attended the theatres and Courts of Justice, and at last fluttered on his own wings into society. These Parisian letters are amusing, but we must pass them by for more interesting matter. Sumner returned to Paris more than once in after life, and then he was far better able to enjoy and appreciate its attractions.

On May 14, 1838, he writes:—

'I am starting for England, and how my soul leaps at the thought! Land of my studies, my thoughts, and my dreams! There, indeed, shall I "pluck the life of life." The page of English history is a familiar story. The English law has been my devoted pursuit for years, English politics my pastime, and the English language is my own. I shall then at once leap to the full

enjoyment of all the mighty interests that England affords; and I shall be able to mingle at once with its society, catch its tone, and join in its conversation, attend the courts, and follow all their proceedings as those at home.'

His expectations were not disappointed.

'Sumner's acquaintance with English society,' says his biographer, 'was wider and more various than any previously enjoyed by an American, and even exceeded that of most Englishmen. The remarkable favour which he everywhere met was noted at the time, and is still remembered, by those who witnessed it. It was said of him, that "when an American gentleman, the gifted Charles Sumner, was in England, his popularity in society became justly so great and so general, that his friends began to devise what circle there was to show him which he had not yet seen, what great house that he had not yet visited." A few months after his return home, Mr. Hayward referred to him in the "Quarterly Review," as the reporter of Judge Story's decisions, "who recently paid a visit of some duration to this country, and presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or widespread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candour, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultivated mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best English circles, social, political, and intellectual; which, be it observed, are hopelessly inaccessible to the itinerant note-taker, who never gets beyond the outskirts or the show-houses."' (Vol. i. pp. 302–3.)

We shall not imitate Mr. Pierce by transcribing a long catalogue of names, either too familiar or too little known to another generation for them to interest the reader. But some of Sumner's sketches of the persons he met deserve to be quoted. He was not, however, a good reporter of society; few people are. Nothing is so difficult as to fix on paper that floating etherial essence which constitutes good conversation. It is taken up, as it were, by the air, which never, like Baron Munchausen's echoes, gives it back again.

The first letters of introduction Sumner delivered in London were addressed to Lord Fitzwilliam and to Mr. Justice Vaughan—the first opened to him a great English mansion, the second the society of the judges and the bar. To what is called 'fashionable life' he was indifferent, and there are no traces of it in his letters. He was admitted as an honorary member of four clubs, the Athenæum, the Travellers', the Garrick, and Alfred's.

Not to weary our readers with too many lawyers, we will make a dash at one of dear old John Kenyon's breakfasts — Kenyon, that mild and kindly Epicurean, who has left no great literary reputation behind him, for his verses were quaffed and forgotten like a glass of champagne, but who was never happier than when his literary friends surrounded his table.

'London : July 3, 1838.

'My dear Hilliard,—You love literature better than law, and I know will be better pleased to hear of the men who move in the quiet walks where haunt the poet, the author, and the artist, than of the gowned and wigged followers of the law. Of judges and lawyers I see enough daily; much, also, of politicians; perhaps I may say the same of literary men. I have already written you some hasty lines on some of the wits I meet at clubs. There are others and worthier that I have met under other circumstances. There is Walter Savage Landor. I know you admire his genius. I first met him at Mr. Kenyon's; he was there at dinner with a considerable party. I could not dine there, as I was already engaged for the same evening with the Solicitor-General; but I was very kindly asked to stop there a little while till they went down to dinner. Landor was dressed in a heavy frock-coat of snuff colour, trousers of the same colour, and boots; indeed, he wore a morning dress, which one is more inclined to notice here than among us where the distinction between a morning and evening dress is less imperiously settled. He is about fifty-five, with an open countenance, firm and decided, and a head grey and inclining to baldness. We got into conversation; dinner was announced, and Landor and myself walked downstairs together. In the hall I bade him "good evening." "But where are you going?" said he; "you dine with us, surely?" I then explained to him the necessity I was under of dining elsewhere; when he asked where he should call upon me. I told him that I would rather, with his permission, have the honour of calling upon him (at Lady Blessington's). But our host at once arranged the difficulty by inviting us both to breakfast a few days ahead. At breakfast he was in the same dress as before. I was excessively stupid; for I had been up at Lord Fitzwilliam's ball till four o'clock, and the breakfast was very early. Landor's conversation was not varied, but it was animated and energetic in the extreme. We crossed each other several times: he called Napoleon the weakest, littlest man in history; whereas you know my opinion to the contrary. He considers Shakespeare and Washington the *two* greatest men that ever lived, and Cromwell one of the greatest sovereigns. Conversation turned upon Washington; and I was asked why he was still suffered to rest in the humble tomb of Mt. Vernon. I then mentioned the resolution of Congress to remove his body to the Capitol, and the refusal to allow it to be done on the part of his legal representatives. In making this statement, I spoke of the "*ashes* of Washington," saying "that his ashes still

reposed at Mt. Vernon." Landor at once broke upon me, with something like fierceness: "Why will you, Mr. Sumner, who speak with such force and correctness, employ a word which, in the present connection, is not English? Washington's body was never *burnt;* there are no ashes,—say, rather *remains.*" . . .

'Dining at Lord Lansdowne's a few evenings since, I met another literary man, whom I saw with the greatest pleasure. There was Lord Lansdowne with the blue ribbon of the garter across his breast and the star on his coat — kind, bland, amiable; Lady Lansdowne,—neat, elegant, lady-like. Next me was the daughter, about nineteen,—pale and wan, but, I am glad to say, extremely well-informed. I conversed with her during a long dinner, and we touched topics of books, fashion, coronation, &c., and I found her to possess attainments which certainly do her honour. She was kind enough to mention that she and her mother had been reading together the work of a countryman of mine, Mr. Prescott; that they admired it very much, and that the extraordinary circumstances under which it was written made them take a great interest in the author and desire to see him. During the dinner, I was addressed across the table, which was a large round one, by a gentleman with black hair and round face, with regard to the United States. The question was put with distinctness and precision, and in a voice a little sharp and above the ordinary key. I did not know the name of the gentleman for some time; till by and by, I heard him addressed by some one, —"Macaulay." I at once asked Lord Shelburne, who sat on my right, if that was T. B. M., just returned from India, and was told that it was. At table, we had considerable conversation; and on passing to the drawing-room, it was renewed. He is now nearly or about forty, rather short, and with a belly of unclassical proportions. His conversation was rapid, brilliant, and powerful; by far the best of any in the company, though Mr. Senior was there, and several others of no mean powers. I expect other opportunities of meeting him. He says that he shall abandon politics, not enter Parliament, and addict himself entirely to literature.' (Vol. i. pp. 326–8.)

Macaulay, however, was not one of Sumner's friends or favourites. He thought his incessant brilliancy of conversation oppressive, and after his return to America seemed rather more pleased than surprised that he had not had more success as a minister.

The following picture of Lord Denman and Lord Brougham is graphic enough :—

'I have recently breakfasted with Lord Denman, as I was so engaged as not to be able to accept his invitation to dinner. Bland, noble Denman! On the bench he is the perfect model of a judge,—full of dignity and decision, and yet with mildness and suavity which cannot fail to charm. His high personal character and his unbending morals have given an elevated tone to the bar, and make one forget the want, perhaps, of thorough learning. In conversation he is plain, unaffected, and amiable. I talked with him much of Lord Brougham. He assured me that Brougham was one of the greatest judges that ever sat on the woolsack, and that posterity would do him justice when party asperities had died away. (Of Lord B. by-and-by.) I told Lord Denman the opinion you had formed of Lord B., from reading his judgments; and his Lordship said that he was highly gratified to hear it. Denman called the *wig* "the silliest thing in England," and hoped to be able to get rid of it. He is trying to carry a bill through the Lords, allowing witnesses to *affirm* in cases of conscientious scruples, and inquired of me about the practice in America; but he said he could not venture to allude to any American usage in the Lords, for it would tell against his measure. Think of this! I must not omit to mention that Lord Denman has invited me to visit him on the Home Circuit, where I shall certainly go, as also to the Western, and to the North Welsh Circuit,—perhaps also the Oxford; and, the greatest of all, the Northern. To all of these I have had most cordial invitations.

'I have heard Lord Brougham despatch several cases in the Privy Council, and one or two were matters with which I was entirely familiar. I think I understand the secret of his power and weakness as a judge; and nothing that I have seen or heard tends to alter the opinion I had formed. As a judge, he is electric in the rapidity of his movements: he looks into the very middle of the case when counsel are just commencing, and at once says, "There is such a difficulty [mentioning it] to which you must address yourself; and, if you can't get over that, I am against you." In this way he saves time, and gratifies his impatient spirit; but he offends counsel. Here is the secret. I have heard no other judge (except old Allan Park) interrupt counsel in the least. In the meantime, Brougham is restless at table, writes letters; and as Baron Parke assured me (Parke sits in the Privy Council), wrote his great article in the "Edinburgh Review" for April last at the table of the Privy Council. I once saw the usher bring to him a parcel of letters, probably from the mail—I should think there must have been twenty-five—and he opened and read them, and strewed the floor about him with envelopes; and still the argument went on. And very soon Brougham pronounced the judgment in rapid, energetic, and perspicuous language—better than I have heard from any other judge on the bench. I have already quoted the opinion of Denman. Barristers with whom I have spoken have not conceded to him the position accorded by the Lord Chief Justice, but still have placed him high. Mylne, the reporter, an able fellow, says that he is infinitely superior to Lyndhurst, and also to Lord Eldon, in his

latter days. In the Lords I have heard Brougham—with his deep, husky notes, with his wonderful command of language, which keeps you in a state of constant excitement. I found myself several times on the point of crying out "Hear!"—thus running imminent risk of the polite attentions of the Usher of the Black Rod!' (Vol. i. pp. 330–2.)

Lord Brougham took a strong fancy to Sumner, gave him letters to the Judges on the Northern Circuit, and invited him to Brougham Hall. It must be confessed that he returned these civilities by a very disparaging account of his host.

His picture of Wordsworth at Keswick is more pleasing:—

'My dear Hilliard,—I have seen Wordsworth! Your interest in this great man, and the contrast which he presents to that master spirit I have already described to you, induce me to send these lines immediately on the heels of my last. How odd it seemed to knock at a neighbour's door, and inquire, "Where does *Mr.* Wordsworth live?" Think of rapping at Westminster Abbey, and asking for Mr. Shakespeare, or Mr. Milton! I found the poet living, as I could have wished, with worldly comfort about him, and without show. His house was not so large or so elegant as to draw the attention from its occupant; and more truly did I enjoy myself, for the short time I was under its roof, than when in the emblazoned halls of Lord Brougham. The house is situated on the avenue leading to Rydal Hall; and the poet may enjoy, as if they were his own, the trees of the park and the ancestral cawing of the rooks that almost darkened the air with their numbers. His house and grounds are pretty and neat; and he was so kind as to attend me in a turn round his garden, pointing out several truly delightful views of the lakes and mountains. I could not but remark to him, however, that the cawing of the rooks was more interesting to me than even the remarkable scenery before us. The house itself is unlike those in which I have been received lately; and in its whole style reminded me more of home than anything I have yet seen in England. I took tea with the poet, and, for the first time since I have been in this country, saw a circle round a table at this meal; and, indeed, it was at six o'clock, when always before in England I have been preparing for dinner. I mention these little things, in order to give you a familiar view of Wordsworth. I cannot sufficiently express to you my high gratification at his manner and conversation. It was simple, graceful, and sincere; it had all those things, the absence of which in Brougham gave me so much pain. I felt that I was conversing with a superior being; yet I was entirely at my ease. He told me that he was sixty-nine,—an age when, in the course of nature, the countenance loses the freshness of younger years; but his was still full of expression. Conversation turned on a variety of topics: and here I have little to record; for there were no salient parts, though all was sensible, instructive, and refined. He spoke warmly on the subject of copyright and of slavery. He showed me the American edition of his works in one volume, and expressed the great pleasure it had given him; he thought it better executed than any work of the kind in England or France. I amused him not a little by telling him that a Frenchman recommended himself to me, on my arrival in Paris, as a teacher of French, by saying that he had taught the great English poet Wordsworth. The latter assured me that he had not had a French instructor since his dancing-master!' (Vol. i. pp. 355–6.)

The venerable poet having told Sumner that he regarded the publication of personal and domestic details about himself as a breach of confidence, Sumner would hardly have sanctioned this use of them 'to fill his page of a book.' Indeed it must be said that his whole correspondence is written with a degree of confidential franknesss which excludes, on his part, the slightest suspicion of an intention to publish it. Sumner speaks with pleasure of his having known the three most eminent founders of this Journal, Sydney Smith, Brougham, and Jeffrey; and of these three he assigns the palm in conversation to Jeffrey, whose precise and rather laboured language suited the American taste. But in more places than one he does great injustice to Lockhart, and even to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. Probably Lockhart turned his dark side to the enthusiastic young republican, which he was not unlikely to do. Richard Ford did the same, in the exuberance of Tory intolerance, though they afterwards became friends. But these were rare exceptions.

One little editorial anecdote, which is new to us, we must be permitted to quote. Sumner asked Jeffrey how he explained the fact that Mr. Carlyle's fine article on the life of Burns, which was his first contribution to this Journal, differed so much in style from his later productions. 'Oh!' said Jeffrey, '*because I altered it*, and Carlyle was vexed at my interference.'

Sumner had heard Carlyle lecture in London, and thus describes him:—

'He seemed like an inspired boy; truths and thoughts that made one move on the benches came from his apparently unconscious mind, couched in the most grotesque style, and yet condensed to a degree of intensity—childlike in manner and feeling, and yet reaching by intuition points and extremes of ratiocination which others would not so well accomplish after days of labour, if indeed they ever could.'

And upon his return from the North he visited the sage of Chelsea, then recently

established in the house he has since continued to inhabit for so many years.

'Another morning was devoted to Carlyle. His manners and conversation are as unformed as his style; and yet, withal, equally full of genius. In conversation, he piles thought upon thought and imagination upon imagination, till the erection seems about to topple down with its weight. He lives in great retirement—I fear almost in poverty. To him, London and its mighty maze of society are nothing; neither he nor his writings are known. Young Milnes (whose poems you have doubtless read) told me that nobody knew of his existence; though he, Milnes, entertained for him personally the greatest regard. Carlyle said the strangest thing in the history of literature was his recent receipt of fifty pounds from America, on account of his "French Revolution," which had never yielded him a farthing in Europe and probably never would. I am to meet Leigh Hunt at Carlyle's.' (Vol. ii. pp. 22–3.)

Forty years have made a great difference in all save the stubborn Scottish originality of this remarkable man!

But we have been led to anticipate. On his way back from the North, Sumner saw something of the great country houses of England, for he paid visits to Lord Wharncliffe at Wortley, to Lord Fitzwilliam at Wentworth and Milton, and to Mr. Coke, newly created Lord Leicester, at Holkham. Mr. Coke was probably then the only survivor whose voice had been raised in Parliament for the independence of the colonies in the great American war. At Milton our Bostonian was placed, rather cruelly, on the back of a Yorkshire hunter, with which he soon parted company, and he was struck with boundless astonishment at the hunting parsons, then not uncommon in that noble county. Sumner's tastes were more refined.

'I have seen York Minster. These wonderful piles of Gothic architecture fill my mind with an intenser glow than aught else I have seen or felt in England. Is not that saying a good deal? My happiest moments in this island have been when I saw Salisbury and Durham cathedrals. Much happiness have I enjoyed in the various distinguished and interesting society in which I have been permitted to mingle; but greater than all this was that which I felt when I first gazed upon the glorious buildings I have mentioned. Then it was that I was in communion with no single mind—bright and gifted though it be—but with whole generations. Those voiceless walls seemed to speak; and the olden time, with its sceptered pall, passed before me. Oh! it was with a thrill of pleasure that I looked from the spire of Salisbury, and wandered among the heavy arches of Durham, which I can never forget. At Durham I was with a most distinguished ornament of the church—Dr. Gilly—and with my namesake, the Lord Bishop of Chester, with Gally Knight, the old college friend of Byron, and with Dr. Buckland; but those venerable walls were more interesting, by far, than all that these men could say. And I remember no feast so rich in elevated pleasure—not those where the contributions of wit and learning have "outdone the meats, outdone the frolic wine."' (Vol. i. pp. 373–4.)

Apropos of refinement, there does not seem to have been much of it in those days at the Court of the maiden Queen at Windsor.

'Rich, who is a gentleman of the bedchamber, was kind enough to invite me to visit him at Windsor Castle, and obtained special permission from her Majesty to show me the private rooms. I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, &c. Lord Byron, who you know was a captain in the navy, is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not many of the smooth turns of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, "This day is a real *sneezer*; it is a *rum* one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?" Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the "slapping pace" at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. You understand that her suite accompany the Queen in her equestrian excursions. Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us; but they told him that he must go upstairs and breakfast with "the gals"—meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honour—Countess of Albemarle, Lady Byron, Lady Littleton, Miss Cavendish, &c. The ladies of the household breakfast by themselves, and sometimes her Majesty comes in and joins them, though she generally breakfasts quite alone; the gentlemen of the household also breakfast by themselves. Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down, saying, "Murray, 'the gals' "say that there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle." Again the ladies sent a servant to Murray (who I have said is the head of the royal household), complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it. You will understand that I mention these trivial occurrences to let you know in the simplest way what passed. Of the splendours of Windsor you have read a hundred times, and all your friends who have been abroad can recount them; but such little straws as I am blowing to you will give you indications of the mode of life and manners in the castle. After breakfast (it having been mentioned to the Queen that I had arrived), we went into the private apartments, which are never shown except during the Queen's absence. The table was spread for dinner, and the plate was rich and massive. I did not like the dining-room so well as Lord Leicester's at Holkham, though it is more showy and brilliant. The drawing-rooms were quite rich. While wandering around with Mr. Rich and

Lord Byron, we met the Duchess of Kent in her morning-dress—a short, squab person—who returned our profound obeisance with a gracious smile (you see I have caught the proper phrase.) Some of the pictures at Windsor are very fine. I have never before seen anything by Rubens that pleased me, or that I could tolerate (except, perhaps, a picture at Holkham). There is one room devoted to Rubens. They were kind enough to invite we to visit them again at the castle, and Murray told me that a horse would be at my disposal to ride in the park and see the Virginia water.' (Vol. ii. p. 16.)

The commencement of term brought Sumner back to London, and he assiduously attended the courts in Westminster Hall, writing to his master, Judge Story, minute accounts of the judges and the bar. Patteson and Parke he justly places, as lawyers, at the head of the Common Law Judges then on the Bench, and the latter delighted Sumner by his courtesy, his reading, and his social distinction. To Mr. Justice Vaughan he was under great personal obligations, but he admits that his legal learning was slender. They used to say that he was a judge *by prescription*, that is, he owed his promotion to the circumstance that his brother, Sir Henry Halford, was the King's physician. At the bar, the most conspicuous and attractive figure was undoubtedly Sir William Follett, and Sumner's sketch of him is delicately traced.

'Sir William Follett is truly a loveable person; and one great secret of his early success has been his amiability. He is about forty-two, and is still youthful in manners and conduct. As a speaker he is fluent, clear, and distinct, with a beautiful and harmonious voice. He seems to have a genius for law: when it comes to the stating a law point and its argument, he is at home, and goes on without let or hindrance, or any apparent exertion. His business is immense, and he receives many briefs which he hardly reads before he rises in court. His income is probably fifteen thousand pounds. Strange thing in the history of the bar, he is equally successful in the House of Commons, where I have heard them call for "Follett, Follett!" and here he shows a parliamentary eloquence of no common kind, and also wins by his attractive manner. He is the great favourite of the Tories, and, in the event of their return to power, would be Lord Chancellor—a leap wonderful to take, but which, all seem to agree, would be allowed to him. In the event of the death of Sir Robert Peel—such is the favour to him—I think he might become the leader of the Tories in the Commons, if he would consent, which is not at all probable. I do not think his politics are founded on much knowledge. Circumstances have thrown him into the Tory ranks, where he will doubtless continue. He has little or no information out of his profession—seems not to have read or thought much, and yet is always an agreeable companion. I feel an attachment for him, so gentle and kind have I always found him.' (Vol. ii. pp. 55–6.)

It is curious that Sumner should have passed over in silence the man who at that time was probably the most able and acute member of the whole profession, namely, Mr. Pemberton, afterwards Lord Kingsdown. But Pemberton confined himself almost entirely to the Rolls, with the exception of the House of Lords and the Privy Council; and his shy, unostentatious nature, accompanied by a fastidious dread of strangers, probably kept him entirely out of Sumner's reach. His subsequent career as a judge at the Privy Council showed that Pemberton was really the man who combined with the most accurate learning the utmost breadth and vigour of judicial power.

Not having known Pemberton, the man who most excited Sumner's admiration was Charles Austin. In him he found combined the talents of a great advocate with boundless reading, originality of thought, and power of intellect—gifts which rendered him as captivating in society as he was distinguished in his profession. Sumner regarded him as the only real *jurist* he had met in England; and in fact, though inferior in solid learning to his eminent brother John, such was Charles Austin's versatility that there were few branches of the law he had not explored. It is ever to be lamented that his great gifts were wasted on Parliamentary Committees, and when the time came that he might have entered Parliament and risen to a wider sphere of legal influence, his health failed, and he retired from the world. Sumner first met Austin at a dinner at Lord Durham's which deserves to be recorded.

'At Lord Durham's we had an interesting party. There were Sir Edward Codrington, Sir William Molesworth, Charles Buller, Joseph Parkes, Ward, son of "Tremaine" Ward, and M.P., whose motion on Irish affairs nearly upset the ministry; Charles Austin (the first lawyer in England, *me judice*); Gibbon Wakefield, Stanley, M.P. (not Lord), and Miss Martineau, who seemed surprised to meet me there. His Lordship is remarkable in personal appearance—slender, upright, with an open countenance, coal-black hair and eyes. He is very frank in the expression of his opinions, and uses good language, without being fluent. There is also a slight tremulousness in his voice, which is not a little strange in one so long accustomed to public affairs. In language and thought he does not lack boldness. We were at a round table *à la Française*, and I sat between Buller and

Lord Durham. His Lordship said that all the Canadian politicians—Papineau and all—were petty men; and that he should like nothing better than to have them all recalled, and to be allowed to deal with them. To one accustomed to politics on the broad stage of Europe, provincial actors seemed weak and paltry. I ventured to ask him what truth there was in the present reports with regard to the hostile intentions of Russia towards England. "Not a word of truth," said he; "I will give you leave to call me *idiot*, if there is a word of truth." You know he was ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg for a long time. He said that Russia was full of friendly regard for England; and he pronounced Urquhart, who is now going about the kingdom preaching against Russia, "a madman." . . . I happened to tell a story that I had heard from Lord Brougham: he looked me in the eye, and asked my authority for it. I replied, "Lord Brougham; I had it from his own lips." "Did you ever verify it?" was the short but significant reply. I have selected these little things, because they at once reveal in a few words his opinions with regard to some distinguished persons, and illustrate his frankness. Another subject was discussed with a freedom which could not have been found, I will venture to say, at the table of any other nobleman in the kingdom. The question was started whether, in the event of a demise of the crown, the present King of Hanover would be permitted to ascend the throne. Lord Durham was the only person in all the company who thought he would be. Sir Edward Codrington said: "For one, I would be damned if I would permit him to "*land!*" . . . Among the projects for the improvement of the province committed to his charge, Lord D. mentioned that he wished to have Goat Island blown up by gunpowder in order to unite the Canadian and American Falls of Niagara, and thus give *unity* to the whole! His Lordship's house is a very good one, and in some of its rooms reminds one of a country-place. I passed an hour with him one forenoon in conversation: he is strongly liberal, but a monarchist. He would abolish the corn-laws, grant the vote by ballot, an extension of the suffrage, and triennial Parliaments; but he would not touch primogeniture—the worst thing in England. On this subject I had no little conversation with him—not to say an argument. I regard him, however, as honest and sincere in his opinions, and, as such, a most valuable leader of the Liberal party. He possesses courage, considerable acquirements, and a capacity for receiving information from others. I need not say that he has none of the great attributes of Brougham—his intense activity, his various learning, his infinite command of language. . . . I do not know if I have ever written you about Charles Austin. He is a more animated speaker than Follett—perhaps not so smooth and gentle; neither is he, I think, so ready and instinctively sagacious in a law argument; and yet he is powerful here, and is immeasurably before Follett in accomplishments and liberality of view. He is a fine scholar, and deeply versed in English literature and the British Constitution.' (Vol. ii. pp. 38–40.)

Even the verjuice of the poet Rogers melted into honey on the arrival of this American stranger, and a season in London would have been incomplete without a breakfast in the enchanted cell of St. James's Place. But Sumner was not altogether taken in by the elaborate courtesy of his reception.

'I believe I have often written you about Rogers. Of course, I have seen him frequently in society; never did I like him till I enjoyed his kindness at breakfast. As a converser Rogers is *unique*. The world, or report, has not given him credit enough for his great and peculiar powers in this line. He is terse, epigrammatic, dry, infinitely to the point, full of wisdom, of sarcasm, and cold humour. He says the most ill-natured things, and does the best. He came up to me at Miss Martineau's, where there was a little party of very clever people, and said: "Mr. Sumner, it is a great piece of benevolence in you to come here." Determined not to be drawn into a slur upon my host, I replied: "Yes, Mr. Rogers, of benevolence to myself." As we were coming away, Rogers, Harness, Babbage, and myself were walking together down the narrow street in which Miss M. lives, when the poet said: "Who but the Martineau could have drawn us into such a hole?" And yet I doubt not he has a sincere liking for Miss M.; for I have met her at his house, and he afterwards spoke of her with the greatest kindness. His various sayings that are reported about town, and his conversation as I had caught it at evening parties, had impressed me with a great admiration of his powers, but with a positive dislike. I love frankness and truth. But his society at breakfast has almost obliterated my first impressions. We were alone; and he showed all those wonderful paintings, and we talked till far into the afternoon. I have seldom enjoyed myself more; it was a luxury, in such rooms, to listen to such a man, before whom the society of the last quarter of a century had all passed—he alone unchanged; to talk, with such a poet, of poetry and poets, of Wordsworth and Southey and Scott; and to hear his opinions, which were given with a childlike simplicity and frankness. I must confess his great kindness to me. He asked my acceptance of the new edition of his poems, and said: "I shall be happy to see any friend of yours, morning, noon, or night," and all his kindness was purely volunteer, for my acquaintance with him grew from simply meeting him in society.' (Vol. ii. pp. 42–3.)

In spite of Sumner's veneration for the English judges, and his discriminating analysis of the bar, he ventures on the opinion that he has 'heard a style of argu-

ment before our Supreme Court at Washington superior to anything he had heard here.' We are unable to make the comparison. But there has long been at the English bar an aversion to oratorical display, except on very rare occasions which seem to admit of it; and, on the whole, the business of our courts is conducted in a very plain matter-of-fact way, which may have seemed tame to an American ear, especially to Sumner, who had in him the instinct and the powers of an orator. Indeed, we fear that if he could now renew his visits to Westminster Hall, he would not find that an interval of forty years has raised or improved the intellectual, legal, or oratorical powers of those who preside or argue there. On the contrary, with some few exceptions, he would find, we regret to avow it, a great and palpable decline. On the bench he would look in vain for the strength, the concentration, the learning, the masterful authority of those earlier days. At the bar he would seek in vain for eloquence, or even advocacy, of the highest order, and he would learn with extreme surprise that one of the most eminent members of the English bar in 1878—a man without a superior, and almost without a rival—was the *ci-devant* Secretary of State to the Southern Confederacy. There is no man now known to be existing, who can be compared to Follett, Charles Austin, Pemberton, Cockburn, or Bethell at their best. More serious still is the fact that the *status* of an English judge has notably declined. The great augmentation in the number of judges, the divisions of the courts into upper and lower ranks, the abolition of peculiar courts, and the modern habits of the judicial body, have concurred to extinguish that rare and almost sacerdotal dignity which from an early period of our history had clung to the King's Judges. They are now regarded as magistrates—respected but not revered. A taste for histrionic display, utterly repugnant to the old English character, has been allowed to manifest itself on the bench, and one of the consequences of this change has been that suits, frivolous or scandalous in themselves, and raising no real questions of law, are sometimes drawn out to interminable length, as if they were carried on for the amusement of the public. The prolixity of modern judicial proceedings is a proof of weakness on the part of those who conduct them; and at a time when perpetual appeals are made to Parliament for additional judges, it is singularly inconsistent that the time of the courts should so often be consumed in irrelevant enquiries and impertinent recrimination. Sumner visited England in better times, and accordingly he took away with him a lofty idea and impression of the administration of justice in this country.

The truth is that the new Judicature Act has led to some results, probably unforeseen, and certainly inconvenient. Under the old system all the judges of the Common Law Courts were equal. Their *status* was the same. Their duties were the same. Even the Chief Justice of each Court was only *primus inter pares*. The Judicature Act has introduced for the first time in this country two classes of judges—the judges of the Lower Division and the judges of the intermediate Court of Appeal. The *status* of the former is obviously inferior to that of the latter: yet upon these judges of the Lower Division is thrown by far the largest share of work; the chief expense, fatigue, and labour of the circuits; and the greater part of the business at Nisi Prius. The judges of the Appeal Court have less to do; they sit ordinarily at Westminster; when they go circuit their expenses are paid; they do not, strictly speaking, habitually try causes, but hear appeals; and they have all been made Privy Councillors, which gives them social rank and precedence. The obvious consequence of this line of division is that it will be difficult to prevail on men having a large and lucrative practice at the bar to accept one of the lower judgeships. Men of high legal reputation and ambition, as well as men who have risen to eminence in political life, will stand out for the higher appointment, and will get it. This evil might be obviated by a strict adherence to a rule that no judge should be appointed to the Court of Appeal until he had served at least three years in one of the Divisional Courts. Never again will lawyers of the eminence of James Parke, Patteson, Maule, and Coleridge, consent to pass their lives in the rank of puisne judges; and the consequence is that the trial of causes in first instance, whether at Nisi Prius or on circuit, will gradually pass into the hands of the second rank of the profession, whilst the first legal talent of the country is sublimated into the Courts of Appeal. The bar will suffer by the same process of deterioration, for if it comes to be believed that the real strength of the judicial bench is reserved for the Courts of Appeal, the leaders of the bar will find it their interest to practise there. The Courts of Appeal have been improved by the Judicature Act, but they have been improved at the expense of the lower courts, and by the separation of the judges, who used formerly to sit as Judges of First In-

stance and as Judges of Appeal, *vicissim*. This may prove a very serious evil and even danger; for, after all, it is in the Courts of First Instance that the chief legal business of the nation is and ought to be transacted. It is a hardship on suitors to drive them to a second court, because the first court is deficient in strength or authority. The business of Courts of Appeal is to settle doubtful questions of law and to remedy miscarriages of justice. But five-sixths of the decisions of courts properly constituted, ought not to be matters of appeal at all. We can conceive no greater calamity to our law than that the judges of the Divisional Courts should lose that *prestige* which they undoubtedly enjoyed when Mr. Sumner visited England. One sees, even by his experience, that the supply of judicial talent of a high order is by no means inexhaustible; nor do we think that it has increased in modern times. The large augmentation in the number of the judges, in addition to the draught on the profession to fill up the county-court judgeships with men of respectable abilities, has, we fear, considerably lowered the standard, and the causes we have pointed out tend to increase the evil in the Lower Divisional Courts.

To these considerations might be added another objection of some constitutional importance. It has been held for the last two centuries that the complete independence of the judges is secured by leaving them nothing to fear and nothing to hope for from the Ministers of the Crown. Except in the rare cases of promotion to a chief seat in one of the courts, they were placed beyond all expectation of preferment. That is no longer the case. Human nature being what it is, it is impossible that the judges of the Divisional Courts should not aspire to sit eventually in the Court of Appeal, and conceive themselves to be slighted when others are put above them. The sacred equality of these ministers of the law is at an end; and the consequence is that conflicting claims may be inconveniently felt. The appointment and preferment of judges is, after all, in the hands of the political servants of the Crown, and we cannot profess to feel unlimited confidence in the manner in which that power has been exercised by statesmen of either party.

We are not prepared to follow Mr. Sumner in the tour he made on the Continent, for to ourselves the chief attraction of these volumes lies in his reminiscences of English society. But although he had landed in Europe with no knowledge of art and but small acquaintance with foreign languages and literatures, it is a proof of the aptitude and flexibility of his mind that within a very few months he felt the keenest enjoyment and interest in the artistic life of Rome and in the literature of Italy, which he transferred, a little later, to the lecture-rooms and legal circles of Berlin and Heidelberg. We are told that he read Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Guicciardini, Alfieri, Nicolini, and Manzoni, all in three months, during which he was actively engaged in travelling and visiting the galleries and monuments of the South,—but this argues a very superficial acquaintance with Italy and Italian literature. His biographer says that of public life or fame as an orator he had at that time no thought. He was absorbed in literature and the pursuit of knowledge. His knowledge was extensive, but as in law so in Italian literature, we are afraid it must be acknowledged that it was *thin*. His enthusiasm in study led to surface without depth. The great idol of his admiration was Burke, and in the speeches of his later life he was obviously straining after that incomparable model of political wisdom and eloquence. Perhaps it was unfortunate for Sumner that he aimed at the style of the most ornate of English orators. He had already too strong a tendency to the florid, and even bombastic; and the ornaments with which he loaded his writings and speeches were apt to tumble from the heroic into the commonplace.

At length, after some delightful weeks at Naples and Rome, where he had the happiness to discover and raise from the dust the nascent and latent genius of Crawford, the American sculptor, Fortunatus's purse began to get low, the five thousand dollars were almost spent, and the dream of fourteen months was over. In May 1839 he awoke in Boston.

This return to the light of common day, after so many brilliant visions, was rather trying—the more so as the people he met, beyond his own immediate circle, were soon tired of hearing Sumner talk of the great people he had seen and heard in England. This reminds us of an anecdote which came under our own observation some years later. Mr. Seward, who was afterwards Secretary of State, paid a visit to London; he was, of course, well received, and a dinner was given him;—further, he was told that, if it was agreeable to himself, nothing would be easier than to present a man of his distinction to Lord Palmerston, Lord Lansdowne, and other leading men of the time and members of the Government. To this offer Mr.

Seward replied: 'No, sir, I don't wish to make their acquaintance. There was Mr. Sumner, who came to England, and saw a good deal of your aristocracy. I believe they were very civil to him; but in our country *it did him a great deal of harm.*' So Mr. Seward was resolved to steer clear of that rock.

In private life Sumner incurred a little friendly ridicule (to which he was keenly sensitive) on the score of his aristocratical English acquaintance; and when he entered public life, and became a Senator, and the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, the imputation of being over-friendly to English interests was one which told against him. The consequence was, that he was driven into the opposite extreme, and no American could so ill afford, or indeed was so little disposed, to make even reasonable concessions (if concessions had been required) to this country. It is unnecessary, however, that we should pursue this part of the subject, for the volumes now before us are brought to a close in the year 1845, when Sumner was thirty-four years of age, and before he had entered public life.

The last incident in his career which they record was the delivery of the Fourth of July Anniversary Oration in 1845, which brought him very prominently before the public. That discourse was an elaborate and enthusiastic protest against war. His main thesis was that 'in our age there can be no peace that is not honourable; there can be no war that is not dishonourable.' The eloquence and earnestness with which he urged the cause of universal peace affected his audience, but did not convert the wiser part of them, and it would be needless to revert to it. Twenty years later Sumner was one of the most ardent champions in the prosecution of a civil war of enormous magnitude; and it was not his fault if hostilities with Europe were not added to the dreadful sacrifices exacted of his country.

It is true these sacrifices were exacted in a cause which became even more dear to the heart of Sumner than peace itself, when the whole energy of his being was absorbed in the grand object of the extirpation of slavery from the land. He had not joined in early life the anti-slavery party, and he seems to have thought that Garrison and his friends were carrying their agitation beyond the point which the laws of the Union, tolerant of slavery in the Southern States, could sanction. But as time advanced his horror of slavery increased. He saw the influence of the slave states paralysing and perverting the noblest aspirations of the nation. He saw the legislation of the Union strained to perpetuate the bondage of the negro race. Then it was that the generous ardour of Charles Sumner for freedom and the equal rights of every race of man broke forth like a fire. He became one of the most conspicuous, as he was one of the ablest, of the liberators of the slaves, and his task in life thenceforth was to carry on that work to the end, cost what it might. And he was the first victim of the struggle. In his place in the Senate House he was struck with brutal violence with a loaded staff on the back of the neck by one of the representatives of South Carolina. Had his frame been less herculean, and his courage less undaunted, the blow must have proved fatal. As it was it consigned him to years of extreme suffering and broken health. It was well said by Sir George C. Lewis at the time, that the blow aimed at Charles Sumner's neck was the first stroke of a civil war. This incident will remain in history. Men are more remembered by what they have suffered and endured, than by what they have enjoyed and done. Fourteen volumes of orations, and these amusing volumes of his juvenile correspondence, will contribute less to the fame of Sumner than that base blow in the Capitol; and we remember, when it was our fate to meet him in after life, during the severe treatment required for his wound, and when with indomitable courage he had risen over this tremendous shock to his frame, that the aspirations of his earlier life appeared to have expanded into real magnanimity and greatness.

Art. V.—*Titian, his Life and Times, with some Account of his Family, chiefly from new and unpublished records.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. 2 vols. London: 1876.

The Colour-Sense. By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 'The Nineteenth Century,' October, 1877.

In his address to the students of St. Andrews on 'The Hopes of Theology,' delivered last year, Dean Stanley directed their attention to the necessity of 'Definition' as an indispensable element in its study and discussion. A similar necessity may be pleaded in another sphere of thought—namely, in that of Art; a domain in which definition is at once more difficult and less important. For not only does the philosophy of art address itself to fewer minds,

but, as compared with that of theology, a far lower responsibility, fortunately, is attached to the precision and justness of its canons. It may sound uncourteous to suggest that to this far lower responsibility may be assigned the readiness with which questions of art are treated, and opinions on it pronounced in modern society. But, whatever the cause, it is undeniable that few topics occupy a larger space of the ordinary conversation of social circles, and that to those who study mankind as well as pictures few are more curious to overhear. The chief characteristic observable in these discussions is a union of timidity and self-mistrust, with what may be termed the reverse of both; which operates in curiously opposite directions. For if it be a rare exception to meet with one who has the courage to form an opinion of his own, it is equally rare to find another who has the humility to submit to be thought without one. In this dilemma each borrows the best ideas he can gather from his neighbour, who, if the truth were known, has obtained them by the same secondhand process himself. In short, the chief result is a faithful illustration of Hans Andersen's fable of 'The Emperor's clothes'—*minus* the child. It is only just to add that this unanimous agreement in what Carlyle would call 'a great sham' has been fostered by a class of modern literature which has reduced, or rather expanded, a limited and profoundly philosophical vocabulary into little better than a fashionable jargon.

For the principles which govern art are, as we have hinted, of a peculiarly recondite nature; not always capable of being defined by the Painter himself. That which addresses itself specially to the judgment of the eye, leaves little to be said by a different organ. To the uninitiated the laws which underlie a fine work—what may be called the painter's *reasons*—are not even so much as matters of speculation; for where no difficulty is perceived, no mystery is suspected. This is the natural homage paid by outsiders to the art which is especially bound to conceal its art. Yet, in truth, the painter's craft may be said to be a network of secrets; every part of it—composition, lines, light and shade, masses, and foremost of all, colour—being based on subtle and intricate laws gradually and patiently wrung from the observation of nature.

Gathering, however, the prevalent ideas which float on the surface of society, it would appear that, far from being a matter of study and experience, 'the feeling for colour,' as the accepted term goes, is an instinct belonging to certain races; born with them in the same sense of a natural choice and necessity as eating and drinking, or making a nest. Oriental and southern races are especially credited with this instinct, and the picturesqueness of colour in costume and accessories of life with which they are traditionally surrounded is cited as sufficient evidence of the fact. None will deny that they are thus surrounded with all that a painter's soul loveth, and have been so from time immemorial; the question only is whether these environments have been matters of choice, and attributable to the cravings of an inward sense. For instinct—to be careful in our own definitions—has its source, whether in man or animal, strictly from within, and is no further definable than as a psychological fact; whereas the use, the habit, or the knowledge of colour is derived from causes which lie strictly without. Far from the desire for harmonious combinations being implanted by nature in the races we have mentioned, nothing is more certain than that, left to their own choice, they evince no consciousness of it. The Eastern woman before a bandbox of gaudy Manchester goods will select a combination which sets your teeth on edge. The Italian peasants, who go mechanically through a gallery, evince no more apprehension of their great colourists than one of our own boors would do. If the *contadino* be rich enough to build his house, he will insult the ineffable harmonies of his native landscape by painting it all over a pale pink, or crude blue; while the Italian washerwoman, or tradesman's wife, just above the peasant class, and therefore above the prescriptions of costume, will on fête days rejoice in an exaggeration of bad taste unequalled elsewhere. Dugald Stewart is said to have instanced the babe as a proof of a natural desire for colour, but of all examples this is least tenable. The babe grasps at the coral, or at a bit of shining metal, not from any inborn preference, but because it distinguishes such objects most easily. In short, if we must admit the fact of an instinct for colour in any race, it can be only in one which does it little honour—namely, in the appetite for red paint and bright beads which characterises the full-grown babe, i.e. the Savage.

But how shall be account for the rich harmonies and delightful tones which are seen in every accessory of Oriental life? The first step is to turn from all theories of instinct, to those outward causes by which the relative property of colour is evoked. Nothing, we must remember, stands alone in this universe. To reach one thing we must pass through another; and the prop-

erty of colour, far from presenting any exception to this principle, is a striking illustration of it. Accordingly the thing in the sense of art called 'colour,' is never absolute in itself, but derives its value, like the varying lots of human life, from comparison with what is next and around it. The same tint will be bright or dull according to its environments. As a rule, no colour in a fine work will be found so bright as it looks, and inversely no colour in bad or ordinary work will look so bright as it is. A tawny sail on a grey sea and sky by Ruysdael will shine like a ruby, while all the reds, blues, and yellows indiscriminately shuffled together, as in most of the painted glass of the present day, will fail to produce the effect of brilliancy; and, indeed, each of them will destroy its neighbour. Of this principle of interdependence in the scale of his palette the true painter becomes more and more conscious; his chief art being to work it out in practice. But no similar consciousness can be attributed to unreasoning races. Therefore, for such evidences of the prevalence of fine colour as are found among them, a different operation of the same principle must be sought.

In countries where there is much *light*, we shall invariably find rich and harmonious colouring in the costumes of men and the trappings of animals. Much light bleaches the landscape, and for the greater part of the year, and, in some localities, for the year round, the eye rests only on an arid and neutral-coloured world. This monotony renders all colour, as such, both precious and distinct. Nature sets the example by the brilliant plumage of her birds, and the hues of smaller creatures—a brilliancy never raw or crude: and Nature herself gives the materials as well as the example for the same harmonies in the accessories of human life. Eastern races have for ages been aware that only the rich and true colours supplied by their native dyes—the madders, indigos, &c.—and their combinations, will stand the hot and dazzling conditions of their climate. The use of these colours has therefore become such a mere habit that the reasons for their preference may be said to be forgotten. The selection of the fittest has been made for them by Nature herself; it being reserved for the Englishwoman in India, who ignores this law, to discover with dismay the dirty mixture to which her fresh Parisian dress in the last tint of the fashion is promptly reduced. Even in their fadings the dyes of India and Arabia —aided by the quality of the native wools which have an affinity for them—maintain their relative harmonies; and the painter will often prefer the worn rug, or robe, to the new one. Nor must we overlook another reason for richness and depth of tone, equally independent of the taste of man; namely, the use of colour as an ingredient of distinctness. Seen from afar, across the neutral mass of the ocean, the brilliant hues of the ship's flag, or pennon, are no matter of mere taste or fancy, but of necessity. In the same way the robe and the turban of the traveller in the Desert, and the housings of his horse or camel, have their allotted purpose.

Thus it appears that the harmonious combinations of the Persian carpet, or Indian shawl, are hardly to be credited so much to the 'feeling for colour' of the native weaver, as to the light and heat which render all false tints fugitive, and which these combinations alone resist; the providence of Nature having also bestowed materials in which he can hardly go amiss. Not that we would deny to the Eastern weaver, who in such countries offers the only approach to the position of a painter, the exercise of taste, and that sometimes of a high kind; the result of the culture of the eye under long-continued traditional arrangements; but he moves and works, to a great extent, in a groove formed for centuries before him. To turn now to our own land, where, far from having the light and heat and consequent neutral monotony of landscape to which we have endeavoured to trace the use of the rich colouring of the East, our native landscape presents, more or less, all the year round a mass of that colour most foreign to the Oriental eye, and most grateful to our own; namely that of a soft and refreshing verdure. We sigh for nothing better, nor for more harmonious correlatives than the time-worn hues of stone or brick —the grey church tower, and the old brick mansion—the neutral yellows and greys of the cornfield, whether in ear or stubble—and the ever-changing varieties of grey and luminous cloud; all of which receive a relative value from the surrounding green. Other forms of so-called 'colour,' such as masses of sparkling mosaic, patches of enamel, painted architecture, even precious marbles, are not what the prevalent tones of English landscape and sky really relieve. The lady's Indian shawl is known to be the true and choice thing by a limited jury, but, in her heart, the lady's maid thinks it a dull affair to have cost so much. For we have not light, and therefore neutral tint enough to set it off.

That under these differing and even unfavouring conditions, English art, from the period of its revival, should have been pre-

eminent in the quality of 'colour,' may be said to be in some degree also the natural consequence of our external world. Dingy cities and gloomy skies engender the desire for mimic scenes of greater brightness. It is characteristic that modern Italian painters frequently choose those misty effects they seldom see—we have too much of them. To anticipate, however, a fair criticism on our argument, we are perfectly ready, while contending for the nullity of instinct for colour in races, to admit it to the utmost in individuals. A delight in colour is as natural to one man as the same in music is to another. To ask why is to reason beyond our scope. It is a matter of temperament as much as sanguineness or hopelessness is. Colourists, like poets, are born, not made. But the fact remains that the East, in the modern sense, has never produced a school of colourists at all. Mr. Gladstone's arguments endeavour to show that the Greeks in Homer's time did not even possess that visual organisation necessary to distinguish the 'qualitative' character of colour. He might have added that the very exclusiveness of the devotion of the Greek artists to form, and their pre-eminence in it, point to the corresponding absence of feeling, and therefore of temptation in the colour direction. The relics of antique pictures display a sculpturesque arrangement of fine forms, delicately tinted, but of the science of colour and chiaroscuro, as developed by Titian and Rembrandt, they would seem to have had as little idea as of the science of music as developed by Mozart. Even where Greek influence penetrated into Italy, as in Naples and in the South, no school of painting worthy the name arose. While, therefore, admitting that the French connoisseurs showed their discernment at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, by pronouncing the chief characteristic of the English pictures to be that of 'colour,' it may be safely prophesied that the supposed cultivation of this quality among us, by means of dingy paper-hangings, gaudy painted glass, the soulless routine of Schools of Design, and Doré's pictures, will never succeed in implanting or educing a *popular* taste for this 'centre jewel of the Painter's crown.'

And now for the relative causes for the Venetian pre-eminence in this quality, to which all this theorising has been tending. Venice is not hotter, if so hot, as other centres of Italian art, and has no land to be bleached into monotony by the radiance of light that pours down upon her. Other causes, however, have surrounded her with those cool and neutral tints which give value to all the warmer scale. Whoever, with a reasoning eye, has had the privilege of using it in Venice, is made aware how largely that glorious tide of exquisitely coloured salt water, which surges backwards and forwards through her every vein and artery, is accountable for the brilliancy and distinctness of all objects near and upon it. The lichen-grown, time-stained, and salt-rusted palaces which sparkle as with an inner light, and throw reflections more brilliant than themselves on the quivering waters beneath, would be deprived of half their lustre did they stand on dry land. By the same rule, too, the rusty black gondola—absolutely brown, though relatively black—and all the soiled and common crafts, carrying the daily uses of a great city, that glide on the bosom of the grand canal, are tenfold more distinct to the eye than the most gorgeous of Lord Mayor's coaches that ever jolted through High Holborn.

Nowhere, in short, does the artist imbibe such direct lessons on the causes of colour and of distinctness of effect as in the salt-water streets of this unique city. As the first fruits of this teaching we may venture to point to the rich character of the Venetian glass, unrivalled already by the end of the thirteenth century; what the Republic, in point of commercial importance, called 'the pupil of her eye,' and scarcely less important in the sense of art. In the isolation and activity of the Venetian people this manufacture would seem to have partially engrossed and satisfied the native demand for richly coloured ornament. For it is remarkable how comparatively slow they were in catching the infection of that purely pictorial art which had spread like a wild flower through the chief cities of Italy. The fetters of Byzantine prescription as regards religious art—nowhere seen in grander forms than in the mysterious temple of S. Marco—hung longer in Venice than elsewhere. In vain did Giotto reign supreme from north to south of the Peninsula; in vain were some of his finest works executed as near as Padua; no trace of his influence is found in Venice. His best pupil, and that pupil's son, Taddeo and Agnolo Gaddi resided even in Venice for some time; but, curious to say, they ceased to be painters there, and turned into merchants. Venetian art is in this respect exceptional, that it did not pass through the usual preliminary stages of the Renaissance. No timid stirrings of spiritual feeling in tempera have remained; no grand frescoed scenes decorate the ample walls of her stately churches;

but when the dawn of native art finally broke, its earliest rays woke up a paradise of colour.

To return, therefore, to the peculiar material conditions of Venice, it is to them, and not to the contact with the East, that may be attributed those features of the art which rose at once with it—richness of colour and distinctness of effect—which are traceable through the Vivarini, Carpaccio, and Giovanni Bellini, up to the perfection of their development in the person of Titian.

The life and career of this great man were essentially those of a painter only. He was not tempted from his path by other gifts of genius like the universal and fastidious Leonardo da Vinci; nor was he tortured and thwarted in it by ignorance and tyranny like the noble and unhappy Michael Angelo. Rather do we perceive in the complete working out of his powers from youth to extreme old age, the unmistakeable reflex of a Republic under which its subjects traded, wrote, and painted with a freedom then unknown elsewhere. Venice, it is true, was no Arcadia from which envy, hatred, and malice were banished; nevertheless, it is to a greater liberty and justice of government that we must ascribe the comparative absence of that '*odium pictorum*' which stains the annals of other centres of Italian art. Pictures of priceless worth perished in Venice by fire, and external frescoes by the corrosion of the salt-laden air; but no record has been left of the destruction of great works, or of the personal injury to great painters by the evil passions of rival masters. Titian had his share of the trials, and faults too, inherent in an age of baseness and insincerity, but these did not obstruct the course of his work. It may be truly said that the power of painting, as such, could no further go, than it was carried by his pencil. He discovered all her secrets, commanded all her resources, conquered all her difficulties, and practised all her subjects. His fame is almost unique of its class; for he was not only the most fashionable painter of his own day, and has remained the most popular of succeeding times, but he may also be pronounced *par excellence* the painters' painter for all times. And if, in spite of this sweeping panegyric, certain qualities, such as the highest spirituality of expression and refinement of form, are absent from his canvas, it is because they were incompatible with other qualities more proper to himself, in which he was unsurpassable.

The compilers of Titian's life have done more service to their subject by their knowledge of art, than by their historical discoveries. A painter's life, like a woman's, does not gain by being eventful. The less said of him out of his studio the better, and such incidents as his biographers have elicited are apt to be misconstrued. Titian's name is associated with that of Emperors and Princes; but the fact that this connexion is marked by few generous deeds on the one part, and by few noble motives on the other, is more his misfortune than his fault. The old Italian writers who treat of Titian dwell on the friendship of such men as Charles V. and Philip II. as the highest glory of his life. The present biographers prove in a business-like way how frequently they cheated him. If, too, they show that Titian was no mean match for royal patrons who forgot to pay, they make it clear at the same time that his protest against these 'bad debts' was at all events conducted with more manly openness than was then customary. Instead, therefore, of charging this to the score of greed and avarice on the part of the great painter, we see only a proceeding natural to a Venetian citizen accustomed to the language of business and trade. His own government were sharp and cautious, but they paid for what they ordered, and gave what they promised. In the spirit of the age, monopolies, sinecures, and such side-wind gains, took the place of more regular contracts. As soon, for instance, as Titian began to take rank as a painter, he kept his eye on a certain '*Sanseria*,' or 'Broker's Patent,' held by Giovanni Bellini from the Signory, worth 100 ducats a year, with exemption from taxes to the amount of twenty more. This, with certain conditions of painting-work attached, he ultimately obtained, and except when absent from the State, or once when displaced by an intrigue of Pordenone, he enjoyed it for life. But the patents and pensions awarded him by the friendship of Sovereigns had a very different result. The retrospect of these favours accorded to Titian, always for hard service done, presents something ludicrous now, though no laughing matter then. There was a pension on the Milan Treasury from Charles V., who even had the generosity to double it; a privilege for the carriage of grain from the same on the Treasury at Naples; a '*Naturalezza*' for his son in Spain from Philip II.; a right of cutting timber from a forest in the Tyrol belonging to the King of Bohemia, and Church benefices from the Duke of Mantua, and others. But the united returns from all these sources were as slender as precarious, and only obtained at all by bribes and fees,

which further curtailed them. Sometimes the painter received an instalment in the form of an inconvenient commodity, such as rice. One benefice which failed to pay entailed only the gain of a loss, being saddled with an annuitant who vexed his soul with dunning letters. Further, some of his noble patrons tempted him with the bait of benefices not theirs to bestow; while Clement VII. outdid all by promising him the '*Piombo*,' or sealing of the Papal Bulls, a handsome sinecure which he had already bestowed on Sebastiano Luciano. Under all these vicissitudes Titian's letters of remonstrance to 'Cæsar,' and other potentates, though couched in the insincere phraseology of the day, showing no crouching spirit. He wrote to Charles V. in terms of singular boldness, stating the unprofitable nature of his Catholic Majesty's numerous gifts, and hoping 'that the liberal mind of the greatest Emperor that ever lived will not suffer his orders to be contemned by his ministers.' At the same time he fortified his appeal by the gift of a picture of the 'Madonna Addolorata,' still in the Madrid Gallery, 'the sorrowing expression of whose countenance will,' he hopes, by a rather profane application, 'convey to your Majesty the quality of my troubles.'

To Philip II. he is still more explicit. 'The letters' (or literally the paper money) 'with which I am favoured by your Majesty in respect of the payments due to me in Genoa, have had no effect. Whence it appears that one who is able to conquer the proudest and most powerful of enemies with his marvellous valour, is so little obeyed by his ministers as that I can ever hope to obtain the moneys assigned to me by your Grace. . . I therefore humbly beg that your Majesty will conquer the obstinate insolence of these persons, by ordering that I be at once paid.' At the expiration of another fruitless year Titian renews his entreaties, and again, as with Charles V., he bespeaks spiritual intercession. This time in the shape of a picture of the Magdalen 'who appears before you with tears, and as a suppliant in favour of your most devoted servant.'

In this way Titian was always sending good pictures after bad money. It appears that between the years 1556 and 1567 he had expedited fourteen pictures to Philip, as reminders of moneys due; some of them, such as the Venus and Adonis, Diana and Calisto, Diana and Actæon, and the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, being glorious specimens of his art. In summing these up in a letter to Philip's secretary, he adds that these fourteen had been sent 'with many others which I do not remember;' for all of which he never received a '*quattrino*.' It is true that Titian lost nothing for lack of asking, and would even feign to be poorer than he was, the better to urge his claims. But the labourer in those times could ill afford to be very scrupulous in pleading for his hire—even had that labour not been such as to throw lustre on the thrones for which it was executed, and the lands which have inherited it.

As to the stories of his jealousy of other painters—even of his mere journeyman assistant, his brother, Francesco Vecelli—these are easily cast aside when we know how fair and generous he was to artists who might be called rivals. He reminded the people at Brescia, who wanted portraits by his hand, that they had a great portrait painter of their own, by name Moretto. He refused a commission from the Chapter at Parma, saying they could employ no better man than Correggio. From Augsburg he sends his compliments to Lorenzo Lotto, wishing that so good a painter and judge, invaluable as a critic, were with him; and when, for a picture of Philip, a design by Coello was sent him, he wrote back that with so clever a painter in Spain, his Majesty need never send for pictures from a foreign land.

To turn, however, to his own art and life. No great painter so clearly tells the place of his own birth as Titian. The landscape of Cadore, its dolomites, torrents, distant mountains, and even its castle, and the very chestnut trees in the village called 'Sotto Castello,' are repeated in his backgrounds. Titian, or, more properly, Tiziano Vecelli, was born at Pieve, in the province of Cadore, in 1477; a few months after Giorgione, and a year or two before Palma Vecchio. His biography is no exception to those of most great Italian painters, which, in point of legendary stories, rival the Roman Calendar itself. In times when no one thought of visiting localities or searching documents, biographers could indite pretty much what they pleased. It mattered little whether a picture was painted to corroborate a fable, or a fable written to identify a picture. Italian writers evidently felt that Titian's genius as a man required him, poetically speaking, to have been a prodigy in his childhood. In confirmation of this a pretty tale is told, dating from the seventeenth century, by a cousin of the master thrice removed, who relates that such was the child's instinct for art, that with colours extracted by himself from the juice of flowers, he painted a Madonna on

the wall of the house in which he lived, which was the admiration and wonder of all who beheld it. Whether the story led to the picture, or *vice versâ*, matters not. Like as with a picture of the Virgin Mary, covered with Eastern inscriptions, for which she had sat to St. Luke, which had been walled up for eighteen centuries in a well at Jerusalem, and then turned out to be of the school of Correggio—this picture, by the boy Titian, which still exists on the inner wall of the house next that believed to have been his father's, is pronounced by the laconic verdict of Sir Charles Eastlake to be 'an ordinary wall-painting of later date by an unskilful hand.'*

The further tradition that Titian derived the first rudiments of art from a Friulian master—the pedigree of that master, one Antonio Rosso, being minutely made out by local antiquaries till it touches the required period—has as little foundation. According to all trustworthy evidence the boy was taken to Venice at nine or ten years of age to learn a trade; and that in such a workshop he should be led to prefer the trade of a painter needs no explanation. But there Venetian history leaves him, as it does many others. Two masters, by that time in Venice, were especially capable of rearing the robust seedling into flower; — namely, the brothers Gentile and Giovanni Bellini,—both elderly, and both having adopted the use of the oil medium, first introduced into Venice by Antonello da Messina in 1473. This frontier period, where the refinements of the tempera method passed over into the facilities of oil, was perhaps the most favourable that ever occurred for the development of young artists. There is the less need, therefore, to unravel the further fables concerning Titian's art education; which assign his teaching first to Gentile Bellini, and then to Giovanni, with puerile reasons why the one quarrelled with him, and he with the other, and then place him in partnership with Giorgione. That he derived teaching from both the great brothers, and especially from Giovanni, is not to be doubted. The present biographers have not been able to extend our knowledge as to Titian's early works, nor as to the positive date of the greater part of his pictures. There was much to be done in painting furniture and '*cassoni*,' which probably gave occupation to the youthful hand, but have transmitted no clue to it. A fresco of the figure of Hercules on the Morosini Palace, long obliterated, is reported by Sansovino to have been the work of Titian. In truth, that demand for portable, indoors pictures, which had long prevailed among the noble and wealthy in other parts of Italy, and was destined to be developed by our master and his contemporaries, had hardly commenced in Venice. The biographers, who have collected a world of reference, with which these heavy, ill-arranged, queerly expressed, and unpicturesque volumes teem to a most creditable and incredible extent, can fix on no other example of his first efforts than the small Madonna to which his name is attached in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna. The comparison between this timid, but sympathetic work, and the splendid Holy Family with the Child giving cherries to the Madonna, in the same gallery, shows a breadth of development between the two only observable in the greatest masters. One slight clue to the chronology of his pictures, which has escaped the biographers, has been observed by a connoisseur, viz.: that in his earlier works the principal colours are the gayest a painter can use—red and green; in his later works, orange and blue. Thus the St. Mark enthroned, in the Salute at Venice, painted in 1512, has a predominance of the red and green. The Assumption in the Belle Arti, 1518, preserves in great measure the same; while the Bacchus and Ariadne, adjudged to 1523, but possibly later, and the Pesaro altar-piece in the Frari, finished in 1526, both abound with the finest treatment of blue and yellow.

The first positive record of Titian's hand are his fresco labours under Giorgione on the 'Fondaco dei Tedeschi,' close to the Rialto. This building had been destroyed by fire in 1505. Funds from the Salt Revenue, which paid for all outlays for architecture and decoration in the Venetian public buildings, were assigned to replace it on a larger scale. By May 1507 the new 'Fondaco' was ready for roofing, and between that time and November 1508, when Giorgione's frescoes were valued, Titian and he laboured in their suspended stagings before the newly finished walls. One luminous spot, like the glow of a sunset, is now the sole remaining evidence of the original splendour. No fresco operations can permanently stand the influence, not of the damp, for Venice is singularly dry, but of her salt-laden atmosphere. Up to the middle of the seventeenth century they in great measure survived, for a print, dated 1658, gives the complete form of the 'Judith' by Titian; but a century later, in 1755, the few fragments which Zanetti engraved were

* Handbook of Italian Painting, vol. ii. p. 533, *note*.

all that remained. Giorgione and Titian were then each about thirty years of age, and the portions of female nude forms, of exquisite grace and roundness, which that work has preserved, with the traditions of the radiant depth of the colouring, suffice to show the greatness each master had then attained. This was a '*maniera nuova*,' however different from that of Leonardo da Vinci's Cena, to which the term was first applied by Vasari; and that same writer, never cordially just to Venetian merit, affected to be scandalised with compositions which illustrated no story that he could decipher. At the same time he confuses one painter with the other, and is thus the first of a line of critics who have found it difficult to distinguish between them.

Of the relations between Giorgione and Titian, then in the pride of manhood, there is also no lack of legend. Titian is represented as a youth of twenty, when thus employed on the 'Fondaco,' where he showed a superiority which the other never forgave. The truth, which is carefully elicited in this biography, is as follows. Giorgione was the painter engaged by the Signory, and the fact that he shared the commission with Titian, who was then his assistant, shows his estimate of powers not so publicly acknowledged as his own. That Giorgione had justly acquired his title to fame is more than sufficiently proved by his Castelfranco picture, executed before 1504, while as regards his Venetian repute, he appears to have owed it to various frescoes executed on palace walls, as commemorated by contemporaries. But, like Leonardo da Vinci a few years before, he is reported to have played experiments with his grounds and mediums—those who had once tasted the fascination of oil being loth to forego it—so that Vasari, who visited Venice in 1544, found those frescoes already decaying. We may infer, therefore, that the works on the 'Fondaco' profited by his experience, having lasted longer. At all events it seems that Giorgione maintained a priority of fame, for Titian received no commission from the Signory till after his death in 1511.

The confusion which the history of art shows to have prevailed between the works of Titian and Giorgione warrants the attempt to define something of the diversities of their gifts. This can only be done by admitting that master, Giovanni Bellini—to whom each doubtless owed the same amount of teaching or influence—as a stand-point between them. And here there is no question as to which scholar most openly wore his colours. Giorgione, as far as he goes, is much more the continuer of Bellini than Titian is. With more than fifty years between them—Giorgione dying at thirty-four when Bellini was eighty-five—the feeling for a particular class of landscape and disposition of drapery, however further carried by the younger, is the same in both. The art of Giovanni Bellini may be said to exhibit the noblest form attainable under the so-called trammels of the fifteenth century, if not, upon the whole, the noblest form attained at any time. By him these 'rich bounties of constraint' were never thrown off, though relaxed in his later years to the utmost extent compatible with the expression of spiritual simplicity. In Giorgione the traces of these same Paduan fetters, which Bellini wore with such ineffable grace, are still seen in a certain classicality of form and drapery. In Titian they vanish altogether. We have said of Giorgione, 'as far as he goes,' for it must be remembered that of the crowd of works that have gone under his name there is but one which can be *proved* to be by him, namely, the just-mentioned altar-piece at his birthplace—Castelfranco. Comparing this with the grand altar-piece by Giovanni Bellini in S. Zaccaria at Venice, a certain similarity in arrangement, in intense depth of effect, as well as in equality of excellence, is detected which suggests the belief that the one picture had been seen by the painter of the other. So equal is the result in the highest qualities of art that the more than half-century between the two painters is obliterated. The youthful fire of Giorgione, curbed under the restrictions of a religious subject, and the calm wisdom of Bellini, working within the largest exercise of such limits, appear to join hands. But the logic of dates here interposes, and requires a reversal of the usual sequence of comparison. For the Castelfranco picture executed before 1504 precedes that of S. Zaccaria, executed 1505; so that such influence of example as appears to have been subtlely transmitted must have proceeded from the younger to the elder, and not *vice versâ*. Other evidence also shows that the wonderful old man who had time and strength for two lives, physical and pictorial—one in Padua, the other in Venice—one in tempera, the other in oil—refreshed his own art at this time at the very fountain he had himself assisted to open. Exactly at what period the meridian line of North Italian art was crossed it would be rash to pronounce, but one can but feel that the splendour of Titian and his school was illumined by a

westering sun, and that in the two works above mentioned the nearest approach to the apogee is attained.

In comparing, secondly, Giorgione with Titian, it must be taken into account that the ground in any way common to both is far narrower than is usually supposed. Much of the confusion between the two has existed not between their respective authentic works, but between Titian and works attributed to Giorgione, and even in many cases the later productions of Titian's own pupils and followers. The standards by which the two can be compared are as much narrowed in works as in time, terminating as they do with Giorgione's premature death. His early labours in the form of fresco, though they go far to account for the immense imitation of him, have, as we have seen, long perished. Besides the Castelfranco picture Giorgione is chiefly known and judged by a few exquisite small works—the 'Judgment of Solomon' and 'Choice of Moses,' both in the Uffizi; 'the 'Astrologers' in the Belvedere; 'Giorgione's Family,' so called, once in the Manfrin Palace; and the 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' belonging to Mr. Somerset Beaumont. Setting aside the fact that Titian has left no pictures of this class, these, above mentioned, which are, it is true, Giorgione's only by tradition and internal evidence, are so distinct from Titian's manner that no one could mistake them for his. In point of execution we may venture to say they show more contrast and less gradation, more force and less fusion, more heat on the surface and less below it; while in point of character they are less dramatic and more profound, less Italian and more original, and even outlandish; indeed, in the sense attached to Titian's works, Giorgione is not even markedly Venetian. It is in these smaller specimens, accepted as by Giorgione, that we see how greatly he inclined to a class of aristocratic and graceful *genre*. When this treatment can be compared as in Giorgione's 'Concert' in the Pitti, with Titian's 'Music Party' in the National Gallery, the superiority of Giorgione is so manifest that we the more cordially endorse Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's verdict that the 'Music Party' is by an inferior imitator. The Pitti picture is one that stands alone—the climax of the highest realistic and portrait power. No grander or more individual head is seen in art than that of the Augustine monk, seated at the harpsichord, who, turning towards the bystander, sufficiently expresses the question, 'Are you ready?' We hear the query even without the help of the high-bred, wiry hands which strike the keys, and tenaciously hold a chord which seems to vibrate for ever. Master as he was of portraiture, Titian could as little have painted the reality of the 'Concert' as Giorgione could have conceived the poetry of the Bacchus and Ariadne.

And, thirdly, it is not difficult to say in what respect both pupils agreed with each other in differing from the master—a difference of the most sweeping nature, for it is nothing less than that between the spiritual and the worldly. Perfectly as the aged Bellini mastered the riper secrets of art, his spiritual feeling was never sacrificed to them. Giorgione and Titian, it is true, preserved all that decorum of religious representation which Correggio so enchantingly sported away. Giorgione's two male saints at Castelfranco, by which alone he can be judged, are grave and dignified; and Titian's numerous saints, male and female, are the same; but they are only so in the sense that first-rate actors in such scenes were bound to be. Bellini's saints are realities.

Especially do the two younger masters illustrate the point of departure from the elder one in the relation of the Madonna to the Child. With Bellini, the Child is always more or less solemn—in his earlier works sometimes almost grotesquely so—and the Madonna, his no less solemn worshipper. She either, with reverential hands, presents him straight upright to the gaze of the world he is about to redeem—or gives him the fatal apple which brought the Fall—or supports him while he bends forward to bless the kneeling donor. But no tenderer personal feeling is perceptible through the hush of her adoration. She is ever the meek Handmaid of the Lord, and he, though 'veiled in clouds of infant flesh,' the long-expected Messiah. All this reverence vanishes with Giorgione and Titian. Their Madonna is no longer awed by the lovely Babe that lies in natural infantine action upon her knees; she loves him far too well! With some pretty feint of playful action she seeks to unite the Child in momentary interest with the Saints attendant; or to amuse him with bird, flower, fruit, or even rabbit. But the feeling of the Virgin is seldom more than that of young and serene maternity; and the expression of the Child that of the royalty of babyhood. The same difference distinguishes Bellini's angels from those by Titian—we remember none by Giorgione. Bellini's, with all their naïve, infantine grace, are more and other than mere earthly children with wings. Titian's milkfed cherubs, who make a sun-

shine in a shady place as they go through the farce of holding up cross or crown over the martyr or worshipper below, are nothing else. Each in their turn are the triumphs of art, but Bellini's angels are the right creatures in the right place. Is it too much to aver that the taste for Bellini, which has arisen in these later times, is a proof of a spiritual capacity in our generation to which our forefathers were strangers? With all his knowledge and fine taste, Sir Joshua, in his Italian travels, never notices a Bellini; and with all their unscrupulous stupidity the French never stole one.

Till the latter years of better connoisseurship the names of a few great masters have been freely applied to their followers. One name has represented a class, and none has been more freely used in this respect than Titian's. When the Italian Parliament began to discuss questions concerning the national pictures, a well-known Deputy and connoisseur called attention to the fact that though no less than six Titians were to be found in the catalogue of the Turin Gallery there was not one in the gallery itself. Two of the six thus ascribed were not even Venetian, but by a master so singularly subjective in character as, once known, never to be mistaken; namely, Girolamo Savoldo, the great Brescian painter. In no respect is the immense research which has compiled the Life before us more evident than in the list of 'uncertified Titians,' amounting to about 250, than which it would be difficult to find a more curious assemblage of random shots. Nor indeed, we may add, is it less evident in the fact, stated in the preface, that, of above one thousand pictures, to which the great name has been attached, in Italy, England, and elsewhere, the biographers have personally studied nearly all. How really to distinguish Titian from the numerous good Venetian painters of his time is a question only answered by an experienced eye. For pictures are like brothers and sisters; however strong the family likeness between them, it vanishes when each member becomes well known; it is soon found therefore that Palma, Tintoret, and Bonifazio are really as distinct from Titian as from each other. There are works by Titian, such as his Bacchus and Ariadne, and his tragically and probably treacherously destroyed Peter Martyr, which stand alone as his. But, for purposes of comparison, we must take him in the range of subjects more common to the school. Here he may be distinguished not so exclusively by his colour, his drapery, or his modes of composition, though individual in each, as by the quality he understood to give to his surface. No one more effectually attained that concealment of his means which is the aim of every true painter. His work shows no paint. What is technically called 'the palette' is imperceptible. He perceived that, in nature, *texture* lies beneath colour, and that the one must be obtained in order to command the other. He observed that nature expresses her differences not only by contrasts of black and white, red and green, or blue and yellow, but by appositions of the transparent and the opaque, the hard and the soft, the rough and the smooth, and the dull and the sparkling; each relieving and making prominent the other. For 'things, save by their opposites, appear not.' The colours he used are known to have been few and common; it was the infinite changes he rang upon them, the varieties of surface he extracted from them, which produced his subtle and mysterious gradations. No one studied the chemistry of effect as he did: the superposition of one tint upon another; the blood beneath the skin, the light within the shade, the colour in the depths. No one so far carried the power which gives to the result of skill the appearance of happy accident. Titian's pictures seen in an early stage were described by a contemporary as 'gemmed all over' with solid touches and masses of paint, destined to be masked and united by an overgrowth of the subtlest operations of brush and finger. Palma Giovane, who was for years in Titian's school, has described how canvases in this state would be placed aside for months; that the master would then lift them up, and examine them with a sternness of expression 'as if they were his mortal enemies,' and set to work like one possessed. Nothing can be truer to life than this description. A painter staring into his first sketch is like a seer looking into futurity —dimly seeing what is to be. Palma Giovane adds that the master kept many pictures going at a time, turning from one to the other; laying on colour, or blending tints, with a rub of his finger; and in the last operations working far more with his fingers than with his brush. Artists and connoisseurs have in vain interrogated the pictures themselves as to the method that produced them. It is told of a Bergamasque painter that in the endeavour to discover the secret of the transparency and luminousness of the blood tints, he scraped a fine head to the canvas, and in vain. He might as well have pulled a flower to pieces to know how it grew. Had he asked Titian himself, we may be sure the painter could not have told him. Feeling gropes

its way to what it seeks, but has no precise rules for the route: where these begin, nature leaves off, and mechanical mannerism takes her place. It was this pure feeling which taught him not only what to do, but when to have done. Titian touched and retouched, glazed and scumbled, veil over veil, and film over film—but from no false fastidiousness; rather undoing in the end than overdoing the effect of finish.

Titian is usually called a great Realist; we should rather style him a great Naturalist. Realism, in its technical sense, as opposed to a poetical conception of nature, and to the antique, was certainly not his tendency. His reported caricature of the Laocoon under the figures of three apes was doubtless in derision of some classical pedant. But though he broke entirely with the statuesque influence of the Paduan school, which had extended to the Muranese painters, yet that was no proof of any want of respect for the antique. A statuesque conception of a figure in painting is rather the imitation of the manner or letter of Greek art than of its spirit. It required nothing less than the genius of Mantegna to adhere closely to classic forms, and yet to subdue them with stupendous power to his own individuality. Even had Titian not been familiar with the antique in the studio of Gentile Bellini, known to have been full of fine specimens, who, in the Italy of that period, could have escaped its influence? The air was full of it. Instead, therefore, of taxing Titian with ignorance, and urging him, as Vasari and others did, to go to Rome and study antique sculpture, there is no painter who can be said to have given its spirit a juster place in the sister art. Of all painters that ever lived, Titian is the truest representative of the old Greek sculptor, as inspired and fed by the principles of Nature, but with no compromise of his own art. Far from borrowing any of the forms of the antique, no master, excepting always Michael Angelo, has been so entirely independent of them. Titian's draperies are full of light and motion, but never even what is called 'historic.' He reasoned as soundly as a painter upon the appearances of Nature, as the Greeks did as sculptors; each jealously expressing their worship of the great Goddess in their own language. Nor was any change of style possible either with him or with them, from first to last, since both drew inspiration from the Immutable.

How far the combination of plastic and pictorial effects in one form is possible, no great master has attempted to solve. The late Ary Scheffer once observed that an equal balance of art qualities was only to be expected in mediocrity, and quoted Philip de Champagne as an example. In true genius, as in grand natures, one overweening power invariably exists at the expense of some minor one. They must have '*les défauts de leurs qualites*;' and it is this predominance of excellence in one direction that gives character, individuality, and charm. It is more than problematical whether the Magdalen by Mantegna in the National Gallery would gain by being coloured like the Ariadne by Titian. Garofalo, Ferrarese by nature, and Roman by education, comes closest in his art to the union of classic form with modern colour, and in this may be found the clue to the comparatively little interest his works inspire. We lack the faculty of enjoying two excellences at once, or rather the mixture of two languages debases both.

Let us now turn to some of the varieties of Titian's subjects and modes of treatment. And here again he appears as the true type of the old Hellenic feeling; turning his brush, it is true, to every subject required of it, but finding real liberty only in the deification of that human life which was the highest good of the Greek. To quote an eloquent passage: 'The Greeks defined the hopes of mere mortals to consist in the enjoyment of nature; they defined them consistently, accurately, perfectly as addressed to the senses and the imagination. They defined too the feelings of the natural man to whom their art was addressed—his pride, his dignity, his courage, his love, his taste. But the feelings that the advent of Christianity was destined to develope—his soul-felt trust, his peace, his faith, his humility, his contrition — these they could not address, because they knew them not.' We must not say that Titian knew them not, but the inmost secret of his art was Pagan. Under his hand human creatures are grand, calm, satisfied, and benign, but the true conception of beings devoted to a religion not of this world was foreign to him. The pride of life in which his brush was, so to say, steeped, was opposed, for instance, to any high conception of that Divine countenance which has been the crucial test of art. The 'Tribute Money' in the Dresden Gallery, known to be one of his earlier works, is exquisite in colour, while the biographers trace in it already all his mysterious manipulation. But Titian here wisely chose a moment in which the more pathetic and benevolent feelings are suspended—a moment of rebuke—therefore, though the head is a vindication of the wisdom and justice of the

Saviour, it fails to represent the more benign ideal. Not that he was more successful in a subject of less difficulty. For what heart was ever touched by his weeping Magdalen? —the most popular picture, he says in a letter, he ever painted—or edified by his John the Baptist? the latter especially a triumph of execution.

Again, the Entombment in the Louvre is a picture of such overpowering force and grandeur that criticism is shamed before it. But the pathos resides more in the solemn twilight tones and masses than in the figures engaged. The actions of the mourners are all that is natural, the respect of the bearers all that is decorous, though they carry their sacred burden in a grave-cloth not even tightened by its weight. Spirituality of expression is hardly missed in the perfection of the imitation; still it is but a scene acted with faultless propriety, and, in Goethe's words, 'we perceive the motive, and remain unmoved.'

It was different with the great altar-pieces, such as the Pesaro picture in the Frari at Venice—one of those curious medleys of family portraits and legendary personages which raised so many sumptuous pictorial structures. Such a subject was a convention from beginning to end—the anomaly of all unities—an artificial world, and therefore one in which the great hand could revel without danger of offending scruples or disappointing standards. Here, accordingly, the master is seen lavishing his powers with exquisite taste on forms of beauty, pomp, and of the pride that apes humility;—reconciling imagination and reality with such skill that the consent of the spectator is won as to a possible and actual scene.

Not so amenable to treatment were other subjects in the ecclesiastical repertory, though equally tamed by his genius. Few incidents, when stripped of their legendary prestige, can be conceived less favourable to art than that which goes under the name of the Assumption of the Virgin. A large woman, ascending through the air, with twelve men below her, all expressing the same commonplaces of astonishment, most of them with their arms tossed aloft, and turning their backs to the spectator. The Roman Church did its best to destroy, by flame and smoke, Titian's *chef d'œuvre* of this subject, and thus unintentionally saved it from the grasp of the French, who never suspected that under this blackened and partially charred surface lay one of the finest monuments of difficulties overcome. Three distinct groups are here—a condition, in most hands, fatal to a composition, but the eye rests only on the one which includes the principal performer. We have said 'a large woman,' for no etherialisation was possible of a figure intended to be seen first and most, and dressed *de rigueur* in blue and crimson. On the contrary, the dimensions are purposely enlarged by the grand flutter of her mantle, fastened securely across her person with a gigantic knot. Nor do her feet rest on space, but on a solid mass of dark grey clouds, among which, dotted like single flowers, are beautifully coloured cherubs with the novel accessories of black wings, intended probably to give a greater appearance of stability to her airy platform. The vehement actions of the apostles have also a double purpose, for their upstretched arms unite the lines of their group with that of the Madonna, to which they also direct the more attention. But the group that would most have perplexed an ordinary artist is that of the '*Padre eterno*' above, with an angel, about to crown the Virgin. This difficulty Titian has overcome by a legitimate trick. For the figure of the Almighty, though ample in effect and perfect in buoyancy, is reduced by strong perspective foreshortening to a thin line, in which all definition of feature and expression is lost. How this perspective is brought about, and where the line of the horizon, and consequently the eye of the spectator, are placed, are questions which will not be asked too curiously before such a picture.

We must not pause to analyse the ineffable magic of the master's Holy Families, where maternity and its Idol, childhood and its playmate, with landscape, flowers, and household scenes, present pictures of purest domestic sanctity. No fitting church furniture these to crack, blacken, and moulder on altars with candles smoking them, and vulgar artificial flowers hiding them. Rather are they the suitable accessories for happy homes of succeeding generations, which they help to link each to each both in natural piety and pure taste.

More idyllic still in the deification of Innocence, while kindred in purity of sentiment, is the picture called 'The Three Ages.' The youth blowing the pipe, and the sweet maiden at his side, sit there in halcyon unconsciousness of all, save the bliss of existence. Whom the sleeping *amorini*, and the little Cupid unceremoniously waking them, belong to, and why they are there except to illustrate another phase of felicity, is left to our imagination. Death has not entered this sphere of etherial atmosphere, for the youth who seems its Adam knows not that he is naked. The old man, therefore, in the background, ruminating over a

type of mortality, is a solecism, probably introduced later to give the name; for he intrudes not in Lefebvre's etching.

But Titian, equally with the Greeks, was no less at home in scenes of passion than in those of dignity and repose. The picture that has been mysteriously lost to the world, called the Peter Martyr—a legendary subject belonging to the Dominican order, and much in vogue in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—represented an incident in which the passion of terror received its highest modern embodiment. The figure of the attendant friar escaping for his life has been likened to Michael Angelo, but we know nothing by the great Florentine so sudden and instantaneous in action. It can better be compared to the antique—to the Laocoon in the intensity of the terror, and to the Lycian marbles in marvellous expression of movement in drapery. As to suddenness of action, disconnected from any other features, Rubens may furnish a parallel. Here also Titian shows his capacity to deal with some of the deeper conditions of the Fine Arts. So painful a sensation as that of intense fear was not to be rendered such to the spectator. The fleeing man is meant to tell the tale, not to torture our feelings at sight of a fellow-creature in a moment of supreme distress. Not by accident, therefore, was he placed at the very edge of the picture, where, in his headlong fling, he will be out of our sight and safe in a moment. Nor by accident has Titian clothed him in drapery of a higher order than his works usually show. Knowing that terror is not a subject on which the eye could happily dwell, the master puts forth all his power to sink the emotion in the art. For this end he has resorted to no indistinctness. The terrified man seen in the grandest muscular wring, arms and drapery tossed in one direction, and the head turned in another, is placed against the brightest light in the picture. Yet, however prominent, he plays but a secondary part; that of the herald announcing what is to come. For the real interest is concentrated on the tragedy about to be enacted—on the monk about to earn his martyrdom, over whom the dagger of the assassin and the palm of victory are alike suspended. And here the master contrives to extend the moment represented. The Dominican is on the ground—a strong man, still unhurt,—but his fate is sealed; for the assassin in his furious onslaught rests with his whole weight on the left foot, and that foot, whether by accident or design, is planted on the robe of the monk. There can be no struggle, therefore, where the victim cannot rise. In this picture Titian escapes from all comparison with Bellini. Between the two versions of the same subject—we refer to the Peter Martyr by Bellini in the National Gallery — lies nothing less than the entire difference between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Where Titian soars to the highest summits of dramatic power in the telling of the tale, Bellini with his business-like murderer, his meek victim, and leisurely evading friar, scarcely rises above convention. This picture, of which numerous copies exist, constituted a class of its own; for while excelling himself in the deeper philosophy of art he maintains his wonted level in the grandeur of his solemn trees and distant landscape, all massed with the departing light which lends the horror of loneliness to the violent scene.

As another instance of passionate expression, though in gentler form, may be cited the 'Noli me tangere' in the National Gallery. The figure of the Saviour is curiously unsympathetic; but the beautiful Magdalen is a further example of Titian's power over suddenness of action, as, in a passion of surprise and ecstasy, she has flung herself on her knees. And here he again extends the story beyond the moment given—this time before it, instead of after. A woman on her knees may have been there for minutes. It rested with the painter's ingenuity to show that she has only just fallen; for the delicate white drapery of her sleeve, lifted by the sudden action, has not had time to subside, but still flutters in the air.

We have traced Titian through a variety of subjects, in all of which he is what Leonardo da Vinci said the true painter ought to be—'*padrone di tutte le cose*.' But, though master of all, all were not equally sympathetic to him. Let us turn to a specimen of that class which was most so.

The Bacchus and Ariadne in the National Gallery represents Titian in his truest character. It is the antique in a modern language. It shows how the Greeks would have painted, had their instincts led them to the cultivation of colour in lieu of that science of form with which they have underlaid the whole realm of modern art. It is a world in which the best defined principles of Nature are united with the fancy of a wild and riotous mythology. We are not strangers to this union. The drama and poetry, Shakespeare and Milton, have exemplified its true conditions; transporting us to spheres where, however extravagant the seeming discord, the allegiance to Nature preserves the keynote. 'From beyond the scope of Nature if the Poet summon possi-

ble existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. * On this principle we learn to understand the Bacchus and Ariadne as we sit before it, wondering why our minds and sympathies consent to fantastic forms and combinations we should dread or loathe if real. But Fable is only Nature that has passed through a certain heat of the mind. It is as fermentation to the natural juice of the grape. The poet knows when to check it, short of injury to the noble ingredients on which it acts. In this picture, full of light and sparkle as of an intoxicating cup, it is Nature alone which supplies the substance of the draught. Though our head is in cloudland, amid visionary forms and colours, our feet are safe on Mother Earth. As in 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' the creatures of another sphere are only ourselves with a difference, and that difference only such as exists between real life and a stage play, which we know to be a fiction. Man can imagine nothing out of Nature, though he give to a human being the ears and hoofs of a fawn, or join the man and the horse, as in the ancient Centaur. But art, with its conditions of visibility, and consequently greater obligation to please the eye, can indulge in fewer freaks of fancy than poetry. The Cyclops, with one eye, and that in his forehead—a monstrous apparition to the sight—is therefore an interdicted subject. Titian had experience of the ignorance of his employers in this respect. The Palazzo della Loggia at Brescia, completed in 1560, required internal decorations, and the master was engaged to supply three large compartments. One was to represent Vulcan and the Cyclops at the forge. The committee, consisting of three Brescian gentlemen, gave their written instructions for the design.† Vulcan was to be a '*vecchio brutto e zoppo*,' of thin face, and with a dirty, sooty body. The Cyclops were to have but one large round eye in the forehead. A river-god, in another compartment, was to have his face of a greenish-blue colour: '*con la faccia cerulea, quasi verdegiante.*' Titian thanked the gentlemen for their information, '*sul conto della poesia*,' which he assured them he should endeavour to accommodate to the exigencies of his own art. Whether from signs of being painted in his ninety-second year, or from non-observance of these '*avvertimenti*,' his pictures failed to please, and the fire which destroyed the building eight years later swept away all evidence of the real reason.

* Essays of Elia, 'Sanity of true Genius.'

† Miscellanies of the Philobiblon Society, vol. iv.

The picture before us, to return to the Bacchus and Ariadne, is a type of the limits within which the painter may freely frolic. The figures are drunken; they are naked; they revel in wildest license; and all without shocking our properties. A beautiful woman striking her tambourine in such company does not offend us. The snakes wreathing round the shaggy monster who heads the rabble rout—the Silenus all fat, tipsiness, and roguery, held on to his ass—the satyr tossing aloft his haunch of venison like an Irishman his shillelagh—the little fellow, half boy, half fawn, dragging the head of a calf after him by way of go-cart, and barked at by a real dog with a red collar, as any little pet dog would bark at an impudent urchin—all these, however untrue in a prosaic sense, commend themselves to the human taste because the generous compound of what are soundest and most precious in this life—the principles of Nature, and the genius of Man. To extol this picture for the splendour of the colouring addressed to the eye, is just, but utterly inadequate praise. So full is the scene thus depicted of air, space, sound, heat, and motion, that no one sense suffices to take it all in. We devour the colour, we breathe the atmosphere, we feel the heat, we follow the motion, and we hear the tumult.

Nor may the master's powers as a portrait painter be omitted in this brief analysis, though with Bellini in the same city, and Holbein at Basle, the assertion that he was the father of portrait painting is not tenable. But if not the first in time, he was in art. For as the greater includes the less, and no man can be a fine portrait painter unless he be much more, so this branch of excellence naturally found itself within the complete circle of the master's subjects. The portraits by a great historical and poetical painter are like the conversation of a great writer. We see him in a familiar and spontaneous form — his less deliberate thoughts enriched by the culture of previous higher aims. We may be sure, therefore, that Titian gave to every physiognomy not only its best aspect, but something more. Thus admitting the truth of the axiom that no painter can put more mind into his portraits than he himself possesses, we obtain in the grand and thoughtful character he has given to his sitters, the measure of his own mental calibre. At the same time something of the dignity which characterises his portraits must be ascribed to the habits of the day. The manners of the Italian upper classes, as described by contemporaries were stately, formal, and sedate. The Venetians, especially, from

many concurrent reasons—such as their habitual participation in state affairs, their semi-oriental costume, and their limited sphere of locomotion—were the extreme exponents of this dignified deportment. Nor can there be any doubt that the solemnity which properly characterised those portraits of living individuals introduced into sacred pictures, contributed, even in independent portraiture, to the gravity of expression. The painter of the twelve apostles in the 'Cena'—the intensest form of individuality seen in sacred art—might be expected to break through the austerer rules in mere portraiture; and accordingly Leonardo da Vinci was the first to venture on the smile. But no sign of such innovation occurs in the Venetian school. However gay and pleasing in colour to the eye, it remains grave and tranquil in expression even in its most festive scenes. Titian's very revellers in the Bacchus and Ariadne are serious. There remain what we have called the painter's own 'reasons' to notice. For as, according to Lodovico Dolce, Titian abstained from 'vermilion cheeks and coral lips,' because they gave to faces the effect of masks, so a similar consideration doubtless influenced himself and his school in not breaking up that breadth of light which a tranquil expression preserves.

Titian's male portraits are too numerous to specify. Injured and over-painted as most of them are, there is scarcely a genuine specimen which does not read a lesson to the modern artist. As one which unites history, poetry, and individuality in a degree unattained before or since, may be cited that of Charles V. on horseback, in the Madrid Gallery. A small, insignificant, morose-tempered, ugly Spaniard, of a German type, fair and blue-eyed, with a long chin, a scrubby beard, and a red moustache, is here transformed into a grand and mournful type of Bigotry and Despotism; who rides on through life, as in this picture, fenced in armour and with couched lance, till, sated with power and disappointed with all things, he rests in a monastery, and ends in his grave.

We have mentioned male portraits; for it is significant of the trivial and almost invisible part played by Venetian women that a painter so peculiarly master of the qualities most favourable to female beauty should have had comparatively so few female sitters. Bellini, be it remarked, had apparently none. In the character of commissions it seems that only women of the highest rank—a Duchess of Ferrara, a Duchess of Urbino, an Isabella d'Este, and the dead Empress of Charles V.—claimed his brush. In his grand picture of the Cornaro family, with nine figures of different ages, no mother, wife, or daughter appears. The same absence of any female member is seen in the Pesaro altar-piece in the Frari, where the beautiful young head, hitherto classed as a girl, is now proved to be the portrait of a youth. It would seem, therefore, that when Titian painted a woman it was for the pure pleasure of rendering beauty. This was obviously his object with his own beautiful daughter Lavinia, so often repeated by him; now holding aloft a casket—now fruit and flowers—now, as Salome, the Baptist's head. Of his wife's features there is no record. Modern connoisseurship has even reduced the number of those graceful fancy portraits long imputed to him; the so-called '*Bella di Tiziano*,' the '*Schiava di Tiziano*,' and the 'Lady with the lute,' being now rightly adjuged to Palma. In corroboration of the paucity of his female types, it is evident that the admiration with which his portraits inspired Vandyck is solely reflected in that painter's male sitters. Vandyck's women have no reflex from Titian.

In the universality of the great Venetian's powers it may be said that in landscape he equally takes the lead. Here again that perception of the abstract truths of nature which allies him with the art of the Greeks, is his leading principle. If asked to define what Titian most sought to express in the sky above and the earth below, we should say the respective characteristics of their *life*. The movement of the cloud—the growth of the tree;—currents of air in the one; currents of sap in the other; neither visible in themselves but seen in their effects. It mattered not how subordinate the part, he threw himself alike into all—the iris and the vine bear as much his signature as the chestnut tree and the dolomite rock. His periodical visits to his native Cadore filled his eye and his sketch-book, and brought the fresh and breezy country into the Lagoons.

The political conditions of Venice were favourable to a branch of art generally missed from other Italian centres—namely, that of historical painting as distinguished from Scripture events and legendary story. The uninterrupted sequence of the Venetian Republic—the patriotism of her citizens, and the splendour of her public buildings, gave subjects, demand, and room for a class of decorations illustrative of her history. The wall spaces in the great Council Hall, now occupied by later works, were originally filled with historical scenes by the Vivarini and the two Bellini. Titian also supplied two compartments, one of them repre-

senting the battle of Cadore, won by the Venetians over the Imperialists. All these perished in the fire which destroyed that portion of the Ducal Palace in 1577. A contemporary print from Titian's work shows his mastery of a subject in which men and horses are seen in varied forms of struggle on the banks of a torrent; the scene being laid in the midst of mountain defiles still recognisable as those of Cadore. The sympathy of Rubens' mind for such subjects is shown by facts of curious coincidence, namely, that to copies by the great Flemish master we owe the preservation both of Titian's Battle of Cadore, and of Leonardo da Vinci's Battle of Anghiara, known under the name of 'The Battle of the Standard.'

We have endeavoured to show how the art of this great master is calculated to enchant the eye and inform the taste, as distinguished from that which touches the heart and kindles religious emotions. It may be safely said that no work by Titian ever started a tear. The more strange, therefore, the fact that a picture by him should stand almost alone in modern times as an object of adoration. The repute gained by pictures, which, like relics, have been credited with the power of working miracles, was confined, and notably in Venice, to the ancient type of Byzantine Madonnas, from which every attraction in the sense of art was absent. What circumstances led to the exception in Titian's case are now forgotten; but the splendid buildings of the Scuola di S. Rocco remain the substantial result of the offerings of popular devotion to a picture by him of Christ bearing his Cross; now a mere wreck in a left side chapel of the church of S. Rocco.

It is time, in conclusion, to turn from the artist to the man. Although it is difficult to follow the confused arrangement of this otherwise valuable biography, yet there is enough to illustrate, and curiously so, the manners of the times. The beginning of the sixteenth century was for Venice the beginning of her decadence. Commerce and freedom had engendered wealth; the pride of wealth had replaced republican equality by a numerous noblesse, and, without the restrictions of primogeniture, the pride was sure eventually to swallow up the riches. That monument of Venetian vanity, the *Libro d'Oro*, and the greatest danger that ever threatened the State, the League of Cambray, were significantly consentaneous. Given these facts, the character of the age may be inferred. Adulation of the great, greed of money, increased display, insincerity of language, and morals as loose as the manners were formal—a coincidence which will scarcely be found to fail. The profession of art did not then convey the peaceful image it does now. Where all was contention and intrigue around him, a great painter became as often the victim as the object of both. No disturbances were too highly placed to fail of disturbing him. The ambition of Emperors, the covetousness of Popes, the plots of minor potentates, all sent their entanglements even into the sanctuary of his art, and their baser influence into the motives of his conduct. That painters should scheme and contrive as well as their betters could be no wonder. Self-respect, in the sense now attached to it, was unknown then, though every other kind of self-care flourished abundantly. Still, Titian was too great to be confounded with the crowd of mere sycophants and parasites. However disliking the servile language of some of his letters—for, as we have seen, this was far from being the character of all—we must make the deduction of phrases which were the current coin of the day. Such art as his was incompatible with a low mind, and, imperfect as are the materials of his life, there are enough to prove that he knew when to assert the supremacy of his sovereign mistress above that of all powers, spiritual or temporal.

It was at this time, 1508–10, when the wars with the Emperor Maximilian and his allies had reduced the State for a brief space to her last pawn, that painters from the ravaged Friulian provinces were compelled to seek refuge in Venice. Pellegrino di S. Daniele moved from Udine; Pordenone, from Colalto; Morto, from Feltre. Their presence, with that of others, still further narrowed the field of patronage and profit, and in turn expelled some of the chief men from Venice. Sebastian Luciano (afterwards Del Piombo) went to Rome, Lorenzo Lotto to the Romagna, and Titian repaired to Padua. Here he engaged the assistance of Domenico Campagnola, and undertook fresco works for the Scuola of the Carmine, and that of the Santo. Those in the Carmine, now in an advanced stage of decay, were evidently never worthy of him; those belonging to the Santo, representing a miracle of S. Antonio, are of a higher though still inferior grade, giving glimpses rather than proofs of his power. They are the last evidences surviving of a process which had no charms for him. Nor, considering the conditions of fresco, is it surprising that one whose peculiar excellence was the manipulation of oil colours, should have turned from a practice where all such dexterity was impossible. In 1512 Titian re-

turned to Venice, where the death of Giorgione in 1511, and the increasing age of Bellini, gave him for the first time an open field for employment.

Meanwhile Venice herself, safe as a haven from invasion, had become the home not only of art but of printing and letters. Petrarch had bequeathed his library to the State, and Cardinal Bessarion did the same. These bequests were especially enriched with precious MSS. of classic authors: but the Aldine presses, while aiming chiefly at the reproduction of Greek works, included all the literature of the day in their activity. It must be confessed that the time when Bembo's Asolani were thought entertaining, and Aretino and his works were called 'divine,' does not give a high impression of the taste and morals of the readers. The literary spirits, however, who assembled in the Aldine Academy were evidently no dull companions, though they affected to converse only in Greek. Titian was enrolled among them, though it is much to be doubted whether he ever spoke any but the soft Venetian dialect, which evidently eschewed all superfluous consonants as persistently then as it does still. But he was fond of society, and was as much by turns the polished courtier and the '*bon Compar*' as Michael Angelo was ever the reverse of both. His first contact with the great of the land did not begin auspiciously. The house of Este at Ferrara had distinguished themselves by the patronage of art. Alfonso, the Duke of Titian's time, was in no way behind his predecessors in this respect. He had endeavoured to purchase the drawings and MSS. of Leonardo da Vinci from his executor, Melzi; he had employed Giovanni Bellini; and he desired to possess pictures by Titian and Raphael. Of course he obtained promises from both, for no men are more driven to use the future tense than eminent artists; but the time that necessarily elapsed before such promises could be fulfilled tried that virtue of patience of which the Duke had but small share. The transition from ceremony to rudeness was rapid, and an insolent letter from Alfonso, threatening with his resentment the man who had already painted the Assumption, shows the contrast between the patrons of those days and ours. But it was not the custom for artists to take offence. Titian, like his fellows, was accustomed to paint pictures for the places they were intended to occupy. Accordingly, on more than one occasion, he and his canvases made their way by the slowly towed crafts on the Po to the dismal city of Ferrara, and found lodging in the grim castle of its sovereign.

In the absence of records it is seldom possible to assign dates, but the entries of eatables weekly provided in the castle show that Titian partook of 'salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, oranges, cheese, and wine,' by the light of 'tallow candles,' in February 1516. It was in Ferrara that he is believed to have completed Bellini's 'Feast of the Gods,' now at Alnwick Castle, and to have painted the three other Bacchanals which form a series with it (two being in the Madrid Gallery), and the Bacchus and Ariadne, already described, in the National Gallery. In the classic mania which affected all Italy at that period there could be no difficulty in providing him with mythological subjects. At the same time the suggestion of the biographers that Ariosto was his prompter at Ferrara, is entitled to all credence. The Poet sang the Painter, and the Painter more than once portrayed the Poet—one specimen being in our National Gallery. These facts have been magnified in the exaggeration of Italian writers into a romantic friendship, but there is no reason to think that either act bespoke more than mutual recognition and courtesy.

Titian's rise in fame and position is shown now by his increasing indifference to the threats and remonstrances of his patrons. He was often between two fires; menaced by the Signory with the withdrawal of his broker's patent (once diverted from him to Pordenone, as already said), if certain works were not accomplished; and pressed by the Duke's agents not to trifle with their august master, who evidently thought pictures could be ordered to a day like any other kind of furniture. He wrote courtier letters, playing off the one against the other, and meanwhile executed private commissions. For the religious corporations in Venice had become formidable competitors for fine works. Palma Vecchio was a master who had preceded Titian in reputation, while at the same time greatly influencing his practice. The latter had sought to emulate Palma in softness, as Giorgione in richness; eventually combining and surpassing both. The time was now come when Palma and Titian entered into rivalry. The brotherhood of St. Peter Martyr, whose altar stood in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, invited designs for a grand work to adorn it, and in 1528 Palma, Titian, and Pordenone—the last mainly formed by the two first—entered the lists. The sketches were exhibited for public approval, and the decision fell on Titian. This was the origin of the Peter Martyr we have described, which occupied him for two years; and while believed to have tasked his powers more than any

other work, it certainly embodied a mighty step in his art. For during its progress he had been subjected to an influence never encountered in vain. Michael Angelo, escaping from the siege of Florence in 1529, had taken refuge in Venice, and the effect on Titian was seen in a grandeur to which he had never attained before. 'If ever a picture was uniformly grand, this is.'* Among the generations of artists who have studied before it, Rubens again appears. A large drawing from the picture is recorded among his remains, though no longer traceable.

Titian was now master of a house, and married, though when, or to whom, except that the lady's name was Cecilia, is not known. But the birth of his eldest son Pomponio, who held benefices, and wore a clerical dress from his fifth year—a false position which doubtless contributed to make the little 'Monsignorino,' as Aretino calls him, the scapegrace he eventually became—the birth of this son in 1525 gives an approximate date. Another son, Orazio, bred up as a painter, followed, and then a daughter, Lavinia; these births being succeeded by the death of the mother in 1530, when Titian, who is described by contemporaries as overwhelmed with grief, took his sister, Orsa Vecelli, to live with him.

The intimacy of the master with Pietro Aretino, who, with Sansovino, the sculptor and architect, formed a triumvirate of friendship only interrupted by death, has been criticised as strange in a man of his standing. But if he erred, he did so in good company. A priest called Aretino 'the fount of virtue.' A bishop protested to long for him 'as the Jews longed for the Messiah.' The commonest appellations by which he was addressed were '*unico*,' '*virtuosissimo*,' and '*divinissimo*,' and if no man has been more condemned by posterity, none was ever more courted in his time. The age was base, and society in its upper classes rotten to the core. Princes could only be approached through their vanities or their vices, and in most cases their company was a dishonour to genius, whether of poet or painter. The Medici, Lodovico Sforza, and others, had set the fashion of drawing literary men around them; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that this proceeded from any taste for letters, or desire to encourage merit. Italians could always write sonnets; the princes wanted flattery, and the parasites pay; and this exchange was an understood thing. Aretino, in these respects, was the extreme outgrowth of the age. Without even the homage of hypocrisy which vice pays to virtue, he was too openly mendacious to be called insincere. His cleverness made him master of all situations, and of most secrets; his venality and unscrupulousness rendered him a power; and all powers were propitiated then.* But it is not always just, in spite of the proverb, to judge a man by his associates; and for Titian's intimacy with this reprobate there were some excuses. Aretino was a great humourist, and wit is the tired painter's most congenial restorer; he was also a lover of nature. In this he was conspicuously before his age. Where else, but in his letters, do we find the description of a sunset —palaces looking etherial instead of solid? Where else do we even find admiration for the peculiar conditions of Venice? Another redeeming quality was that he used his arts—base as they were—for his friends equally as for himself. It was Aretino's management that secured the patronage of the Gonzagas for the painter. The process was not creditable to either. Titian writes an abject letter to the Duke (June 1527), comparing him to Christ, and Aretino to St. Paul, and sends therewith two portraits, one of them being of Aretino 'whom your Excellency loves for his many virtues,' and which he begs his Excellency to accept. The Duke thanks 'M. Tuciano' in return, and gives him to understand that he shall be ready to requite the obligation. Of this readiness Aretino soon reminds him as of a debt. For the acceptance of a present was then equivalent to a promise of handsome payment for it. But while he continued during his life faithfully to exercise his talent for 'touting' in favour of Titian—and there is no doubt that many commissions for portraits were owing to these means—the obligation had to be returned in higher coin; for Aretino's letters to great personages show that pictures by the master, and gems and medals by other noted artists, were unscrupulously levied by him to push his own fortunes.

Meanwhile the star of Titian was rising in the person of the greatest sovereign of the age. Charles V., after the retreat of the Turks from Hungary, resolved to meet Clement VII. at Bologna, and for that purpose crossed the Alps (November 1532) into the Friuli, and was entertained a few

* Second series of 'Literature of the Fine Arts,' p. 49.

* The following lines appended to a portrait of Aretino, engraved by Hollar, are a satire worthy of his own pen:—

'Questo è Pietro Aretino, poeta tosco,
Chi d'ogni un disse male, eccetto che di Dio;
Scusandosi con dir, non lo conosco.'

days later at the Court of Mantua. Charles was an ardent collector, and seems to have had some discernment in art, a capacity probably inherited through his Burgundian descent. He had not been in the Palace of the Gonzagas an hour before he proceeded to inspect its contents, and was so struck by Titian's portrait of the Duke as to express a desire to be painted by the same hand. An urgent summons was immediately expedited to Venice, but Titian had some reason for preferring to meet the Emperor later at Bologna, and declined to appear. Charles V. would seem to have anticipated the French in the system of appropriating pictures. As the conqueror of a large portion of Italy he had cities and provinces to bestow, and a cession of fine works was in part the understood price. Agents were accordingly despatched, and written lists made out wherever princes with galleries were candidates for the imperial favour. This was especially the case with the reigning family at Ferrara, who were compelled to surrender portraits and other works by Titian. The master's first presentation took place at Bologna in the spring of 1533, when the desired portrait was begun. It is related that Lombardi, the sculptor, anxious to steal a sketch of the imperial features, begged Titian to let him pass into the august presence in the character of his servant; whereupon Titian introduced him bearing his paint-box. When the sitting began Lombardi took a lump of wax from his pocket—slipping it into his sleeve whenever he thought himself observed—and so contrived to model a medallion portrait. But Charles found out the *ruse*, and, taking it graciously, ordered the work to be executed in marble. Titian's sketch was a bust size, and bareheaded, and is supposed to have been the original of the full-length in armour, and of the other in gala dress—the first lost, and the second still in the gallery at Madrid. Charles was so satisfied that he is reported to have declared his determination never to sit to another. At all events, a flowery patent, comparing himself to Alexander, and the painter to Apelles, appointed Titian his painter-in-chief. This was accompanied by unprecedented honours, intended, doubtless, to gratify the Signory as well as the artist. The title of Count Palatine was bestowed—with all attendant privileges; amongst them that of legitimising children not born in wedlock of parents below the rank of baron—also the Knighthood of the Golden Spur, with sword and chain and entry to court; and the elevation of his children as Counts of the Empire, with four generations of ancestors ready-made. Titian's cup of honour was now full. The Emperor, however he neglected his obligations afterwards, paid handsomely at first. Nor was the imperial favour ever withdrawn—nor, on the other hand, encroached upon. The painter had reception at court whenever he would, and more invitations to Madrid and elsewhere than he accepted.

The next important step in Titian's life was a visit to Rome. Pope Clement VII. was dead, but Paul III., who succeeded, and his illegitimate descendants, the Farneses, so long as they were united with Charles V. against some common prey, were worthy objects of propitiation. Titian had already adventured some speculation in that quarter in the form of three family portraits —the Pope and his son, separate and together—taken on a second visit to Bologna. Aretino warned him that the Farneses paid habitually only in '*carezze*;' but the insatiable greed for benefices for the graceless Pomponio,—and Cardinal Farnese had one especially tempting in his gift,—overruled all warnings. The speculation failed, for a meeting between Charles and the Pope ended in a coolness, and neither pay nor benefice was forthcoming. The inducements that tempted the painter two years later, 1545, to try his fortune at the very headquarters of the Farneses, seem to have principally proceeded from Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, who, as nominal commander of the Venetian forces, resided partially in Venice, whither he drew all the notabilities in letters and art around him. No great persuasion could have been needed to take a painter to Rome. It was protection and favour that were more required, and Guidobaldo, who was a friend of the Farneses, and subsequently married to the Pope's granddaughter, gave both. He carried the master off in his own suite to Pesaro, and sent him thence with a princely escort to Rome. Here Titian was lodged at the Palace of the Belvedere, entertained by the Pope and his grandson the Cardinal, welcomed by Cardinal Bembo, escorted about by Sebastian del Piombo and Vasari, and visited by Michael Angelo. Would that some journal or jottings of his impressions had been left! even as scanty as those by Albert Durer on his visit to Venice. Rome and her treasures, though only eighteen years after the siege and sack, '*descritta da Tiziano Vecelli*,' would have been a legacy to posterity worthy to rank with his pictures. It is obvious from Aretino's letters, as well as from passages in Vasari, that they expected nothing less from the influence of Rome than the conversion of Titian into that 'faultless monster' of art, which was

the *beau idéal* of the Carracci school. Titian, we may be sure, said little, but appropriated all he could use, and wished, as most men of sixty-nine would wish, that he had come sooner. He executed noble works, of which the greater part have perished; and it is significant of the Vatican habits of the time that, though the Council of Trent was about to sit for the reformation of morals, the subjects painted by command of the Papal family included a Venus, a Danae, and the illegitimate offspring of Pope and Cardinal. The picture of Paul III., with his grandsons, Alessandro and Ottavio Farnese, still survives in the Naples Gallery, a monument of the master's skill. It will not do to look too curiously into the worldly results of this Roman residence. Caresses were not wanting, but it was long before anything else came. The artists who had been trembling for their own patronage were relieved by Titian's receiving no commission of public importance, and the long-coveted benefice of 'Colle' seemed as far off as ever. That it did eventually fall to the share of Pomponio can hardly be grudged, for Titian had earned it over and over again. It is noteworthy that the same cause which brought the benefice within Titian's grasp led him to decline the sinecure of the Seals, set free by the death of Sebastian del Piombo. A letter from Titian shows indubitably that he had been willing to don the cowl of the Friar over his gold chain and sword, which was the first condition; and to exchange his residence at Venice for one at Rome, which was the second. But at this crisis arrived the first summons from Charles to attend him at Augsburg. The man whom the conqueror at Mühlberg delighted to honour rose immediately in importance. The Farnesses hastened to propitiate him by the long-desired gift, and Titian, with fresh fields and pastures new in sight, elected to abide by the most powerful of his *padroni*, and let the Seals go to another.

Meanwhile, on leaving Rome, Titian had taken the route by Florence, where, by way of exception, the Duke Cosimo did not evince the usual princely desire of sitting to him; or, rather, refused to do so, leaving the master free to visit churches and palaces, then gorgeous in frescoes unwhitewashed and pictures unrestored. On returning to Venice, his Roman impressions are traceable in a large altar-piece he undertook for the church at Serravalle, with the Miraculous Draught of Fishes in the background. Here the reminiscences of Raphael's tapestry of the same subject, adapted to Titianesque ideas, with a gondolier standing instead of the seated figure rowing, appear unmistakably.

Titian's journey to Augsburg was undertaken in January 1548. The biographers dwell on the devotion to his imperial patron which could induce a man then turned seventy to cross the Alps by the steep bridle-paths then alone existing, in the heart of winter. But setting aside the fact that Titian was so strong and hale as to have nearly thirty years of active life before him, there was then, and is still, no race better able to confront cold than the Northern Italians.* It is true that Titian in one of his letters from Augsburg alludes to 'this torrid zone where we are all dying of cold;' but this is rather a playful exaggeration than a real complaint. The victory at Mühlberg, and the Diet, had then assembled a motley crowd—Italian, Spanish, and German—of royal and distinguished personages, captives as well as conquerors, in Augsburg, who furnished Titian with almost as many sitters. Especially does it appear that the royal ladies, who were there in force, sat to him. It was then that the equestrian portrait of Charles was executed which we have described—almost the only surviving memento of this busy time, the rest having perished, as it is believed, in the burning of the Palace of the Pardo in 1608.

Two years later Titian was again in Augsburg by imperial command, where he found much the same company; with the addition of the Infant Philip, then twenty-four years of age—to paint whom was the chief reason for his visit. The large, full-length portrait of that ill-favoured and most unpleasant Prince, often repeated by the master, still hangs in the Madrid Gallery—a picture of ominous responsibility and consequences, which being sent to the English court decided the fate of Mary Tudor, and indited a dark page in the history of England. Among the 'imaginary conversations' that the pen of Savage Landor initiated, few could have better occupied him than one between Charles V. and Tiziano Vecelli; and few had such sanction in fact. The two figures suit ill on one canvas, unless in respect of contrast. Charles, morose and taciturn—'a mummy,' as the Protestants call him, in person, and a cynic in spirit—having tried all things and now beginning to feel the emptiness of all; and the painter

*This was proved by the Italian troops in the French Army in the retreat from Moscow, and the evidence has been repeated of late by the superior resistance to the climate of the Italian part of the crew in the late Austrian expedition to the North Pole.

with his fine person, grand manners, splendid health, and enjoyment of life, with that power in his good right hand of which no possessor ever tired. And the contrast may account for the confidence with which the Emperor treated him. Charles was peculiarly disturbed in spirit at that time. He was quarrelling with the Pope about the Council of Trent; he was contending with his brother about the succession to the Empire; he was vainly trying to force the Protestants back into the arms of Rome; he was exasperated with his royal prisoners for their very fortitude in captivity; and he had the gout! No wonder that he was tempted into more confidence than was his wont towards a man not his own vassal, but the son of a free state, to whom the very subject of a picture he desired entailed a quasi confession of his own wretchedness. For Charles commissioned him to devise a subject which should embody the perturbation of his mind and his longing for rest. Nor is it surprising that this should have further entailed the avowal that his heart was set on resigning the cares of empire for the peace of a convent. A painter nowadays might be puzzled how to express these imperial sentiments, but the ecclesiastical repertory provided a form. Titian enlisted heavenly agency. He represented the Three Persons of the Trinity above, surrounded with the usual phalanx of patriarch, prophet, and saint. In the centre is the Virgin interceding with Christ for the imperial family, who kneel on the clouds before them—the group being headed by Charles himself. This was painted in 1550. In 1555 Charles retired to Yuste, where the picture was never out of his sight.

Here we must leave Titian where his fortunes attained their climax. It appears that he never quitted Venice again. For years after he had attained his great reputation he had inhabited a house to the north-east of Venice, overlooking Murano and the Friulian Alps, called the 'Biri Grande,' with a delightful garden stretching down to the water's edge, in which grew the trees represented in the Peter Martyr; all of which, house, garden, and trees, have vanished now. The description of a supper there, given to a select few—the pictures which were enjoyed while the sun was above the horizon—the gondolas containing beautiful women accompanied by musicians, vocal and instrumental, which swarmed in the lagoon after sunset—a table covered with delicate viands and precious wines, and Titian presiding, conjures up a combination of luxurious images which Venice alone could have realised. But the cloud of human care overshadowed the father's heart. Lavinia, his daughter, was 'the beloved of his soul;' Orazio, his active assistant in the studio, never gave him a sorrow; but Pomponio, his first-born, was an incorrigible profligate who wasted his father's earnings in a disorderly life. Titian had not been sparing in remonstrance and punishment, till finally his despair of his son's reformation went the length of refusing him one of the many benefices which had cost him such pains, and bestowing it on a nephew instead.

The activity of the painter was kept up to his latest years, and if many of the pictures then executed show a decline of power, this is owing rather to the extent to which he employed assistants, and inferior artists, than to the falling off of his own prowess. The Actæon and the Calisto in the Bridgwater Gallery, painted after he was eighty-three, still show a colourist in the most enchanting sense of the word. Nor did his cunning ever quite forsake him. A picture executed for Philip II. in 1574–5—the painter then ninety-six to ninety-seven years of age—in commemoration of the battle of Lepanto, now in the Madrid Gallery, may read as a moral on the decline of all human power, and yet in the armour and purple lake drapery some of the wonted fire still survives.

Titian's first and last illness was short and terrible. The plague—the too familiar scourge of Venice—raged there in 1576 as it had never done before, carrying off 50,000 out of a population of 190,000. It spared not the beautiful house at the Biri Grande. Titian succumbed to it on August 27, and his son Orazio soon after him. Laws had been passed to forbid the interment of plague patients in any church within the city, but Titian's greatness overrode all law. The highest dignitaries of S. Marco conveyed him to his grave in the Church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, where he reposes near one of his grandest creations, the 'Madonna di Casa Pesaro.'

Art. VI.—*The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. Vol. III. 1877.

This third volume of the 'Life of the Prince Consort' by Mr. Theodore Martin is really a very valuable contribution to the history of Her Majesty's reign, and we might add to the contemporary history of Europe. Nay more, its publication is a political event.

For it contains in the most explicit and authentic form a full account of the relations of the British Court with the sovereigns of foreign states, whether at variance or in strict alliance with ourselves, during a most eventful period, and very clear judgments of the policy and character of those personages. It records, in colours that will not fade away, the services and the shortcomings of the ministers, statesmen, and officers, who had the honour of serving the Queen and the country during the Crimean War; and whilst it rewards with discriminating praise the majority of those on whom the confidence of the Crown was justly bestowed, it does not hesitate to censure those who shrank in the hour of difficulty and danger from the cause they had once undertaken to advocate and defend. In that great conflict with the Russian Empire, which is here so vividly described that all its past emotions are rekindled in the memory as we read, whoever else may have faltered and shrunk back, the Queen and the Prince Consort never for one instant wavered. They were ardently convinced that the cause which had roused this nation to arms was the cause of justice, honesty, and peace. They knew, better than the country knew, the servility of Prussia, the vacillation of Austria, the lukewarmness of France, and that England must in the main rely on her own strong arm and stern resolution to carry on the war to a successful end; and it is scarcely too much to say that, at the very time when the Prince was falsely suspected of a leaning to the policy of the continental states, he was in truth the very soul of the war, more determined than anyone else to oppose and subdue the aggressive policy of Russia, and to establish, if possible, permanent guarantees for the peace of Eastern Europe. These things being now published to the world, with the authority of the Queen, it is impossible not to regard this book as a direct and avowed declaration of Her Majesty's own views and opinions on the great questions which again agitate the world.

In the following passage the language is that of Mr. T. Martin, but it cannot be forgotten that it is published under the immediate sanction of Queen Victoria:—

'In those days the great body of Englishmen had not ceased to believe that Russia had designs upon Constantinople; and to these designs they would not suffer themselves to be blinded by mere protestations that the policy of Peter the Great and Catherine was not the policy of their successors, or that the "long-cherished ambition of the nation," as it was designated by Lord John Russell, would be surrendered even at the bidding of its ruler.

'Common men might not be able to estimate all the dangers to Europe which lurked in any disturbance of its territorial divisions, but there were few who could not appreciate how important it was to England that the entrance to the Black Sea should continue in the hands of a neutral and friendly Power, and that it should not pass into the possession of one by whom it might be used with formidable effect for the purposes of a boundless and unscrupulous ambition. Even Austria and Prussia, subservient as they were known to be to Russian influence, had concurred with the Western Powers in declaring that the maintenance of "the state of possession in the East was necessary for the tranquillity of all the other Powers," and that "the existence of Turkey within the limits assigned to her by treaty" was one of the necessary conditions of the balance of power in Europe; but, notwithstanding this clear expression of the views of united Europe, Russia continued to maintain a position that was wholly incompatible with them. The Emperor Nicholas might disclaim, as he did, any intention to assail the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; but who could credit this assurance when in the same breath he declared that his armies, which had invaded Turkish territory, were there, and would remain there, to extort concessions which would transfer from the Sultan to himself the allegiance of twelve millions of Turkish subjects, and place at his mercy the future independence of the Ottoman Empire? The peace of Europe had been lawlessly broken; an immense army set in motion, which, whatever pretext might be put forward, could only have conquest for its object. But if Turkey were struck down now, who could foretell what part of Europe might next be singled out for assault? Too long had the Russian autocrat been accustomed to "bestride the narrow world like a Colossus," and throughout England an all but universal feeling had grown up that the time had come, in our own immediate interests, no less than for the sake of the future welfare of the world, to let it be seen that we at least were not content to

"Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves,"

but were determined to resist the further usurpations of an imperious will, and to vindicate the cause of right against might, although in doing so we had to fight for a dynasty which we knew to be corrupt, and all but despaired of seeing reformed.'

There is scarcely a page in this volume on the transactions which preceded the war of 1854 that does not contain some passage exactly parallel to the transactions of 1876 and 1877. The same arts have been used by Russia, and with success, because England and France no longer stand in their united strength to oppose her. The very men who, in this country, have lent them-

selves to the encouragement of this fresh aggression, are the same who turned their arms in 1855 against the Cabinet to which they had belonged, and made the Parliament of that day ring with their Russian speeches, even when a British army was in the field. Their conduct has not been forgotten, and the readers of this remarkable volume will know as much about it, or more, than we who have in remembrance those eventful times. For here all reticence is thrown aside. Men and events are described in the very language of the day, and perhaps for the first time, the large and active controlling and directing power retained by the sovereign, and exercised by Her Majesty in conjunction with the Prince, is made clearly perceptible.

As is natural in a work which is essentially biographical, the largest share in this influence is here attributed to the Prince himself, and he undoubtedly stands forth in these pages as a politician of a very high order indeed. We are of those who think that in the earlier years of the Prince's connexion with this country, which are recorded by Mr. Theodore Martin in the two preceding volumes, the strong German prepossessions of his birth and education, perpetuated by his closest friendships and most confidential advisers, clung to him more closely than was desirable for his popularity and success in England. A great writer of fiction has recently attempted to portray a faultless character, animated by an intense desire to benefit his fellow-creatures, acting up to the loftiest moral standard, ready for any amount of self-sacrifice, eager to take part in the cares and affairs of others, more mindful of them than of himself, sometimes a little dreamy and chimerical, but withal dominated by the strongest conceivable passion and love for his own peculiar race. There are many traits in this imaginary personage which might, without disrespect, have been copied from the illustrious subject of this memoir. To the outer world the result might seem rather tame; but within there lay an incessant and eager energy capable of great enterprises. The German character was as indelibly stamped upon Prince Albert as the Hebrew nature was impressed on Daniel Deronda; and we may say with perfect truth and sincerity that no nobler example of German culture, principle, and conduct has ever existed in the world than that which was exhibited in the person of the Prince Consort.

But this intense nationality rendered it difficult to him, for a considerable space of time, to amalgamate with the society and the people amongst whom he was destined to live. Baron Stockmar, with all his devotion to the royal family, his experience of the world, his genuine love for the Prince, and his honesty of purpose, was a German of the stiffest school—a strange Mordecai for a young man who was aspiring to take a part in the government of England. We are content, from regard to the memory of the worthy old man, to pass over in silence the lucubrations on the British Constitution which he addressed to his pupil, who fortunately had the sense to forget them. But, speaking with some personal experience, we entertain a much lower opinion of the Baron's political tact and judgment than he had imparted to his friends, and there is nothing in these volumes to alter that impression. Unluckily some of the events which occurred soon after the Prince began to take an active part in politics, contributed to strengthen his German habits and predilections. The affair of the Spanish marriages had interrupted our good understanding with France. The Revolution of 1848 overthrew the throne of Louis-Philippe, and occasioned popular movements in Germany from which the Prince's chief friends and advisers anticipated the rise of a new epoch in German history. In the Danish War the Prince took, as was natural, a very strong interest on the German side, at a time when the invasion of Schleswig-Holstein was condemned with unanimity by every British statesman. On this point he was entirely at variance with the policy and convictions of this country, and his extreme views alienated from him many of those who entertained a great respect for his talents and character. Even Lord Aberdeen used to say that it was impossible to converse with the Prince on that subject. Up to this point, then, it may be said that the Prince was scarcely living in harmony with his adopted country, and this fact suffices to account for the great and unmerited injustice done him by the public, for his extreme unpopularity when he was ready to make any sacrifice for the public good, and for the ridiculous credulity with which the most absurd stories were swallowed and circulated to his disadvantage. Even these hard misrepresentations and calumnies he bore with matchless temper and without resentment. He knew he should live them down, and that the truth would prevail. The Great Exhibition of 1851 contributed to make known his remarkable administrative abilities; but it was the Eastern Question in 1853 and the Crimean War that called forth all his powers and proved that he had unalterably adopted the spirit and the policy of Great Britain as his own.

From that time forward there was not in England a more high-spirited Englishman than the Prince. His political views were absolutely identified with the interests and the objects of this country, and he renounced some of the ties of early association which till then had sat most closely upon him.

The faithlessness and ambition of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, as manifested in the spring of 1853, were revolting to the sense of justice and honour of the British Court. They had themselves received personal assurances from the Czar, when he visited England, entirely at variance with these acts. The well-known conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour took place at the very time when Prince Menschikoff was starting on his mission; but it was not till long afterwards that the British Government learned, that before those discreditable proposals for the partition of the Ottoman Empire had been made to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, similar proposals had been made by Russia to the Court of Vienna and rejected there. This important fact is, we believe, entirely new, and disclosed for the first time.

It was at once apparent that the only effectual mode of arresting the impending war was the joint action of the four Powers, which had previously agreed in condemning the policy of Russia. But this hope was extinguished by the known subserviency of the King of Prussia to the Court of St. Petersburg, and by the concurrent hesitation of Austria to act without her federal ally. In answer to the language used by the King of Prussia in a letter addressed to the Queen, Her Majesty replied in terms of great force and dignity that the demands of the Emperor of Russia were incompatible with the independence of the Porte and the equilibrium of Europe; that to take shelter in a complete neutrality where such interests were at stake was to renounce the duties incumbent on the Great Powers as the guarantors of treaties, the guardians of civilisation, and the ultimate arbitrators of nations, and that if 'the example should find imitators, European civilisation is abandoned as a plaything to the winds, right will no longer find a champion, nor the oppressed an umpire to appeal to.' With withering scorn the King was reminded that no attempt could be made to bribe him by the prospect of certain advantages, an allusion apparently to an insinuation which had been thrown out that the sacrifice of Schleswig-Holstein might perhaps induce His Majesty to act with the Western Powers; and the letter concludes with the assurance that the words of Shakespeare—

> 'Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee'—

had sunk deeply into every Englishman's heart.

It must have cost the Prince a pang to write this memorable letter, for, though signed by the Queen, we presume that he was the author of it. A close alliance with Germany had been the dearest object of his political hopes and labours. Even later in the day he says: 'If there were a *Germany* and a *German* sovereign at Berlin, it could never have happened.' But in this he was again deceived. There is now a Germany and a German sovereign at Berlin, but the result is the same. The language of that Court and the language of the Anglo-Russian party at home are, at this hour, identical with the language of Frederic William IV. in 1853.

The Prince then was gradually led to the unwelcome admission that it is not by the aid of Germany that any of the great interests of England in European affairs are likely to be supported and upheld; and that whether we look to the progress of free institutions, to the independence of the minor states, or to the defence of treaties, far more was to be obtained by a close and intimate alliance with France. It was by the French alliance that the kingdom of Belgium had been founded. It was by the French alliance that Russian aggression was to be resisted. It was by France, at a later date, that the independence and unity of Italy were to be established. A large portion of this volume is devoted to the means by which this alliance between the Courts of England and France was happily established and maintained, and nothing more honourable can be recorded of the Emperor Napoleon III. and of his friends in this country. The essential difference between the policy of Northern Germany and the policy of this country is that Prussia never cordially renounced her old hostility to France: England had already done so.

But this was not a leaf out of Baron Stockmar's book. That ancient German, who had begun life in the campaign of 1813, hated the French with a genuine Teutonic hatred. It has been said of him by a contemporary critic that he looked at German interests with British eyes: we say, on the contrary, that he looked at British interests with German eyes. Nothing to our mind so clearly shows the innate strength and independence of the Prince's

own character as the fact that when he discovered, in the hour of trial, that no reliance whatever could be placed on the German Courts, which were bound together by secret treaties, and manifestly subservient to Russian policy, he threw himself heart and soul into the French alliance, and greatly contributed to maintain it by the confidential relations he established with the Emperor Napoleon. From that moment it would be highly unjust to accuse the Prince of German proclivities. He was English to the core. The Crimean war called forth all his political energy and perfected his military sagacity, for no man had more completely mastered the true theory of military power; and throughout the contest he displayed a degree of firmness, patriotic courage, and judgment which was alike valuable to the civil and to the military servants of the Crown.

It deserves especial observation that almost all the reforms which have been introduced within the last twenty years in our military system originated with the Prince. He was the first to perceive that our military forces were composed of a certain number of gallant regiments, or rather battalions, without the organisation of an army. He suggested the camps at Chobham and Aldershot—the latter site was chosen by himself. He introduced the system of daily states or returns of the condition of the forces from the seat of war, and drew up the necessary forms with his own hand. He proposed a broad scheme of military education, which has in one generation given us a body of officers inferior to none in Europe in professional knowledge. He insisted on putting the militia in a complete state of efficiency; and the ideas on which the British army has since been reorganised were all present to his mind.* On this subject we observe that the following note has been appended, not, as we conjecture, by Mr. Theodore Martin; it bears traces of a weightier hand, and of greater experience of empire:—

'Do not our public men, in a competition, not unnatural, to outvie their rivals in reducing our military expenditure, still foster too much the prevailing disposition to rely for security on our insular position and naval supremacy? If we are to command the respect of other countries, and to retain a firm hold of those vast colonial and foreign possessions which go so far to make the greatness and to justify the influence of England, we cannot hope to escape the expense of maintaining an army which shall be something more than merely sufficient for purposes of national police or for the wants of the colonies and our Indian Empire. We may not always be able to count on the friendliness of other States: in prudence we ought not to leave ourselves at their mercy.'

Nothing is more curious and interesting in this volume than the record of the growing intimacy between the British Court and the daring adventurer who had recently restored the French Empire, from the first interview of the Prince and Louis Napoleon at Boulogne to the Queen's triumphal reception in Paris, which Her Majesty has recorded in the most glowing language. Everything militated against such an alliance. The means by which the Empire had been restored were abhorrent to a people and a sovereign profoundly attached to constitutional rights and parliamentary government.** The man who had made himself the autocrat of France represented the family if not the traditions of the bitterest enemy of England. In some respects he had shown himself to be treacherous, in others chimerical. The Emperor Nicholas believed that no such alliance between England and France with a Bonaparte on the throne was possible. But the Prince was actuated by higher considerations than these. He saw that there existed in Northern Europe a confederacy of sovereigns capable of crushing the liberal spirit of Germany, of dragging Austria at their heels, as they had done in the partition of Poland, and of sacrificing not only the independence of the Ottoman Porte, but the liberties of Europe. Perhaps the first occurrence which awakened all the suspicions of His Royal Highness was the seizure of Cracow in 1846, which he regarded as an ominous violation of public law, and on which he did us the

* See especially the admirable paper on Army Organisation circulated to the Cabinet in January 1856, and printed p. 185 of this volume.

* The Queen had certainly no prepossessions in Napoleon's favour, and in no degree shared the feelings expressed by Lord Palmerston on the occasion of the *coup d'état*. If we are not misinformed, it must have been immediately after the proclamation of the Second Empire in December 1852 that Louis Napoleon made a proposal of marriage to a German Princess very nearly connected by blood with Her Majesty, and who was then staying at Windsor. The Princess herself, we believe, was not altogether averse to the marriage; but the Queen very wisely and firmly negatived the proposal and put an end to the affair. Louis Napoleon instantly proposed to the Countess Téba, whom he married shortly afterwards. This anecdote, which we believe to be true, is not alluded to by Mr. Martin. But if the refusal threw some personal coldness into the relations of the two courts, it was effectually dispelled by the visit of the Prince to meet the Emperor at Boulogne in August 1854.

honour to communicate an article, written under his directions, to this Journal. The only effectual counterpoise to this disastrous and unscrupulous conspiracy, in which the Emperor Nicholas was the ruling spirit, lay in the Western Alliance. With singular tact the Prince discovered and worked upon all that was best in the character of our powerful neighbour and ally. The Emperor was struck by the political knowledge and judgment of his guest, which he perceived to be far beyond his own. He declared that never in his life had he learned so much in a short time as he did in the course of a six hours' drive *tête-à-tête* from Boulogne to St. Omer. And it was impossible to know the Emperor without doing justice to the dignified courtesy of his manners and the kindliness of his disposition. England had certainly no reason to complain of him in his relations to this country, and this volume perhaps contains the most genial tribute that has ever been paid to his memory.

The Queen herself embodied her views of these personal relations with the Imperial Court of France in a memorandum drawn up on May 2, 1855, after the first visit of the Emperor to Windsor, from which Mr. Martin has been permitted to extract the following pertinent yet simple remarks :—

'The great advantage to be derived for the permanent alliance of England and France, which is of such vital importance to both countries, from the Emperor's recent visit, I take to be this: that with his peculiar character and views, which are very personal, a kind, unaffected, and hearty reception by us personally in our own family will make a lasting impression on his mind. He will see that he can rely upon our friendship and honesty towards him and his country, so long as he remains faithful towards us. Naturally frank, he will see the advantage to be derived from continuing so; and if he reflects upon the downfall of the former dynasty, he will see that it arose chiefly from a breach of pledges and ambiguous conduct towards this country and its sovereign, and will be sure, if I be not very much mistaken in his character, to avoid such a course.

'It must likewise not be overlooked that this kindly feeling towards us, and consequently towards England (the interests of which are inseparable from us), must be increased when it is remembered that we are almost the only people in his own position with whom he has been able to be on terms of intimacy, consequently almost the only ones to whom he could talk easily and unreservedly. . . . It is, therefore, natural to believe that he will not willingly separate from those who, like us, do not scruple to put him in possession of the real facts, and whose conduct is guided by justice and honesty. . . . I would go still further: I think that it is in our power to keep him in the right course. . . . We should never lose the opportunity of checking in the bud any attempt on the part of his agents or ministers to play us false, frankly informing him of the facts, and encouraging him to bring forward in an equally frank manner whatever he has to complain of. This is the course which we have hitherto pursued, and, as he is France in his own sole person, it becomes of the utmost importance to encourage by ever means in our power that very open intercourse which I must say has existed between him and Lord Cowley for the last year and a half, and now, since our personal intercourse, with ourselves. . . .'

Meanwhile the war went on, and the King of Prussia continued his dishonest game of secretly backing the aggressor, whilst he pretended to blame the aggression; he even went so far as to fortify Dantzig and to beg to be informed where the allied fleets were to winter in the autumn of 1854. To this the Prince replied in a letter of uncommon severity.

'Your Majesty's letter of the 16th inst. reached me safely, and I shall do my best to give Your Majesty the explanations you desire; although I fear they will be found unsatisfactory by you.

'No decision has yet been come to about the winter quarters of the fleet, and the recent occupation of the Aland Islands introduces a new element into the calculation, which will have to be dealt with, before a decision can be come to. This much, however, is certain, that the object of our operations in the Baltic is, to shut up the Russian fleet in harbour, or to annihilate it if it ventures out. So long as there is a possibility of its venturing out, our fleet is sure to be on the look-out for it. The circumstances—bad weather or ice—which would drive our ships away, would make it equally impossible for the Russian fleet to move. I see, therefore, no peril for Your Majesty's seaboard, even should Russia show any special inclination to assail Prussia. So little able are England and France up to this moment to conceive the possibility of such a danger, that they could only regard Your Majesty's orders for the fortification of Dantzig seaward as an act of hostility towards themselves. It appears that this is the impression which the measure has produced upon the people of Germany. Under these circumstances I am glad, for Your Majesty's sake, that you did not make an official appeal to the Queen's Government, which very possibly would have replied, "Prussia has no right to claim protection for her harbours from us, so long as she is not our ally against Russia; nay, while on the contrary she makes use of her neutrality to give Russia the means of pushing her trade through these ports, and so thwarting us in one of our chief measures for carrying on the war."

'In this Your Majesty will no doubt find an outburst of the unfortunate animosity of English diplomacy to your person, of which you complain. I should not be dealing with you as a true friend, were I not frankly to avow that this animosity does in fact exist, not merely, however, in English diplomacy, but also in the English nation, the French nation, and also, unless I am mistaken, in a considerable section of the Germans. And Your Majesty will scarcely say that it is wholly unjustifiable if you recall the events of the last few months.

'The four Powers acted in perfect harmony up to last March, when Prussia rejected the Quadruple Treaty which Austria, with the wisest intentions, had proposed. To satisfy Prussia, the much less binding Protocol of the 9th of April was substituted for it; and simultaneously with the closing of the Chambers, all Your Majesty's servants were dismissed, who were well affected to the Western Powers and who stood in the bad graces of the Emperor of Russia. Since that time Prussia has been the chief drawback to the energetic adhesion of Austria to the Western Powers, and the cause why it has been to a certain degree possible for Russia to thwart the policy of Austria. The Prussian ambassador was forbidden to take part in the Conferences at Vienna in July, whereby the three Powers felt themselves almost compelled to act alone; besides which, at the most critical moment, and at the most favourable season of the year, three weeks were lost before the Ultimatum could reach St. Petersburg, which could not be despatched from Vienna till the 10th inst. In short Russia obtained from Prussia that *neutralité bienveillante* which it had desired from the outset, but which, in the same degree in which it is *bienveillante* to Russia, could not but be regarded by the Western Powers as hostile to them. I am quite aware that you do all this in order to secure for Prussia the blessings of peace, but you must not be surprised if the West shows displeasure towards a Government whose policy is directed solely to protracting the state of war, to throwing obstacles in the way of peace, and flinging wide the entrance for the spirit of revolution; which proffers Russia the most important services, by keeping Germany divided, by crippling Austria, by fostering Russian commerce; and in this way prevents the European Question, which has been raised by the misdeeds of Russia, from being settled in the *interest* of Europe, and by an *united* Europe.

'Whether the Emperor of Russia will be permanently benefited by this, I must leave to time to show. For the longer the war continues, the heavier will be the conditions which the Western Powers will feel themselves justified in exacting. And the longer Russia is misled into relying upon the support of Prussia, the more grievous will be her disappointment—for of these in this imbroglio she has already had so many—when Prussia is brought to the point where she must act up to her assurances. The animosity of Russia, of which Your Majesty is already apprehensive, will then fall exclusively upon Prussia, and I tremble at the thought that she shall be held responsible both by Austria and the West for all the suffering and loss, which a well-timed combined action of all the Powers would have averted. The angry feeling which now prevails is an indication not to be mistaken of what may be expected. May the Almighty direct all for the best!

'With Victoria's warmest greetings, I remain, Your Majesty's most faithful servant and kinsman, 'ALBERT.

'Osborne, August 28, 1854.'

After such a letter as this it would be preposterous to accuse the Prince of undue forbearance towards his German friends, and perhaps he resented their desertion the more keenly from the reliance he had formerly been disposed to place upon it.

We are compelled to pass over the incidents of the war, the trying events of the winter of 1854–5, and the causes which led to the dissolution of Lord Aberdeen's administration. On this last point the details contained in the present volume are of peculiar interest, and we must say they reflect the deepest discredit on the Peelite section of that Cabinet, and on those who, in a moment of despondency and real danger, thought proper to aggravate the difficulties of the Queen's Government by a ministerial crisis. Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Duke of Newcastle, and some of their friends had been foremost in the promotion of the war. Some of them had boasted overmuch beforehand of the great exploits of our arms. But when difficulties arose they adopted a tone of excessive depreciation. They asserted that neither the fleet nor the army could do anything. They contended for peace at any price with Russia. Even Lord Aberdeen, to whom the Prince was personally so much attached, drew down upon himself a fiery rebuke for the position he had assumed towards the government of his successors. We say it with pride, it was by the Whig members of the Cabinet of which Lord Palmerston was the head—by Lord Clarendon, by Lord Panmure, Lord Lansdowne, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Sir George Grey—that the war and the difficult negotiations for the peace were carried to a successful termination. The Prince wrote in the midst of this crisis:—

'Things have gone mad here, the political world is quite crazy, and the Court is the only institution which does not lose its tranquil bearing. Nevertheless, the people will soon come to their senses again. The press, which for its own ends exaggerates the sufferings of our troops in the Crimea, has made

the nation quite furious. It is bent upon punishing all and sundry, but cannot find the right person, because he does not exist.'

It was somewhat later (in June 1855) that the Prince delivered a speech at a Trinity House dinner in which he said that 'constitutional government was under a heavy trial.' These words were much commented on at the time, as if they were intended to imply the relative superiority of autocratic government. It now appears that a sentence in the speech by which the Prince had intended to qualify this remark and obviate this inference, escaped his memory, and was accidentally omitted. It was impossible to deny, after what had recently occurred in the House of Commons, that the difficulties of carrying on wars and negotiations are increased by the debates and divisions of a public assembly; but no man was more convinced than the Prince that these evils were more than counterbalanced by the energy with which a free people throws its whole heart into the cause. The war was undoubtedly in the highest degree popular. The only dissatisfaction expressed was caused by the belief that it had not been carried on with sufficient energy and foresight, and that it was brought to a 'premature' termination. The Queen herself used that expression in writing to the Emperor Napoleon on the conclusion of the peace.

Court ceremonies, royal progresses, and even the appropriate interchange of congratulations and condolences between members of the Royal Family, call for no remark from us, and are not a fit subject for criticism. But the visit of the Queen and the Prince to Paris in August 1855, immediately after the battle of the Tchernaja, but before the fall of Sebastopol, assumed a high degree of political importance, and it is described in these pages with extreme animation in a series of extracts from the Queen's journal. Since the reign of Henry VI. no English sovereign had set foot in Paris. For the first time in history the two countries were cordially united in a great military enterprise; and the brilliant reception offered to the British Queen at the court of her ally was ratified by the enthusiasm of the people. The most remarkable scene described by the Queen in this succession of moving pageants is the following:—

'We drove straight to the Hôtel des Invalides, under the dome of which Napoleon lies, late as it was, because we were most anxious not to miss this, perhaps the most important, act of all in this very interesting and eventful time. It was nearly seven when we arrived. All the Invalides—chiefly of the former, but some of the present war—were drawn up on either side of the court into which we drove. It seems we had not been expected, there having been some mistake on account of the change of hour for the review, which was to have been in the morning, but, in consequence of the fearful heat, had been put off by the Emperor to five o'clock. . . . The Governor, Count d'Ornano, was terribly put out at not having been *prévenu*. However, it all did very well. There were four torches which lit us along, and added to the solemnity of the scene, which was striking in every way. The church is fine and lofty. We went to look from above into the open vault, the effect of which the Emperor does not like, as he says it looks like "*un grand bassin.*" "*On arrive,*" he said, "*et on se demande ce qui est dans le tombeau de l'Empereur; on s'attend à y voir de l'eau.*" The work and interior designs are, however, very fine. The coffin is not yet there, but in a small side chapel de St. Jérôme. Into this the Emperor led me, and there I stood, at the arm of Napoleon III., his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe; I, the granddaughter of that King who hated him most, and who most vigorously opposed him, and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally! The organ of the church was playing "God save the Queen" at the time, and this solemn scene took place by torchlight, and during a thunderstorm. Strange and wonderful indeed. It seems as if, in this tribute of respect to a departed and dead foe, old enmities and rivalries were wiped out, and the seal of Heaven placed upon that bond of unity which is now happily established between two great and powerful nations. May Heaven bless and prosper it!'

To destroy this alliance had been throughout the object which the Russian Government had most at heart. It had successively offered a separate alliance, with special advantages, to Austria and to England. In November 1853 a similar attempt was made to induce France to come to a separate understanding with Russia for the settlement of the Eastern Question. Prince Gortschakoff, then Minister at Stutgard, had been instructed to sound Count Béarn, the French Minister at that court, and to declare that he knew England would throw over the Eastern Question as soon as she had got France fairly committed. 'Elle vous aura tout simplement aidé à vous compromettre et vous laissera tous les embarras d'une position fausse et difficile. *Nous avons tous à nous plaindre de cette Puissance. Quel bon tour que de nous arranger sans elle!* Croyez-moi; méfiez-vous de la perfide Albion.'

The French Government indignantly rejected the overture, and communicated the details of it to England. But the man who

held this language is now Chancellor of the Russian Empire and the director of its foreign policy if not of its armies. It is with him the British Government has at this moment to deal. This disclosure of his real views towards us is not made at an inappropriate moment.

Shortly after the Crimean War, in October 1856, Prince Gortschakoff thought proper to read us a lesson on the respect due to independent sovereign states. France and England, disgusted by the systematic misgovernment of the King of Naples, had taken the strong measure of withdrawing their Ministers from that Court, seeing that all other forms of remonstrance had proved vain. Upon this Prince Gortschakoff remarked in a note addressed to his agents at foreign courts in the following terms :—

'We could understand that, as a consequence of friendly forethought, one Government should give advice to another in a benevolent spirit; that such advice might even assume the form of exhortation; *but we believe that is the furthest* limit allowable. Less than ever can it now be allowed in Europe to forget that sovereigns are equal among themselves, and that it is not the extent of territory, but the sacred character of the rights of each, that regulates the relations that exist between them. To endeavour to obtain from the King of Naples concessions as regards the internal government of his States by threats, or by a menacing demonstration, is a violent usurpation of his authority, an attempt to govern in his stead: it is an open declaration of the right of the strong over the weak.'

We cordially concur in these excellent principles, and we rejoice that Mr. Theodore Martin has been permitted to give them to the world. But it might be suggested that these are the rules of conduct which ought to have guided the late Conference, and certainly might with advantage be applied by Russia herself—to Turkey.

As long as the siege of Sebastopol lasted the honour of the allied empires was engaged to bring that enterprise to a successful termination ; but when that great operation had been accomplished, the Russian fleet being sunk, the Russian arsenal destroyed, and the Russian army (as was afterwards ascertained) almost exhausted, France became less disposed than England to prolong a war from which she had already solemnly renounced any territorial advantage. England, on the contrary, regretted that the allies had not followed up the Russian defeat with greater vigour. Austria began fresh negotiations for peace, and no doubt a considerable weight of opinion even in this country inclined in that direction. Even King Leopold, the man in all the world to whom the Prince looked up with the greatest personal affection and political respect, seems to have been anxious to assist the Czar in obtaining peace on easy terms, and to have reproached England with her persistency in the war. But the Prince opposed the views of his uncle, and defended the policy of this country against him with as much energy as he had thrown into his correspondence with Frederic William IV. When the relative positions of the writer and receiver of the following letter are borne in mind, it is certainly a very extraordinary document.

'Dearest Uncle,—It is only to-day that I am able to reply to your kind letter of the 16th, sent by the courier, as our removal from Osborne has somewhat disordered our daily routine; but I now send you my warmest thanks for it.

'It is always of the highest importance to me to learn your views, especially at critical moments like the present. Still I regret to find, running through what you say, a certain bitterness against England, which it has deserved neither by its attitude towards Belgium or yourself, nor by the position which it has taken up in regard to the Eastern Question, a bitterness of which I am at a loss even to divine the cause. No one knows better than yourself how the whole dispute arose; how forbearing we were towards the Emperor Nicholas, how reluctantly we were driven to extreme measures, with what domineering insolence Russia repelled every effort on our part to avoid the conflict; how zealously we laboured to maintain in all good faith the *commun accord* of the European Powers, who had pronounced against Russia as in the wrong, and not to be driven into an isolated alliance with France; how Prussia first, then Austria, left us in the lurch; how Russia found friends in every quarter of the Continent (Belgium not excepted); what sacrifices we made in men, money, commercial relations, &c.; how from every side nothing but prophecies of disaster has reached us; how, finally, Russia herself rejected the proposals at the Vienna Conference, always building on the belief that the sacrifices we had to make, and the difficulties we had to encounter, would ultimately break down the Franco-English alliance, and how she worked for that end through every possible organ, on one hand trying to scare us and the world by talking of the ambitious designs of Louis Napoleon, of his invasion of England, and his raid across the Rhine; on the other, seeking to irritate the French public against us by insinuating that we were prosecuting purely English interests (because of India), and were making use of France as our tool, whose interests the Emperor was sacrificing to us for personal and dynastic purposes of his own !

'We are now engaged in the struggle, and up to this point, despite the numberless disadvantages to which our press has exposed us, we have held our ground in the face of

the enemy, who has been beaten at all points, and, having begun the campaign with 24,000 men and 36 guns, and lost in it somewhere about 20,000 men, we are now in Sebastopol with 52,000 men and 96 guns; we have on the Bosphorus 6000 men of the Foreign Legion, a Turkish contingent of 18,000 men at Kertch, and 15,000 men of our Sardinian Allies ready to act as part of our army; and thus we are in a position to take the field with 80,000 men independently of the French. England entertains neither an invincible hatred to Russia, nor a childish ambition of military glory. If, therefore, the war is continued, the reason must be sought in the circumstance, that, being a practical country, it aims at a practical result, for which it is fighting, and, until that result is attained, will persist through good and evil report in valiantly making further sacrifices to carry on the war. . . . Russia will have to see and feel the nature of her present position, before we can hope she will concede a peace commensurate with the objects of the war. That she has not done so up to this time is shown by the fact that she has put the question plumply in Paris through Herr von Seebach, whether the Western Powers are ready to conclude peace on the basis of the neutralisation of the Black Sea? this neutralisation being, as Russia understands it, "that the Dardanelles shall be closed, and that no ships of war shall henceforth enter the Black Sea, except those of Russia and Turkey (!!), which shall be maintained there in such numbers as the two neighbours shall agree between themselves, without a voice on the part of the other Powers." A very pretty outcome this would make to a two years' bloody war! It explains why Russian diplomacy just at present professes to have a preference for the principle of neutralisation to that of limitation.

'You put much the same question as Herr von Seebach, "Will England make peace on the footing of neutralisation?" To this it would be difficult for me to give a satisfactory answer, as what I have just told you shows how *elastic* such general expressions are. The fact, however, is, that Austria has laid before us a carefully formulated basis for peace, and although it did not come up to our wishes, and was proposed by a Power which of late has been at pains to earn for itself our utter distrust, we have accepted it after long and patient deliberation and discussion with our allies. It has now gone as an Austrian ultimatum to St. Petersburg. Russia, therefore, has it in her power to conclude a peace which is regarded by Austria (as by ourselves) as most equitable. We will now see what she will do, and what amount of truth there is in all that she has been saying. The transaction may be concluded in a few days, and Europe has an interest in its being brought to a settlement. I hope it may now rouse itself and try to work upon that section of the European world which has done the wrong, which began the war, and brought about such an amount of misery.

'So long as Europe does not do this, and Russia goes on flattering herself with the hopes that she can undermine the Franco-English alliance, and make the two Powers jealous of each other by dividing their views as to the conditions to be insisted on, so long will that peace which you most naturally desire be out of the question. Were this alliance to be broken up I need not say to you that there would be no longer any security for Europe, and for Belgium even less than for any other part of Europe.

'I know not whether I have succeeded in placing our position in a clear light before you. At any rate, my object has been to explain it so fully that you might thoroughly see it, as it seemed to me to be the object of your letter that I should do so as far as possible.

'Windsor Castle, 24th December, 1855.'

This brings us into the very heart of the discussion, and it so happens that the considerations which were so forcibly urged by the Prince are as applicable to the present state of affairs in the East as they were to the negotiations for peace two-and-twenty years ago. The question, momentous as it is for this country, turns in reality on the Black Sea. The conditions which are to regulate the navigation of those waters by the maritime powers are to us *all-embracing.*

When the Emperor Nicholas seized the Principalities as what he termed a 'material guarantee' for the submission of the Porte, the answer he got from the Allied Powers (after the outrage of Sinope) was that they also felt bound to hold, and should hold, the Black Sea as a material guarantee against himself, and that when he desisted from his attack they would retire within the limits of the Convention of 1841. Practically they remained, until the peace, in the exclusive possession of the Euxine.

When Austria put forward the celebrated Four Points, which ultimately became the foundation of the Treaty of Paris, the third and by far the most important of these articles was in these words: 'The treaty of July 13, 1841, to be revised by all the high contracting parties in the interest of the balance of power in Europe, and *so as to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea.*' These terms were accepted and agreed to by Russia, and although there was subsequently a great deal of diplomatic fencing as to the best mode in which this proposition was to be carried into effect, there was no difference of opinion at all as to the fundamental principle that an end was to be put to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea. That end might have been accomplished in two ways, either by rescinding the Convention of 1841 and opening the Dardanelles and the Bos-

phorus to the military flag of all nations and to the fleets of the world, just as the Mediterranean Sea is opened to them; or, on the contrary, by closing the sea absolutely to the military flag of all the powers, Russia, Turkey, ourselves, and all other nations. Any middle course, for the admission of a limited number of ships, was puerile, and though contemplated for a moment at Vienna, it was rejected with indignation in London and in Paris. The latter alternative was eventually adopted by the Treaty of Paris; and this was the main result to us as a maritime nation of the Crimean War. Lord Carnarvon says that few persons look back with satisfaction to that war. We are among those persons because we hold that the destruction of the arsenal of Sebastopol and of the Russian fleet did put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea for twenty years, and thereby rendered an immense service to the liberties of Europe. On this point the Prince made at the time some most just and pertinent remarks, even before the fall of Sebastopol. They were addressed to the present Emperor of Germany, who had suggested that Russia might be held in check by the presence of English and French squadrons in the Black Sea.

'The creation of war harbours and establishments in the Black Sea is not such a simple and practicable task as it may look. Except Sebastopol, there is no *natural* harbour in all the Black Sea. They must therefore be constructed artificially, and this alone is an undertaking which cannot be carried out under from twenty to thirty years. . . . After the harbours are built, great dockyards would be essential; Russia has for fifty years been hard at work preparing hers in Sebastopol (this, too, within her own territory); then the whole would have to be protected by extensive sea and land fortifications; and these again would create the necessity for a garrison of from five to ten thousand men, and when all is done, we should only have built a mouse-trap for ourselves, for without the possession of the Dardanelles we might at any moment be cut off from everything we had constructed, and starved out. In the same way it would puzzle us to hold Malta without Gibraltar, island though it be.

'Well, you say, whoever wants to be secure must not shrink from making sacrifices. Most just; but we *have* made the sacrifices of the war—sacrifices which for us alone already amount to forty-seven millions sterling—sacrifices which, very naturally, Austria, Prussia, and Germany, have shrunk from making. The nation has willingly made these *temporary* sacrifices, but it has not paid that price in order to purchase *permanent* sacrifices. It expects, and justly, a peace in return which will lay the foundations of lasting security and concord, not an armed truce, the maintenance of which is based upon the constant presence of all the antagonistic elements of strife.

'The reduction of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, which is indicated as the sacrifice on the other side, is no sacrifice at all, but an actual boon to the Russian State. But to a limitation of this kind we are told Russian honour can never assent! I should accept the argument as unanswerable if it were the Baltic fleet whose limitation was demanded, or a fleet organised for the protection of the Russian coasts and of Russian commerce; but the fleet here is one whose very existence can be regarded only as a means of aggression against the Porte; a fleet which has no enemy to repel from its commerce or its coasts; which cannot venture on the high seas, but is built solely for a land-locked sea; whose existence therefore is in no sense necessary for the welfare of Russia, although it menaces the destruction of the Porte. The only argument which Prince Gortschakoff could adduce for its being necessary was, that it was required to protect Constantinople against the ambitious designs of the Western Powers.

'Let me put aside all diplomatic considerations, and deal with the question of peace upon the basis of the actual *status quo*, as mere soldiers would be justified in doing. We are now in possession of Eupatoria and Balaclava, the Black Sea and the Baltic. If we evacuate all these positions, what is to be our consideration for doing so? Permission to have a small number of ships in the Black Sea, which are to observe how Russia goes on restoring her naval power there, of which we have for the moment made an end. Is that an *equitable* proposal? The following illustration would fairly represent what is proposed. Two people spring upon a third and take from him a pistol, with which he threatens to assassinate their friend; after a long struggle the third man says, "Let me go!"—"On what condition?"—"That I get back my pistol, and that you also have pistols with which you may stand sentry over your friend."'

For all purposes of defence of the Russian coasts against the possibility of a hostile attack, the neutralisation of the Black Sea was an absolute protection. It was therefore, as the Prince said, a great boon to Russia; and as to the alleged slur upon her honour, it affected Turkey in the same degree; it excluded all the maritime powers; and we ourselves have established the very same principle of limitation and exclusion between Canada and the United States on the great American lakes, which are inland seas. The obligation only becomes onerous to a power meditating aggression. When therefore, in 1871, by the connivance of Germany and the weakness of Austria and England, Russia was allowed to denounce and violate this fundamental condi-

tion, that act was the certain precursor of the present war. It was as a guarantee of peace that the condition was valuable. To a state of war it was inapplicable. We expressed at the time our opinion of this transaction, which was due mainly to the inconceivable declaration made some time before by Austria. Mr. Gladstone is entitled on this question to the merit of entire consistency, for he attacked the stipulation at the time the Treaty of Paris was discussed in Parliament, he would have concluded a peace without this condition, and he abrogated it when in power. But the author of these letters would probably not have agreed with him.

It was manifest, as we have said, to the clear apprehension of Prince Albert and of the Whig Ministers of the Crown, in 1856, that the preponderance or limitation of the power of Russia in the Black Sea embraced the whole Eastern Question. The same truth is equally manifest at the present hour, for the following reasons:—The possession by Russia of an exclusive right to navigate the Black Sea with her fleet (the commercial freedom of navigation in time of peace is not in question) gives her far more than her enormous armies, the command of its coasts. It is by this power that the tribes of the Caucasus, still burning to revenge the numberless outrages they have received from their new masters, are cut off from the world and held in subjection. It is by this that Russia has the power to attack and conquer the whole of Asia Minor, by landing and supplying armies at Batoum, Trebizond, or Sinope, without the possibility of their being attacked in the rear. It is by this that she would command the mouths of the Danube, and thereby reduce any principalities or powers which may be raised to nominal independence on its banks, to the condition of protected States, entirely subject to her will, as Roumania and Servia are already. It is by this that she perpetually threatens the seat of empire at Constantinople, and may seize, if she pleases, the straits that form the only means of access to the inland waters. Were the Turks driven from Europe, as some of our modern politicians desire, and the throne of Othman removed to Broussa, Turkey itself would cease to exist as an independent State, as long as Russia holds uncontrolled possession of the sea that bathes the whole coast of Asia Minor; and these Asiatic provinces, from the head waters of the Euphrates to the harbours of Smyrna and Marmorice, would become a satrapy of the Russian Empire. We do not want to deal with remote or imaginary dangers. We do not believe that Russia will be in a condition even in the next century to march to India or to cut off our own communications with that great dependency; and, in our opinion, far too much has been said of that distant and doubtful contingency. Nor is it for us to dwell upon the effect which the active presence of Russia in the Mediterranean might have on the security and independence of the Mediterranean States; they must look to their own interests. But the facts we have pointed out are the immediate, direct, and certain consequences of the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea; and it is by reason of these facts that all Europe agreed in 1856 to put an end to it. They affect not only the maritime rights and interests of this country, but a great principle of international law common to all the nations of the earth. Hitherto fortunately the *de facto* naval superiority in the Black Sea has been on the side of Turkey, and Russia has gained nothing by her breach of treaty.

If the opposite alternative were adopted and the waters of the Black Sea thrown open to the fleets of all nations, we should have no especial reason to object to such an arrangement, provided we had some effective guarantee that the passage of the Straits could never be closed, either to prevent our access or our communications. That in itself, however, is a difficult problem, and by far the best solution of it for England and the other maritime States is, that the custody of the Straits should remain in the hands of a friendly power, from which no one of them has anything to fear. The freedom of the navigation of the Black Sea by ships of war would also entail upon us and other countries a considerable permanent addition to our naval forces, as the Prince pointed out in the last letter we have cited, because it would be necessary for the Powers of Europe to mount guard to protect the freedom of the Danube, the coast of Asia, and Constantinople itself. Such an obligation would be onerous, costly, and inconvenient. But we should prefer even that, an hundredfold, to the intolerable evil and danger of allowing the Black Sea to fall into the undisputed possession of Russia as a portion of her own dominions. No such territorial rights can be recognised over any sea at all. They are as extinct as the ancient claims of the British Crown, long since abandoned, to the sovereignty of the Channel and the Straits of Dover. Wherever an expanse of salt water flows, territorial dominion ceases; and though the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus are clearly Turkish territory, and give Turkey the same right over the pas-

sage that we have over the Solent or the Menai Strait, whatever lies beyond can only be regulated by European agreement or by public law—never appropriated by a single power. Upon this point, unless the present Ministers of the Crown prove utterly false to the interests and traditions of their country, they must, at any cost, stand firm.

It is a fortunate coincidence that a subject, which is at this moment of the utmost interest and importance, should have been elucidated by the masterly papers and patriotic vigour of the Prince Consort. We now know beyond all doubt what his opinion would have been upon it, in the shape it has now assumed; and we doubt not that Her Majesty, the faithful guardian of his works and of his blameless memory, has caused these opinions to be published to the world at this time, in order that they may have their due weight on public opinion and aid in directing the policy of the nation to wise ends. This third volume of Mr. Martin's Memoir unquestionably raises the character of the Prince as a statesman, and as the nearest adviser of the Crown of England, far higher than the volumes which preceded it, or than any previous publication, had done. Of his amiable disposition and strong sense of duty nothing remained to be said. The country is every year more sensible of the enormous loss we sustained in the premature death of so accomplished and virtuous a personage, and the Court has been clouded ever since that deplorable event.

We ventured some years ago to point out that the best memorial of the Prince's talents and virtues would be the publication of the papers drawn up by himself on various matters of public interest. The selection from these papers and the letters of the Prince forms by far the most interesting and important part of the present work, and we shall be glad if this portion of it can hereafter be extended. In other respects this biography would gain by abridgment; and it is also to be regretted that the very high price of these volumes places them altogether out of the reach of the people. A cheap edition of the book, which might be sold at cost price, since profit can be no object, reduced to about half its present size, but retaining all that came from the Prince's own pen, would be the most acceptable gift Queen Victoria could make to her people, and perhaps the most enduring monument of her Consort's fame.

Art. VII.—*Letters of Henry Stanley from Equatorial Africa to the 'Daily Telegraph.'* London: 1877.

The exploration of Africa has been conducted of late on a new system. The routes of the earlier travellers passed either through parts of the continent where the population is sparse, as in Caffre land or in the Sahara, or in those where it is organised into large kingdoms, such as lie between Ashanti and Wadai, and which are much too powerful to admit of any traveller forcing his way against the will of their rulers. The older explorers were therefore content to travel with small retinues, conciliating the natives of the larger kingdoms by patient persistence and feeling their way. But of recent years all this has been changed. The progress of discovery has transferred the outposts of knowledge and the starting-points of exploration to places where the population is far more abundant than that which is met with in either the northern or the southern portions of Africa, yet where it is, for the most part, divided into tribes. Hence modern explorers have found the necessity of travelling with large and strongly armed retinues. This new method has been frequently adopted in the upper basin of the White Nile, which has also been the scene of many military expeditions sent by the Egyptian government to force a way into the Soudan, including that commanded by Sir Samuel Baker. So, in the south, Livingstone's comparatively small band of determined Caffres, placed at his disposal by a chief whose confidence he had gained, enabled him to cross the continent in the latitude of the Zambesi. Subsequently other travellers, like Burton, Speke, Grant, and Cameron, starting from Zanzibar, have adopted a similar plan. Their forces were large enough to enable them to pass as they pleased through regions where the tribes were small, they were sufficiently powerful to make larger tribes fear to attack them, and as they invariably adopted a conciliatory policy with the latter, they never came into serious collision with the natives. Mr. Stanley has adopted the plan of travelling with an armed retinue on a much larger scale than any of those whom we have named, and he has certainly carried, by these means, a great expedition successfully through Africa. Thus he states, 'I led 2280 men across hostile Unyoro,' on an expedition intended to cross the Albert Nyanza. Again, when he leaves Nyangwe on his final expedition down the Lualaba, he starts with a body of 500 fighting men. Thus with a larger mili-

tary force than hitherto employed, and making a determined use of it, Mr. Stanley has conducted a geographical raid across the middle of Africa, which has led him into scenes of bloodshed and slaughter, beginning at the Victoria Nyanza, and not ending until he arrived in the neighbourhood of the Western Coast. This achievement undoubtedly places Mr. Stanley in the foremost rank of African discoverers, and ensures to him a hardly-earned and lasting fame.

The question will no doubt be hotly discussed how far a private individual, travelling as a newspaper correspondent, has a right to assume such a warlike attitude, and to force his way through native tribes regardless of their rights, whatever those may be. A man who does so acts in defiance of the laws that are supposed to bind private individuals. He assumes sovereign privileges, and punishes with death the natives who oppose his way. He voluntarily puts himself into a position from which there is no escape, except by battle and bloodshed; and it is a question which we shall not argue here, whether such conduct does not come under the head of filibustering. Nations are above laws, and may do and decide what expeditions they may care to launch, but the assumption of such a right by private individuals is certainly open to abuse, and seems hard to defend. It is impossible to speak of Mr. Stanley's journey without noticing this exceptional characteristic of it. At the same time it is not our present object to discuss the morality of his proceedings, but to occupy ourselves with his discoveries, which are unquestionably of the highest geographical importance, and may lead to consequences in comparison with which the death of a few hundred barbarians, ever ready to fight and kill, and many of whom are professed cannibals, will perhaps be regarded as a small matter.

The results of Mr. Stanley's journey at the moment of writing these remarks are very imperfectly before us; but we already know enough to see that he finds the course of the Congo to form a great arc, as was rudely laid down in the well-known map of Duarte Lopez, published by Pigafetta at Rome in 1591, and that his route brings him into *quasi* connexion with the two furthest points reached in that part of the continent by explorers from the north, namely, that reached by Schweinfurth, who received the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1874 'for his discovery of the Uelle River, beyond the south-western limits of the Nile basin,' and that other point reached by the literary informant of Dr. Barth, who, travelling southwards from Darfûr, came to the great river of Kubanda, flowing to the west.

The Uelle was reached by Schweinfurth * in April, the time when its waters were at their lowest level, yet it was then 800 feet across, with a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet; its volume of outflow was estimated by him at 10,000 cubic feet per second. All the Monbuttoo and the Niamniam people agreed in telling him that the Uelle held on its course, as far as they could follow it, for days and days together, till it widened so vastly that the trees on its banks ceased to be visible. Schweinfurth speaks with admiration of the peculiar shape and size of the canoes that he saw on the Uelle, which curiously correspond with those seen by Stanley on the Aruwimi. Schweinfurth says:—

'They were hewn out of a single trunk of a tree, and, alike in shape and solidity, were superior to what we had hitherto seen. Some of them were not less than thirty feet long and four feet broad, and sufficiently spacious to convey both horses and bullocks. So ample are their dimensions that there is no risk of their being upset, nor did they lurch in the least degree as we got into them. They were made with both ends running horizontally out into a beak, and the border lines were ornamented with carved figures.

'I had seen the teak canoes of the Red Sea, which are called "Hoory" in Arabic, and are of a build imported from India, and many of the canoes which are in use at Saakim and Djidda; but none of these were comparable, either with respect to size or elegance, with the canoes of the Monbuttoo.'

Mr. Stanley speaks of similar canoes at the mouth of the Aruwimi, which he places some 250 miles to the SW. of Schweinfurth's position, the river itself being obviously either the Uelle or a larger stream to which the latter is an affluent, or at least a river draining the same country and having similar characteristics to those which Schweinfurth has so ably described. Mr. Stanley's words are as follows:—

'Down the natives came fast and furious, but in magnificent style. Everything about them was superb. Their canoes were enormous things, one especially, a monster of eighty paddlers, forty on a side, with paddles eight feet long, spear-headed, and really pointed with iron blades for close quarters, I presume. The top of each paddle shaft was adorned with an ivory ball. The chiefs pranced up and down a planking that ran from stem to stern. On a platform near the bow were ten choice young fellows swaying their long spears at the ready. In the stern of this

* Schweinfurth, 'The West of Africa,' vol. i. p. 553, English translation.

great war canoe stood eight steersmen, guiding her towards us. There were about twenty—three-fourths of her size—also fine-looking; but none made quite such an imposing show. At a rough guess there must have been from 1500 to 2000 savages within these fifty-four canoes.'

Another point of resemblance between the characteristics of Schweinfurth's country and those at the mouth of the Aruwimi are the dwarf inhabitants. We find the words 'Region of Dwarfs' near that place in Mr. Stanley's map that is published by the 'Daily Telegraph,' and we are all familiar with Schweinfurth's description of the diminutive race that fell under his own notice. When fuller reports reach us, we shall no doubt hear much of extreme interest on this subject, which throws important light on the nature of the aboriginal inhabitants of Africa, or at least of those who preceded the negro.

The point of contact between Stanley and Barth's informant is at the northernmost part of the great arc of the Congo, where muskets were seen and robes were worn by the chiefs of crimson blanket cloth, bearing witness to the existence of a native trade with the north. Barth himself was never within 600 miles of this spot, but he was a great collector of itineraries, and there was one in particular upon which he laid the greatest stress. He did so with such good reason, that the river of Kubanda, of which we are about to speak, has ever since been regarded by geographers as a fact to be accounted for in whatever theory might on other grounds be advanced as to the hydrography of Central Africa. This river, as laid down by Barth in his map, coincides very fairly with the part of the Congo above mentioned. Such distrust attaches itself to all native information that it is well to explain at some length the qualifications of Barth's informant; and in doing so a double purpose will be served, for we shall have further on to lay much stress on the merits of the Arab civilisation in Africa, of which the man in question is an exceptionally high example. He was* the Fáki Sámbo, a person of the Fellatah race, and of wide-spread reputation, with whom Barth spent many hours of conversation at Másseña, about 100 miles to the SE. of Lake Tchad. He says:—

'I could hardly have expected to find in this out-of-the way place a man not only versed in all the branches of Arabic literature, but who had even read (nay, possessed a manuscript of) those portions of Aristotle and Plato which had been translated into, or rather Mohammedanised in, Arabic, and who possessed the most intimate knowledge of the countries he had visited. . . . When he was a young man, his father, who himself possessed a good deal of learning, and who had written a work on Háusa, sent him to Egypt, where he had studied many years in the mosque of El Azhar. It had been his intention to go to the town of Zebid in Yemen, which is famous among the Arabs on account of the science of logarithms, or *el hésab;* but when he had reached Gunfúda, the war which was raging between the Turks and the Wahabiye had thwarted his projects, and he had returned to Darfur, where he had settled down some time, and had accompanied a memorable expedition to the south-west, as far as the borders of a large river, of which I shall have another occasion to speak.'

A short account of the expedition that he accompanied is given in the 'Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.'* They passed through Bimberri, a pagan country, to Kubanda, a large place extending ten or twelve miles along the banks of a river, so large that they could with difficulty make out people standing on the southern bank, and which was not fordable. This river ran straight from east to west. In a second expedition a little to the west of this, they reached a pagan country, Andoma, inhabited by a very warlike race, who had oxen and sheep. Their country was covered with a great profusion of trees of which the native names are given. The king sat on a throne constructed of elephants' tusks, laid one above the other. This latter statement corresponds with Stanley's account of the ivory structure of solid tusks surrounding an idol; and as to the former Schweinfurth remarks that among the trees mentioned by the Fáki Sámbo is the 'Kumba'—the Kumba being the name of the Niam-niam language for the abundant Malaghetta pepper (*Xylopia æthiopica*), which has communicated its name to the 'Pepper Coast' of Western Africa. This gives some grounds for supposing that the river of Kubanda debouches on the coast of Western Africa.

Mr. Stanley's discoveries come therefore most opportunely in the present state of geographical science. They supply central threads in the network of routes by which, through his efforts, Africa is now finally covered. As it is perhaps the greatest of the first-class exploratory achievements in Africa, so it is the last of those which the world now admits other than in the barren regions of either pole. It has dissected and laid bare the very heart of the great continent of Africa.

* Barth's Travels in Central Africa, vol. iii. p. 373.

* Journal of R. Geogr. Soc., 1853, p. 120.

It is not proposed in the following remarks to trace the steps or to epitomise the discoveries of Mr. Stanley. The materials are not before us, as we pen these lines, for doing so with any approach to completeness or justice. But the occasion is a good one to make some general remarks on the proximate future of Africa, based on the experiences of many previous travellers, and confirmed by the geographical facts in their broad outlines as now made known to us.

What is the extent and value of the territory that has been discovered in Equatorial Africa by Mr. Stanley and his immediate predecessors, and what action should be taken by ourselves or others to turn these discoveries to the best advantage to themselves and to the world at large? In short, what do we find in Central Africa, and what should we do with it?

The first consideration is that of mere size of territory, comparing the area of the regions in question with those situated between the same latitudes in other parts of the world. They are essentially equatorial regions, as distinguished from tropical ones; that is to say, they lie within some twelve and a half degrees north and south of the equator, where the climate tends to be more hot and damp than under the tropics, and where the vegetation is peculiarly luxuriant and rank in regions little elevated above the sea level. There cannot be a greater contrast between adjacent districts than that which, on the whole, subsists between the equatorial and tropical regions. We find in the latter the burning deserts and the arid plains of the Sahara and Arabia, of those near the Indus, of Utah and Colorado, in the Northern Hemisphere, and those of Kalahari, Central Australia, and Atacama in the Southern. We must therefore carefully distinguish between equatorial and tropical lands, in making comparison between the area with which we are now concerned in Africa and that of similar districts in other parts of the globe. If we turn to a map of the world, and reckon the amount of equatorial land in Africa as five, we shall find the amount of equatorial land in South and Central America to be as four, and the aggregate of the remainder, elsewhere on the globe, to be as one. The latter is scattered in numerous fragments over all parts of the huge equatorial zone that encircles the world —the most important of these being the southernmost horn of India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, the northern shoulder of Australia, and a multitude of islands in the Pacific, including our new colony of Fiji. But the combined area of all this is only about a fourth part of the area of the corresponding regions of South America, and adding all together we obtain a grand total of equatorial land that is just equivalent in size to that in Africa. The discoveries of Livingstone, Burton and Speke, Cameron, and other recent travellers in addition to those of Stanley have made us acquainted with a region that is as large as the whole of the equatorial lands that exist elsewhere in the world.

So much for mere size; next as regards elevation above the sea level. The equatorial lowlands are on the whole little suited to support a large population. They are mostly choked with rank vegetation, they are damp and reeking with miasma. But a large part of Central Africa is much more favourably situated. It consists of elevated basins, one containing the upper waters of the Congo, another those of the Nile, another that of Lake Tchad, a fourth that of the Benué and Niger, and all are flanked by broad ridges near and parallel to either coast. The floors of these basins are more, sometimes much more than one thousand feet above the sea level, and, in consequence of this exceptional altitude, they are subjected to a climate far drier and lighter than that which characterises the larger part of the equatorial land that exists elsewhere in the world. A considerable part of Central Africa maintains a teeming population, contrasting strongly with the sparse inhabitants of South America, and the capabilities of the country generally appear to be such as would enable it, so far as they alone are concerned, to be as populous as any part of the world.

The very causes that conduce to the comparative salubrity and to the fertility of Central Africa militate against its easy commercial intercourse with other countries. Its rivers, in traversing the mountain ridges that confine its elevated interior basins, descend to the lower lands near the sea shore through a succession of falls or rapids, and are therefore impracticable as continuous water-ways leading from the interior to the ocean. The Congo is undoubtedly the most marked of all these instances, being at the same time the river that gives the principal outlet to the waters that fall in the equatorial lands. The rapids begin within a very few miles of the head of its magnificent estuary, and are totally insurmountable by ship, boat, or canoe. The river passes through gorges, of the lowermost of which Tuckey has given us a minute description. Ascending the river still higher, those falls and rapids are reached, down which Stanley's party drifted in continual danger, and

in one of which Francis Pocock was drowned. Such is the narrowness and depth of the rift through which the Congo passes, in the neighbourhood of the Yellala Falls, that, when looked down upon from above, the mighty river seemed to Tuckey's party as if it had shrunk to the size of a Scottish burn. It was strangely contracted in width, and even in that reduced water-way its course was further constricted and choked by masses of rock. It was difficult to believe that the mighty volume of the river could find its passage through so narrow a channel, and the hypothesis was freely entertained by members of the party that the bulk of the river must have found a subterranean course. They supposed that the greater part of its waters disappeared at the point where the narrows began, and rose again to the surface after their termination. Here a succession of violent whirlpools and upheavals disturb the current of the river; they are so turbulent that no vessel can venture to approach them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the boats of Captain Tuckey's party were extricated even from their eddies.* Stanley's route struck overland at the point where these narrows began, and therefore he had not the opportunity of seeing this part of the river; but he gives a graphic description of the gorges higher upstream, through which he and his party struggled for nearly half a year.

'While we were fighting our tragical way over the long series of falls along a distance of more than 180 miles, which occupied us five months, we lived as though we were in a tunnel, subject at intervals to the thunderous crash of passing trains. Ah! so different it was from that soft, glassy flow of the river by the black forests of Uregga and Koruru, where a single tremulous wave was a rarity, when we glided day after day through the eerie wilds, in sweet, delicious musings, when our souls were thrilled at sight of the apparently impenetrable forests on either hand, when at misty morn, or humid eve, or fervid noon, wild nature breathes over a soft stillness. . . . But there is no fear of any other explorer attempting to imitate our work here. Nor would we have ventured upon this terrible task had we the slightest idea that such fearful impediments were before us.'†

None of the other rivers of Equatorial Africa give commercial access to the interior. Thus the Ogowai, though pursued far upstream by recent explorers, is hardly practicable for small vessels even up to its falls, some 250 miles from the sea. The navigation of the Coanza is interrupted by falls one hundred and forty miles from its mouth.

On the eastern coast the rivers are small, excepting the Zambesi, whose channel is full of shifting sandbanks, and whose mouth is closed by a dangerous bar. Moreover, its upper course is broken by the cataracts of Kebra-bassa and Mosio-tunya. Its tributary, the Shiré, up which small vessels might otherwise pass from the sea to Lake Nyassa, is blocked by thirty miles of rapids. The other rivers on the same coast have their sources on the seaward side of the ridge that confines the central basins, and therefore cannot give access to them. Moreover, they are but narrow streams, little fitted even for steamers of the smallest size. The Juba has a long course, but it does not come from the central equatorial regions.

Two rivers of equatorial origin remain, that require a fuller description, namely, the Niger and the Nile. The course of the former is such as to give it but little commercial value, as has been proved only too clearly by the slender results of very considerable efforts to utilise it. It does not flow from the interior, but rises so near the west coast that its sources are only some two hundred and fifty miles from Sierra Leone; it then makes a vast semicircular arc, cutting a huge slice out of the Sahara, and returns to the west coast in a not very different latitude from that in which it started. The sea coast running almost east and west, and forming the lower side of the great western protuberance of Africa, which is known by the name of the Gold Coast, is the diameter of a circle of which the great arc of the Niger forms the northern semicircumference. On the uppermost convexity of the Niger is situated Timbuctoo, whose name is well known, though it has no commercial importance beyond that of being the emporium of the desert Sahara; consequently, the main stream of the Niger does not pass through productive lands, neither does it drain any considerable portion of the central equatorial districts. Moreover, above the confluence of its little-known affluent, the Benué, its water-way is impeded by rapids. The Nile, and that river alone, affords in some sense a direct means of access to the interior. By waiting for the season of its flood, and by tugging and hauling up seething waters and amid rocks, a small sea-going ship of strong build could, by a *tour de force*, be transferred from the Mediterranean to the waters of the Albert Nyanza. But this long navigation of upwards of two thousand miles, interrupted by six rapids between Assouan and Khartum, and by another serious one above Gondo-

* Tuckey's Congo, p. 340, &c.
† Daily Telegraph, Nov. 22, 1877.

koro, and impeded by the difficulty of forcing a passage through the rafts of floating papyrus that choke the upper White Nile, cannot be a useful commercial water-way. It requires the assistance of railways, such as that now contemplated in the Soudan, by which its cataracts may be avoided. So far as physical difficulties are concerned, and without reference to political ones, the easiest line from the Albert Nyanza to the ocean would not be by the Nile, but overland to the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar.

The difficulties that beset the approach to the interior of Equatorial Africa by means of its rivers, contrast most remarkably with the ease with which the almost equally large equatorial regions of South America are reached by the Amazon and the Oronoco. The natural internal navigation of that continent is magnificent, and such as is to be met with in no other part of the world. South America may be traversed almost to the Andes and in all other directions by a system of rivers, whose main streams are capable of bearing large sea-going vessels for hundreds of miles from their mouths.

The interior of the several equatorial lands that are dispersed in fragments elsewhere over the globe, is necessarily more accessible, so far as physical difficulties of distance are alone concerned, on account of their small size. They lie on the ocean highways, and whatever produce they may yield that is worth exporting can be easily made into an article of commerce. But Africa is comparatively self-contained and secluded; a vast population may thrive in its interior upon the produce of its soil; the means they have of internal communication by lake and river are excellent, but they are to an unusual degree shut out from foreign trade. The easiest of all forms of communication with the outside world is denied them by the physical structure of their continent; they are geographically doomed to commercial isolation as regards the more bulky articles of traffic.

What does the interior of Africa produce that would make it worth the trader's while to fetch from so great a distance? A long list of equatorial products has often been suggested as the subjects of a future commerce; but the objection against most of them is, that the same products can be grown with equal ease in other countries much easier of access, or on the seaboard of Africa itself. There is far more equatorial land in the world than suffices for the commercial wants of non-equatorial countries. We have so great a glut of it that an enormously large proportion of the long-known parts remains unutilised. The new discovery of an additional amount of similar country in Africa is of no importance to us as regards the products of which we have just been speaking. It is, of course, impossible to say but that further exploration may discover articles of commerce that Africa alone can afford, and of which we have as yet no knowledge. We have seen that its elevated basins under an equatorial sun are a peculiar geographical feature; therefore we may indulge in such hopes, though we do not venture to build upon them.

The mineral wealth of Africa in iron, copper, and other metals has been often spoken of, and is no doubt of great importance to its inhabitants. It cannot, however, be seriously proposed to export these heavy articles from the far interior to the coast. It so happens that ores of malachite do exist in large quantities in Benguela, at not more than 140 miles from the sea, and that their export has been attempted by English companies. But though the mines were rich the cost of production and carriage exceeded the value of the ore; they therefore failed to repay the adventurers. If it did not pay to work these mines, so favourably situated for the purpose in many respects, how can it be reasonably hoped that foreigners will be able to work mines situated in the far interior to an advantage?

There is certainly one peculiar product of Africa, namely ivory, which has had, and which will long have, a large influence in promoting its commerce and consequent civilisation. It is gratifying to learn from Mr. Stanley that ivory abounds on the Upper Congo. Near the confluence of the Aruwimi, he saw a village where the quantity of ivory lying useless about astonished him.

'There was an ivory "temple"—a structure of solid tusks surrounding an idol; ivory logs, which, by the marks of hatchets visible on them, must have been used to chop wood upon; ivory war-horns, some of them three feet long; ivory mallets, ivory wedges to split wood, ivory pestles to grind their cassava; and before the chief's house was a verandah, or burzah, the posts of which were long tusks of ivory. We picked up 133 pieces of ivory which, according to rough calculation, would realise, or ought to realise, about 18,000 dollars.'

Unfortunately, so soon as an ivory traffic is established, and as a consequence of it, guns are freely purchased, and the export of the ivory thenceforward proceeds far more rapidly than the ivory can be reproduced. Such stores of it as may exist are soon made away with, while the elephants are shot down in such large numbers that

they become rapidly exterminated. When the ivory trade shall have died away through exhaustion of these animals, one of the agents that are best suited to promote the civilisation of Africa will have disappeared. Leaving aside philanthropic considerations for the moment, and looking at Africa from the point of view of our own ancestors, and of the modern Arab, and of a very large portion of the remainder of the human race, there was a singular congruity between the old-fashioned ivory and slave traffic and the physical as well as the social conditions of the continent. Enslavement of a weaker neighbour has ever been the recognised custom of the country; and it was a charmingly naïve device of turning their superfluous slaves and their collections of ivory to commercial account, to put a tusk on the back of each slave and march him with his burden to the coast, selling both the porter and the ivory on their arrival there. But we may, fortunately for Africa, with much commercial advantage, substitute the labour of cattle for that of human porters. The tsetze fly is not so widely spread as had been feared. The Cape wagon with its yokes of oxen has already been driven inland from the coast opposite Zanzibar, and one wagon will carry the loads of sixty men. Looked at merely as beasts of burden, negro porters, even if bought for nothing, and sold at some few pounds a head on reaching the coast, are not so cheap and effective on an established route as a wagon and its team of oxen.

There is one mineral product which may possibly be destined to transfigure Africa, and that is gold. We know that it is found in many parts of the boundary ridge of the central basin. There is the gold of Abyssinia and Sennaar, and on the opposite side of the continent, gold is collected from all parts of the high land parallel to the coast between the mouths of the Senegal and the Niger. It has given its name to the Gold Coast, and our name of the guinea is derived from the Gulf of Guinea. Moreover, a steady export of gold has existed from apparently the most ancient historical times, by routes leading from the landward side of the districts in which it is found, across the Sahara to the Mediterranean. But above all in present productiveness are the recently discovered gold-fields in South-Eastern Africa. Its export from Sofala and the Zambesi district is of ancient date, but within the last few years a vast extent of country to the southward of this has been found to be auriferous. Should further discoveries of gold be made, they may supply the inducement that at present is needed for men of other races than the negro, such as the Chinese coolie, to emigrate, and, by occupying parts of the continent, to introduce a civilisation superior to that which at present exists.

Africa affords a motive for settlements of a few white men in a line down the middle of its interior for the establishment of an overland telegraph between Alexandria and the Cape, instead of, or in addition to, the costly and precarious alternative of an ocean cable. At first sight, nothing can seem more absurd than the serious proposal to carry so modern and refined an appliance of European civilisation as the electric telegraph through the heart of so savage a region as that which intervenes between Gondokoro and the Transvaal. But the subject has been much discussed by African experts, and the more it is considered the more feasible does it appear. Much experience already exists in respect to the establishment of telegraph wires through savage or lawless countries, and the result is entirely favourable to the possibility of their maintenance in Africa. Savages do not appear to take alarm at the first sight of the poles and wires, and they become both accustomed to their presence and to comprehend and appreciate their object as the line is progressively laid down. The savage soon learns that any injury to the line is at once found out, and its locality known, in a way that is mysterious to him, so that he acquires a superstitious respect for the wire. Again, as small subsidies are given to the chiefs through whose territories it passes, to insure its security, its presence is acceptable to them, and felt to be advantageous; moreover, it is often of local service between neighbouring stations. We can have little doubt that the establishment of a line of telegraphic depôts, with their European residents, from north to south in Africa, would have considerable effect in maintaining order among the tribes through which it passed.

Africa is destitute of capitalised wealth. No rich and luxurious civilisation has existed in its equatorial regions, like that of Peru or of India, to tempt commercial adventurers. Excepting in the Arab kingdoms to the north, it is a land of hovels, or, at the best, of thatched houses, and of a hand-to-mouth existence. The negro has no instinct to build solidly and for perpetuity; he therefore wants the most important of the elements that conduce to civilisation, for without a material nucleus of solid buildings no respectable civilisation can exist. All the circumstances we have adduced point to the general conclusion, that the existing produce of Equatorial Africa is in-

sufficient to form the basis of a really large commercial traffic. We must not allow ourselves to be over-sanguine, and fall into the often-repeated error of those who have interested themselves philanthropically in Africa, by yielding to an unjustifiable enthusiasm and placing too much confidence in the speedy development of a great commerce with that continent.

How does the negro rank as a labourer? There is great diversity witnessed in Africa, partly dependent on race and partly on the temporary national mood, which may at one time be inclined to peaceful pursuits and at another time to war, and which also may be inspired by a hopeful sense of success in life, or by that of despondency. It will, however, be of much use to us, in endeavouring to answer the question as fairly as possible, to consider the opinions formed of the negro when he is working side by side with men of other races. Very useful testimony upon this is given in the 'Report on the Treatment of Immigrants in British Guiana,' where Africans, East Indians, and Chinese are all to be found as coolies, and where their respective national characteristics have been the subject of direct enquiry. They work in gangs; the negro gang has almost always a negro for a driver, though sometimes the driver is a Portuguese; the East Indian coolie has commonly a negro driver, and the Chinamen has always a Chinese. The African can do the best day's work at field labour of all, and he despises the East Indian for his want of strength. The East Indian cannot earn half as much as the African in the same number of hours, but he despises him for his uncivilised ways. The Chinese is the most intelligent of the three, and is more independent than the East Indian, but he is always ready to leave field work for any other occupation. If there were no compulsion, the negro would have idled more than the other two, his tale of work would probably have fallen below theirs, and he would have become a sturdy pauper. Such, for the most part, is the condition of the free negro in Africa.

The African is much inferior to the European, and especially to the East Indian, in his handicraft; the only manual work in which negroes show fair dexterity in their native land being that of blacksmiths. Their forge and tools are curiously rude, but as their iron is pure owing to the use of charcoal fuel, and as they take much pleasure in working it, the results are very creditable. Their spearheads are frequently shaped with elegance, and they are light and strong—indeed they are such as a second-rate country blacksmith in England would find difficulty in rivalling.

The negro, taken generally, is idle and clumsy, but we must not allow ourselves to speak of him in terms of universal dispraise. The fact is, that while his average pleasure in work and his average manual dexterity are low when measured by a European standard, it is by no means so low as to make it impossible for a few exceptional individuals and even communities to rise to an equality with average Europeans. By picking and choosing the best individuals out of a multitude of negroes, we could obtain a very decent body of labourers and artisans; but if we took the same number of them just as they came, without any process of selection, their productive power, whether as regards the results of toilsome labour or of manual dexterity, would be very small.

The indolence of the African is partly constitutional and partly due to the paucity of his wants, which can be satisfied in his own country with so little effort that the stimulus to exertion is wanting. Leaving for the moment out of consideration the combative, marauding, cruel, and superstitious parts of his nature, and all that is connected with the satisfaction of his grosser bodily needs, his supreme happiness consists in idling and in gossip, in palavers and in petty markets. He has no high aspirations. Nothing that the produce of his labour can purchase for him, in addition to the supply of primary necessaries, equals in his estimation those pleasures of idleness that he must perforce forego by the very act of labouring. His natural instincts are such, that the practice of hard daily labour is really bad political economy on his part. He loses more of that which is of value to him in consequence of his labour than he gains by what his labour produces. He has little care for those objects of luxury or for that æsthetic life which men of a more highly endowed race labour hard to attain. His coarse pleasures, vigorous physique, and indolent moods, as compared with those of Europeans, bear some analogy to the corresponding qualities in the African buffalo, long since acclimatised in Italy, as compared with those of the cattle of Europe. Most of us have observed in the Campagna of Rome the ways of that ferocious, powerful, and yet indolent brute. We may have seen him plunged stationary for hours in mud and marsh, in gross contentment under a blazing sun; at other times we may have noticed some outbreak of stupid, stubborn ferocity; at others we may have seen him

firmly yoked to the rudest of carts, doing powerful service under the persistent goad of his driver. The buffalo is of value for coarse, heavy, and occasional work, being of strong constitution, and thriving on the rankest herbage; else he would not still be preserved and bred in Italy. But he must be treated in a determined sort of way, by herdsmen who understand his disposition, or no work will be got out of him; and besides that, he is ferocious and sufficiently powerful to do a great deal of mischief.

The capacity of the negro to form kingdoms is an important factor in our estimate of the future development of Africa, the numerous tribes by which a great part of the continent is at present occupied being a great hindrance to the maintenance of safe thoroughfares and to the inexpensive transit of produce. As a matter of fact, considerable kingdoms do exist in Equatorial Africa, though a notable proportion of them are ruled by sovereigns who are not of pure negro blood. It is well worth while to collate the accounts written by various travellers on the social and political life in the more typical of these kingdoms. Thus the following extracts relating to Kano and Uganda will show, the first the effect of Arab culture and a Hausa race, and the second will show the much lower civilisation under the influence of Galla sovereigns, which nevertheless is less coarse than that of Dahomey or Cazembe.

The annexed extract is from Dr. Barth. It gives an interesting picture of the every-day life in Kano, the great commercial centre of northern Equatorial Africa:—

'It was the most animated picture of a little world in itself, so different in external form from all that is seen in European towns, yet so similar in its internal principles. Here a row of shops filled with articles of native and foreign produce, with buyers and sellers in every variety of figure, complexion, and dress, yet, all intent upon their little gain, endeavouring to cheat each other; there a large shed, like a hurdle, full of half-naked half-starved slaves torn from their native homes, from their wives or husbands, from their children or parents, arranged in rows like cattle, and staring desperately upon the buyers, anxiously watching into whose hands it should be their destiny to fall. In another part were to be seen all the necessaries of life; the wealthy buying the most palatable things for their table, the poor stopping and looking eagerly upon a handful of grain; here a rich governor dressed in silk and gaudy clothes, mounted upon a spirited and richly caparisoned horse, and followed by a host of idle insolent slaves; there a poor blind man groping his way through the multitude, and fearing at every step to be trodden down; here a yard neatly fenced with mats of reed, and provided with all the comforts which the country affords—a clean snug-looking cottage, the clay walls nicely polished, a shutter of reeds placed against the low well-rounded door, and forbidding intrusion on the privacy of life, a cool shed for the daily household work, a fine spreading allúba-tree affording a pleasant shade during the hottest hours of the day, or a beautiful gónda or papaya, unfolding its large feather-like leaves above a slender, smooth, and undivided stem, or the tall date-tree waving over the whole scene; the matron in a clean black cotton gown wound round her waist, her hair neatly dressed in "chókoli" or "bejáji," busy preparing the meal for her absent husband, or spinning cotton, and at the same time urging the female slaves to pound the corn; the children naked and merry, playing about in the sand at the "urgi-n-dáwaki," or the "da-n-chácha," or chasing a straggling, stubborn goat; earthenware pots and wooden bowls, all cleanly washed, standing in order. Further on a dashing Cyprian, homeless, comfortless, and childless, but affecting merriment or forcing a wanton laugh, gaudily ornamented with numerous strings of beads round her neck, her hair fancifully dressed and bound with a diadem, her gown of various colours loosely fastened under her luxuriant breast, and trailing behind in the sand; near her a diseased wretch covered with ulcers or with elephantiasis.'*

Speke has described in a graphic manner the life at the court of Uganda, where he resided for many months. Here the ruling caste are Gallas, or some cognate tribe, totally different in race from the people whom they govern. The moment when he first came into the presence of persons of this caste, he says that he felt and saw he was in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of natives in the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes, and high noses, and in their deportment and intelligence showed themselves to be far the superiors of the negro. Under the rule of a man, Kiméra by name, of this caste who established himself in the country, the kingdom of Uganda was formed out of an outlying portion of a much larger negro state, and it was organised in the following fashion. Kiméra formed a strong clan, apparently of his immigrant countrymen around him, whom he appointed to be his immediate officers; he rewarded well, punished severely, and soon became magnificent.

'Nothing short of the grandest palace, a throne to sit upon, the largest harem, the smartest officers, the best dressed people, even a menagerie for pleasure—in fact only the best of everything—would content him. . . .

* Barth's Travels in Central Africa, vol. ii. p. 108.

The system of government, according to barbarous ideas, was perfect. Highways were cut from one extremity of the country to the other, and all rivers bridged. No house could be built without its necessary appendages for cleanliness; no person, however poor, could expose his person; and to disobey these laws was death.' *

It must, however, be understood that the grand palace is only a structure of palisading and thatch, and that the costume of the best-dressed people is only a piece of bark cloth.

The customs of Uganda as established by their founder continued in full force at the time of the visit of Speke. He describes how persons at court are on the watch for men who may commit some indiscretion, to confiscate their lands, wives, children, and property.

'An officer observed to salute informally is ordered for execution, when everybody near him rises in an instant; the drums beat, drowning his cries, and the victim of carelessness is dragged off, bound by cords, by a dozen men at once. Another man, perhaps, exposes an inch of naked leg whilst squatting, or has his mbugu (bark cloth) tied contrary to regulations, and is condemned to the same fate.'

In short, the discipline in Uganda is much sharper and quite as prompt as that in a kennel of foxhounds; and such is the character of the negro that he likes the treatment and thrives under it, as is shown by the smartness and strong national feelings of the people, who contrast very favourably with their more barbarous neighbours.

We will now consider the influence that has been exerted by white men in Africa. Of the Portuguese there is nothing good to say, and the least said the soonest mended. Their rule in Africa is effete, and we shall not further allude to it. But what of the effect of the English and American philanthropists who have formed stations and settlements to reclaim the negro from his barbarism?

The republic of Liberia was established on African soil, with more than 500 miles of sea-board, to serve as a home in Africa for such of the freed negroes of the United States as might chose to emigrate there, and to constitute an independent negro community whence civilising influences might spread to the interior. It has been in existence, either as a colony or as a free state, for fifty-seven years, and has received altogether upwards of 20,000 negro emigrants, whom the Commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau in the United States describes, in metaphorical terms that are not altogether happy, as 'the *cream* of the coloured population of the South.' Since the war the emigrants have generally been quite poor, but they are spoken of as an intelligent, active, industrious, and enterprising set of men. There appear to be far more applicants than the philanthropists who keep the undertaking going, are able with their funds to convey across the Atlantic. Thus in 1872 there were upwards of 3000 applicants; but, as only about 400 can be despatched annually, we may believe that there has been much careful selection, whereby the purport of the phrase just quoted may be justified. Notwithstanding this, Liberia cannot be called a success. Its promoters, no doubt, take an enthusiastic view of its affairs, but there seems to be internal evidence in the official publications of the colony to warrant a dispassionate bystander in sharing the opposite opinion, which is much the more widely prevalent. Thus the governor, in 1872, says: 'The present condition of our national affairs is most unsatisfactory and perplexing;' and he speaks of 'shameful peculations and misapplications.' These strong words seem justified by a recent transaction that shows the corrupt political life of Liberia. In 1871 a shameful loan was negotiated in England in the time of the then governor, Mr. Roye. The sum nominally borrowed was 100,000*l.*, at 7 per cent. interest, but issued at 80 per cent. below par, and with an additional deduction of three years' interest (or 21*l.*). That is to say, he and a few others who acted with him agreed to give 7000*l.* annually for a sum of only 49,000*l.*; in other words, they borrowed at upwards of 14 per cent., but, owing to their own malversations, they do not seem to have netted much more than half of even that reduced sum. Governor Roye was arrested, tried, and found guilty. He, however, escaped out of prison, found his way to the sea-shore, and, seeing a boat at anchor, plunged into the water and swam to it, to get safe away out of the country. There was no one on board; he ineffectually endeavoured to climb into it, and, after swimming round it more than once, was drowned, being hampered in his efforts by the weight of a bag of money he had tied round his waist. This episode in the political life of the state is all the more disgraceful, as the emigrants pose themselves in virtuous attitudes. Thus upwards of a third of the adult emigrants are described as 'professors of religion.'

The experience of Liberia appears strongly to show that the negro is little capable of forming a state similarly organised to

† Speke, 'The Source of the Nile,' p. 253.

those of civilised nations. If a band of selected negroes fail, what can be expected from a miscellaneous multitude of them?

There exists a belief among us that the superiority of Western ideas and civilisation is so unquestionable and absolute that we have only to educate the negro in our ways, and he will adopt them gladly. We have such confidence in our own social ideas that we are apt to think that a few hundreds of intelligent Britons are sufficient to set an example capable of spreading among millions in Africa, that by these means a widely spread industry will prevail, and lines of peaceful commerce will open, and a negro Arcadia will easily be made to flourish in that benighted continent. Past experience does not warrant the conclusion that the immediate influence of the white man can so prevail upon the black. What it does show cannot be more clearly and justly stated than it has been in a remarkable article written in 'Fraser's Magazine,' Nov. 1875, by a negro of pure African extraction, Mr. Blyden, who was then the principal of the Presbyterian High School in Liberia, and is at this moment the Minister of Liberia in England. It is entitled 'Mohammedanism and the Negro Race,' and shows forcibly, on the one hand, the civilising influence of the Arab upon the negro, and, on the other, the harmful influence of the white man, even as a philanthropist. Mr. Blyden says:—

'West Africa has been in contact with Christianity for three hundred years, and not one single tribe, *as a tribe*, has become Christian. Nor has any influential chief yet adopted the religion brought by the European missionary. From Gambia to Gaboon, the native rulers, in constant intercourse with Christians, and in the vicinity of Christian settlements, still conduct their government according to the customs of their fathers, where those customs have not been altered or modified by Mohammedan influence. The Alkali of Port Loko, and the chief of Bullom, under the shadow of Sierra Leone, are *quasi* Mohammedan. The native chiefs of Cape Coast and Lagos are pagans. So in the territory ruled by Liberia the native chiefs in the four counties—Mesurado, Bassa, Sinou, and Cape Palmas—are pagans. There is not a single spot along the whole coast, except, perhaps, the little island of Corisco, where Christianity has taken any hold among large numbers of the indigenous tribes.'

Christianity, often of a very emotional and of a debased kind, has had great hold on the black population of the Southern States of America; but it has not increased their manliness and self-respect, either there or elsewhere. On the contrary, as Mr. Blyden shows, it was conveyed to them by whites who socially and otherwise made it at the same time very clear to them that they were a hopelessly inferior and subordinate race. They therefore accepted Christianity as a religion suitable to men living in a servile condition, since it did not prompt them to assert themselves, but told them to acquiesce in their yoke, and to bear their present abject state with meekness and in the hope of happiness in a future life. He remarks:—

'Wherever the negro is found in Christian lands, his leading trait is not docility, as has been often alleged, but servility. He is slow and unprogressive. Individuals here and there may be found of extraordinary intelligence, enterprise, and energy, but there is no Christian community of negroes anywhere which is self-reliant and independent. Haïti and Liberia, so-called Negro Republics, are merely struggling for existence, and hold their own by the tolerance of the civilised powers.'

As regards the æsthetic side of the influence of the white races, Mr. Blyden lays much stress on the incongruity of the recognised forms of Caucasian beauty with those of the negro features. He speaks of the masterpieces of Italian art, and says that—

'To the negro all these exquisite representations exhibited only the physical characteristics of a foreign race; and, while they tended to quicken the tastes and refine the sensibilities of that race, they had only a depressing influence upon the negro, who felt that he had neither part nor lot, so far as his physical character was concerned, in those splendid representations. . . . To him the painting and sculpture of Europe, as instruments of education, have been worse than failures. They have really raised barriers in the way of his normal development. They have set before him models for imitation; and his very effort to conform to the canons of taste thus practically suggested has impaired, if not destroyed, his self-respect.'

He quotes the prayer of a negro preacher to God to extend 'his lily-white hands' over the congregation, and the sermon of another, who, speaking of heaven, said: 'Brethren, imagine a beautiful white man, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and flaxen hair, —*and we shall be like him.*' The negro, when Christianised by white men, is educated falsely to his nature, and any such education must prove an ultimate failure.

On the other hand, the Arab influence in the northern parts of Equatorial Africa, whatever evil it may have wrought there, and still more in the South, has had remarkable influence in elevating the negro. Mr. Blyden says:—

'Mohammedanism in Africa counts in its ranks the most energetic and enterprising

tribes. It claims as adherents the only people who have any form of civil polity or bond of social organisation. It has built and occupies the largest cities in the heart of the continent. Its laws regulate the most powerful kingdoms—Futah, Masina, Hausa; Barnou, Waday, Darfur, Kordofan, Senaar, &c. It produces and controls the most valuable commerce between Africa and foreign countries, it is daily gathering converts from the ranks of paganism; and it commands respect among all Africans wherever it is known, even where the people have not submitted to the sway of the Koran.

'No one can travel any distance in the interior of West Africa without being struck by the different aspects of society in different localities, according as the population is pagan or Mohammedan. Not only is there a difference in the methods of government, but in the general regulations of society, and even in the amusements of the people.'

He adds:—

'In traversing the region of country between Sierra Leone and Futah Jallo in 1873, we passed through populous pagan towns, but the transition from these to Mohammedan districts was striking. When we left a pagan and entered a Mohammedan community, we at once noticed that we had entered a moral atmosphere widely separated from, and loftier far than, the one we had left. We discovered that the character, feelings, and conditions of the people were profoundly altered and improved.'

The Arabs coalesce with the natives, they intermarry and trade in large numbers, and they do not look upon a converted negro as an inferior. They are zealous propagators of their faith, and, as Mr. Pope Hennessy pointed out in a remarkable report, they promote with much success numerous schools for elementary education. Mr. Blyden says:—

'In Sierra Leone, the Mohammedans, without any aid from Government—Imperial or local—or any contributions from Mecca or Constantinople, erect their mosques, keep up their religious services, conduct their schools, and contribute to the support of missionaries from Arabia, Morocco, or Futah when they visit them. The same compliment cannot be paid to the negro Christians of that settlement.'

Of Mohammedanism and Christianity—we do not speak here or elsewhere as to their essential doctrines, but as they are practically conveyed by example and precept to the negro—the former has the advantage in simplicity. It exacts a decorous and cleanly ritual that pervades the daily life, frequent prayers, ablutions and abstinence, reverence towards an awful name, and pilgrimage to a holy shrine, while the combative instincts of the negro's nature are allowed free play in warring against the paganism and idolatry he has learned to loathe and hate. The whole of this code is easily intelligible, and is obviously self-consistent. It is not so with Christianity, as practised by white men and taught by example and precept to the negro. The most prominent of its aggressions against his everyday customs are those against polygamy and slavery. The negro, on referring to the sacred book of the European, to which appeal is made for the truth of all doctrine, finds no edict against either the one or the other, but he reads that the wisest of men had a larger harem than any modern African potentate, and that slave-holding was the established custom in the ancient world. The next most prominent of its doctrines are social equality, submission to injury, disregard of wealth, and the propriety of taking no thought for the morrow. He, however, finds the practice of the white race from whom his instructions come, to be exceedingly different from this. He discovers very soon that they absolutely refuse to consider him as their equal; that they are by no means tame under insult, but very much the reverse of it; that the chief aim of their lives is to acquire wealth; and that one of the most despised characteristics among them is that of heedlessness and want of thrift. Far be it from us to say that the modern practice in these matters may not be justified, but it appears to require more subtlety of reasoning than the negro can comprehend, or perhaps even than the missionary can command, to show their conformity with Bible teaching.

The influence of the English in Africa is barely felt beyond the boundaries of their colonies. We have held Sierra Leone, and many points of vantage on the West African coast, for two generations. The philanthropists and the merchants have both been busily engaged there in immediate relations with the negro, but the result is that, at the back of our settlements, paganism begins and our influence ceases. We cannot even keep open the roads of communication with the neighbouring interior. They are closed by force, by passive obstruction, or by prohibitive dues. The weight of barbarism is far too great for the efforts of our few travellers to remove. We might go into lengthy details in evidence of this; two or three will suffice. First as regards land travel: it is now only eight years ago that an Englishman, Mr. Winwood Reade, succeeded in penetrating 250 miles inland from Sierra Leone, and reaching the sources of the Niger. Another fact is the savagery among the people about the mouths of that same

river, notwithstanding the persistent and costly efforts that have been made to turn its stream into a frequented and commercial water-way. For a third fact in evidence of the flourishing barbarism in the neighbourhood of our settlements, we may point to the existence of such a kingdom as Ashanti.

The failure of our influence in opening safe lines of commerce to the interior is due to three causes. In the first place we do not travel in sufficient numbers or with sufficient frequency to maintain communications; we shall probably never do so, because the commercial gains promise to be very slight, the country is unhealthy, and the number of men who care to risk the fatigues and expense of such journeys is small. In the second place our free trade in rum and muskets demoralises the people. In the third place, a large part of the bulky produce shipped for us by negroes from the coast is reared and gathered in the immediate neighbourhood by slave labour, belonging to the chief who sells it; it is therefore an advantage to him to possess many slaves, so he acquires through our free trade the necessary guns and ammunition to make raids upon his neighbours to catch as many slaves as he requires. The consequence is, that adjacent to his frontiers are lands whose inhabitants are in enmity with him, and through traffic becomes impossible.

The Arabs, on the other hand, prohibit all forms of alcohol; they are easily acclimatised, and they settle and travel in multitudes; they have been great openers of routes, being urged not only by the commercial stimulus, but also by the religious one of making the pilgrimage to Mecca. Routes have been established by them across the broadest parts of the continent of Africa. In the South, the Arabs had penetrated to Nyangwe, from either coast, earlier than our explorers. We have already shown that in the heart of Africa, in that part of the Congo most removed from Nyangwe in the East, and the Yellala Falls on the West, which had been the previous outposts of exploration by the white man, Mr. Stanley appears to have passed by that very riverbank on which Barth's literary friend stood some thirty years ago, with, so to speak, his Arabic translations from Plato in the one pocket and those from Aristotle in the other.

The Arab traders from Zanzibar are unquestionably the apostles of a lower civilisation than their fellows in Northern Africa, being apparently more demoralised by the larger proportions of the horrible slave trade prevailing there. Nevertheless, there are many men among them capable of better things, and their race is probably destined to play an increasingly important part in the whole of Equatorial Africa. The ideal of the Arab is far lower than that of the white man, but, being as he is in more complete sympathy with the negro, he has succeeded where we have failed in materially raising him in personal dignity and in general civilisation.

Africa is not wholly destitute of means of self-amelioration. There is perhaps no part of the world in which greater differences are to be seen among the inhabitants than are to be found there among the negroes, and it has occurred to every traveller to occasionally witness specimens of black humanity that have struck him with some admiration. By perpetual war and struggling such as have gone on from time immemorial, the tendency of the ablest to prevail will necessarily advance the average of the negro race. Already those who appear to have been the aborigines of the land, namely, the dwarf tribes of whom Schweinfurth writes, and their congeners the Bushmen, have been ousted by the negro. Again, the negro in historical times inhabited the Sahara to the North, whence he has been driven back by the Tuarek; he inhabited districts in the South, whence he has been driven back by the Caffre; and we have seen how a Galla stock has obtained the ruling power in certain of the north-east parts of Equatorial Africa. The negro may himself disappear before alien races, just as his predecessors disappeared before him; or the better negro races may prevail and form nations and exclude the rest. It certainly appears thus far that those races who accept the Arab are more likely to succeed in the struggle for supremacy and existence than the others, and it would follow that our wisest course is to give the Arab a judicious and discriminating support.

At the present moment three Englishmen are appointed vicegerents of Arab influence in the equatorial dominions of the Khedive of Egypt. First and foremost among men, in his power of quelling disorder without the use of violent means, stands Gordon Pasha, a real hero in his unswerving and determined pursuit of the path of duty, who is the Governor-General of the Soudan, or country inhabited by the black races of Egypt. The second is Burton, the well-known traveller in many lands, and an expert in all that relates to Mohammedanism, who has been recently appointed Governor of Darfur; and the third is Sir Frederick Goldsmith, an able Indian officer, newly appointed Governor of Massowah on the Red

Sea. The influence of the British race can hardly be exerted in a more appropriate way than this: that is to say, through men who have the sentiment and practice of statesmanship, knowing what are the traditions, the instincts, and the capabilities of the races over whom they are called to rule, exacting from them that which they are confident of being able to obtain, and not wrecking their venture by attempting more. An extension of some such method of governing as this, in the regions over which the Sultan of Zanzibar has more or less sovereign control, is urgently needed. The foreign export of slaves has to be absolutely stopped to put an end to the desolating raids and horrible cruelties practised in the interior, and a legitimate Arab commerce and influence has to be legalised and furthered. Thus much, we may perhaps have strength and influence to effect, but the white man can never himself become the itinerant trader in Africa. The climate is unsuitable, the gains too small, the difference of race and civilisation between the negro and himself is too great. The Arabs are needed as intelligent, numerous, and enterprising intermediaries, and they are the best at present to be obtained; so we must accept them with all their faults.

The remaining duty of the white man is to explore the land, partly to show what produce worthy of exportation it can yield, and partly to find out the best routes by which it can be conveyed to the coast. Let the white man originate, let him conduct the larger commerce from the sea coast, let him crush the external slave trade, and let him take such part in the higher politics of the continent as he can reasonably hope to exert; but let him, if possible, abandon all thoughts of annexing large districts in Eastern Africa, which, according to the experience of the West, will exercise no influence commensurate to the cost in lives and money of maintaining them, while they would impose upon England the uncongenial duty of miserable wars like that of Ashanti, and of continual petty onslaughts like those we continually hear of, upon the pirates at the mouths of West African rivers. Let the missionaries go where they will and do what good they can, but let them take the risks on their own heads, be respectful to the good points of Mohammedan precept and example, and not entangle us in a system of national interference. Equatorial Africa is never likely to become a home for large numbers of white men, certainly not for men of the Anglo-Saxon race. Let us then, whether as a nation or as individuals, whether as cosmopolitan philanthropists or as men of commerce, confine our efforts to the more feasible task of controlling and aiding the one intelligent race, who already permeate it, by our action on the sea-coast, and by our political influence at the headquarters of the Arab—Egypt and Zanzibar. The opinion that the interior of Africa has been thrown open to civilisation and trade by Mr. Stanley's daring navigation and descent of the Congo river, is one which requires to be supported by much stronger evidence than we at present possess before it can be adopted.

Art. VIII.—*The Duties of the General Staff.* By Major-General Brousart von Schellendorf. Translated from the German by W. A. H. Hare, Lieutenant Royal Engineers. London: 1877.

In the number of this Journal which appeared in July 1871, we published an article on the military policy of Russia, from the pen of one of the most eminent and most lamented of our contributors, the late Lord Sandhurst. At that time a complete reorganisation of the Russian army had been just sketched out; since then it has been embodied in a law and various supplementary decrees, and, as far as time permitted, carried into execution. Unfortunately for Russia it had not come into full operation—nay, even the new machinery was not in complete working order—when the Turkish war commenced. Our object at the present time is to trace the progress of Russian military reform during the last six years, and to measure by the ascertained facts of the current campaign the actual power of Russian arms.

On November 16, 1870, the Emperor issued an ukase proclaiming the liability of every Russian to military service. The next step was to appoint a Commission, of which the Minister of War, General Milutine, was the head, to devise a scheme for carrying this law into effect. The difficulties were very great on account of the number of races and religions comprised in the empire, the sparse populations of many portions of the latter, political considerations, and want of money. Another great obstacle in the way of prompt mobilisation—the very essence of a good military system—was, and is, the absence of a sufficient supply of well-constructed and judiciously-planned railways. For want of railways concentration and conveyance to the theatre of war are a long

process in Russia. Evidently it is very desirable that corps and their reserves should be in close communication, and it is plain that a regiment made up to a war strength by men who have previously served in it is more homogeneous, and therefore more effective, than one whose reserves are utter strangers to the officers and men with the colours. As we have said, however, political considerations intervened. For this reason Russian regiments are not attached to any particular district or permanently quartered in it. Hence a localisation after the German fashion is impossible, and the reserves are, on a mobilisation, poured into the nearest regiments. Thus, though one year's recruits from a particular district may join a given regiment, twelve months later the corps obtains its contingent from another part of the country.

The Commission, following the example of Germany, recommended that many exemptions should be allowed. Some of these are exemptions for family reasons, such, for instance, as the only son fit for work of a father who is incapacitated, or of a widow. Others are exempted for social reasons. Students in educational establishments are allowed to defer their entry into the service for from two to eight years, when they join as 'enlisted volunteers.' Those who have passed certain examinations have their active service reduced to from six months to four years. Whatever is cut off from the active service is added to the reserve. The ordinary periods of service are—with the colours six years; in the 1st reserve two years; the 1st class of the 2nd reserve, four years; the 2nd class of the 2nd reserve, three years. Though the period with the colours is nominally six years, practically it is only four, the fifth and sixth years being spent on furlough. How large a power of exemption is granted to the authorities may be gathered from the following passage in the regulations:—'Those who are employed by the state or by any corporate body, and whose names are on a special list which has received the sanction of the authorities, are exempt from being called upon to serve in the active army.' It is obvious that this provision opens the door to great abuses and favouritism.

Substitutes are not permitted save that one brother in a family may serve for another in the regular army, the other passing into the militia. In the event of a family losing the only member fit for work, the oldest member of that family may select one of the relatives serving in the army, and that relative will be discharged, remaining only liable for service in case of war, and during the ordinary drills. The Russian Government is anxious that military requirements shall not interfere with education, commerce, and family considerations, and seeks, by the institution of regimental schools, to make the army a means of diffusing education throughout the civil population.

Notwithstanding the numerous and elastic exemptions from and alleviation of the burden of military service, it is calculated that, making a liberal allowance for those physically unfit, a force of four millions of men will eventually be the result of the new system. Such a gigantic army, however, would exhaust both the finances and productive power of any nation. It would, moreover, be in excess of the requirements of the empire, which it is computed would be met by an army, including reserves, of two millions of men. At the annual drawing, therefore, of all males of twenty not exempted from various causes, only about 25 per cent. are to be taken, the remainder being enrolled in the militia until the completion of the fortieth year. The militia includes not only those who do not form part of the standing army or navy, but also those who have completed their service in the army and navy, and have not attained their fortieth year. Men above forty are allowed, if they wish it, to be enrolled in the militia. It is estimated that about 250,000 of the militia will be men who have served in the army. The first ban of the militia are not only to undertake local defence, but may be mobilised for the reinforcement of the standing army. The second ban, which consists of men performing their last four years' service, is termed the Reichswehr, and cannot be called out at all during peace. The first ban is only liable in peace to occasional training in their own districts. There are special arrangements with respect to the Cossacks, some of whom are now formed into regular regiments on the outbreak of war, and receive a certain amount of pay, allowances, and subsistence.

The new system did not come into actual operation till January 1, 1875; consequently the maximum of men will not be attained for many years to come. Neither is the organisation by any means completed. As regards numbers, Major Frank Russell, writing in the spring of 1877, quotes the estimate of a writer in the 'Times' as to the present available strength of the Russian army in Europe. The writer in question is of opinion that we shall not be far wrong, if we estimate the present strength of Russia in Europe at 755,000 field troops, with a reserve of 250,000. As we shall presently

show, there is some reason to believe that this calculation is approximately correct. As to organisation the largest military unit was, till lately, the division; but during the last two years *corps d'armée* have been formed. Very little progress had, however, been made up to the autumn of 1876, when, although it was intended to adopt the *corps d'armée* system, only one or two corps had been actually organised. It is probably owing to this fact that mobilisation in the early part of 1877 was so slow and imperfect. Much of this result must also be attributed to the vast area, the sparse population, and the bad railway system of Russia. The point of concentration was at the southern extremity of the Empire, and the distances to be traversed, first by the reserves joining their regiments, and secondly by the regiments themselves, were enormous. The railway lines in Roumania are four in number, but are badly constructed and poorly provided with rolling stock. Further, their gauge is 4 feet 8½ inches, the same as in Turkey; while Russia, to prevent these from being used against her, gave her railways a gauge of 5 feet. The consequence is that Russian rolling stock cannot without alteration be used on the Roumanian railways. Without a good network of well-constructed railways, neither prompt mobilisation nor rapid concentration is feasible. To strike swiftly and heavily is the foremost duty of a commander; and this the Russians could not do. They had large resources, but the measure of a nation's military strength for aggression is the amount of resources which can quickly and simultaneously be made available. Herein lies, we conceive, the cause of the undue exaggeration which till lately prevailed with respect to the military power of Russia for aggressive purposes. All Europe knows how painfully, slowly, and imperfectly mobilisation was carried out, how defective was the railway transport, how great the sufferings of the troops when proceeding to the frontier.

The strongest possible proof of incapacity to put into line on an enemy's territory within a reasonable time any large proportion of the supposed strength of the Russian army is afforded by the numbers who actually crossed the Danube. It is said that in the war of 1828–9 Russia greatly underestimated the strength required. May it not have been that then, as now, for all purposes of aggressive warfare Russia was, and is, comparatively weak. Mr. Archibald Forbes is in possession of perhaps more trustworthy information about the war than any other person not a Russian, and in his lecture at the Royal United Service Institution he discussed, at some length, the question of numbers:—

'Russia had put forth her yet unstrained strength in the equipment of the appliances of an army of invasion. There was no shortcoming in the quota of field batteries; there were siege cannon enough and to spare; the outfit of ambulance trains and their belongings seemed actually superfluous in the wealth of their completeness. But all these things do not achieve the efficiency of an army. What avail cannon, transport, and hospitals, if the number of actual fighting men be insufficient? On paper, in this respect, there existed indeed no insufficiency. It was said that the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief, had demanded of the War Minister an army of 500,000 men if the prompt success of the enterprise were to be achieved; and that Milutine, telling him this was impossible, had pledged himself to put at the disposal of His Highness a thoroughly equipped and serviceable force of actually, not nominally, 250,000 men.'

Even this number, however, was not supplied. According to Mr. Forbes's statement in his lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, seven corps were detailed for the invasion of Bulgaria. The war strength of a corps is 36,000 men; consequently, seven corps ought to give a total of 252,000 men. To these must be added ten regiments of Cossacks, 4000 men; a rifle brigade, 3000 men; sappers, pontoniers, marines, mountain batteries, &c., 6000 men. This gives a total of 265,000 men. Further, there was 'the army of Odessa,' consisting of two corps, numbering 72,000 men, or, with its extras, 75,000 men. The 'army of Odessa' was ordered for the time to stand fast in order to guard against the contingency of a Turkish descent. Still, as soon as it became evident that no such peril was to be apprehended, or as soon as other troops which were in process of mobilisation could be brought up, 'the army of Odessa' would become disposable for duty with the army of operation. Thus the Grand Duke Nicholas would have had at his disposal a force of 340,000 men. This calculation was, however, erroneous. All military men are aware how great is the difference between the paper returns and the real strength of an army. In Russia the amount of this difference almost surpasses belief, and whether the deficiency of men proceeded from the dishonesty of colonels, from an inefficient system of mobilisation, or from both causes combined, it is an undoubted fact that the real strength of the regiments assembled for the invasion of Bulgaria was much below the regulated war establishment. The infantry of a Russian *corps*

d'armée ought to number about 32,000 men; but even the Russian staff did not estimate the marching-out infantry strength of each corps, when the army started on the campaign, at more than 28,000 men. Mr. Forbes is of opinion that less than 170,000 men crossed the Pruth in April, May, and June, and that, till reinforcements began to arrive about the middle of August, there were never more than 145,000 Russian soldiers under arms in Bulgaria at any one time. This estimate does not differ materially from figures which we have obtained from a thoroughly trustworthy source. We are informed that the total number of Russians who crossed the Danube at Simnitza in June was 139,000, in addition to about 40,000 men, which is the highest strength which Zimmerman's army in the Dobrudscha ever attained. Up to the beginning of December the reinforcements amounted to 60,000 men, and the loss in action and by disease to upwards of 100,000. In the month of November they were sending back across the Danube about 500 men per day, victims to typhus, dysentery, and frostbite. If we add to these 500 an equal number who perish of disease in Bulgaria, or fall in the daily actions with the Turks, the total loss of the Russians in men unable to take further part in the war will have been by the 1st of January about 100,000 men. Thus, estimating the Roumanian contingent at 20,000 effectives, and presuming that no further reinforcements of importance arrive, there would be available for active operations at the beginning of the year about 159,000 men, or less than the number which stood on Bulgarian soil at the beginning of July by some 20,000 men.

The plan of the campaign, based upon the assumption that 250,000 men were available, was simple, but not wanting in skill. It was arranged that General Zimmerman, a very capable officer, should with two corps cross the lower Danube, traverse the Dobrudscha, occupy Kustendjie, threaten the main Turkish supply line, i.e. the Varna-Rustchuk railway, and possibly either besiege Varna, or mask Schumla, or both. The Turkish field army, thus menaced on its right flank and rear, would, it was thought, be chained to the Quadrilateral, and be powerless to make a vigorous attempt to arrest the progress of the main army of invasion. The latter was to guard its own communications. For this purpose two corps on each flank would have been sufficient, and if the army of Odessa had been employed in the invasion of the Dobrudscha, the balance, i.e. three corps with Cossacks and the rifle brigade, or, with liberal deductions for casualties and 'wanting to complete,' upwards of 100,000 men would have been available for the passage of the Balkans. As we have shown, however, the corps were so weak that the original plan became impracticable. The resistance of the enemy was far more formidable than had been anticipated. The Russian staff, however, persisted in adhering to the programme, and seemed to be incapable of devising another plan. Indeed, much of the ill success of the campaign may be attributed to the inferior quality of 'the brains' of the Russian army. Throughout it has shown itself wanting in power of adaptation, energy, foresight, and supervision.

It may be interesting to give a brief account taken from General von Schellendorf's 'Duties of the General Staff—on the Russian Staff.' It would appear that, as in Germany, there are two categories of staff officers, one consisting of regularly trained staff officers who constitute the general staff, the other of adjutants, who are appointed by interest or the personal selection of general officers. In 1874 the number of general staff officers actually holding appointments with the troops was 275, while in the Prussian army, with its fourteen army corps, the number is only seventy-two. Every one of the latter would, however, in case of war, accompany their respective corps to the field; while in Russia, on mobilisation, a large proportion of general staff officers would be retained in their districts. The general staff in Russia is supposed to be supplied exclusively by the Nicholas Academy. This institution was established in 1832, and reorganised during the early years of the present Emperor. All candidates must have served four years in the rank of officer, and an entrance examination is exacted. The course lasts two and a half years, the last half-year being devoted to practical instruction. But it appears that the number of candidates is extremely small; only sixteen passed on the last examination for admission, and the whole number of students is only seventy-three.

It may be mentioned that from time to time general staff officers take a turn of regimental duty. In theory this system is good, but there would appear to be a want of practical training after the Nicholas Academy is quitted, and we hear nothing of those staff tours and working out of projects which in Prussia have produced such excellent results. At all events facts have shown that the Russian staff, as a whole, is inefficient, and the general voice of the army does not hesitate to attribute most of the failures which have occurred during the

present campaign to this important branch of an organised military force. Colonel Vincent, in a lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in 1872, stated: 'The supposition that every Russian officer is a good linguist is entirely erroneous. In the cavalry of the Guard nearly all know French colloquially, many speak German, but few can write grammatically in either language. In the infantry of the Guard, such knowledge exists in a smaller proportion, and in the troops of the line it is a very great exception to meet an officer conversant with a foreign language.' This is an important fact; for most of the best military literature is only accessible to Russians through the medium of a foreign language, and if the large majority of Russian officers are so uneducated as to be ignorant even of French, the proportion of officers able and willing to profit by a staff training must be very small. Indeed, Colonel Vincent, speaking of the Nicholas Academy, says: 'The number who offer themselves is so comparatively small, that many staff officers have to be appointed directly from their regiments. It is in the numerical and intellectual deficiency of staff officers that one of the weakest points of the Russian army lies.'

To the want of energy and knowledge of their work shown by the staff must be attributed the slow movements of the invaders after the passage of the Danube had been effected. Two months elapsed after the outbreak of hostilities before the main army had commenced its passage at Simnitza, whereas Prussia in 1870, within two months after the first cloud of war appeared above the horizon, had virtually disposed of the whole regular army of France. Evidently the mobilisation arrangements of Russia, even after making every allowance for an imperfect railway system, were very defective, and the responsibility for this must rest with the Russian staff. Another cause of delay was the supposed necessity of passing Zimmerman across the lower Danube before the main army could attempt a passage at Simnitza. The point selected for Zimmerman was the Braila-Galatz bend. The river itself is not difficult at that point, but to reach the left bank it was necessary to construct a road on piles over the marshes and lagoons, an operation which demanded much labour and time. In this instance, the precedent of 1828—and Russian commanders are slavishly mindful of precedents—was followed.

On June 27 the Russian advanced guard crossed at Simnitza, but the bridge over the Danube was not completed till July 2. It would have been thought that as soon as a strong body of infantry and artillery had been firmly established on the south bank, a force of cavalry would have been ferried over, and at once despatched to feel for the enemy and ascertain his whereabouts and numbers. Nothing of the sort was done. The bridge, as we have said, was finished on July 2, and not till then did the cavalry cross in any force. Biela and Tirnova are respectively five and ten hours' easy ride from Sistova. It was not till July 5 that Arnoldi's brigade of cavalry occupied the heights above Biela, and till the evening of July 6 that Gourkho's horsemen were—to use Mr. Forbes's expression—within striking distance of Tirnova.

We have heard much of the traditional activity and audacity as scouts of the Cossacks. They have indeed been spoken of as the finest light cavalry in the world. In that capacity they have, during the present campaign, strangely belied their ancient reputation. A correspondent of the 'Standard' with the Russian army, in one of his letters, gave us some insight into the real value and nature of these wild horsemen, the Cossacks of the Don. He says:—

'The whole Russian administration, civil or military, appears to be based upon him. "Cossack" has ousted the word, if ever one there was, for messenger, orderly, or officer's servant . . . they are seen everywhere, filling every subordinate position, always busy and intelligent.' On the other hand, there is 'a dreadful secret whispered through the Asian army for some years past, discredited as a monstrous fable, fanatically denied, kept from public knowledge so closely that even a watchful attaché had not heard of it. Instead of doing away with regular cavalry, those acquainted with the secret, which is now common report, would do away with the Cossacks—that is, those of the Don. They will neither fight nor scout before danger. At plundering they have not a bit degenerated from their forefathers' skill, but plundering is not the whole duty of an irregular. The Don Cossacks are now too rich, too cultivated, for the pursuit to which they were born. . . . The percentage of those who can read and write is said to be eight times that ruling in the line. They have property and freedom in their villages. They ride their own horses to war, supply their own accoutrements except the lance and carbine. And these sacred objects they will not risk, if they can help it, in fight with an enemy whom they no longer hate, in a cause which they do not understand, at bidding of an authority about which they are just beginning to ask questions.'

The worthlessness of these Cossacks may partially explain the little use made of them for reconnaissance duty immediately after the passage of the Danube. We cannot,

however, on this account, exonerate the staff for neglecting to obtain early information. In each *corps d'armée* there is a division of regular cavalry; and it is to be noted that Russian dragoons are really what their name originally imported, i.e. men trained to fight both on foot and on horseback. Now true dragoons, being independent of infantry, are specially adapted for distant expeditions. The Russian staff, therefore, possessed ample means for obtaining intelligence of the enemy and screening the movements of the main body. Yet, according to Mr. Forbes, their resources were not utilised. When the cavalry did move, instead of being employed to feel the enemy, it was only used to constitute the heads of columns. In fact, throughout the campaign reconnaissances seem to have been few and imperfectly carried out. For another deficiency the Russian staff must be held to be in great measure accountable—that is the great neglect of outposts and guards. Mr. Forbes probably traversed the Russian camps and bivouacs more frequently than any other foreigner present with the army, and his testimony is conclusive on the subject. He says that on the night of July 4 he entered the bivouac of a Cossack regiment, riding right into the heart of it without being questioned or challenged. The colonel told him that the only troops between him and the enemy were one of his own squadrons, a few hundred yards to his left front. He had neither night guard, pickets, nor patrols. Mr. Forbes says that on the same day he passed through the camp of an infantry division which was totally unguarded. Some divisions have a cordon of sentries posted at a distance of from 100 to 300 yards, which, as he justly observes, is too close to prevent surprise or baffle spies. Neither at the entry to nor exit from villages are there any guards, and Mr. Forbes also asserts that he has 'crossed the Simnitza bridge in the dead of night without being challenged—without indeed even seeing a sentry. Except by the sentries of the cordon drawn athwart the front of the Imperial head-quarters next to the enemy, I never in all my experience was asked by a man on guard to show my papers. I have had in broad daylight to verify myself in this way three times in entering a village occupied by the Emperor, and I have left the same village in the dead of the following night with seeing but one sentry, and he lying sound asleep.' Another instance of the incapacity of the Russian staff is afforded by their neglect to reconnoitre positions before attacking them. At Zewin, in Armenia, for example, a naturally formidable and strongly fortified position was attacked by the Russians without any previous examination by the Russian staff. Again, when Schilder-Schuldner's brigade was almost annihilated in its attempt early in July to occupy Plevna, it is said that the presence of the enemy was not even guessed till the main body of infantry was actually in the town. He had been somewhat tardily sent by Krudener after the capture of Nicopolis to reoccupy Plevna, from which a detachment of cavalry had been driven out by the Turks. His force consisted of three regiments of infantry with guns, and a few Cossacks. After a sharp engagement Schilder-Schuldner forced the Turks to give way, and entered Plevna. It was therefore known that the enemy were not far off, and it was quite possible that being reinforced they might make an offensive return. Yet in the face of these obvious facts, and with an almost incredible neglect of the most ordinary precautions, no cavalry patrols were sent out, no outposts were placed, no guards were mounted, and the town was not even explored. So secure did the troops feel, so careless were the staff, that the men were allowed to fall out, take off their packs and straggle about. All of a sudden from every house came a perfect hail of bullets. Taken by surprise, the Russians were soon driven out of the place in such hurry and confusion that one regiment left all their packs behind. Another regiment was almost destroyed, losing 2000 men, and the total number of casualties out of less than 9000 men amounted to 2900.

One of the fundamental axioms of war is that troops should be dispersed for subsistence, concentrated for fighting. With hostile troops on each flank and in front it was evident that the invaders must be prepared at any moment to give battle, and therefore should be kept concentrated. Hence the difficulty of feeding the army was great; for though the district occupied by the Russians was full of supplies it was no easy matter to distribute them. Again, owing to their position, the Russians might at any moment be compelled to carry reinforcements rapidly from one point to another. Lastly, a modern army requires enormous stores of ammunition. Hence it was of the utmost importance that the interior communications should be good, and that the injury done to them by the constant heavy traffic should be promptly repaired. It was especially the duty of the staff to pay attention to this point; yet all the letters from the seat of war abound with complaints as to the state of the roads,

especially after rain, and the neglect to repair bridges or increase the means of crossing the different streams.

Not less essential was it, both for supply purposes and strategical reasons, that there should be abundant means of crossing the Danube. Without such means, however well stored the depôts in Roumania, they could only filter slowly into Bulgaria, and in case of a crushing defeat the whole army would be in danger of capture or destruction. We have shown how slowly the first bridge at Simnitza was constructed. When it was finished, the performance, considering the practically unlimited resources at the disposal of the Russian engineers, was anything but satisfactory. Several times within the first fortnight storms and floods temporarily interrupted the communication. But even when the latter was intact it provided but poor means of crossing. The bridge, including the roadway to the actual edge of the northern bank, was a mile long and 7 feet broad, just allowing the passage of infantry four abreast, cavalry in file, or one ordinary cart. For some time no attempt was made to improve the track—for it was nothing better—down the steep bluff, over a single pontoon, and along a tortuous sandy path through swamps and shallow patches of inundation. For weeks this was the only means of crossing the Danube. At length a second, and afterwards a third, bridge was thrown across; but it was not till August 14 that the last was finished. Of late some attention has been paid to the improvement of this essential link in the line of communication; but the storms and frosts of the Danube may, very possibly, render the maintenance of floating bridges during the winter impossible.

Wherever large masses of troops are assembled, especially in Bulgaria, disease is apt to play havoc. The natural unhealthiness of the climate, of which the Russians had had bitter experience in former wars, would inevitably be aggravated by the neglect of sanitary precautions; yet, apparently, none were taken by the Russians. At first the health of the army, inspirited by their early successes, excited by the hopes of a rapid conquest, and only required to perform short marches with frequent but not long intervals of perfect rest, was good. By the middle of August, however, it became evident that a triumphal march on Constantinople was, to say the least, not imminent. Several checks had been received. A good deal of hard marching, and not a little apparently purposeless countermarching involving much fatigue, had taken place. The spirits of the men consequently sank, and this fact, joined to occasional irregularity in the distribution of rations and the intense heat, predisposed the troops to disease. The main cause was, however, the utter neglect of the most ordinary sanitary precautions. No attempt was made to keep the drinking water undefiled; latrine arrangements were unknown; offal and the dead bodies of animals were left lying unburied close to the camps, cantonments, and bivouacs. Even in the immediate vicinity of the Imperial head-quarters at Biela, the stench and dirt are described as awful. So great was the sickness from this cause, that about the middle of August four out of five of the general adjutants in attendance on the Emperor were down with severe attacks of fever. Nor do matters seem to have improved much since, when increased care was rendered necessary by the wet and cold; and the sufferings of the troops during the present season must be incredibly great.

The arrangements for forcing the passage of the Danube were well conceived. The idea was to make feints at several points, to be converted into realities should opportunity offer, but to pass the principal part of the army over the Danube at Galatz and Simnitza. The secret was well kept; even astute special correspondents were deceived. The execution of the plan as regards Simnitza was less perfect than its conception. The troops about to cross were needlessly exposed on the flat northern bank to the artillery fire of the Turks. This certainly arose from want of good arrangements by the staff. Then, when the boats began to cross, there was no attempt to distract the enemy's attention by sending boats to different points, but all converged to the same landing point. The Russians once firmly established on the southern bank, and a rapid advance on Constantinople being an essential part of their plan, evidently there were two immediate steps to be taken. One was to pass over as quickly as possible a large body of horsemen and send them ranging over the country to obtain intelligence of the distribution and strength of the enemy. This, we have seen, was not done. The other was to ward off any attack on their flanks and communications. The army of Rustchuk, though it moved slowly, did guard the left flank, but the most pressing danger did not threaten from that quarter. Indeed, it would not have been altogether undesirable that the Turkish forces in the Quadrilateral, chiefly massed about Schumla, should have advanced towards the Lom; for thus an opening would have been afforded to Zimmerman to cut the Varna-Rustchuk railway—an opportuni-

ty which that able officer would not, we may be sure, have neglected. The great mistake was not to protect the right flank. It must have been, or ought to have been, known that Osman Pasha was advancing from Widdin at the head of a considerable force. At all events, it was on the cards that he would do so. The German staff, under such circumstances, would have prepared for the contingency. One of their first steps after the passage of the river had been effected would have been to send cavalry well ahead on the Sophia and Widdin roads to gather information and to give early notice of the approach of a hostile force. In the meantime they would have held disposable a force of all three arms to keep such a foe in check. The Russian staff did nothing of the sort, or, if they gave any orders on the subject, they did not enquire whether those orders had been carried out.

Krudener, with his corps, had at Turn Severin, opposite to Nicopolis, made vigorous demonstrations of forcing a passage, which demonstrations were to have been converted into a reality if any reasonable chance of success presented itself. The success at Simnitza rendered Krudener's longer presence at Turn Severin useless, and he was ordered, while leaving a small portion of his corps to continue the demonstrations on the left bank, to march to Simnitza with the remainder, and cross the river at that point. It is said that he was ordered at the same time to give an eye to Plevna. The bridge at Simnitza was finished on July 2. Krudener had to descend the river to that point, and then ascend it to Nicopolis, a distance altogether of sixty miles, or five not long days' marching. As soon as an entire corps had crossed at Simnitza and the bridge been completed, it would have been safe to have moved Krudener. The orders to march might therefore have reached him on the evening of July 1 ; on the 2nd he might have started ; and on the 7th or 8th, at the latest, he might have been in front of Nicopolis. In the meanwhile no time would have been lost by sending a combined division to occupy Plevna, for the preparations for an advance on the Balkans were by no means completed. What actually happened was this : On July 4 one cavalry division was despatched from Sistova towards Nicopolis. On the 14th Krudener, with three of his four infantry brigades, reached that town, and on the following day he captured the place after hard fighting by a *coup de main*. He lost many men in the fight, having had to defend the place with only about 15,000 effective men at its close against Osman Pasha, who was approaching, and moreover to guard 5000 prisoners. Under these circumstances Krudener shrank from weakening his weak corps by sending a strong detachment to occupy Plevna, and contented himself with despatching a small body of cavalry to hold it. The rest of his cavalry division he distributed along the Vid. Krudener was not, therefore, to blame for not having occupied Plevna in strength either before or immediately after the capture of Nicopolis, for he had not the means of doing so. The real blame rests with the head-quarter staff and the Grand Duke Nicholas. Excluding Krudener's corps and the three divisions under Zimmerman, the Russian commander-in-chief had four and a half corps at or about Sistova. Of these two were sent towards Rustchuk under the Czarewitch. There remained two and a half corps, and surely for a temporary purpose he might have detached at least one division of infantry, with a due proportion of cavalry and artillery, to occupy Plevna till Krudener could take their place. Plevna is thirty miles from Sistova, and the division in question could have been despatched on the 2nd at latest, arriving at Plevna on the 3rd, cavalry and horse artillery being sent on in advance. It is evident, however, that the Russian staff were careless about their right flank, and did not appreciate the strategic importance of Plevna.

On June 30 intelligence reached the Russian head-quarters that a detachment of Turkish infantry had approached to within six versts of Plevna and entrenched themselves. The intelligence was probably false, but it should have served as a warning. It was, however, treated with contempt as a ruse of the garrison of Nicopolis to mask their intention of marching by a circuitous route to Rustchuk. Osman Pasha, with from 20,000 to 30,000 men, had marched from Widdin to save Nicopolis. Finding that he was too late, he, with a fine strategic instinct, resolved to establish himself at Plevna. Sending on in front a strong advanced guard to occupy that place, he followed more slowly with his main body. His advanced guard easily drove out the Russian cavalry. On this Krudener sent all the troops he could for the moment spare —viz., three regiments of infantry, a few Cossacks, and some guns, under General Schilder-Schuldner—to retake the place, and we know the result. Soon after this Osman Pasha arrived with his main body, and at once began to entrench himself. The Russians were alarmed at this demonstration. They at length realised the importance of Plevna, and resolved to recapture it at any

cost. They, however, underrated its strength, the engineering industry of Osman Pasha, and the fighting qualities of the Turks. The force destined for the enterprise was only 30,000 strong, and consisted of the bulk of Krudener's corps (the 9th), together with the 30th division of the 4th Corps, one brigade of infantry, and another of cavalry from Schakoffskoy's corps (the 11th), and a brigade of Cossacks. Altogether the force numbered six brigades of infantry, four of cavalry, and 160 guns. Krudener commanded his own corps, and Schakoffskoy the remainder, part of which had been hurried by forced marches from the opposite side of the theatre of war, near Osman Bazar. Krudener was to attack the north-east angle of Osman Pasha's position, Schakoffskoy the south-east. Schakoffskoy, though junior, was not placed under Krudener's orders, and the evil of divided command was soon apparent. Krudener, delayed by the slow arrival of part of his force and the difficulties of the ground, was not ready to assault as soon as Schakoffskoy; so the latter attacked, without waiting for him, as soon as his guns had made, as he thought, sufficient impression. Both generals failed, Schakoffskoy's force being almost annihilated and driven from the field in utter rout. The loss was estimated at the time by Mr. Forbes at from 10,000 to 12,000 men. The Russian official figures were 5500; but Russian official statistics are, to say the least, open to grave suspicion. The original idea was faulty in every respect; for this the Russian Commander-in-Chief and his staff must be held responsible. The execution was equally faulty, and for this the two corps generals and their staff are to blame. Krudener, when, at a sort of council of war held at head-quarters, the enterprise was resolved on, protested strongly against it. One of the Grand Dukes, it is said, brutally accused the veteran of cowardice, on which Krudener replied that were not his insulter a Grand Duke he would show him that he was not afraid. This story may or may not be true, but it is certain that Krudener despaired of success with the means to be used, and said so. He was, however, overruled.

When Osman Pasha sent the Russians reeling back in blood and panic from Plevna, a feeling of despondency fell upon the Russian commanders—a feeling soon intensified by the defeat, at the beginning of August, of a Russian division which had been pushed forward from Tirnova to Eski-Djuma. They had good reason for alarm. The strength of Osman Pasha's army was unknown, and he might any day assume the offensive. Part of the Russian army was in the Balkans; the two corps of the army of Rustchuk, with the detachments on their right, occupied a line fifty miles in length; while Mehemet Ali, with six mobile divisions based on the Quadrilateral, was concentrated on a line only fifteen miles long. It was felt, therefore, that before anything serious in the shape of a march to Constantinople could be attempted, Plevna must be taken. Reinforcements were therefore hurried to the front, and a large portion of the guard was mobilised and ordered to the seat of war. There have not been wanting critics who maintain that the Russians ought to have masked Plevna, and pushed on with a portion of their army to Adrianople. We cannot admit that this suggestion was sound, unless the plan of the campaign had been altogether changed. If we assume that, with the Roumanians and Zimmerman's force, the Grand Duke Nicholas had 165,000 men at his disposal, it is not easy to see how the troops requisite were to be obtained. It would have been imprudent to leave to the north of the Balkans less than 100,000 men, including the garrisons of Nicopolis and Sistova. This would have allowed only 65,000 men, at the most liberal estimate, for operations in Roumelia. It may fairly be assumed that had the Grand Duke Nicholas marched from Sistova in the beginning of August with 65,000 men—and to do that much he must have transferred Zimmerman's army to the central theatre of war—he could not have reached Adrianople with more than 40,000 men, the other 25,000 being absorbed by posts on the line of communication, or placed *hors de combat* by disease or in battle. The audacity of the movement might have secured its success, but the risk was great, and failure would have been utter destruction.

Passing on to Zimmerman's army, we find in its employment a strong indication of the want of strategical skill on the part of the Grand Duke Nicholas and his staff. In sending a force into the Dobrudscha the precedent of 1829 was followed, but, the Russians having no longer the command of the sea, circumstances were altogether changed. Had, however, as it was first intended, two corps fully up to the war establishment been placed under Zimmerman's orders, he would have had about 72,000 men, and would have been strong enough for independent operations of a vigorous nature. As it was, he never had more than 40,000 men, and these numbers were soon reduced by disease. Too strong for a mere demonstration, too weak for any real action, this army was almost ignored by the Turks,

and has not had the slightest influence on the campaign. Indeed, the Russian commander himself looked for little co-operation from it, taking no pains to secure its supplies, and leaving Zimmerman no discretionary power at all. In short, it was useless, and for all practical purposes might as well have been at Odessa. Nor was the Rustchuk army turned to much account. At first heaped up round Rustchuk, and afterwards stretched out along the valley of the Lom, the siege of which was impossible without a covering army, it performed the purely passive service of a living palisade. The disadvantage of the Russians was that they were compressed into a narrow wedge, and a determined advance of the Turks from either the eastward or the westward would have exposed them to the danger of being cut off from, or driven into, the Danube. On the other hand they had the advantage of a central position and interior lines of communication, and could temporarily reinforce one army at the expense of the other without great peril. Instead of doing so, however, they spread their forces in such a manner that they were weak everywhere, and when any point was attacked in force they, in a hand-to-mouth sort of way, sent as reinforcements any troops which were temporarily available. So little method was there in the proceedings of the Russian staff, that all organisation was broken up, and regiments, brigades, and divisions were lent or borrowed, till scarcely a corps remained after a few weeks as it was at the commencement of the campaign. There is also reason to believe that much unnecessary marching and countermarching were imposed on the troops.

To return to Plevna. The Russians determined to virtually suspend all other operations till the Turks had been driven out of it, and to concentrate all their energies on its capture. Having assembled a large body of troops, erected batteries, and bombarded the position for five days, they, on September 11, delivered assaults on three sides. The fighting was severe, the loss of the stormers fearful, but at the end of the day the Russians, or rather the Roumanians, had captured and established themselves in the Gravitza redoubt. From that time forth the Roumanians began to make regular siege approaches towards the nearest Turkish redoubt, and some sharp fighting took place at this point. Not to travel over ground which is familiar to our readers, we shall content ourselves with saying that the attempt to capture Plevna by force having been found hopeless, General Todleben was sent for, and arrived in the last week of September. It is somewhat singular that whereas, during the Crimean war, he was called upon to defend an entrenched position, he has, in this campaign, been required to reverse the process. There is, however, this difference between Plevna and Sebastopol. At Sebastopol the defenders were little inferior in numbers to the enemy, and a complete investment, or indeed an investment of any sort, was impossible. The nucleus of the defence was a large arsenal with abundance of ammunition and stores, and a practically safe place of refuge on the north side of the harbour, from whence a retreat was perfectly practicable. Plevna, on the contrary, was a roughly extemporised position, possessing no other stores and ammunition save such as Osman Pasha had brought with him. At first the Russians did not largely outnumber the garrison, but before the end of September they possessed a considerable numerical superiority. Feeble attempts were for some time made to invest the place by means of cavalry detachments, but as reinforcements arrived infantry became available for that purpose. Todleben at once appreciated the position, and at his suggestion Plevna was soon environed by a chain of redoubts with shelter trenches in front. Before, however, the place could be hermetically sealed, Chefket Pasha, despite the attempts of flying columns, chiefly composed of cavalry and horse artillery, to arrest his progress, contrived to throw in about 10,000 men and a convoy of provisions from Sofia. Returning to that place to organise further succour, he left troops echeloned in various fortified posts on the road to Orchanie. This was at the end of September. In the course of October the Russians were able to send several strong columns of all arms to the westward of Plevna, and one by one all the posts of communication fell. The attempts made by Mehemet Ali and Suleiman Pasha to relieve the place by a diversion failed. The stores were exhausted, and nothing remained for Osman Pasha, on December 10, but to make a desperate effort to force his way through the Russian lines. We believe that Osman Pasha never had in Plevna much more than 40,000. With that force he contrived to hold in check the whole invading army of Russia for the whole autumn, and at last the position was reduced by simple investment, as Metz had been; it was not taken by force of arms. A more gallant and skilful defence, a more heroic attempt to save his army for the service of his sovereign, history does not record, and Osman Pasha has well justified the title of Ghazi conferred on him after his earlier triumphs.

More than one important lesson is to be gathered from the Plevna episode in the late campaign. First, that artillery fire, unless extraordinarily concentrated, is of little use in preparing the way for an infantry assault of earthworks, provided that the defenders possess underground shelter for themselves. Indeed, both at Plevna and every other engagement, the amount of damage inflicted by the artillery on either side was utterly out of proportion to the quantity of ammunition expended. The Franco-German war, in which, notwithstanding the free use of artillery, the casualties from cannon-shot and shell were rather less than one-tenth of the casualties from lead and steel, caused many thoughtful soldiers to suspect that the effect of artillery had been somewhat overrated. This suspicion has been confirmed by more recent experience. The moral effect of artillery fire on raw troops is no doubt great, but after a while it passes away, and the veteran soon learns to dread infinitely more the sharp ping of the bullet than the loud harsh scream of the shell. In truth, within effective range, breech-loading rifles are infinitely more destructive than artillery. The chief cause of the diminished effect of artillery is that grape was formerly formidable at 400 yards, a distance at which the gunners were almost safe from musketry fire, which was, in addition to being short ranging, slow and inaccurate. Now artillerymen even at 1000 yards are exposed to an accurate and rapid fire from the enemy's infantry, to which the only answer possible is shell. Another and equally powerful cause is to be found in the substitution of lines of skirmishers for the columns or serried lines which till recently were employed. Of course when infantry are behind parapets, their superiority over artillery, fired either through embrasures or *en barbette*, is even more marked than when the duel takes place in the open. As regards infantry against infantry, it has been proved over and over again during the last few months that the attack has no chance over the defence, *ceteris paribus*, when the defence is strengthened by entrenchments. Only at a fearful cost of life was the Gravitza redoubt won by more highly trained troops from men equally brave, but less finished and less well officered soldiers. As long as Osman Pasha stood on the defensive, he was, with few exceptions, successful. As soon as he in his turn became the assailant, as in the attempt to recapture the Gravitza redoubt, and on the occasion of his attempt to cut his way through on December 10, fortune changed sides. The inference is that if a body of men have time to entrench themselves they cannot be turned out of their position by a frontal attack, however gallantly conducted. Hence the necessity of striking promptly before the enemy can construct shelter trenches. Taken as a whole, we consider that the defensive has, for the time as least, established its superiority over the offensive—that is to say, tactically speaking. Plevna was inexpugnable from a tactical point of view; but the shrewd and experienced Todleben perceived at once that, owing to the numerical superiority of the Russians, it might be made to fall by strategical means. He determined to place himself on Osman Pasha's lines of communication and supply, and thus compel by hunger a capitulation; at the same time, in order to watch him narrowly so as to profit promptly by every chance of attacking a temporarily weakened portion of the defences, and to succour rapidly any segment of the investing cordon, he traced a circle of works within striking distance of the enemy. This circle he garnished everywhere with tiers of works, thus turning Osman's weapons against himself. The event proved how skilful were his arrangements.

We are now naturally led to consider what light the siege and capture of Plevna throw on the value of large entrenched camps. The Franco-German war confirmed the opinion which had been formed after the series of wars which ended in 1815, that fortresses were much weaker obstacles to an invader than had been previously thought. Eminent authorities, however, still believed in large entrenched camps. The fate of Paris and Metz tended to modify this opinion, and the capitulation of Plevna will no doubt be adduced as a further argument by those who have little faith in them. We are, however, of opinion that more than ever these have their value; but at the same time we would earnestly protest against the abuse of them. We say they are more than ever useful, because in the defence of a country the movements of an invader are now extremely rapid, and large bodies of imperfectly trained troops are employed by the invaded. Now an entrenched camp, placed on a decisive strategical point, gains time and gives temporary shelter till raw troops can be organised, or a routed army can refit and recover its *morale*. By promptly occupying Plevna and converting it into an entrenched camp, Osman Pasha checked the advance of the Russians, and gained time for the Porte to organise its means of defence. From the moment, however, that the Russians could dispose of sufficient troops to render the position strategically untenable, Osman did wrong to

cling to his post. He ought, the instant he perceived preparations being made for cutting off his communications, to have fallen back on Orchanie ; and this he could have done, at comparatively little cost, as late as the last week in September. Plevna had served its purpose, and it was the safety of his army, not the retention of the earthworks, which without that army were useless, to which he should have directed his attention. Like many another commander, however, he sacrificed the end to the means. The spade is a valuable auxiliary to the rifle, but it is very apt to obscure the judgment of, and lead into temptation, those who do not reflect that fortification is only intended to enable troops to act with greater effect than if destitute of such means of cover. It also frequently induces generals to abstain from profiting by opportunities for assuming the offensive. Osman erred in this particular. When, on July 30, the columns of Krudener and Schakoffskoy recoiled shattered and disheartened from the assault of Plevna, Osman Pasha should at once have assumed the offensive, thereby retaining his entrenched camp as a secondary base. At that time the army of the quadrilateral was preparing to take the offensive, a large portion of the Russian troops were in the Balkans, the Russian forces on the Sistova-Tirnova road were weak and scattered. Had Osman followed up his baffled and demoralised assailant, we believe that a temporary collapse of the Russians would probably have ensued. All Turkish armies, however, seem to be as wanting in mobility as their leaders are in promptness and audacity, and the opportunity was allowed to slip, never to return.

The facts to which we have drawn attention will, we think, convince the reader that both the Russian commanders and the Russian staff are of inferior quality. The blame has chiefly been laid on the staff, and it cannot be denied that they have shown great want of methodical arrangement, energy, and precaution. In many of these instances the violation of great principles was involved. To these points the attention of the commander-in-chief and his corps and divisional generals should have been given ; for, after all, the staff officer is only supposed to work out the details of the schemes formed by his general. The latter gains the credit of success ; it is only just that he should be held responsible for failure. In short, it is difficult to decide with regard to the present campaign in what proportions blame should be divided between the generals and their staff. That both were guilty of many omissions and blunders is evident. Nor is this to be wondered at when we examine the appointments in the Russian army. Favouritism seems to have been the rule, not the exception, in the bestowal of high commands. Not only was a Grand-Duke placed at the head of the army, but a host of other Imperial personages held high commands. Of the other generals a large proportion owed their position to favour, and few of those who had exhibited high qualities for command in former wars were utilised on this occasion. One of the generals of division employed in the attack on Plevna on July 30 was an old man who had never seen a shot fired in anger before. He lost his head, quitted the field, and, with a kindly pretence of invaliding, was sent back to his home. Another general who attracted attention from his want of energy or capacity was recently commander of the cavalry division at Warsaw, where, though drawing forage allowance for six horses, he never during three years owned a charger. A third general was sitting at luncheon with his staff, when an officer brought an order for one of his brigades to attack. The meal was not for a moment interrupted ; the general merely endorsed the order, and told its original bearer to take it to the brigadier, and with the most perfect indifference the party went on eating. No wonder that there should be little zeal or energy among Russian generals when they obtain and retain their posts through interest which never forsakes the object of its care whatever incapacity he may show. No wonder that there should be so much envy, jealousy, and intrigue among Russian officers. Gallantry in the highest degree Russian officers have always displayed, but in professional ability, off the parade-ground, comparatively few shine. Their very courage is frequently injurious to the public service. In default of more solid rewards the Russian officer is smothered with decorations.

What we have said of general and staff officers applies in great measure to regimental officers. Among the latter as well as the former, protection avails more than merit, and an officer is more anxious to secure by intrigue and toadying the favour of his superior than to earn promotion by good honest work and devotion to his profession. The majority of those who covet commissions obtain them by passing through a military school. Others enter the service as volunteers after passing an examination, and, as we have before mentioned, in time are promoted to the rank of officers ; others—but the practice has apparently been abolished—join avowedly as candidates for com-

missions, are styled Junkers, and correspond to the Porte-épéefähnrich of the Prussians. These belong, or belonged, to the hereditary nobility. There is, or will be, another large class consisting of men who, having joined the army as ordinary private soldiers, are for merit promoted to the rank of officers. But it has been by no means easy to find a sufficient number of men educationally and socially fit for commissions. In 1872 there was a deficiency of about 5000. In their relations to their men the officers are generally kind, good-humoured, and considerate; but when the ordinary indolent good nature of the officer is disturbed, acts of great brutality are committed. Mr. Boyle witnessed one day a scene in Tirnova which illustrates what we have said.

'A captain on horseback, surrounded by a crowd of officers and soldiers, with his whole force was lashing a poor wretch who stood before him. I could not ascertain his offence. Muttering a few words from time to time, he stood there, his hand fixed at the salute, though blood trickled down his fingers. The officer was white with rage; his pony, with that sympathetic fear which horses show in moments of excitement, backed and circled snorting. But the savage Cossack whip gyrated all the time, descending with an angry thud upon the victim's shoulders. No bystander spoke. The men seemed to watch with stolid curiosity, not unmixed with amusement. The officers' lips curled in disgust, but nobody interfered. The painful spectacle lasted fully five minutes after I arrived; but in the end obstinate endurance prevailed over reckless passion. The executioner threw down his broken whip, and hoarsely gave the man in charge of two fellow-soldiers looking on.'

The writer of the above passage declares that this was not a solitary instance, and that a Russian officer's 'kindness and gentleness towards his men last just as long as his temper holds out.' Once let him get into a rage, and the stick, discarded in theory, soon reappears. In short, the mass of the junior officers of the line are imperfectly educated, possessing little more than the qualifications of sergeants, and with a considerable substratum of barbarism. The best officers in the Russian army are Germans, and these are regarded with mingled hatred and envy by their comrades. One very alarming fact in connexion with Russian officers is the large number of them who are tainted with the absurd and revolting doctrines of Nihilism.

As in most modern armies, good non-commissioned officers are rare, and this circumstance need excite no surprise, considering the want of education among the lower classes. Great efforts to improve both general and professional education in the army have, however, of late years been made. In the meantime subaltern officers are compeled to perform many of the duties which in this country we should leave to sergeants. The Russian soldier is patient, strong, brave, extremely subordinate, cheerful, enduring great hardships without murmuring, and a splendid marcher. Ordinarily humane, he is capable of being excited by fanaticism to the commission of the most brutal acts, as when our wounded officers and soldiers were murdered by the enemy in the Crimea. In Bulgaria the conduct of the regular troops has been controlled by strict discipline; and we willingly believe that the horrible atrocities committed on the Mohammedan population, of which there is but too ample evidence, may be chiefly attributed to the Cossacks and the Bulgarians themselves, who turn out to be mere savages. But the Russian generals cannot, in some instances, be acquitted of monstrous crimes against humanity and the laws of civilised warfare. The expulsion of 2000 wounded Turkish prisoners from Kars on the road to Erzeroum in the coldest season of the year was a gross violation of the Geneva Convention; and the horrible neglect of some thousands of gallant but unfortunate soldiers captured in Plevna, whereby a large number of them perished, are two of the most cruel and detestable incidents recorded in the annals of war; and cast a shade of infamy on the two principal achievements of the campaign.

Let us now turn to the accessories of the army. The commissariat has been on the whole more efficient than might have been expected. Mr. Archibald Forbes, who has proved himself a most unsparing critic, asserts that the Russian soldier has generally received his full ration, save on forced marches, though by others this has been denied. The distribution of stores among the widely scattered and constantly shifting brigades and divisions was the main difficulty, a difficulty increased by the inefficiency of the transport and the badness of the Bulgarian roads. The theatre of war was full of supplies, and by local resources the short rations of the commissariat were often aided. But to turn these local resources to full account, an able administration and an extensive use of cavalry were needed. Now the administration is not able, and the cavalry has been required for fighting purposes. Besides, a comparatively limited district, however fertile, soon becomes exhausted when, in addition to the ordinary population, some 150,000 soldiers with their attendant non-combatants are thrown into it.

The result has been on the whole that the troops have been fairly supplied, but at a cost to the Government which is yet to be realised. In former wars everything had been left to the commissariat; but the remembrance of the abuses and shortcomings of that department during the Crimean war was fresh in the memories of the authorities, and they determined to adopt another plan. They therefore concluded a contract with a private company which undertook to supply all provisions, receiving a commission of 10 per cent. on purchases. A certain quantity of provisions and forage was to be delivered at certain indicated places on fixed dates; the commissariat officer on the spot was to give a receipt for the same, and seven days after the presentation and verification at head-quarters of this receipt and other vouchers showing the current price of the articles supplied at the place of purchase, the money was to be paid. There is a difference of opinion as to how this contract has been carried out. On the one hand it is asserted that a large proportion of the food supplied was unfit for consumption, that the prices were exorbitant, and that delivery was rarely punctual. To descend to particulars, it is stated that out of forty-four depôts inspected in Roumania, only fourteen contained the proper amount of provisions. On the other hand, the company maintain that these assertions are baseless calumnies proceeding from interested persons, and that, as regards irregularity in delivery, the constant change in the distribution of the troops, of which due notice was not given to the contractors, accounts for such unpunctuality as may have taken place. We suspect that there is a certain amount of truth in both these assertions. Naturally the commissariat did not like a change of system which diminished their opportunities of peculation. Hence complaints of an insufficient and irregular supply. As to the accusation of overcharge, it is no secret that all Russian officials connected with supplies exact a percentage from contractors. We learn that little care has been taken to protect stores from the weather, and that much of them has consequently become unfit for issue. It is easy to understand why this should be the case. The more articles are condemned the more must be furnished, and both the contractors' and the commissariat's gains increase in proportion.

The regimental transport of the Russian army is theoretically excellent, but this would not be at the disposal of the commissariat for distribution, and the general transport of the army has been furnished mainly from the resources of Bulgaria. All who served in that country in 1854 can well believe that to distribute food for 150,000 men by means of small slow arabas must be a difficult task. It seems that, following the evil example of the first Napoleon's army, every general has one or more carriages, and that the larger proportion of field officers are similarly provided. As to baggage-wagons, even a junior staff officer has half a one. It may easily be imagined how little mobility there can be in an army so encumbered with *impedimenta*.

Great attention has of late years been paid to the medical department and the arrangements for transporting the wounded from the field of battle. Unfortunately, in the most sanguinary actions, the wounded fell too close to the enemy to admit of their being removed by the Krankenträger. At the assault of Plevna on September 11, the Russian surgeons do not appear to have been very zealous in tending the wounded under fire. During the early part of the war also there were sad stories of wounded men whose hurts had not been dressed for three days. Mr. Boyle, indeed, relates some stories on the authority of Russian soldiers, which would impute to their surgeons extreme brutality.

All soldiers have been eagerly watching the present war in the hope that some interesting facts with regard to modern tactics would be disclosed. They have been to a certain extent disappointed. In the first place, singularly little attention has been devoted to the tactics of the contending armies. In the second place, one might almost imagine, from the events of the war, that the lessons of 1870–71 had been unheeded. The tactics of the Russian generals were decidedly faulty. The proper use of a reserve has always been considered one of the greatest tests of a commander's capacity. In this particular the Russians have repeatedly been found wanting; as a rule they have in the assault of works either sent their reserves on too soon, or, like a bad whist-player, have bottled up their trumps. This was notably the case in the great attack on Plevna on September 11. Yet in these days of breech-loading rifles everything depends on the supports and reserves. The first line may shatter the enemy's defensive power, even carry his position; but the position can only be secured, the fruits of victory reaped, by the comparatively fresh and unbroken troops who come up in second and third line. As to minor tactics the Russians equally offended. In the attack on Plevna on July 30, the Russian troops destined to lead the way were first

of all formed in line of company columns behind a ridge; on the advance being ordered they deployed into line, just such a line as that of the British troops at the Alma, and moved forward without any skirmishers in front. As soon as it came under fire the line naturally dissolved. To use the words of an eye-witness, it became 'a ragged spray of humanity.' The supports getting out of hand at once intercalated themselves, and inextricable confusion was the result. The advance from that moment, to quote Mr. Forbes, partook always more of 'a mob attack than a swarm attack.' The Russian soldier is brave to a fault, but more than any other soldier he requires direction; he will move to his front with gallantry, and sometimes with dash; if he cannot advance, he will stand still to be shot at without flinching; he is, however, not the man spontaneously to adopt a new disposition to resist or execute a flank attack; he is also little given to taking advantage of cover, of profiting by the accidents of the ground; in short he is still to a great extent a military machine, very helpless in action save under the immediate direction of his officers. Of the latter there seems to have been a deficiency, for on July 30 the proportion was only 3½ per company of 200 men. As to the non-commissioned officers, they seem to have exercised little control in action, and the men, many of them young soldiers, were sadly deficient in all that the Germans understand by the term 'fire discipline.' At the Schipka Pass the Russian troops skirmished badly, with the exception of the Tirailleur brigade, which displayed great skill in that essential military accomplishment. The Turks, we are told, skirmished well, and seem to be much less dependent on their officers for guidance when in action. Indeed, the Turk is a born soldier, and is quickly trained. It is asserted that a little more than half a century ago the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople wrote to the Czar Nicholas: 'For God's sake hasten on the war, for the Turks can be made better soldiers in three months than our men in three years.' To judge from the present campaign, this statement has still some truth in it. In Armenia once only was the modern formation for attack employed; this was near Deli Baba, where Tergukosoff made a frontal attack with swarms of skirmishers. Never again was the formation adopted by either Tergukosoff himself or any of his brother generals. One great characteristic of the war has been the abundant use made by both parties—more, however, by the Turks—of the spade, and we have learned that a frontal attack on steady troops ensconced in shelter trenches is almost certain to fail. Another lesson is that, vicious as may be the idea of substituting mounted infantry for cavalry, yet a small body of mounted infantry as an addition to cavalry may render the most important services. At a critical moment, when it seemed impossible that the Russians could retain their hold of the Schipka Pass, a brigade of Tirailleurs, mounted on Cossack horses, arrived just in time to check the flow of Turkish victory. This brigade of four battalions had ridden thirty-seven miles straight on, and without either cooking or sleeping. Had they been trained horsemen, they could have accomplished even more. The Russians have paid particular attention to their dragoons, who are practised in fighting dismounted, and are more mounted rifles than cavalry. They have on several occasions done good service, but scarcely as much as might have been expected from them.

It has been asserted by some theorists that the days of cold steel have passed away. This prediction has been repeatedly falsified in this war. On several occasions hand-to-hand encounters with the sabre have taken place, and many wounded men will bear testimony that the weapon was not wielded in vain; also as regards the bayonet, that decried arm has been more than once used. This was especially the case when, on December 10, the Russian grenadiers retook the works which, in their attempt to cut a way out of Plevna, the Turks had carried; for several minutes there was a fierce struggle in which the cold steel was the only means of slaughter employed.

To sum up the results and teachings of the campaign, the Russian military organisation has not proved equal to the strain imposed upon it. One explanation of this is, that the new system has not yet come into full operation, or rather complete working order. The number of troops destined for the conquest of Turkey was, on paper, sufficient, if judiciously handled, to accomplish that object. As, however, the actual was vastly inferior to the nominal strength, the result has been an ineffectual campaign, and that, even after six months of hard fighting, only a portion of the country north of the Balkans has been subjugated. The Russian generals and staff have displayed little energy or military skill, while the Russian troops have been badly handled in action. The medical department has gained little credit; the commissariat has, as of old, revelled in corruption; the transport service has been devoid of method; and the engineers have been neglectful of the communications. The great point of all,

however, is that up to this day more than 150,000 effective Russian soldiers have never stood at one time in Bulgaria, so defective is the Russian system of mobilisation.

The main interest to Europe is that the present war has proved very conclusively that Russia as an invader is by no means so formidable as she had been thought to be. Yet those who exaggerated her power might have formed a more correct estimate from the study of her military history. That would have shown them that scarcely ever has Russia unaided accomplished any great success in offensive warfare; Suwarroff's campaign in Italy was an exception, but he was assisted by an Austrian contingent, and he was crushed by Massena in Switzerland. It is true that in 1828–9 Russia imposed a humiliating peace on the Porte, but at a terrible sacrifice, and more by good fortune than by real power; besides, the Porte was taken at a singular disadvantage at that time, and the prowess of of a civilised empire can hardly be measured by its successes over a disorganised and semi-barbarous country. Russia may be able, when the new system of universal military service has been a few more years in operation, nominally to dispose of four millions of armed men. Her real value, however, depends upon the number of well-trained, organised, and perfectly equipped troops she can send into the field *outside* her own borders.

The result, to our mind, of these observations is that the military power of an empire cannot rightly be estimated by the enormous numerical strength of its muster-rolls. Even admitting the numbers to be real and not fictitious, there are many circumstances which lead us to believe that these prodigious armies are not necessarily indicative of national strength. They are a formidable drain on the industry and wealth of the people. To maintain them in active service is a vast expense. In a country like Russia, the intelligent elements of the army are exceedingly weak in proportion to its material strength. The difficulty of maintaining an army in the field and of leading it to victory increases in the ratio of its numbers, insomuch that military genius of the first order is required for such commands. Russia has none of these things, or she possesses them in a far less degree than Germany, France, Austria, or England. Even against Turkey she has shown herself barely equal to the contest. Upon the whole, then, the operations of the Russian army during the last year, though not altogether unsuccessful, have lowered her reputation as a military power. She may, and probably will, ultimately prevail in this war, if it goes on, by the exhaustion of Turkey, and by her superior resources; but she can never efface the impression caused by the failure of the campaign of 1877 to accomplish the objects she proposed to attain.

Art. IX.—1. *Mycenæ.* A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. H. Schliemann; the Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: 1878.

2. *Cyprus.* A Narrative of Researches and Excavations. By General di Cesnola. London: 1877.

In the ancient hippodrome at Constantinople, better known to tourists as the Atmeidan, still stands a relic saved from the wreck of precious offerings once stored up in the temple of Apollo at Delphi. After the Persian war the victors at Platæa dedicated as a thank-offering to the Delphic Apollo, a gold tripod mounted on a bronze pillar composed of three intertwined serpents. The gold tripod has long since disappeared in the crucible, but the bronze pillar was transferred by Constantine the Great from Delphi to his new capital, and has survived to our times. The three heads of the serpents—an attractive mark for Moslem iconoclasts—have been broken off, one by one, since the time of Mahomet II.; but on the coils of the triple snake may still be read the original dedicatory inscription graven on the bronze about the 76th Olympiad (476–3 B.C.) It contains the names of those Greek states which took part in the battle of Platæa, and among these names we find that of the Mycenæans, whose city, once the seat of a mighty dynasty, had at the time of the Persian war shrunk into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the growing power of its jealous neighbour Argos. When the Greeks of the Peloponnese first collected an army to defend Thermopylæ, the Mycenæans refused to form part of the Argive contingent, and preferred associating their little band with the Lacedæmonians. They contributed eighty men to the heroic defence of Thermopylæ, and, together with their neighbours from Tiryns, mustered 400 strong at Platæa; but their refusal to serve under the Argive banner probably contributed to hasten the catastrophe by which their city was soon after destroyed. Mycenæ was taken by the Ar-

gives B.C. 468, and never again reappears in history as an independent state.

That a city only capable of sending so small a contingent to Thermopylæ and Platæa should have had such pretensions to independence as to provoke the jealousy of a powerful state like Argos may be accounted for if we consider the strength of Mycenæ as a military position at the time of the Persian war. Its citadel was built on an isolated rock, situated, as Homer truly describes it, 'in a recess' at the foot of hills which bound Argolis on the north. While its distance from the coast protected it from sudden inroads of pirates, its position near the Argive frontier gave it the command of the roads leading to Corinth and to the cities of Arcadia. The steep rock of the Akropolis had been rendered almost impregnable by fortifications which, though executed in that remote period, when the myth is the substitute for history, still excite our wonder and admiration by the massive solidity of their structure and the skill with which they are designed. Independently of its military importance, the fortress of Mycenæ had traditions which could well vie with those of its proud and implacable neighbour. If Argos could boast of its long line of kings, beginning from Phoroneus, son of the river-god Inachos, its legend of Danaos, Akrisios, and Perseus, Mycenæ could refer with just pride to that Pelopid dynasty which, under Agamemnon, 'ruled over many islands and all Argos,' and whose king commanded the mighty host with which united Hellas besieged and captured Troy. If we look back through the long series of Argive myths which record the successive changes of dynasty from Phoroneus to Perseus, and from the Perseidæ to the Atreidæ, we find from a very early period traces of that antagonism between Argos and Mycenæ which lasted down into historic times. Both were strong fortresses, overlooking the fertile plain which extends from the mountains to the coast, and the possessor of either would naturally appropriate as much of this plain as he could wrest from his neighbours. A third fortress which plays a part in this legendary history is Tiryns, a place of great strength, which must have served to protect Argolis from invaders landing at Nauplia, and which at times, according to the myths, was ruled by an independent prince. Now, if the dynasty of Atreidæ had the extended empire which Homer ascribes to it in the time of Agamemnon, it is to be presumed that the rulers of Argos and Tiryns and the other fortresses in Argolis acknowledged as their suzerain the king who ruled in Mycenæ. This wide extended sway of the Pelopidæ which Homer so emphatically dwells upon, though it rested only on tradition, and was not supported by what we should call historical evidence, was to the Greek mind a real fact, which even the most sceptical of their historians never ventured to dispute. In their eyes Agamemnon was not, as one school of modern critics regard him, a mere shadow projected on the blank background of an unknown past, and of which we shall never grasp the substance. This *magni nominis umbra* to the ancients suggested a real personality—a king whose disastrous fate, coming so soon after his triumphant return from Troy, served in after ages as the favourite theme of epic and tragic poetry; his memory embalmed in the immortal verse of Æschylus and his brother dramatists, still lives on, and it is not without violence to deep-rooted associations that an old fashioned scholar can train himself to think of Agamemnon as merely a name representing a dynasty, still less as one of the *dramatis personæ* in a solar myth.

How much of the story of Agamemnon is really to be accepted as fact, and by what test we may discriminate between that which is merely plausible fiction and that residuum of true history which can be detected under a mythic disguise in this and other Greek legends, are problems as yet unsolved, notwithstanding the immense amount of erudition and subtle criticism which has been expended on them. At the present stage of the enquiry we may venture to assert that a solution of such problems is not to be found if we confine our researches to Greek and Roman literature. There remains the question, Is there any evidence other than that contained in classical literature which is worthy of consideration in this case? The recent discoveries on the site of Mycenæ have led many students of history to believe that such evidence is at length obtained, and we now propose to examine more closely the grounds for such a belief.

Before discussing the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, it may be well to notice the remains on that site which have been so often visited and described by travellers during the present century. Thucydides speaks of the remains at Mycenæ in his time as insignificant in proportion to the former greatness of the royal residence of the Atreidæ. Strabo, who seems never to have personally visited the interior of the Peloponnese, and to whom archæological information was only of secondary importance, states that in his day, at the close of the first century B.C., not a vestige was to be found on the site of this once fa-

mous city. About a century and a half after Strabo wrote, that diligent topographer Pausanias visited Mycenæ, and noticed the walls round the citadel, the great gateway leading into it, and the lions surmounting the gateway. These walls, he adds, were the work of the Cyclopes, who built the walls of Tiryns for Prœtus. He also mentions certain subterranean buildings in which Atreus and his sons deposited their treasure. The travellers who visited Mycenæ early in the present century had no difficulty in recognising the ruins described by Pausanias. The Akropolis occupies a rocky height which projects from the foot of the mountain behind it, in the form of an irregular triangle of which the longest side lies south-east and north-west. The south flank of this natural fortress is protected by a deep gorge, through which winds the bed of a torrent usually dry in summer. On the north side is a glen stretching east and west. Between these two ravines the ground slopes down to the plain in terraces, through which may still be traced the line of an ancient way, leading from the principal gate of the Akropolis to a bridge over the torrent, the foundations of which may still be seen. At intervals on either side of this road are the remains of five of the buildings called by Pausanias Treasuries; and here, extending over the space of about a square mile to the west, south-west, and east of the Akropolis, must have stood the lower city, connected with the Akropolis by a wall, some traces of which may still be seen near the great gateway.

The walls of the Akropolis are said to be more perfect than those of any fortress in Greece, and range in height from 13 to 35 feet, with an average thickness of 16 feet. Originally they were probably much higher. The area which they enclose is rather more than 1000 feet in length. They exhibit several kinds of masonry, which Dr. Schliemann classifies in three periods. The masonry of the first period is composed of large unwrought blocks, the interstices being closed by smaller stones wedged in. This construction is identical with that of the walls at Tiryns, except that the blocks are smaller; and this is certainly what the ancients meant by Cyclopean masonry. In the second period the walls are built of polygons with hewn joints, so well fitted as to seem one solid face of wall. This is the kind of masonry of which so many examples may be seen in Greece and Etruria. In the third kind of masonry at Mycenæ blocks almost quadrangular are arranged in nearly parallel courses, but their joints are not always vertical. This masonry is used in the walls on either side of the great gateway. Near the north-east corner a gallery has been made in the thickness of the wall, and extends for rather more than 16 feet. At Tiryns we find such galleries on a much larger scale. One of these Dr. Schliemann states to be 90 feet long and nearly 8 feet broad. In its external wall it has six recesses or window-openings, with triangular-headed roofs formed of approaching stones. These galleries evidently served as covered ways leading from one guardroom or tower to another; while the openings may be regarded as embrasures where archers might be stationed. Such passages are, we believe, unknown in later Greek fortification; indeed, the average thickness of the walls would hardly admit of them. The great gateway in the N.W. corner of the citadel, usually known as the Lions' Gate, stands at right angles to the adjacent wall, and is approached by a passage 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, formed by that wall and another running parallel to it, which, according to Dr. Schliemann, forms one side of a large square tower erected as a flanking defence. The gateway is nearly 11 feet high, with a width of 10 feet below. The lintel is a single block 15 feet long and 8 feet broad. Over it is a triangular gap in masonry, for the insertion of the slab on which the lions are sculptured. This slab is 10 feet high, 12 feet long at the base, and 2 feet thick. The lions stand, like heraldic supporters, on either side of a column which rests on a base, thought by some to be an altar. The style of sculpture of these lions differs as completely from all other remains of archaic Greek sculpture as the column between them differs in type from the earliest specimens of Doric or Ionic architecture.

On the lower ground lying to the south-west of the Akropolis are the so-called Treasuries. The largest of these is the building commonly called the Treasury of Atreus. The interior is a chamber 50 feet high and of equal diameter, resembling in form a beehive. It is built of well-wrought rectangular blocks of breccia, laid in horizontal courses which approach gradually till they converge in the apex. This kind of vaulting, formed by approaching horizontal courses, may be called Egyptian, as the earliest example of it is found in a gallery in the interior of the Great Pyramid. Such a vault would of course owe its stability to vertical pressure, while the lateral thrust would be very much less than in any variety of the keystone arch, and at Mycenæ any such lateral pressure was amply provided for by enormous masses of stone piled against the outer face of the courses of the masonry.

Over these rude outside buttresses the earth was heaped to the level of the apex of the chamber, so that it was completely subterraneous. The blocks of the lower courses are 1 foot 10 inches high and from 4 to 7 feet long. As the courses ascend, the blocks of which they are built gradually diminish in size. From the fourth course upwards these blocks are severally pierced with two holes bored in the breccia for the reception of bronze nails, several of which have been found entire. They have broad flat heads, and it is very generally agreed that they originally served to attach to the walls the plates of copper with which we may suppose the chamber to have been once lined.*

A *dromos*, or way, upwards of 20 feet wide and flanked by massive parallel walls of the same masonry as the chamber, leads up to the doorway, which is 18 feet high, with a width of 9 feet 2 inches at the bottom and rather less at the top. The lintel is formed of two immense slabs, of which the inner one measures 3 feet 9 inches in thickness, with a breadth of 17 feet, and a length of 29 feet on its upper and 27½ feet on its lower surface. This enormous block, which is perfectly wrought and polished, is computed approximately to weigh nearly sixty-seven tons. Above the lintel is a triangular niche, each side of which measures 10 feet, and which was probably filled up with a sculptured slab.

It may be inferred from various holes pierced in the stones of the doorway that the entrance, like the interior of this building, was anciently decorated. The side of the doorway was originally ornamented with semi-columns, fragments of which were still lying about *in situ* when Colonel Leake visited Mycenæ at the beginning of this century. He describes them as having a base and capital not unlike the Tuscan order in profile, but enriched with a very elegant ornament, chiefly zigzag, sculptured in relief, which was continued in vertical compartments over the whole shaft. Other fragments which have been found at Mycenæ indicate that the doorway was ornamented with strips of stone, on which are sculptured in low relief spiral and other ornaments. The material of these fragments was green, red, or yellow marble. They are engraved in the fifth volume of Stuart's 'Athens,' where a restoration of the doorway from these data by Professor Donaldson is also given.

As has been often remarked, the character of these ornaments resembles nothing in later Greek architecture; indeed, so strange is their aspect, that the authors of the French Expédition Scientifique were inclined to believe that the fragments collected by travellers were of Byzantine origin. The three other subterranean buildings at Mycenæ are of smaller dimensions and are not so well preserved as the so-called Treasury of Atreus.

We have now indicated the peculiar features of the site of Mycenæ as it appeared to travellers before the recent discoveries were made by Dr. Schliemann. These features have been described again and again by Leake, Dodwell, Gell, Mure, E. Curtius, and other authorities, who nearly all agree in referring the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns to the same period of remote antiquity to which, as we have already stated, not only Pausanias in the second century A.D., but Pindar and the tragedians, attributed them. The extent of the fortifications, the peculiar character of the masonry, the huge blocks employed at Tiryns and in the Treasury of Atreus, the transport and fixing of which must have been a very difficult and costly operation, the style of the architectural ornaments over the Lions' Gate and at the entrance to the Treasury of Atreus, so estranged from the associations of later Hellenic art, all predisposed the minds of modern travellers and archæologists to accept generally the tradition of antiquity that at Mycenæ and Tiryns we have remains of the heroic age. There is no spot in Greece where the *admonitus loci* has acted more strongly on the imagination than Mycenæ. The traveller, as he comes over the mountain pass from the interior, looks down on the ancient kindom of the Atreidæ, as Orestes is invited to look down on it in the 'Electra' of Sophocles; when again he stands within the Akropolis, and from its dismantled walls looks out on the plain of Argolis below him, with Tiryns and Nauplia and the sea in the distance, and the Heraion and Argos on either side, he is reminded of that ancient Watchman who tells us at the opening of the 'Agamemnon' how long he had strained his weary eyes looking out for the beacon-light which was to tell of the capture of Troy. But it is in the Gateway of the Lions that these associations crowd on the mind with the greatest intensity. To the believer in the tale of Troy the very stones of this threshold seem to give back a faint echo of that far-off day when Agamemnon, in the first flush of dear-bought victory, entered that fatal gateway unheeding the warning voice of Cassandra in his ear.

* In the ruins of the vast chamber at Orchomenos, which Pausanias calls the Treasury of Minyas, Dr. Schliemann found blocks similarly pierced, and here and there remains of the bronze nails, (p. 45).

Thus it was that most of the travellers who visited Mycenæ in the early part of this century gazed on its remains with a reverent faith, something like that with which pilgrims to some time-hallowed shrine regard the jealously guarded relics which they are at length permitted to behold. But, if the mere aspect of so famous a site suggested so much to the archæologist, what might not be expected from its systematic exploration? From the time of Gell and Dodwell to our own generation, the excavation of Mycenæ has been earnestly desired by those who have most studied the antiquities and topography of Greece. We shall not now stop to enquire why so obvious an enterprise was not under taken long ago, either by the Greek Government or by some private society; our business here is to show how much has been accomplished by the untiring enthusiasm and liberality of one man, aided by his indefatigable wife, whose achievement entitles him to the gratitude not of Greece merely, but of all civilised races so long as the human Past shall have any interest for mankind.

In the year 1874 Dr. Schliemann first made some tentative diggings within the Akropolis at Mycenæ. The results were encouraging; but it was not till August, 1876, that, having obtained the necessary permission from the Greek Government, he began the work of exploration on an adequate scale. The three objects to which he first addressed himself were the clearing out the Treasury nearest the Lions' Gate, the removal of the ruins which blocked up the gate itself, and the digging a deep trench from north to south across the lower part of the Akropolis, where he had already sunk shafts in 1874. This part of the citadel falls with a considerable slope from the highest part of the Akropolis to the north-east, and here Dr. Schliemann encountered a great depth of soil, partly due to the accumulation of detritus from the rocky ground above. In the upper part of this soil various specimens of archaic pottery, and implements, and other antiquities in metal, bone, or clay, were found in abundance. Soon lines of walls built of unwrought stones in Cyclopean masonry began to appear; then *stelæ* or tombstones of calcareous stone, on which were rude figures in relief; four of these tombstones stood in a line north and south, and scattered about were fragments of others. The ground on which these tombstones stood was a circular area 90 feet in diameter, enclosed all round by a double row of parallel rectangular slabs of calcareous stone. These slabs were originally set on end in a vertical or nearly vertical position, and held together by cross slabs, which have been fitted on to their upper ends with a mortice and tenon joint. The southern part of this enclosing circle rested on a massive rough-hewn wall of Cyclopean masonry, which was evidently built to bring the earth within the circular area up to a level, as the ground here falls abruptly towards the outer wall of the citadel. Immediately to the north and south of the circular area were a number of foundation walls of Cyclopean masonry, enclosing spaces which Dr. Schliemann calls the rooms and corridors of houses of a prehistoric period, and all these foundations lying round the circular area are bounded by a Cyclopean wall, which, starting from the north side of the Lions' Gate, runs for some distance nearly north and south, and then, turning at a right angle nearly to the west, is continued to the western outer wall of the citadel.

The whole space enclosed between this inner wall and the western outer wall appears on Dr. Schliemann's plan like a *temenos*, set apart from the rest of the Akropolis for some special purpose, while the discovery of the tombstones within the circular area at once suggested that it had been a place of sepulture. Going lower here Dr. Schliemann soon came on vestiges which confirmed this opinion. At the depth of 3 feet below the level of the tombstones he found two oblong blocks of stone, 5 feet 7 inches long, 1 foot broad, and 7 inches thick, lying one on the other; and at their south end a smaller slab in an oblique position; below these occurred here and there small quantities of black ashes, in which were studs plated with gold, and other curious objects. On reaching the native rock a quadrangular tomb cut in the rock was discovered (No. 1 of Plan B). This tomb at the brink was 21 feet 6 inches long by 10 feet 4 inches in width, but this area was much reduced at the bottom by a wall faced with schistous slabs, which lined the four sides of the cutting to a height of 6½ feet, and projected all round 3 feet from the face of the rock. At the bottom of this grave, 15 feet below the level of the rock, and 27 feet below the surface of the ground before the excavations, Dr. Schliemann found a layer of pebbles, on which lay the remains of three bodies, distant 3 feet from one another. From the marks of fire on the pebbles and round these remains, and from the undisturbed state of the ashes, Dr. Schliemann concludes that these three bodies had been partially burnt at the bottom of the grave. All three had been placed with their heads to the east, and appeared to have been forcibly squeezed into the space left for them between the lining walls, which

did not exceed 5 feet 6 inches. The body which lay at the north end of the tomb had the face covered with a heavy gold mask (No. 473), and on the breast was a gold breastplate, 15⅝ inches long and 9½ inches broad (No. 458). On removing these a sight so marvellous presented itself to the astonished eyes of Dr. Schliemann that we must let him tell the tale in his own words:—

'The round face, with all its flesh, had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous gold mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, owing to the enormous weight that had pressed on it, was wide open and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. . . . The nose was entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a manner on the breast that the upper part of the shoulders was nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. Notwithstanding the large gold breastplate, so little had been preserved of the breast that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places. In its squeezed and mutilated state the body measured only 2 feet 4½ inches from the top of the head to the beginning of the loins; the breadth of the shoulders did not exceed 1 ft. 1¼ in. and the breadth of the chest, 1ft. 3 in. Such had been the pressure of the *débris* and stones that the body had been reduced to a thickness of from 1 in. to 1½ in. The colour of the body resembled that of an Egyptian mummy. The forehead was ornamented with a plain round leaf of gold, and a still larger one was lying on the right eye. I further observed a large and a small gold leaf on the breast below the gold breast cover, and a large one just above the right thigh.' (p. 296.)

These remains were of course in a very crumbling and evanescent condition, and Dr. Schliemann, fearing that they would not long resist the impact of the external air, had a painting made at once, from which a cut is given in his book. The body, however, held out two days, when it was rendered hard and solid by the ingenuity of a druggist from Argos, who poured over it a solution of gum sandarac and alcohol.

Across the loins lay a gold sword belt, in the middle of which the fragment of a double-edged bronzed sword was firmly attached. On the right lay two bronze swords, the handle of one of which is of bronze thickly plated with gold and richly ornamented. The handle of the other sword and the scabbards of both must have been of wood, as oblong and circular gold plates, ornamented with designs in relief, were lying alongside the sword blades, just where we might expect to find them had they been attached to wood since decayed. Near the swords was found a tassel made of long shreds of very thin gold plate, which probably was attached to a sword-belt. At the distance of little more than a foot to the right of the body were lying eleven bronze swords mostly decayed. There were in the same part of the tomb 124 round studs, plain or ornamented, of which the two largest are the size of five-franc pieces; and six ornaments, which Dr. Schliemann calls crosses, but which might be better described as lozenge-shaped. All these ornaments were of wood plated with gold.

To the right of the body was a large gold drinking cup, 6 inches in diameter, with one handle (No. 475), encircled with a row of arched ornaments in repoussé work, which have a curious resemblance in outline to a Roman aqueduct. At the south end of this tomb were fifteen swords, of which ten were placed at the feet, and between this body and the one in the middle of the tomb was a large heap of broken swords, which Dr. Schliemann calculates to have amounted to more than sixty, also a few bronze knives.

The remains of the central body appeared to have been disturbed after interment. The layer of clay and the upper layer of pebbles with which the other two bodies and their ornaments had been covered had been removed from this one, which was moreover nearly destitute of gold ornaments. Dr. Schliemann thinks that some sacrilegious marauder of later times must have sunk a shaft in the centre of the tomb and plundered this part of the grave. This would account for the gold studs and other objects which he found scattered in the upper soil in digging down to this tomb (p. 152), and which may have been dropped by the plunderer in his hasty raid. The catalogue of what was found in this wonderful tomb is not yet finished. Besides the objects already enumerated which were found on or near the three bodies, Dr. Schliemann mentions two more gold cups; the remains of a vase partly of silver and partly of copper plated with gold, which must, when entire, have been 2 feet 6 inches high, with a diameter of 1 foot 8 inches for the widest part of the body; eight large pommels for sword hilts, of which seven were carved in alabaster, and one of wood, all ornamented with gold nails; also a large alabaster vase, of which the mouth was mounted in bronze plated with gold, and which contained a quantity of studs which had been originally of wood plated with gold. No less than 340 of the gold plates of these studs were found in the tomb. Many of them were richly embossed with

patterns, which will be noticed further on. This tomb also contained many fragments of wooden instruments and boxes, among which the most interesting were two sides of a small quadrangular casket, on each of which was carved in relief a lion and a dog. Food seems also to have been deposited in this tomb, as a number of oyster shells, and among them several unopened oysters, were found in it, also a large number of boar's teeth.

As Dr. Schliemann continued to explore the ground within the circular enclosure, he soon came on other tombs, the contents of which were equally surprising. We will take the largest of these (No. 4 of Plan B). Digging through a part of the circular area where no tombstone stood, he found black soil, which had evidently never been disturbed since a remote antiquity, and at 20 feet below the surface he struck upon an elliptical mass of masonry with a large opening like a well. At the depth of 6½ feet below was a tomb hewn in the rock 24 feet long, 18½ feet broad; the bottom of this tomb was 33 feet below the level of the upper soil. All round the sides was a slanting wall of schist 7 feet 8 inches high, which projected 4 feet, and thus considerably diminished the area of the tomb at the bottom, on which lay the remains of five men, three with the head to the east, the other two with the head to the north. The bodies had evidently been burnt on the spot where they lay, as was proved by the abundance of ashes on and about each corpse, and the marks of fire on the pebbles and the schist. Upon the remains of the bodies lay a layer 3 or 4 inches thick of white clay, on which was a second layer of pebbles. On removing these layers a treasure equal in interest and value to that of the tomb already described was suddenly revealed. As the account of the contents of this one tomb occupies not less than seventy-four pages of the volume before us, we can only indicate here the principal classes of objects discovered. On the faces of three out of the five men here interred had been massive gold masks. Two of these bodies had a large gold breastplate, and close to the head of one was a magnificent gold crown (No. 337). To the thigh bone of one of the bodies was attached a gold band, supposed to have served for fastening the greave, *knemis*. In the same precious material were three shoulder belts; ten plates to cover the pommels of sword hilts; the remains of a sceptre, or perhaps a caduceus (p. 287, Nos. 451–2), richly inlaid with rock crystal; an unusually large and massive armlet; two large signet rings, on one of which a hunting scene and on the other a battle were engraved in intaglio; not to mention endless studs and smaller personal ornaments. This tomb, like the one already described, had its little armoury of weapons. No less than forty-six bronze swords, more or less fragmentary, were taken from it. With these were found several alabaster pommels of swords and fragments of wooden scabbards, together with the gold plates with which they were once ornamented, and the gold pins and nails with which these ornaments were fastened. Lances, too, were not wanting; the wooden shafts, though seeming entire on their first discovery, crumbled away on exposure to air. In one place thirty-five arrow-heads of obsidian lay in a heap; their wooden shafts had perished either from decay or cremation. Oyster shells and unopened oysters here, as in the tomb already described, indicated that the living had not forgotten to provide food for the dead; but this tomb contained in addition a whole *batterie de cuisine*, in the shape of thirty-two large copper cauldrons, and other vessels of copper which stood upright along the walls of the tomb. The cauldrons must be among the largest which have come down to us from Hellenic antiquity. Three of these have a diameter ranging from 14 to 20 inches. Most of these vessels bore signs of having been long used on the fire. It might have been expected from the analogy of the famous Royal tomb near Kertch, called the Koul Oba, that remains of food would be found in these cauldrons. This does not seem to have been the case, but one of them contained no less than 100 large and small wooden studs, plated with gold. We will conclude our list of the objects found in this tomb by drawing attention to the nine gold cups, one of which, No. 344, weighs four pounds Troy; the two wine jugs, one of gold, the other of silver; the ox's head of silver with horns of gold, No. 327; the silver vase in the form of a stag, No. 376, and the three-handled alabaster cup, No. 356.

We must now describe the contents of a somewhat smaller tomb (No. 3 of Plan B), rather more than 16 feet long and 10 feet broad, cut in the rock, and lined with sloping walls of schist and clay, like those already described. In this tomb were the remains of three persons, thought to be women on account of the smallness of the bones, and particularly the teeth, and the quantity of female ornaments. All had the head turned to the east. Under and above them was the usual layer of pebbles. The bottom of the tomb was nearly 30 feet below the surface of the

upper soil. The bodies had evidently been burnt as they lay, and were literally laden with jewels, all of which bore marks of fire and smoke. The ornaments were for the most plates of gold with a design in repoussé work. Of these no less than 701 were collected, some of which must have been strewn all over the bottom of the sepulchre before the funeral pyre was prepared, and the rest laid on the bodies before the fire was kindled. The subjects of the designs are a sepia or cuttle-fish, a flower, a butterfly, various spiral patterns, all contained within the circle of a disk. Other plates again were cut in outline, so as to imitate fan-shaped leaves. In another class of jewels animals or the human figure were not relieved on a ground, but embossed and cut out in outline, like the *emblemata* of later Greek art. Among these designs we find three gryphons (No. 261), a crouching lion, a naked female figure with a dove flying from each shoulder, and another perched on her head (Nos. 267, 268), another draped figure, the hands joined in the middle of the bosom (No. 273), butterflies, cuttle-fish, lions, hippocampi, sphinxes, and other varieties of animal life. In some of these ornaments quadrupeds or birds are combined in pairs, and rest on a triple branch growing like a palm. These seemed to have formed the heads of pins for brooches. On the head of the persons interred was found a magnificent crown (*stephanos**) 2 ft. 1 in. long, formed by a band tapering to both ends, in which were set thirty-six large leaves, which must have stood upright (p. 185, No. 281). There were also five diadems similar, but much less rich in character, and a number of detached flowers and stars made in the same manner. The quantity of gold, agate, and amber beads in this tomb shows that many necklaces must have been deposited in it. Three small rectangular ornaments of gold, of an oblong form and perforated through their length, may have formed part of necklaces, if they were not mounted in swivel rings. On one side of each of these a design is rudely carved in intaglio. The three subjects are, a man, perhaps Herakles, fighting with a lion, two warriors fighting, and a lion kneeling on rocky ground and looking back as if wounded. Some curious ornaments, composed of spirals of fine gold wire, may be parts of necklaces or bracelets, while other combinations of spirals may have been used, as Dr. Schliemann conjectures, to bind together separate tresses and locks of hair. The provision for the toilet for the nether world was clearly shown by the remains of a gold comb with teeth of bone, two small boxes of gold, and three large vases in the same metal, all with covers fastened on with gold wires in a very primitive manner; an alabaster scoop (No. 325) fashioned as if to represent a hollow formed by two hands in juxtaposition. Such objects may be regarded as the prototypes of the *pyxides* and other *mundus muliebris* so often found in Greek tombs, and of which they at once remind the archæologist; but some of the other antiquities found in this tomb are quite new to us, as for instance the four rectangular boxes (see No. 323) made of sheet copper, each of which is 10 in. long, 5 in. high, and 4½ in. wide, which were found filled with fairly preserved wood, and which it is supposed had been covered with a thick wooden plate. These were lying near the heads of the dead, and Dr. Schliemann conjectures that they may have been pillows. Remains of wood were also found in twelve gold hollow tubes; these probably belong to distaffs or spindles, and the two silver rods which have been plated with gold, and which terminate in crystal knobs, were probably used for the same purpose. The three other tombs, though not quite so remarkable as those which we have already noticed, contained much that is new to us, and worthy of a careful study. But no idea can be formed of the splendour and variety of these objects without reference to the cuts and engravings with which this volume is profusely illustrated.

Such were the marvellous contents of the five tombs within the circular enclosure on the Akropolis. But the treasure was not yet exhausted, for close to the circular area was a rectangular cutting in the rock, lined with a roughly-built wall of stones on its eastern and northern faces. On excavating here no remains of bodies or evidence of cremation were detected, but several curious objects, similar to those deposited in the five tombs, were found at the bottom of the cutting. The most remarkable of these objects were a gold couching lion, evidently the ornament of a large *fibula;* four gold cups, of which the handles terminate in dogs' heads at their upper attachment to the rim; and two large gold rings. On the oval chaton of one of these (p. 354, No. 530) is represented a most curious scene. On the left a female figure is seated on rocks at the foot of a tree, possibly intended for a palm tree; behind her a smaller figure ap-

* We have followed Dr. Schliemann in describing this and other gold ornamental bands as crowns, but the form of these bands is more like that of the *mitra* worn as part of the Greek panoply on the front of the body, and their scale seems too large for a headdress.

pears to be gathering fruit from one of the branches; in her left hand the seated figure holds out three poppy-heads; before her stands another female figure advancing her right hand as if to receive the poppy-heads; and between these two figures another smaller female figure stands immediately in front of the knees of the seated figure, holding up a flower as if offering it. Behind the taller standing figure, and on the extreme right of the scene, is another female figure holding flowers in either hand. Between the seated figure and the taller figure standing in front of her we see a double-edged battle-axe, or, perhaps, a pair of such axes. Between the two taller standing figures is what appears to be a Palladium, in the hand of which is a spear held very much as it is shown in the ancient representation of the Palladium. Between this figure and the top of the tree on the opposite side of the scene we see the sun and crescent moon, below which is a double wavy line bent round in a curve, which may represent the sea. Behind the standing figure on the extreme left six objects are ranged on the edge of the chaton, so as to follow its curve. These objects are thought by Dr. Schliemann to be masks representing Corinthian helmets. We have examined them repeatedly with a powerful lens, and can only see in them the faces of lions or panthers; the ears, which are distinctly visible, are entirely feline in character. The dresses of all the female figures are very curious. Across the skirts of the two standing figures are raised horizontal ridges which may be the edges of upper garments falling over the innermost garment. On the surface of the skirts zigzag lines may be traced which probably represent embroidered patterns; on one figure this pattern looks like overlapping scales.

The intaglio on the oval chaton of the other gold ring presents an equally strange subject. Here we see two parallel rows of animals' heads, between which is a row of small disks of bosses. In the upper row an ox's head is placed between two heads which, on the whole, it is safest to consider as representing lions; in the lower row there is a counterchange; between two oxen's heads is a single lion's head. On the extreme left is what looks like wheat ears growing from a single stem, and opposite, on the extreme right, is a single plant or flower.

We have now indicated the main features of Dr. Schliemann's memorable discovery in the Mycenæan citadel; and here several questions naturally present themselves. To what race and period are we to assign the remains in these tombs? Are they Hellenic or præ-Hellenic? What is their relation chronologically to that ancient citadel within the walls of which they were found? Did the lions over the gateway guard this immense sepulchral treasure, and for how long? What, again, is their connection with the buildings popularly called Treasuries, below the Akropolis? Do the legends of the house of the Atreidæ throw any light on these sepulchral remains within their citadel? And, again, do these remains illustrate or corroborate these legends?

Before we attempt to deal with the complicated problem involved in these questions, it may be well to interrogate the remains themselves and ascertain what evidence archæology can extract from them. Now in the outset of such an enquiry we must bear in mind that the contents of these tombs show us, as might indeed have been expected, that the same custom which prevailed through the ancient pagan world generally prevailed also at Mycenæ. The dead were regarded as personages deserving of pious attention from the living, and therefore their sepulchres were furnished with such things as in this life they took delight in. The sentiment conveyed in Virgil's well-known lines—

> 'Quæ gratia currum
> Armorumque fuit vivis . . .
> . . . eadem sequitur tellure repostos'—

was not confined to Greece and Italy. Modern research has shown how the Scandinavian, Celtic, or Scythian warrior was buried not only with his armour and weapons, but with his war chariot, his horse, and sometimes with abundant supplies of raiment, food, and wine for his banquets in the other world. We also know that, in proportion to the rank and wealth of the deceased, was the preciousness of the offerings deposited with him in the tomb. Now it may be fairly inferred, from the large amount of gold found in the Mycenæan tombs, that the bodies so lavishly decorated were those of personages distinguished in their day for wealth and power; and, if this was the case, it may be assumed that the art employed in fashioning all this gold into ornaments was the best art which was available in Mycenæ at the time when the deposit of this treasure was made.

If the criteria by which we are in the habit of judging of the art of the Greeks and other ancient races are applied to these Mycenæan antiquities, we shall find that they rank very low in the scale. They present to us, it is true, considerable vigour and invention in the designing of mere patterns and ornaments, but in almost every case in which the representation of animal life is attempted,

we see a feebleness of execution, the result of barbarous ignorance; those qualities and proportions of visible nature on the observation of which the representation of organic beings in art depends are either not perceived at all or are so rendered as to be unintelligible. In support of this criticism we would refer our readers to the illustrations in the work before us, which are sufficiently faithful to give those who have not seen the originals a fair impression of their merits. To begin with the gold masks. Two of these are so crushed out of shape that perhaps it is hardly fair to subject them to criticism, but the other two (No. 331, p. 220, and No. 474, p. 289) have suffered but little. After reading Dr. Schliemann's glowing description of these masks on the first announcement of their discovery, we confess that it was not without a shudder that we first beheld these hideous libels on the 'human face divine.' As representations of life we can hardly rate them much higher than the work of New Zealanders and other savages. In No. 331 the width from ear to ear is so disproportionate that the whole mask takes the form of an oval of which the longest diameter is at right angles to the nose. Let us hope that no race so repulsive as this specimen ever dwelt in the fortress of the Atreidæ. The other mask, No. 474, is a little more comely; the nose, though almost devoid of nostril, has the merit of being straight, and the moustache, beard, and eyebrows are tolerably rendered. But there is the same disproportionate width from the outer corners of the eyes to the ears, and there is no attempt to model the features. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these masks are meant to be portraits of the persons on whose remains they were found. This is more than probable, and the artist may have had the assistance of a squeeze in clay or wax taken from the face after death. If he had sufficient skill to use this squeeze as a matrix, he may have obtained a cast in relief from it. Our belief is that, having obtained such a cast in some yielding material, he copied that by hand, carving it out in wood or some material hard enough to hammer gold upon. We may thus account for the curious realism in such details as the moustache and beard, the smooth surface of which suggests the notion that oil had been applied to this part of the face to make the mould deliver, as is done now by *formatori*. We have already mentioned that on the tombstones above the sepulchres were subjects sculptured in relief. On one of these (p. 81) in an oblong sinking is a figure standing in a chariot drawn by a quadruped galloping, which we must assume to be a horse, in spite of his tail, which curls upwards like an angry bull's. Before the head of this quadruped a figure runs brandishing a falchion. Another tombstone (p. 86) has a similar design, and on a third below the figure in the chariot is an animal which Dr. Schliemann describes (p. 81) as a 'tolerably well-preserved dog, but which is more probably a lion chasing some quadruped, which, were it not for the inordinate length of his tail, we might call a deer.' These reliefs are hardly superior to the rudest specimens of sculpture over the doors of some of our Norman churches. Even Dr. Schliemann's enthusiasm fails him here, and he admits that 'the men and animals are made as rudely and in as puerile a manner as if they were the primitive artist's first essay to represent living beings.' The same incapacity for representing the forms of organic life appears in the smaller works where human figures are introduced.

When we turn from the representations of the human figure to that of animals in these Mycenæan antiquities, we see that superiority in the treatment of the lower forms of organic life which is characteristic of very early art in many barbarous races. As a rule, quadrupeds are more correctly represented than men, birds than quadrupeds, fishes and insects than birds. This is certainly the case at Mycenæ. Of animals, the lion seems to have been the most studied and the best understood. It is true that the gold mask of a lion, represented on p. 211, fails as much to express the true characteristics of the animal, and errs as much in proportion, as the human masks already noticed; but the action of the lion springing on his prey in the embossed plate, No. 470, is expressed with a spirit to which the cut in the work before us by no means does justice. The lion (p. 178, No. 263) in repoussé work, which was probably designed as an ornament to be worn on a garment, is also not without character, though rudely beat out and treated as mere decoration; but in the couching lion (p. 361, No. 532) we have an animal that reminds us at once of the granite lions of Egypt and the bronze lion weights found by Mr. Layard at Nimrud. The style has something of the repose which is the characteristic of Egyptian lions, but in the modelling we trace the influence of an Asiatic school. Next in merit to this lion must rank the silver ox's* head with the two long gold horns and a gold star on the

* Dr. Schliemann calls this a cow's head, but we are assured by naturalists that he has mistaken the sex.

forehead. The surface of the silver is so much corroded as to detract very much from the effect of this head, but the proportions are well preserved, and, judging from the muzzle, which, having been plated with gold, has not equally decayed, the modelling must have been very fair. A stag (p. 257, No. 376) made of a base metal, of which the analysis yielded two-thirds silver and one-third lead, is chiefly interesting as a primitive attempt to represent a quadruped standing on his legs without any other support. The result is somewhat ungainly. The body of the stag is hollow, and on his back is a spout, showing that the form of this animal has been adapted for a vase.

When we pass from the representation of quadrupeds to the lower forms of life, we find fish, probably intended for the dolphin and the *sepia* or *octopus*, which occur frequently both on the embossed disks (p. 166, No. 240) and also (p. 268, No. 424) as reliefs without a background, so that the outline of the cuttle-fish is left free. This is the mode in which the *emblemata* are made which we find in later Greek art attached as ornaments to mirror covers and vases. No less than fifty-three of the cuttle-fish represented (No. 424) were collected out of one tomb. Dr. Schliemann states that their perfect similarity can only be explained by supposing that they were all cast in the same mould. They may, however, have been all hammered out on the same model, and afterwards united in pairs, so as to present the same relief on both sides, as Dr. Schliemann suggested in reference to a similar class of ornaments (p. 183). The spirals in which the arms of the octopus terminate would of course give facilities for fastening them as ornaments on garments. Moths are another favourite subject with the Mycenæan goldsmiths. We find them on the disks and also separately cut out like the cuttle-fish. It is curious, on comparing these, to see how carefully some of them appeared to have been studied from nature, and how the same type reappears in a more conventional form.

The patterns borrowed from the vegetable world are not so varied. Among the embossed disks of which so large a number was found in the tomb of the women were fan-shaped leaves cut out of gold plates in outline, with the inner markings of the leaves raised in relief, so that they seem like botanical diagrams. In another place are two pomegranates (p. 176, Nos. 257, 258) which have evidently formed the pendants of necklaces. In a large proportion of the ornaments, whether disks or crowns, the basis of the pattern is a circular flower, of which the leaves are sometimes pointed, and sometimes rounded at the ends. Sometimes again these leaves, radiating from a common centre, have their points bent in the same oblique direction, as if they were obeying the force of a whirling movement. The effect of the large detached flowers is exceedingly rich, though produced by a process so simple that a modern goldsmith might despise it. The separate leaves of the flower are first cut out of thin gold plate; each leaf is ornamented with bosses, spirals, beadings, and other ornaments, all cut out of the plate in relief; these leaves are then united by a central stud or plate, which forms the eye of the flower. Each leaf being covered with raised patterns, a great variety of light-reflecting points is obtained from a very small surface of gold, and the whole effect is very striking.

When floral forms are not adopted, round bosses and other circular patterns and combinations of spirals are the basis of most of the patterns, and these combinations of spirals seem to have been first suggested by the facility with which gold wire can be worked into such a pattern, as is shown by the spiral bracelets and clasps (p. 196). In the ornaments which the Mycenæan goldsmiths seem to have applied to gold we are always reminded of its malleability and ductility; and if they had been as skilful as later goldsmiths in the processes of casting, chasing, and soldering, to which this metal lends itself so easily, their ornaments would have had a different character, less broad and simple, but capable of greater refinement of execution and variety of composition. Two fragments of Mycenæan goldsmith's work, of singular beauty and unique of their kind, must not be passed over here. The original objects to which these two fragments belonged may have been a *caduceus*, as one of the pieces represents a coiled snake, the other part of a hollow cylinder which had enclosed a wooden staff. The cylinder is formed of four-leaved flowers united at the points of their leaves, of which the edges all round are raised so as to form casemates or *cloisons*, in which pieces of rock-crystal are inlaid. The spaces between each pair of flowers are filled with pieces of crystal, all nicely adjusted to their places. In like manner the scales of the serpent are of crystal inlaid in gold cloisonné work. Of these crystal inlays one only had fallen out, though the surface had been exposed to the action of fire. The gold vessels found in the Mycenæan tombs are chiefly drinking cups of several kinds. The prevailing type is a one-handled cup tapering more or less from the mouth to the base, so that the

form may be likened to a truncated cone inverted. In another type, the cup, in form something like a modern goblet, springs from a stem more or less taper, which again spreads out at the base into a circular foot. In cups of this type the foot, stem, and bottom of the cup are hammered out of one plate of gold, into which the body of the cup is then fitted like an egg into an egg-cup, and riveted by gold nails. Two of these cups are loaded with some other metal at the junction of the stem with the body. The handles are rudely formed of strips of gold bent to the required shape and riveted by gold nails. The forms of these gold cups are somewhat clumsy, and the inelegance of their design is evidently due to want of skill in metallurgy. The great goblet (p. 234, No. 344) must, before it was crushed in, have been the finest of all the cups in design, as well as being intrinsically the most valuable, its weight being four pounds troy.

We have already noticed the richly embossed gold plates which once decorated the wooden scabbards and the hilts and pommels of the swords. The blades of these swords are of bronze and many of them are remarkable for their great length, which Dr. Schliemann calculates as more than three feet. These swords are double-edged, with a high projecting ridge or thread down the centre of the blade. It may be inferred, therefore, that they were used like rapiers for thrusting or guarding. Other shorter swords seem to have been used like a falchion only for delivering a chopping blow, as they have only one edge. All these swords are beautifully made.

We have endeavoured to direct attention to the more striking characteristics of style and fabric in the Mycenæan antiquities. The exceeding strangeness of their aspect led to some mystification on their first exhibition. The extreme antiquity claimed for these objects by Dr. Schliemann was strongly contested. It was said that many of them were as late as the Byzantine period; the ornaments were said to be not Hellenic but rather Celtic in character. It was even insinuated that they had been brought from other localities and dexterously inserted in the soil of Mycenæ by their discoverer; that he had, to use an American expression, 'salted' his tombs. These doubts and insinuations would be hardly worth noticing here were it not that more than one distinguished archæologist helped to give them currency, misled, as they have since frankly acknowledged, by first impressions.

That these antiquities appear on their first aspect more barbarous than Hellenic may be admitted, but the patient student will not fail to detect many links by which they may be connected with archaic Greek art as we have hitherto known it from extant specimens. In order to discover these latent affinities we must enquire what evidence of the earliest stage of Greek art has been obtained from the islands in the southern part of the Archipelago, and especially from Rhodes, Melos, Crete, Santorin, and Cyprus, islands which lay in the track of the most ancient Phœnician navigation, and were colonised by the Greeks at a very early period. From these islands have been collected certain gems which have only lately received from archæologists the attention they deserved, and a few samples of them have been published by M. F. Lenormant in the 'Revue Archéologique,' 1874, p. 1, Pl. 12, and also by Ludwig Ross, in his 'Reisen,' iii. p. 21. These gems are pebbles of crystal, sard, onyx, red and green jasper, steatite, and other stones which have been for the most part roughly wrought into the form of a lens; some few are rhomboid. Both kinds are pierced, evidently to be strung on a necklace, or mounted on a swivel ring. On these stones are engraved, in the rudest manner, animals, monstrous combinations of human and animal forms such as sphinxes, chimæras, &c., and lastly human figures, one of which probably represents Herakles fighting with the lion, another perhaps Prometheus with the vulture.

These intaglios are cut with a rudeness which shows no trace of the influence either of the Egyptian scarab or the Assyrian engraved cylinder, both of which appear to have been imitated by the Phœnician and early Greek gem engravers. The rude gems from the Greek islands seem to carry us back to some remote time before Hellenic art had any style of its own; before it was sensibly, if at all, affected by foreign influences, whether Asiatic or Egyptian, and the majority of the subjects represented on these primitive gems are such as would be taken direct from nature by a semi-barbarous people. On these gems, as in the similes of Homer, the lion, either alone or devouring cattle or deer, is a favourite subject; we find, too, the wild goat with very large horns, which still inhabits Crete, and was once general in the mountains of the Archipelago. We would refer our readers to the interesting series of these *intagli* in the Gem Room of the British Museum, and invite them to compare their rude designs with those of the rings in gold in Dr. Schliemann's work; the resemblances will be found most striking, not only in the subjects and general design and execution, but

also in certain minute details. Thus on a Museum gem is a female figure of which the dress and general type at once remind us of the strange ladies on the Mycenæan gold ring, No. 530; on another Museum gem are two warriors fighting, one of whom is armed with a very long oblong shield, with straight parallel sides, but curved at the top—just such a shield as is worn by one of the warriors on the Mycenæan signet ring, No. 335. We find, too, on one of the Museum gems the same irregular wavy lines to represent water which occur below the sun and moon in the Mycenæan ring, No. 530. But the connexion between these gems and the Mycenæan *intagli* in gold does not end here. In the tomb (No. 3) which contained the bodies of three females were found two of the very gems which we have been describing (Nos. 313 and 315). It should be here noted that six gems of this class were found with other very ancient objects in the upper soil above the tombs, at a depth ranging from 10 to 13 feet (p. 112), and three more were obtained by Dr. Schliemann from the neighbourhood of the ancient site where once stood the Argive Heraion.

Ruder and perhaps even more ancient than these gems are the little marble idols representing a naked female figure which are occasionally found in the Greek islands. These figures, which range from 10 to 15 inches in height, remind us at once of the rude carvings of savage races, such as may be seen in ethnographical collections. The lower limbs are indicated by a variation in the outline, and by a deep line of demarcation cut in the marble to show that they are separable one from the other. The arms, marked off on like manner by a deep channel, are folded on the breast; the face is featureless, save a projection which serves to represent the nose, and behind this face is no cranium, only a slight thickness of marble. The one peculiarity which distinguishes these figures from the idols of more recent savage races is that the pelvis is marked very distinctly by three incised lines which form an equilateral triangle.* Among the Mycenæan antiquities are two little gold ornaments representing a naked female figure, which, from the doves associated with it, is probably a very early type of Aphrodite. This figure, though a little less rude than the marble idols, has the arms folded on the bosom in the same manner, and the pelvis is in like manner marked off as a triangle, though in the work before us (p. 180, Nos. 267, 268) the engraver, trusting to photographs, without seeing the originals, has failed to detect this peculiarity.

We have now to call attention to certain equally rude representations of the human figure in terra-cotta, specimens of one variety of which are given in Plate A and B and Plate xvii. Nos. 94–96. These terra-cottas, which do not exceed 5 inches in height, are rudely fashioned in the form of a draped female figure, only to be recognised as such by the two slight protuberances which indicate breasts. From the waist downwards the draped body is represented as a round column which spreads outwards at the base. There are no indications of feet. The arms project on each side of the shoulder like the ends of a crescent, and are enveloped in a kind of tippet, which falls as low as the waist, and is distinguished from the lower dress by stripes of colour. The face is as featureless as the little marble figures already described. This is the type which Dr. Schliemann believes to be an idol representing the cow-headed Hera, whose horns he recognises in the arms projecting on each side. That these figures are idols is very possible, that the position of the arms may have some Hieratic significance, and that it may possibly typify the crescent moon, may be conceded to Dr. Schliemann; but, after a study of this type as it may be traced through the series of ancient terra-cottas from Ialysus and Camirus in the British Museum, we fail to recognise any horns at all, and consequently the ingenious identification of this figure with the Homeric Hera falls to the ground.

In another variety of this type (pl. C. fig. 1), the arms are folded as in the little marble idols, already noticed. The great antiquity of both these types might be inferred from their extreme rudeness, and the discovery of a single specimen by Dr. Schliemann in one of the five tombs shows that they were in existence as early as the date of those tombs, whatever that may be. As many as 700 of such terra-cottas were found in digging through the stratum of ancient soil above the tombs, and similar figures were found in digging through the passage to the Treasury, explored by Madame Schliemann. But such archaic types in terra-cotta are not limited to Mycenæ and Tiryns. They have been found in tombs at Athens, and also at Ialysus in Rhodes, and evidently belong to the same primitive class as the rude figures of horsemen found in the tombs of Cyprus, Rhodes, and Athens,

* F. Lenormant, 'Premières Civilisations,' ii. p. 376. It is a curious illustration of this primitive anatomical diagram that the Greeks called this part of the body Delta, from its supposed likeness to the fourth letter in their alphabet.

of which one mutilated specimen occurred in the diggings of Mycenæ.*

In digging the strata of soil above the tombs Dr. Schliemann found not only potsherds, such as earlier travellers had remarked on the surface, but whole vases, and in the tombs themselves were broken vases. One of the most frequently recurring types is that figured on p. 64 (No. 25), which may thus be described:—The body is nearly globular, its neck serves as the support of the two handles which spring from either shoulder of the vase. The neck is closed at the top, the mouth of the vase is a spout on the shoulder. This type is so peculiar that its recurrence in various localities could not have been due to any chance coincidence. We find it in Egypt, in Cyprus, and forty-three examples of it were obtained from Ialysus in Rhodes. Another form which Mycenæ has in common with Ialysus is the goblet type (p. 70, No. 83), in which a shallow cup with one handle rises from a tall stem. In the ornaments painted on the Ialysian vases we are still more reminded of Mycenæan art. The cuttle-fish, so favourite a symbol with the goldsmiths of Mycenæ, recurs on several of the fictile cups from Ialysus. We have too the same friezes of dolphins or lions encircling the body of the vases in both cases; the combination of spirals such as are found on the gold breastplates constantly recur; and when we compare the fragments of pottery from Mycenæ with the vases from Ialysus, the identity not only in the peculiar ornaments, but in the fabric, is so complete, that we are justified in concluding that the vases of both places, if not the actual products of the same school of fictile art, were made about the same period, and derived their ornaments from some common source.

The Mycenæan ornament seems derived not so much from traditional forms as from Nature herself, and flowers seem to have suggested many of the patterns, while shells and other marine products may have suggested others. This preference for floral ornament is equally marked in certain pottery from Santorin on which leaves and tendrils are painted in a free, bold style. From the circumstance that this Santorin pottery was found with other remains under a stratum of lava, a very high antiquity has been claimed for it by M. Lenormant.† As his argument is dependent on certain geological assumptions which have not yet been confirmed by independent inquiry *in situ*, we shall only here remark that the pottery of Santorin presents strong resemblances to the pottery of the Mycenæan tombs and of Ialysus, and that the fictile art of all three places is distinguished by certain peculiar characteristics.

Not only is the pottery of Ialysus almost identical with that of the Mycenæan tombs, but in both we find certain ornaments in a vitreous composition which present a most singular coincidence both in material and pattern. There seems to be good ground for believing that these vitreous ornaments were originally covered with gold-leaf like some of the terra-cotta ornaments, which in later Greek art supplied necklaces for the dead. In one of the tombs at Mycenæ were several specimens of glass in a more advanced stage of the art. These are described by Dr. Schliemann as small cylinders pierced through their length, and square pieces composed of four such cylinders. Externally these cylinders were cased with greyish-white matter which crumbled under the touch. Within that again was a hard blue transparent tube, which, according to Professor Landerer, is of cobalt glass, and within this again another tube, with a lustre like silver, and which is pronounced by the same authority to be a vitreous substance containing lead. It would seem from this evidence that at the period when these tombs were furnished the art of casing cylinders with concentric tubes of glass, one over the other, was already known. No other specimens of glass were found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ except a few beads in the soil above the tombs. One more point may be noted which connects the remains at Ialysus with those at Mycenæ—a peculiarity in the form of the gold rings. In the rings from both sites, the back of the chaton is hollowed to fit the round of the finger, and the form and fabric of these rings are peculiar and unlike any other Greek rings with which we are acquainted.

We have now indicated some of the resemblances which may be detected by a careful comparison of the antiquities from Santorin, Ialysus, and Spata with those of Mycenæ, but the enquiry, to be complete, should be carried much further. If certain ancient remains from Melos, Attica, Megara, the Rhodian Ialysus and Camirus, and Cyprus, were combined with the contents of the Mycenæan tombs, and arranged as far as possible in their presumed chronological sequence, a phenomenon which has for some years been recognised by archæologists would be more generally known and more easy of demonstration. This phenomenon is that the slow and painful advance

* Cesnola, 'Cyprus,' pp. 51, 93, 150, 164, 203. Pl. vi.

† Lenormant, 'Revue Archéologique,' xiv. p. 430, and 'Academy,' 1874, p. 315.

of Greek art, from its first rude efforts, is interrupted at a certain stage by a foreign influence. When we examine that most interesting and varied collection of archaic objects found by Messrs. Biliotti and Salzmann in tombs at Camirus, and now exhibited in the British Museum, we find but very few, if any, traces of the peculiar pottery of which the neighbouring city Ialysus has furnished so many specimens; on the fictile vases of Camirus we find zones of lions and other animals, drawn with great spirit and combined with ornaments which, since the discoveries at Nimrud, we know to have been derived from an Assyrian source. Again, while we find numbers of terra-cotta figures of which the earliest are as rude as those of Mycenæ and Ialysus, and of which the series exhibits so many successive stages of progress towards a truer representation of the human figure, we have other terra-cotta figures which, though still retaining certain archaic characteristics, seem the product of a mature school of art; and these later figures, when compared with certain terra-cottas from tombs at Sidon and other places in Phœnicia, are found to be identical in type and to present only slight differences in style.*

When we turn to the gold ornaments of which Camirus has yielded a rich collection, we see in the earlier specimens figures embossed on plates of gold, which in their rudeness both of design and execution remind us of the work of the Mycenæan goldsmiths; but there are other specimens in which the art has made a decided advance, both in modelling and in technical skill; and in this later style we meet with earrings ornamented with winged lions very similar to those so familiar to us in Assyrian sculpture. The ornaments, too, both in gold and ivory, at Camirus are constantly reminding us of Assyrian prototypes. On the other hand, we find many objects which seem to connect these remains with Egypt, such as a silver bowl and a gold ring, scarabs, vases, and many other objects in Egyptian porcelain, some with hieroglyphics; and these hieroglyphics are, in some cases, so incorrectly rendered and so blundered as to prove that the artist by whom they were copied had no real knowledge of Egyptian writing.† If we pass from Rhodes to Cyprus, we find that there, too, the early art presents the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian types and subjects. In General Cesnola's most interesting work, on which we regret to be unable to bestow here more than a passing notice, several bowls in gold, silver, and bronze are engraved (see pp. 77, 114, 276, 316, 329, 337), and two more, found many years ago in Cyprus, are to be seen in the French Museums at the Louvre, and the Bibliothèque Nationale.* Inside these bowls are designs, either engraved or embossed, representing battle scenes, in some of which a king takes a part, hunting scenes, animals; the predominating style is rather Egyptian than Assyrian, but there is a strange mixture of symbols and ornaments from both sources. If we pass from the Greek islands to Italy, we find that silver bowls very similar to those of Cyprus in style and subject were found in the celebrated Regulini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and also in more than one ancient site on the west coast of Italy; and if we go eastward we meet with the same curious mixture of Assyrian and Egyptian influences in the bronze bowls and inlaid ivories discovered by Mr. Layard at Nimrud.† Here, of course, the question presents itself, how can we account for these resemblances in style and subject in the metallic art of countries so wide apart as Nimrud and Cervetri, and at an age when commercial intercourse and navigation were as yet restricted within narrow limits? The answer to this question which has been generally accepted by archæologists of late years is that it was the Phœnicians who in the course of their commerce brought this particular class of art to the markets of Greece and Italy, and that these engraved and embossed bowls, and probably most of the early jewellery such as we find at Camirus and Cervetri, were made by the artificers of Tyre, Sidon, and other Phœnician settlements. The correctness of this opinion has been strikingly confirmed by the recent discovery of a treasure at Palestrina, in which a bowl with pseudo-Egyptian hieroglyphics, and with an inscription in true Semitic characters, was associated with gold ornaments, which correspond in certain technical details with the jewellery of Camirus.

The examples which we here adduce are only a few links in a long chain of evidence, most of which will be found in a recent dissertation by Professor Helbig on the Palestrina treasure.‡ The number of instances

* Longpérier, Musée Napoléon III., pll. xxiv. and xxvi.

† Longpérier, Musée Napoléon III., pl. xlix.

* Ibid., pll. x., xi.

† Layard, 'Discoveries in Nineveh,' p. 182; and 'Monuments of Nineveh,' 2nd series, pll. 57–68.

‡ 'Cenni sopra l'arte Fenicia,' in the Annali of the Roman Institute, 1876, pp. 197, 257. Longpérier, 'Journal Asiatique,' 1855, p. 407.

in which Phœnician and Greek remains have been found intermixed on the same site points to a period when the rude untaught instincts of the Hellenic artist were stimulated and developed by the importation of foreign works, the product of a more advanced civilisation, and it will be convenient for the present to designate this period as the Græco-Phœnician. But what were its limits? We can hardly conceive it to extend downwards later than B.C. 560, when the Assyrian Empire and its art had been swept away by the fall of Nineveh; when Greek art had nearly freed itself from foreign influences and was developing a free independent growth; when we begin to hear of celebrated Hellenic artists, some sculptors in marble, some excelling in the art of casting, embossing, and chasing works in metal; when the Doric and Ionic styles of architecture had reached a certain maturity, and sumptuous temples in marbles were being built.

With regard to the limits of the Græco-Phœnician period upwards, all that we can positively assert is that, in the time of Homer—whenever that was—the Greeks received from Sidon, Tyre, and Cyprus certain works of art which they greatly prized, and which they thought worthy to be laid up in the treasuries of kings. Such were the silver *krater* which Achilles gave as an agonistic prize at the funeral of Patroclus, which, as the poet tells us, was made by the Sidonians and brought over the sea by the Phœnicians, and the cuirass of Agamemnon, inlaid with many metals, which was given him by Kinyres, the king of the Cyprian Paphos.

Homer, too, describes, in an often-cited passage, the traffic between Phœnician traders and the Greeks on the coast, when the crafty Orientals contrived to kidnap Greek women, luring them to the shore by the display of necklaces and other toys—*athyrmata*. Among such *athyrmata* may be reckoned the shells engraved with Assyrian subjects which have been found whole or in portions at Vulci in Etruria, at Camirus, at Nimrud, and at Bethlehem. The shells so engraved are known to naturalists as the *tridachna squamosa*, and are found in the Red Sea and Indian Ocean, but not in the Mediterranean. It is to be presumed that, like other products from the more distant East, they were brought by Phœnician ships up the Red Sea, and thence to Greek or Etruscan marts. The ostrich eggs covered with subjects carved in relief in an Asiatic style, which were found with other Græco-Phœnician remains in the Polledrara grotto, near Vulci, are another example of *athyrmata* brought from a far country in the course of trade.*

How early this Phœnician traffic in the eastern Mediterranean began, and whether on the coast of Italy Carthage had any share in it, are questions which we have as yet no certain means of determining. That Tyrians were already eminent in metallurgy and other arts as early as the time of Solomon, B.C. 1000, we know from the Books of Kings and Chronicles, in which the varied talents of Hiram, the artist sent to decorate the temple at Jerusalem, are described in terms which would be applicable to the Samian Theodoros, that versatile genius to whom is ascribed so prominent a part in the development of Greek art some four centuries later.

When we compare the descriptions of works of art in Homer with those extant specimens which we have assigned to the Græco-Phœnician period, the correspondence is very striking. It is true that in the shield of Achilles the poet's imagination has evidently contributed some of the marvels of that famous composition; and, considering that this masterpiece was the work of the god Hephaistos, we could expect no less. But, allowing for a certain amount of poetic license in the description, we find both in the design of the shield and in the technical method of its execution much that reminds us of the Phœnician bowls, of the great shield found in the Regulini Galassi tomb at Cervetri, and of several other specimens of archaic metallurgy of the same period.† The same observation applies to the description of the shield of Herakles in Hesiod. Now when we compare the Mycenæan antiquities with the description of works of art and handicraft in the poems of Homer and Hesiod, we find that in all that may be considered products of the mere craftsman, such as swords, scabbards, sword-belts, or the domestic utensils, such as cups or cauldrons, the descriptions in Homer tally sufficiently with the objects found by Dr. Schliemann to make it probable that at the time when the Homeric poems were composed, the fashion of such products of handicraft had not greatly changed; but the tombs of Mycenæ have produced no work of art at all comparable in design and execution to the battles and hunting scenes which the Phœnician artists beat out in relief or engraved

* Micali, 'Monum. Ined.,' Firenze, 1844, pl. vii. Newton, 'Guide to Bronze Room in British Museum,' 1871, p. 8, No. 5.

† Massini, Mus. Gregor, i., pll. xviii., xix., xx. Millingen, 'Anc. Uned. Mon., ii., pl. xiv. Newton, 'Guide to Bronze Room in British Museum, 1871, p. 34.

on bowls and other metallic surfaces. Still less do we find at Mycenæ any composition which at all reminds us of Homer's shield. It is obvious that artists so ignorant of the human figure as the Mycenæan goldsmiths would have been incapable of producing compositions with a sustained dramatic interest, such as the description of the Homeric shield implies, and of which the designs of the Phœnician bowls already referred to seem to contain the germ.

We therefore do not hesitate to state our opinion that, viewed in relation to the descriptions in Homer, the art of Mycenæ seems of a præ-Homeric period; viewed again in relation to the best extant works of the Græco-Phœnician period, this Mycenæan art is certainly very much ruder and earlier in style, whatever may be its date. We cannot but believe that the masterpieces of those Sidonian artists whom Homer calls πολυδαίδαλοι must have been very superior to what seems to us for the most part the uncouth product of a race destined ultimately to assimilate and to improve the arts and inventions of the Phœnicians and older races, but who had not yet entered into this rich inheritance. In the dim twilight of the mythic past the names of Cadmus and Dædalus stand out conspicuously. The first of these names marks the period when the Greeks adopted alphabetic writing from the Phœnicians; the name of Dædalus, on the other hand, expresses the change from the rude, shapeless idol to a truer and more lively representation of the human form—a change wrought, as we conceive, by the quickening influence of foreign schools of art acting on the Greeks through the medium of the Phœnicians. Thus, as we may call the period before the use of writing among the Greeks the præ-Cadmean period, so the period before this quickening influence transformed their rude efforts into a distinct style of art may be called the præ-Dædalian period. In our judgment, the antiquities of Mycenæ belong to this præ-Dædalian period, with the exception of some three or four objects, which appear to us to have been imported from some country in a more advanced stage of civilisation. That country may have been Egypt, but the carriers were probably Phœnicians.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks that, in calling the antiquities from Mycenæ præ-Dædalian and præ-Homeric, we incline to the belief that they are of a very high antiquity. Dædalus is so entirely a legendary personage, that we can only offer vague guesses as to the period which his name represents; but the age of the Homeric poems, however much contested by ancient and modern chronologers, can hardly be later than the age assigned to them by Herodotus—namely, about four centuries before his own time, or B.C. 850. If, then, the Mycenæan antiquities are præ-Homeric, they must be regarded as earlier than the middle of the ninth century before our era. We have already set forth the general grounds for such an opinion, as deduced from a comparison of the Mycenæan treasure with other extant examples of archaic art. In further support of such a view, it may be here noted that, on a well-known mural picture in a tomb at Thebes, tributaries of the Egyptian King Thothmes III., believed to be Cyprians or Phœnicians, are bringing vases and other offerings, one of which is in the form of an ox's head, very closely resembling the silver ox's head of the Mycenæan treasure, while other figures bear cups, which have a strong family likeness to those found by Dr. Schliemann.* According to Egyptologists, the date of Thothmes III. falls somewhere between B.C. 1400. and 1500 at the latest.

We have already pointed out that the close resemblance between the antiquities of Ialysus and those of Mycenæ makes it probable that we ought not to separate one series from the other by any long interval of time; and here we must call attention to the fact that in one of the tombs at Ialysus was found another Egyptian relic of remote antiquity —a porcelain scarab with the cartouche of King Amenoph III., whose date, according to the authorities on Egyptian chronology, is not later than B.C. 1400. Of course, neither this discovery nor the resemblance between the Mycenæan ox's head and cups to similar objects depicted in the tomb at Thebes are conclusive as to the date of the respective tombs in which they were found; for a sepulchral deposit cannot, of course, be older than the most modern objects it contains, and the Mycenæan cups and Ialysian scarab may be somewhat older than the other objects found with them; but we hardly think it likely that this possible greater antiquity would exceed three centuries. We should thus arrive at the eleventh century B.C. as an approximate date for the antiquities of Mycenæ and Ialysus.

We have now endeavoured to answer the question, What can be inferred as to the age and origin of the antiquities found on the Akropolis at Mycenæ by the study of the antiquities themselves? From a comparison with extant remains found on other ancient sites, we are led to infer that the contents of the Mycenæan tombs belong to the most

* Hoskins, 'Travels in Ethiopia,' pll. 46–9

remote period to which we can venture to ascribe any Greek antiquities as yet known to us, and the reasoning which has conducted us to this conclusion would, we conceive, seem equally valid to any one trained in archæological research, whether these antiquities had been found by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ or on any other Greek site not so marked out by tradition and extant monuments, as the seat of a great monarchy in præ-Homeric times. On the other hand, it is not possible in the discussion on the discoveries at Mycenæ to divest the mind of the associations which the very name of this site calls forth, and thus we are brought back to the question to which we have already briefly adverted in the earlier part of this article. Have those singular monuments, the so-called Treasuries, and the Lion gateway, that direct connexion with the dynasty of the Atreidæ which local tradition in the time of Pausanias ascribed to them? Are they, as most archæologists believe, almost the sole surviving specimens of the architecture of the heroic age, an architecture which has passed away like the fauna of that remote period to which geologists assign the Mastodon and Megatherium; or are they, as ultra-sceptics have maintained, simply masses of ancient masonry of uncertified date and origin? Henceforth, it is obvious, the discussion of this question cannot be separated from that of another question, What is the age of the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann in the Akropolis at Mycenæ? Was this immense treasure deposited at a time when Mycenæ still merited the epithet 'much-golden,' which Homer bestows on it? Were the bodies with which it was found those of Royal personages of the line of Pelops, or of some unknown *fortes ante Agamemnona* or *post Agamemnona?*

At this stage of the enquiry we would state certain propositions which, we think, may be fairly assumed as postulates in all future discussions of the problem:—

1. There was a powerful Achæan dynasty at Mycenæ which in mythic tradition is represented by the three successive names, Atreus, Thyestes, Agamemnon, and which at some time was dominant in Argolis, and perhaps over much more of the Peloponnese.

2. This Achæan dynasty lost its ascendancy after the revolution commonly called the Return of the Herakleidæ, when the Dorians established themselves as the ruling race in Argos and other parts of the Peloponnese, and of which revolution the date is B.C. 1104 according to one ancient authority, or B.C. 1048 according to another.

3. The buildings which Pausanias calls Treasuries and the Lions' Gate at Mycenæ were erected during the period of Achæan supremacy in Argolis.

4. From the amount of treasure which the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann contained it may be fairly inferred that they were Royal tombs.

5. As we have no record, legendary or historical, of any kings reigning at Mycenæ after the termination of the Achæan dynasty, it is to be presumed that the tombs in the Akropolis are not later than that dynasty.

But admitting these premisses, have we any reasonable ground for supposing that the tombs found by Dr. Schliemann are those which Pausanias believed to contain the remains of Agamemnon and his companions? It may be well here to cite the exact words of that author*:—'In the ruins of Mycenæ are the fountain called Perseia, and the subterranean buildings of Atreus and his children, in which they stored their treasure. The tomb of Atreus is there, and also the tomb of Agamemnon and such of his companions as Ægisthus slew at a banquet on their return from Troy. The identity, indeed, of the tomb of Cassandra is called in question by the Lakonians of Amyclæ, but one of the tombs is that of Agamemnon, another of his charioteer Eurymedon. Teledamus and Pelops, who are said to have been twin children of Cassandra, and to have been slain while yet infants with their parents by Ægisthus, are both in the same tomb, and there is the tomb of Electra, for Orestes gave her in marriage to Pylades, and, according to Hellanicus, Medon and Strophios were the issue of this union. *But Clytemnestra and Ægisthus were buried at a little distance from the fortress*, being thought unworthy to be buried within it where Agamemnon and those slain with him were interred.' We quite accept in this passage Dr. Schliemann's interpretation of the word τεῖχος by which he understands the fortress on the Akropolis, not, as former authorities have maintained, the wall round the lower city; and it must be acknowledged that the text of Pausanias thus interpreted presents a most curious coincidence with the recent discoveries. His statement would lead us to expect that Royal tombs might be found within the Akropolis; search has been made, and tombs containing a treasure worthy of the ruler of Mycenæ 'the Golden' have been found. The coincidence seems almost too perfect to be true. What its real value is as evidence in the question before us will be, it is easy to predict, hotly contested. It will be urged that the passage which we have cited from

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6.

Pausanias was written more than twelve centuries after the reputed date of the death of Agamemnon; that his statement about the tombs rests apparently on no other authority than the local tradition current in Argolis when he visited Mycenæ, and that on the same loose authority of local tradition, elsewhere in Greece, he points out in the course of his work the tombs of many other personages of the heroic age, some of whom are manifestly mere mythical figments. Nor can we blame Pausanias for recording these local traditions, which could only have been tested by an operation as repugnant to the feelings of that pious traveller as it would have been to those of his contemporaries who claimed for their cities the distinction of possessing the tombs of ancestral heroes, sacred in their eyes as the shrines of saints still are in Christendom. Though in the second century of the Christian era tomb burglary was not unknown, no archæologist would have been permitted by the Greeks to violate the tombs of their ancestors for the sake of satisfying historic doubts, which they themselves did not entertain, and which they would have indignantly repudiated.

Again, it may be said that the legends about the death of Agamemnon, like some of the incidents of his life, are contradictory. According to Pindar it was at Amyclæ in Lakonia, and not at Mycenæ, that he was slain, and Pausanias himself admits that the Amyclæans, Mycenæan tradition notwithstanding, maintained that Cassandra was buried in their city, and showed what they considered to be the tomb of Agamemnon.* It will be said too that to talk of Agamemnon as an historical personage is merely begging the question, but that, even if we admit the possibility that a king of that name did return from Troy and was treacherously slain in the manner related by Homer and the tragedians, how can we be sure that the tombs discovered by Dr. Schliemann are those meant by Pausanias? It is obvious that nothing short of a thorough exploration of the Akropolis can give a satisfactory answer to this question, and, while this article is still in the press, comes news from Athens announcing that Mr. Stamataki, who has been appointed by the Greek Government to continue the excavations at Mycenæ, has already found there another tomb containing gold.†

* Pausan. ii. 16, 6; iii. 19, 6. In the latter passage the integrity of the text has been doubted by recent editors, but, as it appears to us, on no good grounds.

† See the Greek newspaper 'Palingenesia,' Nov. 24, 1877.

We should not here omit to mention that in the course of Dr. Schliemann's operations at Mycenæ, one of the five subterraneous chambers called Treasuries by Pausanias, was excavated by Madame Schliemann, who, here as at Hissarlik, proved herself the intelligent and devoted partner in her husband's toils. In the course of further exploration something more may yet be found to throw light on the question what was the purpose of these vast subterranean chambers. Pausanias calls these buildings and the similar one at Orchomenos, Treasuries; in both cases probably accepting the local tradition current in his time with his usual unquestioning faith. But we venture to assert that, if Pausanias had not given this name to these chambers, it would never have occurred to archæologists to call them Treasuries. It seems inconceivable that Atreus and his successors would have placed their treasure in the city below, when they could have stored it in such an impregnable stronghold as the Akropolis; why too should they build five separate Treasuries, and scatter them about the city, when, if placed close together in a row, they could have been much more easily guarded? Moreover the peculiar Egyptian vaulting of these buildings, the long passage leading up to them, and the smaller inner chamber in the largest of them, all remind us of a class of tomb which was probably much more common in Greece in the kingly period than in the later republican times, and of which we find the type surviving in the Græco-Scythic royal tomb, called the Koul Oba, near Kertsch, and in certain parts of Asia Minor.* We agree then with Mure and E. Curtius in considering the Treasuries at Mycenæ tombs of the Achæan dynasty which reigned there. Such a supposition seems at first sight at variance with the theory that the tombs in the Akropolis are also royal sepulchres; but we may reconcile both views, if we assume that such vast masses of masonry as the so-called Treasury of Atreus were constructed when the dynasty had that wide extended sway 'over all Argos and many islands,' which would have enabled the ruling despot to command the large amount of labour required for the building of such a tomb, and when the lower city of Mycenæ was well guarded from any invasion. There may have been an after period when the mighty kingdom of the Atreidæ had shrunk to much narrower limits, and when the 'labour of an age in piled stones' was no longer attainable to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and to

* Newton, 'History of Discoveries,' ii., pp. 202, 487, 488, 581–88.

protect their remains. In this later period the Akropolis would undoubtedly be the safest place for tombs containing so much treasure. Dr. Schliemann suggests that the circular enclosure round the tombs on the Akropolis may mark the limits of the *Agora*. This may be so, though we should rather have expected to find the Agora in the lower city. Ancient tombs are constantly surrounded with a *peribolos*, and though such an *enceinte* is generally a parallelogram, the circular form may have been adopted at Mycenæ, because the part of the Akropolis where the tombs are may have been already crowded with the buildings of which the foundations are shown on Dr. Schliemann's plan. Possibly, we may have in this circular enclosure the primitive form of the *prytaneum*, which in later Greek times was usually a round building with the altar of Hestia in the centre.* In the foundations to the south of the circular enclosure, a number of very archaic objects were found, which we have no space to notice here. Dr. Schliemann thinks that these foundations indicate the site of a royal palace. The position of such a palace close to the wall and principal gate of the Akropolis reminds us of the palace at Khorsabad, planted in a gap in the wall of the Assyrian city. If the palace of the Atreidæ was a superstructure of wood built on these foundations, as Dr. Schliemann supposes, the circular enclosure would be the most appropriate place of meeting for the Elders, whom we may suppose to have been summoned by the King to his Council.

Here we must close our notice of the discoveries at Mycenæ, and before we leave the Akropolis let us cast one upward glance at those gaunt lions who have kept watch over the massive gateway for thirty or more centuries. When last we saw them lit up by the slanting rays of the western sun, we thought how admirably their proportions were designed for the place they occupy; how well that rough, uncouth treatment of the anatomy harmonises with the rugged masonry round. Headless as they are, they are in our eyes a higher effort of art than all the golden treasures of the tombs within. Was it a Cyclops imported from Lycia who carved these strange animals for Perseus, or did the Tantalid Pelops bring from his Lydian fatherland some tradition of Asiatic art to the peninsula which still, in this nineteenth century, bears his name? These and many other questions suggested by the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann must be postponed till the excavation of certain ancient sites in Asia Minor has told us more of Lydian, and, perhaps, of Phrygian art. The solution of the problem with which we have been endeavouring to grapple will, perhaps, be found when the tombs of the Lydian kings near Sardis and the tumuli in the Troad have been properly explored.

* K. F. Hermann, 'Privatalterthümer,' 1870, § 18, 11. Pyl, 'Die griech. Rundbauten,' p. 88. The temple of Vesta at Rome was also round.

Art. X.—1. *Pio Nono e il Papa futuro.* Da Ruggiero Bonghi, Deputato al Parlamento. Milano: Novembre 1877.

2. *Stato e Chiesa.* Da Marco Minghetti. Milano: 1878.

It will hardly be denied that the subject of these two works has an interest and importance by no means confined to the country of the authors of them. The secular politics of Italy are interesting mainly to those who have felt a sentimental affection for the country which has been the mother and mistress to all of us in art and literature, and who have watched the progress of her regeneration with an interest inspired by that feeling. But the future fortunes of the Roman Church, and the position which the State is to assume towards it in Italy, are indissolubly connected with questions not yet definitively set at rest in any part of Europe. We have said *subject*, in the singular, because in truth the two books are occupied with two phases of the same question, although the authors have approached it from different sides, and have brought to bear on it the methods and resources of two very differently constituted minds. The relations of Church and State in Italy will largely depend on the choice which the cardinals may make in the approaching Conclave; and that, no doubt, will also in some degree be influenced by the present and probable future attitude which the State may assume towards the Church.

The authors of these two books are among the ablest thinkers and statesmen of Italy. It is hardly necessary to say that both have been Cabinet Ministers, Signor Bonghi having held the portfolio of Public Instruction, while Signor Minghetti was Premier of the Ministry which went out of office in March 1876. '*Negotium in otio*' is the epigraph which he has placed at the head of his writing. And the hint must needs cause every friend to Italy to wish that no such leisure had ever enabled the author to produce it.

Signor Bonghi's book consists in great part

of three articles which appeared between four and five years ago in the 'Antologia Nuova.' These have now been reprinted, with the addition of a preface, a fourth chapter entitled 'Four Years afterwards,' and sundry appendices containing correct information respecting the method and process of electing a Pope, interesting at the present moment, and very much needed, considering the amount of error and nonsense that is talked and written upon the subject from day to day. This new chapter is therefore, for obvious reasons, the most interesting and important part of the volume.

Within the last four years the Holy Father, who, for a previous period of four or five years' duration, had not created any cardinals, has given the hat to an unusual number. Besides one or two of those promoted during this time, who have already died, there are now in the Sacred College no less than thirty-five cardinals created since the close of 1873. Eight of these were promoted on December 22 in that year; eight more on March 15, 1875 (two of whom, however, were reserved 'in petto,' and 'published' only in the following Consistory); one on September 17, 1875; two on April 3, 1876; eight on March 12, 1877; and three on June 22 in the same year; all these thirty being of the order of priests. Besides these, of the order of deacons two were created on March 15, 1875, and published on September 17 of the same year; and three more on June 22, 1877. It is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the reader that practically, and especially as regards everything connected with the election of the future Pope, there is no difference between cardinals belonging to the three orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, save that the latter need not have received full, and therefore irrevocable, orders. The vote of the most recently created cardinal deacon is worth exactly the same in the Conclave as that of the Dean of the Sacred College.

Now, as Signor Bonghi remarks, an addition of thirty-five new members to an electoral body consisting previously of forty-five is sufficient to change the nature and tendencies of it entirely, even if the whole of the older forty-five were yet extant. But that is by no means the case. No fewer than eighteen of the forty-five have died since 1872, viz. the Cardinals Patrizi, Barnabò, Bizzarri, Milesi, Mertel, De Angelis, Trevisanato, Mathieu, Ranscher, Billiet, Garcia-Cuesta, De la Castra y Cuesto, Grassellini, De Silvestri, Basili, Vannicelli, Antonelli, and Riario Sforza. Thus only twenty-seven members of the College as it existed before the recent creations survive, while the newly added element is nearly half as large again.

But the composition of the College has been very remarkably modified in another respect. Four years ago, in a College consisting of forty-five members, there were thirty-two Italians and thirteen foreigners. But of the thirty-five cardinals created since 1872, eighteen are Italians and seventeen foreigners; while of those who have died in the interval, thirteen were Italians, and five only foreigners. Thus the present College consists of sixty-two members, of whom thirty-six are Italians and twenty-six foreigners; whereas the College, at the time when Signor Bonghi published his first articles, consisted of forty-five, of whom, as has been said, thirty-two were Italians and only thirteen foreigners. The difference which such a change in the proportion of the materials of the College is likely to make as regards the probabilities of the result of the coming Conclave is obvious; though it is by no means easy to say in what direction the influence of the change may operate.

Signor Bonghi remarks that it is 'natural' that, under the present conditions of the Papacy, the foreign element in the College should be increased. But it is difficult to understand why this should be so. The various causes which, when the Pope was a sovereign among the other princes of Europe, induced and enabled other sovereigns to press on the Holy Father the creation of subjects of their own with the view of exercising an influence in the Conclave, or for other reasons, are no longer in existence. And the acceptance of such an enlarged view of the functions of the Papacy, as a purely spiritual power, as would lead the Supreme Pontiff to feel that his Council should be as cosmopolitan as his office, is assuredly not attributed to the Pope or his advisers by our author. Be the causes what they may, it is obvious that this fact must very considerably modify the speculations of all who would attempt any forecast as to the probabilities of the future Conclave. And a consideration of the method of the election will place this fact in a yet stronger light. As is well known, no election can be made until two-thirds of the votes of all those present in Conclave have been recorded for the same individual, exclusively of his own vote for himself. Speaking of this important aspect of the subject, Signor Bonghi writes thus:—'Four years ago in a College of forty-five members there were thirteen foreigners; at the present day in a College of sixty-two there are twenty-six. . . . So that the Italian cardinals, who were thirty-

two in number in the College as it was four years ago (that is to say, more than double the number of the foreigners), are only thirty-six in the College as it is at the present day (that is to say, just ten more than the foreigners). And whereas at the former period the Italian cardinals sufficed to form the majority of two-thirds needed for the election of a Pontiff, they are still sufficient to exclude a foreign Pontiff, if need were and they wished to do so; but they can no longer elect an Italian cardinal without the concurrence of seven of the foreigners;' seeing that the thirty-six Italians would, for the purpose of electing an Italian, count for thirty-five only.

The importance of the point will be seen at once. But it is to be observed that, as no cardinal can vote who is not absolutely present in Conclave at the time of voting, it is impossible to suppose that the votes given will correspond with the numbers of the College. However infirm, ill, or bedridden a cardinal may be, he can take part in the election, if it is possible for him to be carried into the Conclave, for it is not required that those who are too infirm should attend the scrutiny in the Sistine or Pauline Chapel. A cardinal is appointed to wait on such sick prelates in their cells with a locked box, having a slit in the lid, for the reception of their votes. But it is not to be expected that all the members of the College will enter Conclave; some of the foreigners will in all probability not come to Rome.

As to the external conditions under which the next Conclave will be held, Signor Bonghi is unquestionably right in the conclusion at which he arrives, that the civil governments of the different European States will exercise less influence on it than was ever heretofore the case. An immense deal of nonsense has been talked and written during the last year or two about the intentions and plans of the different governments with reference to the Conclave, which has shown that the talkers and writers have altogether failed to perceive the effects of the change in the position of the Pope resulting from the loss of his temporal power; and the speculations which have been put forward as to the use of the 'veto' have in a yet greater degree indicated an ignorance of ecclesiastical history in those who have indulged in them. Briefly the state of the case was, and is, as follows:— The governments of Austria, France, Spain, and Portugal were understood to have the privilege of each naming one cardinal, to whose elevation to the Papacy they objected. Portugal possesses this privilege as an indisputable right, it having been conceded to her by bull. She has never, however, on any one occasion availed herself of it. With regard to the other three Powers it is uncertain how the supposed privilege first originated. But it can be abundantly shown that the exercise of the 'veto' was only tolerated, and existed by sufferance, and not of right. Nothing is more certain, moreover, than that it has frequently been disregarded by the Conclave, more than one Pope having been elected in defiance of it. At the present time none of the reasons exist which rendered it, in some degree reasonable that some such power of protecting themselves against the election of a Pontiff objectionable to them should be vested in the principal Roman Catholic Courts of Europe; and at the same time none of the reasons, which induced the Sacred College to pay attention to the wishes of the sovereigns in this respect, have any further operations or influence. It may in a word be affirmed with very considerable certainty, that no 'veto' on behalf of any of the Powers who have in times past exercised it will be presented to the College at the next Conclave. And as to 'arrangements,' 'agreements,' or 'decisions,' respecting influence or coercion to be exercised on the electors by other powers, it may be safely asserted that nothing of the kind will be attempted. The loss of temporal power by the Holy See has, at least, done this for it. It has cut it adrift from all those points of contact with the civil governments and authorities of the earth, which gave them the means of acting on it. Archimedes Bismarck has no longer any fulcrum for his lever. We have been told that if the result of the Conclave should be such or such a choice, this, that, or the other statesman would not 'recognise' the Pontiff chosen. But such talkers forget to ask themselves what effect such non-recognition would have on the Pope or the Papacy, or in what respect is Pio Nono at all in a better position by reason of the recognition of, say, the German Government, than he would be without it? Or from what possible point of view would his successor be in a worse position without such recognition? The important point, the point on which all the Pope's power for mischief or for good in the world depends, is that he should be recognised as such by the whole of the Catholic world. If the universal Church and the whole body of the faithful agree in saying and believing that A. B. is Pope, none of the difficulties and troubles in which that fact may involve the civil governments of Europe would be in the least degree diminished by their assertion that A. B. is not Pope. If indeed it were by any means

possible to bring about a doubtful election—if a schism could be produced—then, indeed, the case would be far otherwise. But of this there is not the least chance. The interference of the Italian Government will undoubtedly, as Signor Bonghi points out, be strictly limited to providing that the Conclave shall be held, so far as exterior circumstances are concerned, in perfect liberty, freedom, and independence. It would be in their power, indeed, to exclude any given cardinal very effectually, by artfully speaking and acting in such a manner as to cause it to be believed by the members of the Sacred College that they were particularly anxious that the individual in question should be elected.

But in truth the election to be made in the Conclave, which may very possibly be assembled this year, will without doubt be a perfectly pure one—perhaps the purest that the Church has ever seen since the days when the Podestà of Viterbo compelled the reluctant fathers of the Church to come to a compromise by taking the roof off the building in which the Conclave was assembled! It will be pure in the sense that the votes of the electors will be the genuine result of their opinions, and that the desire and object of all present will be the election of the man most capable of judiciously guiding the bark of St. Peter through the troubled seas that lie before it. But there may be—or rather there unquestionably will be—different opinions as to the course of policy which it may be wisest for the Church to pursue during the coming years, and consequently different opinions as to the individual most fitted to be entrusted with the helm. This much premised, is it possible to form any well-founded conjecture whatever respecting the probabilities of the result of the coming Conclave?

'There are few things less known,' says Signor Bonghi, 'than the College of Cardinals, yet it is in a consideration of the sentiments of its members that any indication of what is likely to happen after the death of Pius IX. must be sought. I have already shown my reasons for coming to the conclusions that if, in past times, many and various aims and interests may have influenced the electors in the election of the Pontiff, at the present day it may be considered certain that the ecclesiastical principle, of which the Roman Church is the custodian and defender, will prevail over every other aim or interest whatsoever. For the temporal power is lost, and if there is any cardinal to whom the recovery of it may not seem desperate, it is only by means of a judicious management of that principle that he can hope for such recovery. Now what will be the way of thinking of the College, as to the safest line of policy for the Church, when the direction of it shall be no longer in the hands of Pius IX.? And who can answer this question, since during the life of the Pontiff the Sacred College is the mutest of councils; and it has become increasingly the habit of the cardinals to utter no word save of entire approbation for whatever is done by their sovereign? Who can answer it, recollecting that these cardinals are habituated to avoid every manifestation of their real sentiments, and to conceal them with all the greater caution and care, in that they know that every word that falls from them is spied, and that if any one of these should be at all to the distaste of a master all but absolute, in whose power they are, it would probably have the effect of removing them from all office or influence? Pius IX. moreover, not a harsh nor stern man by nature, but having an immensely high idea of himself, is apt to visit even the least opposition to his will or his inclinations with punishment all the more severe by reason of his entire persuasion that his wishes and inclinations are directly inspired by God. It is perhaps many ages since there has been a Pontiff who has had so high an idea of his own office, as compared with all other powers and dignities, in such sort that the smallest opposition is intolerable to him, appearing to him, as it does, not only as irreverent, but sinful. . . . It is impossible but that the cardinals should be confirmed in their determination to place a seal on their thoughts in presence of a prince such as is the present; not of large intelligence; with but little learning; of vivacious disposition; pure in heart, in such sort that he is unconscious of any motive other than praiseworthy; intolerant of all opposition; unfortunate in his life, and fully persuaded that no misfortune that has happened to him has been due to any fault of his; and finally strengthened in all this by a crowd of flatterers, convinced that there is no safety for them otherwise than by maintaining firmly in the erroneous path on which he has entered, a Pontiff who has by them been declared infallible. It cannot but be perceived, then, that to conjecture what may be the tendencies and modes of thinking of the cardinals must be a task of extreme difficulty, especially now, and with regard to an act which is assuredly by many, if not by all of them, deemed to depend on causes superior to all human motives. Though extremely difficult, however, it is not impossible.'

Signor Bonghi points out that, manifold as have been the vicissitudes through which the Church has passed, its present position is an entirely new one, and wholly dissimilar to anything within former experience, because its rupture with the State and the loss of the temporal power open a free course to the democratic tendencies of Roman Catholicism.

'The laws,' writes Signor Bonghi, 'which have in every country been promoted by *liberal* [ital. in orig.] minds and have forcibly against

its own wishes made a breach between the Papacy and the governments, and drive it, despite its reluctance, into a closer contact with the people. The loss of the temporal power, if it has not deprived the Pontiff of the title of a sovereign, and of all representation as such, has left to him both the one and the other in such a shape, and under such conditions, that they can be to him but an incumbrance and a hindrance rather than a help and means of defence. And this loss supplies him with a powerful motive for advancing further in that direction (a closer contact with the people), and for persisting in it. . . . It cannot be denied that Pius IX. has in these latter years done much to widen the separation between the Church and the State, though in principle he rejects such a divorce, and to change the central point of the activity of the Church.'

Signor Bonghi might have found a very remarkable confirmation of the ideas he is here putting forward, in a sermon preached some four years ago by Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, in the Church of St. Isidore, in Rome, on St. Patrick's Day. The preacher insisted on the inability of the statesmen of Europe, especially of the leaders of either of the great English parties, to deal with the social question, which is every day more and more pressing itself on the attention of the world and demanding a solution. Only the Catholic priest, he urged, would be found capable of dealing with it. And this theory was developed at length, and with much eloquence. Now unquestionably this sermon would not have been preached when and where it was preached, if the ideas advanced in it had not been acceptable to the Vatican.

It is a common opinion among liberals, says Signor Bonghi, that the Church would encounter, in any attempt to place itself in direct contact with the popular masses, two obstacles, which would, in their opinion, be found to be insurmountable—the first, the progress of science, which destroys Church dogma; and the second that vehement desire for material enjoyment, which has taken possession of the populations, 'and which brings a sneer upon their faces at any one who promises them an equality of happiness in heaven in compensation for the inequality of fortune on earth.' It is the opinion of Signor Bonghi that though there is a certain degree of reality in both these difficulties, it is very easy to attribute to them greater weight than they deserve. Science has never afforded any solution, nor, whatever its progress, will ever afford any, for 'those problems which the human mind, since its first escape from barbarism, has been for ages proposing to itself, and which, though they have from age to age become more clear in their terms, have not for that reason made any progress towards solution.' And the failure of science to answer such questions must have the effect of impelling many if not all minds—but he might better have said a certain class of minds—to seek a reply from authority. This, says Signor Bonghi, is the persuasion which caused the Jesuits to strive with so much eagerness to induce the Pontiff to allow himself to be declared infallible, and which leads them to expect such great and wonderful results from that measure; though in fact they have added nothing to the authority of Catholic doctrine, and have multiplied around it difficulties and repugnances.

With regard to the second of the two obstacles to an alliance between the Church and the European democracies—namely, the prevalent desire of material well-being—Signor Bonghi contends that the Roman Church has always done more than any other to render the lot of the people 'less hard here on earth.'

'At the present day too,' he writes, 'no Christian sect can be compared with Catholicism in respect of its sympathy for the populace. . . . The Protestant clergyman wishes to a gentleman. The Catholic, even if noble by birth, desires to appear to have sprung from the people. In England the Anglican clergy, in the recent movement of the agricultural labourers, placed themselves on the side of the proprietor; the Catholic clergy on the side of the labourers. Archbishop Manning appeared at a meeting held by them for the support of their cause, and spoke temperately indeed, but in a manner to encourage them to believe their demands justified.'

The author then proceeds to argue from metaphysical considerations, that, widely as unbelief has become diffused in these latter days, there is every reason to think that belief in Christian dogma is in no danger of becoming extinct at any period to which our present outlook extends. On the other hand the lay governments of the world do not see their course clear before them.

'Assuredly,' he says, 'whoever compares the condition of Catholicism, as it was before the first French Revolution, with its present condition, cannot deny that, shaken and falling on all sides as it is, when considered as an institution connected with the State, it is, as a religious sentiment, very much more living, efficacious, and ardent, than it was at the earlier period. And if, looked at from this point of view, it has lost ground among the middle classes (*borghesi*), it cannot be said to have done so among the people, and it has assuredly gained ground among the upper classes. It may be added, that the number of those who, with a more or less clear conception of the meaning of the word, call themselves Catholics throughout the world, is beyond all doubt greater now than it was a hun-

dred years ago. Pius IX., if, from one point of view, he has done all that was in his power, though unconsciously, especially in the earlier part of his reign, to hasten a crisis, has nevertheless contributed not a little to a larger expansion and a more vivacious regeneration of religion.'

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether the phenomenon which Signor Bonghi attributes to the action and influence of the Pontiff, be not rather due to influences of the times of a larger nature and more cogent efficacy. But the fact is unquestionable. And it is a fact, says Signor Bonghi, that cannot but be displeasing to Liberal governments, which had expected from their legislation an altogether different result. The consequence has been that Liberal parties have been subjected to a profound division; the one portion remaining true to their principle, which is the restriction of the power of the State as regards the manifestation and action of all religious opinion; while the other, seeing that the principles of pure Liberalism did not succeed in quenching the revival of religion, have for some years past begun to attach to 'Liberalism' the notion of enforcing rationalistic opinions by the exclusion of religious teaching.

Signor Bonghi rapidly glances at the conditions of the struggle in the different countries of Europe. It appears very doubtful to him whether Germany will succeed in the contest with the Church on which she has entered. 'I am not indisposed to think that, with the means she has adopted, she may arrive at a precisely opposite result' adverse to that unification of Germany which has been, Signor Bonghi thinks, the main motive with Germany for entering on the contest. In France the state of things is exactly the reverse. Only the first of the two Liberal schools has produced any notable effect on the condition of the Church by enlarging the liberty of instruction. And there is small probability of any change in the direction of French ecclesiastical policy. 'In Great Britain the Catholic Church shows the immense elasticity of its organism, since it progresses alike in Ireland and in England, availing itself in the two islands of widely different legal conditions, and profiting by all the large liberties of English legislation, while defying its prohibitions.' In all the other countries Signor Bonghi is of opinion that the Church is at least holding her own. As regards Italy, he thinks that those who talk of conciliation between the Church and the State do not understand what they are talking of. Conciliation cannot be desired by either party, and is impossible. The Church is aware that it would lose its authority in the other countries of Europe if it were known to be bound to the Italian Government. And further—

'As I have already said, the Papacy may be tempted to throw itself into the *mêlée* of popular passions, and to take the part of the lowest classes against the middle classes (*borghesi*). But it has not done this yet, and it will hesitate much before resolving to do it. For the present it is the rigidly conservative elements of society that are confederate with it, and which afford it nourishment, support, and favour. Now these are all opposed to the present direction of the policy of the Italian Government; and if ever the Papacy should appear to be reconciled with the latter, they would abandon it, or adhere to it with far less tenacity than at present.'

On the other hand, the Italian Government, says Signor Bonghi, has nothing to offer to the Church. For, 'to speak plainly,' the Papacy, whether rightly or wrongly, has no faith in any such stability of the Government as should make it sure that it will be able to keep any bargain it might make with the Church. Matters are, therefore, likely to remain as they are between Church and State in Italy for some time to come.

'Notwithstanding, however, that there is so little affection between the Government and the Church, the Papacy may feel safe, at least for a considerable time to come, that Italian legislation will not touch it in any point that concerns its spiritual functions towards the Catholic population; and that the Government will in its acts be still much more prudent than the legislature.'

These, Signor Bonghi thinks, are the circumstances of the Church which must influence the cardinals in their choice when assembled in the approaching Conclave. And it is only from the presumable operation on their minds of these that it may be possible to arrive at any reasonable conjecture as to the probabilities of the result.

The Conclave, as Signor Bonghi says with unquestionable accuracy, will be occupied, to the exclusion of all the other considerations which have on former occasions so frequently, one might say so constantly, influenced it, with this question alone:—'What is the best line of conduct to be pursued for the present and future salvation of this glorious and venerable institution of which we form so principal a part?' At the close of the last century, as the author goes on to remark—

'the difficulty of succeeding in this enterprise appeared so great, that two cardinals abdicated. At the present day not one of them would do so. This is due in part to the fact that, if the tempest which is now tossing the Church be larger and more profound, it is not equally

furious. In part also it is due to the circumstance that the state of mind of the supporters of the Church is very much more confident. Lastly, it is believed that the winds which produce this tempest are less irresistible than they were a century ago. But, on the other hand, what has become more obscure, more complex, more difficult, is the search for, and the discovery of, a way to the end in view, since it has become abundantly clear that that which has been followed hitherto is a very thorny one, and one on which we lose ground rather than gain it.'

There have always been parties in the Conclave, and there will be such in that which is approaching. But the old motives and causes of party divisions have disappeared. In the coming Conclave there will be but two parties, and they will be formed on a different basis from any of those which have given rise to party divisions in former conclaves. It can no longer be the case that the 'creatures' of one Pope—to use the technical phrase—can form a party in opposition to the creatures of another. With the exception of some three or four, Pius IX. has created the whole of the existing College. Nor in these days will the great family names of any of the cardinals exercise any influence. There are but few such names in the college—fewer perhaps than at any time for many generations back—and those few are borne by men who do not enjoy any such reputation in the College as could place them among the *papabili*. Signor Bonghi, when saying as much four years ago, excepted one name from the statement, that of his Eminence Riario Sforza, the then Archbishop of Naples; and his subsequent speculations led him to the conclusion that, upon the whole, he was the most likely man to be Pius IX.'s successor. But all these speculations have been set at naught by the recent death of this personage.

The old motives of party divisions in the College having then disappeared, what will divide the cardinals on the coming occasion? 'Whoso studies the matter well,' says our author, 'will find no other principle of division than the greater or lesser degree of approbation or disapprobation of the line of conduct pursued by Pius IX.' Now, it might have occurred to Signor Bonghi that, such being the case, the considerations which he has already excellently well put forward as to the dumbness of the cardinals during the lifetime of the Pontiff, and the reasons for it, must operate to render any estimate of the probable party division of the Conclave more difficult than ever, and indeed impossible. Nevertheless, Signor Bonghi thinks that it is possible, with regard to many of the cardinals, to rank them with more or less certainty in one or the other of the parties formed on these lines.

'Pius IX. has certainly innovated on the principles which guided his predecessors in the conduct of the spiritual government. Where it seemed good to them above all things not to move, it has seemed good to him to move. Whereas it was hitherto considered excellent policy to clothe Christian dogma with a veil, and leave it undisturbed, it has to him seemed better to put it on its feet and force it to walk. . . . Now among the cardinals there are some who think that he has done well, that the idea of a Church which has been the motor spring of his conduct is the only true one, and that it should not in the smallest degree be departed from. And there are others who think that he has done ill; who would have preferred that he should have moved little or nothing; and who think that an institution as old as the Church ought not to be shaken or too much agitated, but treated with the utmost scruple and delicacy, even when there is a question of improving or re-invigorating it. I remember that Cardinal Pallavicino (he was the well-known author of the orthodox history of the Council of Trent, written in opposition to the work of Paolo Sarpi) distinguishes the cardinals as "saints" and "politicians," and affirms that the Church has never placed in danger, save by a Pope chosen from among the former. And the cardinals may now be divided into those who would accept the dictum of one of their most illustrious predecessors, and those who would repudiate it; or, to put it more exactly, into those who look only up to heaven and will accept no sort of compromise, and those who look up to heaven and down on earth by turns, and think it expedient to find some terms of compromise, or at least not to exaggerate pretensions and exacerbate hostility.'

It is of no use to follow Signor Bonghi in his estimate of the issue of the Conclave, as it seemed to him four years ago; the conditions of the problem are so greatly changed. It may be mentioned, however, that he thought all the foreign cardinals excluded for different reasons from the class of the *papabili*, except Rauscher (since dead), Schwarzenberg, and Cullen. And he places all the foreigners in the class of *politici*—that is, of those who would fain temper the violence of Pius IX.'s policy—except Cullen, whom he ranks among the *santi*, or those who would continue to pursue it. On the whole, however, Signor Bonghi thinks that it is not likely that any foreigner should be elected. The other foreigners, belonging all to the class of the *politici*, would suffice to exclude Cardinal Cullen, one of the *santi*, or, to use the old word so frequently recurring in Conclave language, the *zelanti*. Finally, by a process of elimination on various grounds, Signor

Bonghi gave a list of *papabili* four years ago. But here are the names of the cardinals who have been created since that estimate was formed:—

1. Cardoso, Patriarch of Lisbon—Portuguese. 2. Regnier, Archbishop of Cambray—Frenchman. 3. Chigi, Grand Prior of the Order of St. John—Italian. 4. Franchi, Prefect of the Propaganda—Italian. 5. Guibert, Archbishop of Paris—Frenchman. 6. Oreglia, Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences—Italian. 7. Simon, Archbishop of Strigonia—Hungarian. 8. Martinelli, Pro-Prefect of the Congregazione degli Studii—Italian. 9. Antici Mattei—Italian. 10. Pietro Gianelli—Italian. 11. Ledochowski, Archbishop of Guesna and Posnania—Pole. 12. Mac Closkey, Archbishop of New York—American. 13. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster—English. 14. Dechamps, Archbishop of Mechlin—Belgian. 15. Simeoni, Secretary of State—Italian. 16. Bartolini—Italian. 17. Brossais St. Marc, Archbishop of Rennes—Frenchman. 18. Avanzo, Bishop of Calvi and Teano—Italian. 19. Franzelin, from the Trentino—Austrian. 20. Benavides of Navarrete, Patriarch of the East Indies—Spaniard. 21. Apuzzo, Archbishop of Capua—Italian. 22. Gil, Archbishop of Saragossa—Spaniard. 23. Howard, Archbishop of Neocesarea—English. 24. Parga y Rico, Archbishop of Compostella—Spaniard. 25. Caverot, Archbishop of Lyons—Frenchman. 26. Di Canossa, Bishop of Verona—Italian. 27. Serafini, Bishop of Viterbo—Italian. 28. Michalovitz, Archbishop of Agram—Austrian. 29. Kutshker, Archbishop of Vienna—Austrian. 30. Parocchi, Archbishop of Bologna—Italian. 31. Randi—Italian. 32. Pacca—Italian. 33. Nina, Assessor of the Inquisition—Italian. 34. Sbarretti, Secretary of Congregation of Regulars—Italian. 35. De Falloux, Regent of Apostolical Chancellery—Frenchman. (The last five being of the order of deacons.)

Thus we have eighteen foreigners and seventeen Italians, the former consisting of five Frenchmen, four Austrians, three Spaniards, two Englishmen, one American of the United States, one Belgian, one Pole, and one Portuguese.

Now the questions that arise in considering what effect the modification of the Sacred College resulting from the deaths and the creations of the last four years may have on the probabilities of the approaching Conclave are these. What increase or diminution of chance, if any, has accrued to those names which were considered *papabili*, in the former estimate? Do the recent promotions offer any fresh names that must be added to the small list of *papabili* which resulted from Signor Bonghi's successive eliminations? And, lastly, what, if any, modification of the general temper and probable action of the College has been produced by the large foreign element in the new promotions?

The name which stood first in Signor Bonghi's list of *papabili*, that of Riario Sforza, having been removed by death, and others of his list having been rejected for different reasons, there now remain only three of this group, Cardinals Morichini, Pecci, and De Luca. But Signor Bonghi thinks that two other names of the College as it stood before the late additions should now be added to the list of *papabili*, though previously rejected, those of Cardinals Bilio and Monaco la Valletta. For the reason why their chances were considered small four years ago was their too great youth, and that objection has been in some degree removed. Cardinal Bilio is now fifty-one, and a *porporato* of eleven years' standing; and Cardinal Monaco la Valletta fifty, with nine years in the purple. Both are still young for election to Peter's seat; but Signor Bonghi thinks that the motives which operated to recommend an aged Pope to the electors have in a great measure ceased to exist. On the other hand, Cardinal Morichini, who was at one time thought perhaps the most likely successor to the Papacy, and is still by some considered to be so, has not had his chance improved by the lapse of four years. He was born in 1805, and might be deemed somewhat too old for the requirements of the Church at the present conjuncture. It is probable also that several votes might be lost to him by an impression which prevails that he would be an acceptable choice to the Italian and German Governments. The credit of Cardinal de Luca, Signor Bonghi thinks, is somewhat less than it was four years ago. Cardinal Pecci alone remains without objection of the original list, to which, for the reason above stated, may be added Cardinals Bilio and Monaco la Valletta.

Secondly, do the recent promotions offer any fresh names that must be added to this list? Of the recently created foreign cardinals, Signor Bonghi opines that, from many points of view, they intellectually outweigh the Italians. Of Cardinal Manning he says that no one of the recently created Italians can be intellectually compared with him. But he thinks that the College will undoubtedly choose an Italian, and that it will be in all probability equally the wish of the foreign cardinals to do so, feeling that the choice of an Italian pontiff would be more likely to conciliate and retain the firm adhesion of the Catholic world than a man of any other nation. Signor Bonghi therefore thinks that, notwithstanding the very large proportion of the foreign element added to

the Sacred College by the late creations, the list of *papabili* must still consist entirely of Italians. And among the newly added Italian cardinals he finds two names only which present any probability of election—Cardinal Simeoni, the present Secretary of State, and Cardinal Franchi, Prefect of the Propaganda. The office of secretary has for many generations been held to exclude the holder of it as a candidate for the Papacy; and the office of *camarlingo*, held by Cardinal Pecci, is held to have a similar effect. But under the present altogether changed circumstances, neither of these offices having been held by the present titulars a sufficient time for any store of jealousies or enmities to have accumulated against either of them, the objection might be disregarded.

Finally, then, Signor Bonghi's list of *papabili* stands thus:—(1) Pecci, (2) Morichini, (3) De Luca, (4) Bilio, (5) Monaco la Valletta, (6) Simeoni, (7) Franchi. And against the second and third of these he has already stated grounds of objection.

In the third place, what modification, if any, have the recent creations produced in the general temper of the College and on the probabilities of its action? As has been shown, the old principles of party divisions in the College have altogether ceased to exist. The only principle on which the present College can be divided, as Signor Bonghi says, is analogous to that which divides all civil society into Conservatives and Progressists.

'But if analogous, it is by no means the same; since among the cardinals there is not one who would wish to change the constitution of the Church, or the principles on which she governs herself internally and with relation to the lay world. Probably there never will be such a cardinal, but assuredly there is none such at present day. There is only this difference among the cardinals as regards the constitution of their minds and their ideas on ecclesiastical, political, and social subjects—that some among them, seeing the difficulties in which the Church finds herself, and the changes that have taken place in States and in the minds of the people, think no other course is open to them than ever-increasing rigidity in the forms of doctrine and ecclesiastical discipline, and the keeping alive, awake, and vigilant the political aspirations of the Church and the Pontificate; whereas others, on the contrary, are of opinion that some compromise must be sought and found, though they do not say either to themselves or to others how, to what extent, by what means, and with what guarantees and hopes, this is to be accomplished. It is a difference which arises rather from the sentiments than from any intellectual process, and from different kinds of temperament rather than from different qualities of mind. But it is none the less influential on the deliberations of the electors and on the votes to be given by them.'

Now Signor Bonghi thinks that nearly all the Italian cardinals of the recent creations would go to strengthen the former of these two parties, and that the foreigners would do the same, possibly with the exception of the Austrians. In a word, then, it is the opinion of our author that the general tendencies of the Sacred College have been but little modified by the recent creations; and that whatever modification they may have produced has been rather in the direction of increasing the strength of the *zelanti*.

'The most important point, and that which will seem such to the assembled cardinals, is the question, what is the real value of the temporal power as regards the exercise of the spiritual authority of the Church? And is it so great and of such a nature that the recovery of it ought to be the principal aim and object of the policy of the Holy See?'

Signor Bonghi comes to the conclusion that the whole body of the cardinals, with hardly an exception, would answer both questions, as Cardinal Manning has already answered in his book on the 'Independence of the Holy See,' in the affirmative.

However well founded Signor Bonghi's prognostications may be, his observations do not put before the reader the whole of the causes of extreme uncertainty which must attend any attempt to forecast the result. And this, beyond the grounds of difficulty explained by Signor Bonghi, arises from the peculiar method of election. We will assume that every cardinal in Conclave will give his vote with a single view for the election of the man he considers fittest for the end desired. We will suppose further that we know accurately the sentiments and opinions of each individual cardinal on that point. It would still at the moment of going into Conclave, be altogether doubtful what the result would be, except in the improbable case of two-thirds of the members in Conclave being desirous of electing one and the same individual. But if out of a College, of, say sixty, thirty-nine only are unanimous in wishing to elect A. B., the twenty-one other members of the College can exclude him; and if they persist in doing so, the thirty-nine, powerless to elect A. B., can only elect somebody, whom one at least of the dissenting twenty-one will assist them in electing. But perhaps, probably indeed, the thirty-nine are no longer unanimous in their choice. It not being possible to elect A. B., a portion of his supporters will think C. D. the next best man; and another portion will consider E. F. to be so. Thus it is evident that the man

eventually elected may have stood third, fourth, fifth, or even lower on the list at the outset of the contest in the mind of every one of the electors.

Looking at Signor Bonghi's estimates of the probabilities of the result of the next Conclave, as a whole, they must be admitted to be based on a very shrewd appreciation and large knowledge of the facts likely to exercise a decisive influence on it. And there can be little doubt that the considerations, which he represents as likely to operate on them, will be in fact the guiding influences which will shape their conduct in Conclave. But to what end these considerations and influences will work, it is, for the reasons that have been assigned, wholly impossible for any man, cardinal or other, to predict with any feeling of assurance. And the old proverbial Roman saying to the effect that who he goes into Conclave a pope will come out of it a cardinal—meaning of course that in this race it is rarely the 'favourite' who wins—is still as true as ever it was.

With regard to the second of the two works, the titles of which are prefixed to this article, it will perhaps be sufficient to recommend the reader who takes an interest in the subject to read the 270 loosely-printed pages of which it consists. It is by far the clearest and most consistent examination of the question which the Italians have had laid before them. And if there are pages in the book which may seem to an English reader to indicate that Signor Minghetti is still in some degree—but in a less degree than any other Italian with whose writings we are acquainted—under the dominion of ideas generated by the associations of a life passed in a social atmosphere in which the Church is habitually considered as an institution existing by *à priori* necessity, the author has at least succeeded in elevating himself to a philosophical height which has enabled him to grasp the subject in its entirety, and has placed him wholly out of the region of prejudices and partisan passions.

Art. XI.—1. *The Burials Question.* A Speech delivered in the House of Commons, March 3, 1876, by George Osborne Morgan, Q.C., M.P. London: 1876.

2. *Local Government and Taxation.* By William Rathbone, M.P. London: 1875.

3. *Two Memorandums on Local Government, with Introductory Letter.* By William Rathbone and Samuel Whitbread. London: 1877.

4. *A New Reform Bill.* By the Right Honourable Robert Lowe, M.P. 'Fortnightly Review,' October and December, 1877.

5. *The County Franchise and Mr. Lowe thereon.* By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 'Nineteenth Century,' November, 1877; January, 1878.

6. *Liberal Principles.* By the Honourable George Brodrick. Published by the Liberal Central Association: 1877.

It is now just four years since the world was startled by the sudden and unlooked-for announcement of the dissolution of Parliament. Perhaps no event of the kind ever caused more surprise at the time or more discussion afterwards. In fact, we have hardly yet ceased to wonder at so inscrutable a proceeding,—a proceeding which would have been impossible if the Cabinet had been allowed to deliberate for four-and-twenty hours on its consequences. The results of this measure were promptly manifest. A Liberal majority, which had been estimated at not less than seventy, was converted into a minority of about the same amount; nearly half the members of the Parliament of 1868 disappeared from the House assembled in 1874; and the Gladstone Government, which in the former of those periods had seemed almost omnipotent, avoided the humiliation of defeat in the lobbies by an immediate resignation.

Under these discouraging conditions, the Liberal party in parliament, shorn of one-third of its numbers, with the places of many of its old and tried soldiers filled up by new and sometimes rather undisciplined recruits, found itself, on the opening of the session of 1874, in a state of the utmost disorganisation. With a leader who had thrown up the command; with no previously designated successor to take his place; with no great questions occupying the attention of the country and suitable as landmarks to indicate a policy; with the influences of much fresh-made money narcotising the higher and debauching the lower classes of the community; with the example of the Commune in France, and be it observed that French excesses are always followed by English reaction; with the fear and in the view of strikes at home, it was not wonderful that Liberals themselves became half-hearted, and that the Tory organs proclaimed with their accustomed fervor that a Conservative millenium had arrived.

In truth the day was a day of trouble and

rebuke; suspicion, recrimination, and divided counsels within the Liberal stronghold, and the Tory Rabshakeh at the head of the besieging forces, speaking in the Jews' language and counselling treasonable concessions to the people sitting on the wall. The causes of this great disintegration have often been discussed. They are not far to seek. They exist in the composition of all ministries. The more active and enterprising the administrative body, the more energetic are the causes of cleavage, the more irrepressible the centrifugal expansions. A do-nothing Government has a far greater chance of life than an active one. But when an active Government falls on do-nothing times its doom is sealed. The Parliament of 1868 was a Parliament elected, as some novels are written, with a purpose. It was specifically a reconstructive body. It reconstructed the Episcopal communion in Ireland. It reconstructed the Irish land laws. It attempted to reconstruct the Irish university system. In England it took in hand the rules which governed promotion in the army, and the rules which controlled the consumption of beer and spirits in public houses. All this it did, or proposed to do, at the bidding of the Government of the day, and that Government was further suspected of a design which might have trenched considerably upon the vested or supposed interests of one of the most powerful bodies in the country,—the civil servants of the Crown.

The Irish Church was an anomaly such as even Tories could hardly defend, and which, now it has been reconstructed, has few friends to wish it restored to its original shape. Irish land, its tenure and transfer, was a constant source of trouble and anxiety to successive Governments, and if the scheme by which the laws relating to it were remodelled has not been altogether satisfactory, it has in general worked well. But in attempting to reconstruct the Irish university system the late Government had its first experience of the strength which one section of the community can exert in opposition to any scheme running counter to their interests or to their prejudices,—an experience of which they had far greater perception when the beer and spirits interest, with its hundred and twenty thousand publicans all or most of them actively canvassing on the Tory side; the army, with all those infinitely varied social influences which its officers exert; and the Civil Service, dreading Mr. Lowe and a revision of salaries, were united in the endeavour, in so many cases successful, to oust the supporters of a Ministry who studied the welfare of the country at large, even at the risk of disturbance of interests, now of this section of the community, now of the other.

We do not mean to imply that the work done by the Parliament of 1868 was simply reconstructive. To it the country owes two great measures of an entirely originative character,—the law which established secret voting at Parliamentary and municipal elections, and the law which created the system of national primary education. Of these two enactments the effects are only just beginning to develope themselves. It takes half a generation to persuade voters that their votes will never be disclosed, although every election disabuses them more and more of a notion which up to the present time has been fostered alike by the naturally suspicious temper of dependents, and by the unscrupulous misrepresentations of those in a higher position,—a notion, that is, that the ballot is not really secret. As to the effects which the next twenty years will see produced by the measure of national education, it is impossible to predict, and perhaps almost as impossible to exaggerate them.

Vast, then, was the work done by the late Parliament; but this very vastness created a feeling of uneasiness in the minds of many who looked with dread upon capacities and activities always far beyond their reach, and sometimes even above their comprehension. It was evident, however, during the session of 1873, that the work of the Parliament, perhaps also the work of the Ministry, was done. The blow inflicted on the vital energies of Mr. Gladstone's Government by the failure to carry the Irish Universities Bill was never recovered from. It was like a first stroke of paralysis. The man rises from the shock outwardly unchanged. But he is not the same man. There is the fatal clot at the base of the brain, affecting everything, temper, memory, judgment. So was it with the late Government. Had it been permitted to live a little longer, there might have been some show of recovery; but all men felt that there was something amiss which no transfer of great offices of state could set right, and no tempting sketches of future prosperity make amends for. So the great Daimio practised the art of happy despatch, and Parliament and Ministry alike passed into the page of history.

The Parliament and the Ministry which succeeded are still before us. Many who have good opportunities of judging, men who have sat in previous Parliaments,—who know what Parliaments should be,—unite in denouncing this as the most incompetent, the most unruly, the least wise of all the Parliaments of our time. As for the Gov-

ernment, its actions and its general policy speak for it. Its legislative achievements have consisted principally in making small additions or small erasures in Acts passed by its predecessors; in muddling away a magnificent surplus by petty doles to ratepayers, or in bringing in a bundle of bills in February, to lie peacefully on the table of the House till July, and then pass painlessly away to the limbo of the forgotten. As to their policy, it began by being a policy of sewage. 'Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas,' was the motto supplied to it by its chief, and borrowed, like his famous funeral oration, from a French source.* What it may turn out to be in the fifth session of the Parliament we are at a loss to conjecture. We do not propose to anticipate its foreign policy in this article, though perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we predict that in this, as in its domestic policy, it will be strongly influenced by the prevailing view, whatever that view may be, of the Opposition benches. It seems likely, however, that the Prisons Act of last year, which took from the magistrates an important part of their jurisdiction, may soon be followed by measures of a similar character,—measures more agreeable to the views of Mr. Clare Read and the farmers than to those of the local aristocracy of the counties. If elective financial boards are to manage the money of the ratepayers, another link will be broken which at present binds the landowner to his country-house; another step will be taken in centralisation, a policy which Conservatives persistently denounce and occasionally practise. It may be indeed said with some truth that the magistrates in quarter sessions do not fairly represent even the county aristocracy; that there are many active magistrates who are only small landowners, and some who are not even landowners at all, —considerations which give great speciousness to the plea that such men are not the best, or indeed the proper, dispensers of the county exchequer. A financial board, elected by the ratepayers, seems a more proper body to decide on the way in which the ratepayers' money should be spent; but there is something strange in the introduction of such a measure by a Tory Government,—a measure contrary to their traditions, and sure to alienate some of their best supporters. All this shows that while the party in power is professedly Tory, it has lost its faculty of retrogression. It must go forward, carrying measures devised by the other party. It dares not lay a finger on any of the great measures which that other party has heretofore carried.

There is an interesting passage in one of Professor Huxley's lectures, in which, illustrating his favourite theory of evolution, he describes the process by which an extinct quadruped of the equine species, which in the Greek of geologists (a wonderful tongue, as wonderful as gardeners' Latin or churchwardens' Gothic) is called Orohippus, has gradually become developed into the horse of to-day. This progenitor of our horses was, as Professor Huxley tells us, a creature armed with a formidable set of forty-four teeth, among which the canines were prominently developed. It had two bones in its tibia and forearm, while its feet were provided with three, or, as some geologists think, with five claws apiece. Altogether an unsatisfactory and dangerous beast. The horse of our times, on the contrary, has not more than thirty-six teeth, no canines, only one bone in his leg and forearm, no claws, but only hoofs. On the whole, a great improvement on his Eocene or Pleiocene predecessor, probably much faster and certainly more harmless. A similar process of evolution appears to have been going on in the genus Tory. A century since, he was all for arbitrary power, generally a Jacobite at heart, hunting a Methodist when he had the opportunity as he would hunt a fox; thinking education good for none but the upper classes; steeped in all sorts of ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry. Fifty years afterwards he had discovered that arbitrary power, at least in foreign countries, was not altogether desirable; he had become sincerely loyal to the reigning house; if he were a Low Churchman, he honoured the memory of Wesley and Whitefield; he subscribed to the National School Society; and though he had his doubts as to Catholic emancipation, and dreaded Parliamentary reform, he had on the whole made astonishing progress as a man and as a citizen. At the present day, the ordinary Conservative who supports the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield is to the Tory of Lord Eldon's times what a horse is to an orohippus. Though he votes with his party, he talks Liberalism, shrugs his shoulders at leaps in the dark, and acknowledges in a confidential way that

* 'M. de Balzac étoit abondant en pensées, et en faisoit amas par avance pour les placer en quelques uns de ses écrits. Sur quoi je vous dirai une badinerie à son egard. Comme nous nous entretenions de ce qui pouvoit rendre heureux, je lui dis: *Sanitas sanitatum, et omnia sanitas.* Il me pria de ne point publier cette pensée, parce qu'il vouloit lui donner place en quelque endroit. *En effet il s'en est servi dans quelqu'un de ses ouvrages.*' So has the Prime Minister. Menagiana ou les Bons Mots et Remarques critiques etc. de Monsieur Menage, vol. i. p. 309, ed. 1729.

'Dizzy is not the person he should have fixed upon as a fit leader of the gentlemen of England.' Of course there is some Shibboleth by which he may generally be detected. A few years ago it was Church Rates, now it is the Burials Bill; but in ordinary times, when there is no political pressure, he would pass, if he wished to pass, for a mild Liberal, without strong predilections this way or that. These neutral-tinted politicians are the bane of politics. They 'plow with an ox and an ass.' They wear the forbidden vesture 'of linen and woolen together.' They 'speak peace when there is no peace.' And they lead the unwary into the belief that there is, after all, but a slight difference between liberal Conservatives and conservative Liberals.

Is there then not more than a slight difference? Is it a difference in kind or in degree? And if a difference in kind, what is that difference?

The ordinary notion which people entertain of the difference between the two political persuasions is that the Conservative is always desirous to stand still, to be satisfied with things as they are; while the Liberal is in a state of constant political flux, never easy unless he is carrying some great measure, effecting some remarkable change. This notion, we take upon ourselves to say, is entirely unfounded. The Liberal party has always held, and always endeavoured to carry out, a certain theory of government. When it finds existing institutions in harmony with that theory, it does not desire or attempt to change them. Where, in its opinion, those institutions require modification in order to bring them into a more complete agreement with the theory, the Liberal party attempts, and has in many instances successfully attempted, to modify them. The removal of religious disabilities, the abolition of trade restrictions, the improvement of the criminal law, the removal of burdensome and unjust taxes, the establishment of a system of primary education, the reform of the representative system, these are all objects to which the Liberal party has directed its efforts, and in which it has achieved signal success. But the political changes which these measures produced have not been inaugurated for the love of change, but for the desire of improvement. There is not one of the many great and signal political performances of the Liberal party which can be stigmatised as the work of men *rerum novarum cupidi*.

To speak of the political performances of the Conservative party may seem to be a kind of anomaly, if it be true that they always wish to stand still. It cannot be said that they have made any great mark in the Statute Book during the last half-century, if we except three measures — the repeal of Catholic disabilities, carried not for the love of justice, but from fear of an Irish rebellion; the repeal of the corn laws, carried by a nominally Tory minister amid the secret murmurs or more open rebellion of his followers; and the Reform Bill of 1867, carried for no more honourable or respectable object than that of 'dishing the Whigs.' These three measures, however, run counter to the whole course and meaning of Toryism, and are not part of the actual working of the party. The actual working of the party is to be seen in the innumerable instances where, by cabal, by management, by taking advantage of the dissensions of their opponents, they have sometimes succeeded, sometimes failed, but continually attempted to damage and weaken a Liberal policy.

Professing to wish to stand still, they are in effect the constant supporters of change, —change not for the better, but for the worse. Fifty years ago, when the whole system of parliamentary representation had got out of gear and required adaptation to the altered circumstances of the country, it was the Tories who supported and desired to perpetuate institutions which were continually becoming less and less suited to what, in Comtist slang, would be called their environment,—to perpetuate, in fact, a state of decadence. Thirty years ago, when their own Prime Minister repealed the corn laws, they were the supporters of import duties, an invention of times when this country exported wheat; those import duties having entirely changed their effect since the time when they were first imposed, always changing for the worse, always an increasing burden, always an increasing cause of discontent.

The same may be said as to their conduct in the question of the repeal of what were called the taxes on knowledge, in the abolition of compulsory Church rates, in the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in the reform of the Irish land laws. By refusing to alter laws and institutions for the better, they allow the practical working of these laws and institutions to alter for the worse. By insisting on the permanence of political forms, they produce a constantly increasing deterioration of political results, and thus the apostles of immutability become active and mischievous agents of change.

But there is another and a far more important divergence between the two parties. The one is attached to principles, the other adheres to institutions. Principles never

change; if true, they are true for ever. Institutions are merely devices for carrying out principles. When circumstances alter, institutions should alter likewise, or, becoming unsuited to circumstances, they cease to carry out principles. The Liberal party then, attached to principles, alters institutions when a change of circumstances requires it. The Conservative party, adhering to institutions, retains their form under a change of circumstances, and thereby prevents those institutions from carrying out the objects for which they were established. We must here ask pardon of our readers for attempting to define the principles of the Conservative party. The fact is that Toryism, as an efficient political agent, has almost ceased to exist. The few measures which the present Government has carried have either had no political principle at all, or have been feeble and respectful endeavours to carry out some plan or other which they found in the pigeon-holes of their predecessors, or timid and inefficient nibbles at the efficiency of some Liberal measure.

We may thus perceive that even when Liberals and Conservatives decide on a precisely similar mode of action, they are sure to be influenced by dissimilar motives. If the Liberal party supports a measure involving some change in the form of an existing institution, it does so from a desire that the objects contemplated by that institution may be more perfectly carried out; it looks upon the institution merely as a means to an end,—the end in view being everything, the means comparatively nothing. On the contrary, if the Conservatives support a similar measure, they do it either because they are afraid of popular outbreaks, as in the case of Catholic emancipation, or because they want to strengthen their party, as in their 'little game' of throwing rates upon the Consolidated Fund, or because somebody cleverer that themselves tells them that they must do it, as was the case in Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill. From an active and earnest desire to carry out some great political principle they do it not.

Hence it arises that when public spirit waxes faint, and private interests are strong, when political lotus-eating and social cynicism prevail, the time comes for a Conservative majority, a compact phalanx of busy do-nothings, pledged to support a ministry whose day is the day of small things, and whose principal occupation is practising the political goose-step.

But when patriotism awakes, and political activity revives, when it is found that the game of making things pleasant all round does not pay in the long run, when it is no longer convenient to rob the tax-paying Peter in order to pay the rate-paying Paul, when the surplus reappears in Tory Wonderland in the form of a deficit, when our foreign relations are entangled and our home trade decays, the nation gradually comes to the conviction that the party which has ruled England, with few intervals, and those intervals more apparent than real, for nearly half a century, will have to do again what it has done before, and replace a government of shifts and expedients by a government of principle. When this change will take place it is impossible to predict, but that the causes which will produce it are already at work is evident to all. It becomes us then to consider in due time what position the Liberal party should adopt in anticipation of such change, and how best they may concentrate their strength in order to produce it.

These words, 'concentration of strength,' bear a peculiar significance when used of the Liberal party. People whose politics are only hereditary—those who vote with their landlords or as their clergyman directs—those, and they are many, who poll for the old colour and nothing else—all these classes are easily led. Even the ballot does not much affect them, for, however unreasoning they may be, they are mostly honest, and vote as they promise. Unfortunately, however, for the Liberal cause, these classes of voters are generally Tories, and when we come to the element of which the Liberal contingent is composed we find it vastly different. Those who think for themselves are not always the most docile; that very habit of thought and reflection which gives them political insight gives them freedom of view; they are not satisfied with the conclusions of others, and their own conclusions, even when drawn from principles more or less identical, vary much according to the peculiarities of each individual thinker. Hence divergences of opinion; hence the various schools of liberal thought. One man sincerely liberal is strictly practical; he probably is content with far less of what is called organic change than another who, holding the same political principles, is by nature a theorist. And there will always be a danger that these two men, with identical foundations of political belief, may vote in distinct minorities for either of two candidates representing their distinctive convictions, rather than in one majority for a single candidate with whose views they have only a general agreement.

Errors of tactics like these seldom or never occur on the Conservative side. We doubt if a single seat was lost on that side in the

late general election owing to want of unity. We may in one sense be proud that such results are confined to the Liberal party, for independence of opinion and of action is the salt of political life. But we ought in all party prudence to strive to make these results as unfrequent as possible.

Another cause of weakness almost if not entirely peculiar to the Liberal party deserves notice. This, like the last mentioned, arises entirely from that activity of thought which distinguishes us from our opponents. It is a tendency to exaggerate the duty of supporting some question connected or not with liberal opinion over and above the duty of supporting liberal opinion itself. This, in short phrase, is called a crotchet. We do not go so far as to attach disrespectful epithets to opinions honestly and conscientiously held, but we feel bound to point out the fact that under certain circumstances to insist on such views in disregard of the larger circle of liberal opinion may be, and often has been, a great source of party weakness.

We will take two examples: one of an opinion derived, and, as its supporters insist, legitimately derived, from the principles of our party,—the opinion, namely, that the connexion between Church and State should everywhere cease; the other of an opinion not necessarily derived from those principles, though held in the main by Liberals,—the opinion that the sale of intoxicating drinks should be forbidden by law. Many seats, which would at this time be held by good Liberals, have been lost by a refusal on the part of Liberal candidates to support measures for enforcing these opinions. Let us state shortly our views as to the duty of Liberals regarding questions of this nature. Where in a constituency there exists a clear majority of Liberals who hold, say, the views of Mr. Miall or the views of Sir Wilfrid Lawson in addition to their own political creed, there can be no reason why they should not bring forward a candidate who, being liberal, will also support these peculiar views. Where, however, as is often the case, these specialists are in a minority except when combined with other Liberals, it is their plain duty not to sacrifice Liberalism to their own peculiarities, but to sink those peculiarities and vote in support of the Liberal cause. The principle which should guide their conduct is almost too evident to need exposition. It is matter of deep regret that it has been so often lost sight of, but, from all information we can gather, we trust that it is day by day commending itself more and more strongly to the good sense of those who hold liberal opinions. It may be all very well for a party which has attained power and placed its leaders in office owing in great measure to a chance combination between theology and spirituous liquors, to live from hand to mouth in the matter of a policy. Such conduct does not beseem those to whose efforts, and to the efforts of whose political predecessors, all the great reforms of the last fifty years are due; nor must they allow year after year to pass, and a general election to approach within a time to be counted by months, without some decided exposition of their views, and some hint at all events of the measures which, when the time comes, they are likely to press on the attention of Parliament.

And here it must be observed, once for all, that it would be imprudent, not to say unreasonable, if any section of the Liberal party urged upon its leaders the adoption into their programme of any measures which would not command united support. There is a large, active, and influential wing who desire that the Episcopal Church in England should cease to be under the control of the State, and cease also to receive those endowments which the piety or the superstition of past ages has provided. This desire is prompted by various motives. In some cases the motive, called a desire for religious equality, is simply a wish to lower the social position of the clergy of the Establishment—to prevent Mordecai the Jew from sitting in the king's gate. In some cases it arises from a genuine belief that the teaching of the clergy is as a whole pernicious, a belief held by many as to whose attachment to the principles of Christianity there can be no doubt—those, in fact, who are called religious nonconformists. In some cases it is to be ascribed to a dislike of all religious teaching whatsoever. The first motive to which we have referred weighs much with Dissenting ministers. It is, however, rather an unworthy motive, and one which is sure to end in disappointment. If the Established Church came to be disestablished and disendowed, there can be no doubt that in many of the purely agricultural parishes, as well as in poorer parts of some towns, it would be exceedingly difficult to maintain anything in the nature of a parochial ministry. Many of the clergy would be starved out, but those who remained would still be the spiritual guides of the upper as well as of much of the lower class; they would still be gentlemen in position and association. The second and third motives to which we referred are to a certain extent contradictory, and we are glad to see that this is being recognised by some of the most enlightened of the Dissenting ministers. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, repudiates the alliance of unbelievers, and it

would be almost enough to make the Calamys and Wattses and Robert Halls of a former age turn in their graves if they knew that their spiritual descendants had joined with such men in a common cause having for its object the abolition of one form, and that a most efficient form, of religious teaching in the parishes of England.

Whatever the motives, however, by which these various persons are actuated, and whatever the ultimate effect of this proposed measure of disestablishment, it is certain that the question will have to wait for years before it be adopted as part of the Liberal programme. When the nation by its representatives demands a settlement of the question; when some definite and intelligible plan for dealing with the immense and varied interests involved shall have been produced and shall have met with general acceptance, it will be time for a party or a government to take it up. At present, when no such national demand has been made, when no plan at all except in the barest outline has ever been suggested, the question of the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church may well wait for a more convenient season.

The case of the Scotch Establishment is somewhat different. In Scotland there are four, if not five, religious bodies, holding practically the same creed, calling their people together to identical services, not to be distinguished from one another except by the keen and practised eye of a theologian,—and perhaps not even then unless that theologian be himself a Scotchman. One of these bodies takes all the public endowment, the others are dependent on private effort. The Kirk of Scotland, it is true, has a sort of territorial jurisdiction, but in effect all these religious bodies are, except in the Highlands, equally congregational. It is then alleged that there is no reason why the Kirk of Scotland should absorb all the endowment, and the rest be left out in the cold. If the disestablishment and disendowment of this religious body be an object large enough to be included in a programme, and if religious opinion in Scotland become united in desiring it, it might be an object deserving the attention of the Liberal party. But at present it is certain that no such union of opinion exists. Many of the stanchest Liberals in Scotland, with the Duke of Argyll at their head, are decided advocates for the maintenance of the Establishment and the government of the Kirk by the law of the land.

Lord Hartington, when speaking in Scotland, used words which were distorted to mean something like holding out a suggestion that the question of the disestablishment of the English Church might be considered open. We are sure from a deliberate study of his words that nothing was further from his meaning, and have very good reason to believe that no words which he actually used could fairly bear that interpretation, and, moreover, that no intention could be further from his thought. Mr. Forster had the courage and the candour to tell his constituents at Bradford, many of whom are Nonconformists, that he believed the overthrow of the Church of England would be a great calamity to the people, more especially to the poorest class of the people; and our deliberate conviction is, that if deprived of the services, imperfect as they may be, of the clergy of the Church of England, the working class in many districts would lapse into something not far removed from heathenism. May it never be laid to the charge of the Liberal party that they contributed by legislation to so disastrous a result! There is plenty to be done in Church reform. The present scandalous system of sale of next presentations and even the less objectionable sale of advowsons require amendment or abolition. Why should a clergyman be debarred from preaching in the pulpit of a Dissenting brother, and unable to admit that Dissenting brother to his own?

These are less salient points for consideration. Now, however, that Church rates are abolished, there is one kindred grievance, about which we are sure there is perfect unanimity in the Liberal party, and which is as great a test of true liberality of opinion as Church rates used to be. We mean the burial question. It is highly desirable on party grounds that certain personages and certain questions should receive the gift of immortality. The present amiable Bishop of Lincoln has been of incalculable service to the Liberal cause, having by miracles of injudiciousness succeeded in alienating to a vast extent those sympathies which till lately bound the Methodist body to the Church of England, and in no small degree influenced Methodist votes in every election. It is to be hoped then that his life, already long, may be indefinitely protracted, as it is not to be expected that any successor should rival him in this peculiar sphere of involuntary usefulness. In like manner, if we only regarded the interests of party, we should desire that no settlement might ever interfere with the abundant usefulness of the burial question. No test of political opinion in a candidate can be so unerring. No grievance can meet all the requirements of a grievance so neatly and completely. It is

just the right size for a grievance, not too vast to mount up into the proportions of a great national wrong, not too tiny to excite ridicule from its diminutiveness. Then it is a grievance which is always liable to break out, generally in a new place. It is not a grievance once for all, like Catholic disabilities or Church rates; but it is a spasmodic grievance, sometimes taking the character of a petty inconvenience, at other times swelling up into something which may be called a private wrong. And then it attacks its victim just when that victim's feelings are most sensitive, when writhing under the pangs of acute sorrow, or it may be looking despairingly forward to an uncertain future, to money embarrassments, to a lonely old age. It has at last been discovered, and it is a true discovery, that a sentimental grievance is often the greatest grievance of all. But this is not merely a sentimental grievance, for it amounts, first, to the deprivation for certain very large classes, except under stipulations most distasteful to them and to all interested, of a right to which, by the strictest legal argument, they have been proved to be entitled,—the right of burial in the parish to which they belong; and, secondly, to the assertion on the part of the clergy of a claim to read the burial service of the Church of England over all who are so buried. If all bishops were like the Bishop of Lincoln, we might expect to see this grievance long preserved. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of party, but happily for the reputation of a great historic body, Dr. Wordsworth does not represent the whole bench, and we may therefore anticipate that it will not be long before this grievance disappears; might we express a timid hope that it may just survive the next general election? Whether this hope be gratified or not, it is manifest, in sober seriousness, that the Liberal party must continue to make a satisfactory solution of the burial question one of the first measures to be adopted in their programme.

A favourite object with reformers in this and other countries has been to devise means to cheapen and facilitate the transfer, with a view to the easier subdivision, of landed property. It is argued that while the transfer of stock from hand to hand is so easy and inexpensive, there is no reason why the transfer of land should not be equally so. And it is alleged with great truth that in other countries, as well as in certain parts of our own, and with regard to certain descriptions of property, means have been adopted which to a great extent insure this result. The transfer of copyholds is much less expensive than the transfer of freeholds. A conveyance in a register county costs less than elsewhere. But there is an insuperable objection on the part of owners to disclose their titles more than is absolutely necessary, and an insuperable objection on the part of solicitors to simplify a process by the complexity of which they make their profits. Another method of dealing with the question, however, is more hopeful and likely to produce more practical results. As the law at present stands, land can be tied up by its owner, in trust for a life or any number of lives in being at the time of that owner's decease, and for twenty-one years after or thereabouts. There may be strong reasons for allowing a testator to make what disposition of his property he likes with reference to definite persons already born, but to say that he is also to determine what is to be done with his property at the death of these persons, who may survive him for the best part of a century, and for twenty-one years longer, seems to us to be a proposition admitting the gravest question. It is the grasp of the 'dead hand' with a vengeance, and ought to be forthwith relaxed. There is a well-known instance of a man who was made a baronet by George II. in 1760, his father having died in 1757, and who survived till 1844, dying at the age of 93. In this case the family property might, under certain circumstances, have been under entail from 1751 till 1865,—from *not* the last years of the reign of George II. till the twenty-ninth year of the present reign. The first period of the supposed entail seems extravagantly long, only seven years under a century; but what shall we say of the addition, quite a possible addition, of another twenty-one years?

There is another reform in the law of the succession of real property which has been over and over again proposed and defeated in the House of Commons, but which might well form part of any measure of law reform which is to command the support of the Liberal party. We mean the assimilation of the law of succession of real property to that of personal property. Two houses belong to the same owner, one long leasehold, one freehold. He dies intestate, and the one goes to his personal representatives, the other to his heir. No reason except the fact that such is the law can be adduced for this difference. A man dies intestate, leaving nothing but real property. His eldest son takes every brick and every acre. Another leaves nothing but personalty. It is divided in what appears to be an equitable manner among his widow and children. The same remark applies.

It will be well for the Liberal party if

they announce an intention of dealing with this subject. Everything should be done to facilitate the transfer of land, and to provide that its qualified ownership,—which, after all, is the only ownership that the law recognises,—should be subjected to such regulations as are best calculated to prevent monopoly without endangering the security of possession.

Two measures remain, which cannot fail to interest reformers, the passing of both of which in some shape or other may be regarded as certain, but which, if passed in the present Parliament, or under the management of Her Majesty's present advisers, will require the utmost caution and watchfulness on the part of the Opposition. These measures deal with the subjects of local government and taxation and with the county franchise respectively.

A pamphlet by Mr. Rathbone, the well-known and intelligent Member for Liverpool, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, gives, under the modest guise of 'a few suggestions,' a very trustworthy and succinct view of the whole subject of local government and taxation—a view which is confirmed by two most valuable memorandums, the fruit of researches extending to more than 500 Acts of Parliament, to many decisions of the courts of law, and to many Parliamentary papers of various descriptions. From these sources we learn, what indeed is to a great extent common knowledge, that our local government is objectionable in many ways, and that our local taxation is in the most unsatisfactory condition. We find, for example, that the inhabitant of a borough lives in a fourfold area for the purposes of local government; in the borough, in a parish, in a union, and in a county, none of these areas being conterminous, it being also possible that different parts of the borough should be in different parishes, unions, and counties. He may be governed by a sixfold authority, town-council, vestry, burial and school boards, guardians, and quarter sessions, all being different bodies, and not always applying to the whole of the borough. He may pay a borough-rate, a general district-rate, a poor-rate, a burial-rate, and a county-rate. The inhabitant of a local board district lives in the district, the parish, the union, and the county. He also has six sets of governors, which may differ according to the part of the local board district in which he lives.* Next, there is much to object to in the present constitution of administrative bodies. The duties of local administration are frittered away among a number of boards, and fail therefore to engage the services of the best men of the district. For these patent evils some remedy must be provided. It is proposed that one primary area should be fixed upon for most of the work of local administration, and that, by grouping the primary areas, an aggregate area should be formed for works which can be best managed on a large scale. These areas to be respectively the union and the county. As to administrative bodies, it is proposed that one portion of the new board should be nominated by the magistrates out of their own number, that another portion should be elected by the ratepayers with the plural vote, and the remainder by the householders. We mention these details simply to point out the way in which men's minds have been working, but by no means with any view of influencing future action.

The question of the incidence and amount of local taxation is another, and perhaps a still more important, branch of the same subject. Local taxation, like the authority of the Crown a century ago, has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. The rateable value of England and Wales has risen, partly by the effect of a new valuation, from 104,000,000*l.* in 1869–70 to 119,000,000*l.* in 1874–5. But the total expenditure of local authorities has risen from 23,000,000*l.* to 34,000,000*l.*, while their outstanding debts have risen from 26,000,000*l.* to nearly 65,000,000*l.* In other words, where we spent 23*s.* in 1869–70 we now spend 34*s.*, and where we owed 26*s.* we now owe 64*s.* In the single year, 1871, 5,500,000*l.* was raised in loans by local bodies.

To use Mr. Rathbone's words—

'While the attention of the nation is annually concentrated on the total amount, and on the items of imperial taxation, the particulars of local finance are known only to a few statisticians. The vast amounts expended and the extent of the loans contracted by these various local bodies throughout the country could not otherwise have escaped notice. . . . While the future resources of the country are being heavily mortgaged for these debts, the attention given by men of property and of business to the manner and limits of this immense

* A case is mentioned of a farm of 200 acres, in Gloucestershire, which was in twelve parishes, and subject to about fifty rates; and another in which the administration of a parliamentary borough of 158,000 inhabitants occupies three mayors, about sixty aldermen and councillors, about as many commissioners or members of local boards, nine town clerks or clerks to local boards, &c.; and nine separate staffs of surveyors, clerks, auditors, &c.; besides two sets of guardians or of clerks to guardians, overseers, collectors, chief officers of police, and members of school boards.

expenditure is constantly diminishing. . . . It must also be remembered that a great portion of the yearly increase of rates arises from these loans, and cannot therefore be checked at once. . . . The debts which it is levied to repay will not be got rid of within the lifetime of one generation. The public has, it is to be feared, overlooked these dangers, and Parliament has taken no practical precaution against them.'

These are words of wisdom, and we commend both the pamphlet and the memorandums to the notice of our readers.

The last question to which we have to refer relates to a subject by its very nature the most important which can come under the notice of Parliament—the composition of that body of men by whom Parliaments are to be chosen, and the reconstruction of the areas of representation and election. It is now perhaps too generally forgotten that the authors of the Reform Bill of 1831, while performing what some may consider a still greater work, that of enfranchising vast constituencies, did something else, also of great interest and importance. They introduced identity of franchise in all boroughs and in all counties. It is true that in boroughs this work was marred by a combination of the freemen. Their franchise was intended to die out, but it was not to be wondered at that they should be desirous to hand it down to their descendants. Hence the result has been that this class of voters still exists, though in diminished numbers, and, under the last Reform Bill, pretty nearly identified with voting householders. But the old borough freeholders who in some boroughs composed the constituency, as well as the members of corporations, pot-wallopers, &c., were all, either immediately or subject to life interests, deprived of the franchise, and the level uniformity of a ten-pound occupancy substituted. In counties, although the original design was altered by the Chandos clause giving a vote to fifty-pound tenants-at-will, the franchise was everywhere identical. But while the borough franchise, which up to 1831 had belonged partly to occupiers and partly to freeholders or freemen not necessarily resident, became almost exclusively a residential franchise, the county franchise, which up to that time had belonged to freeholders, not in respect of occupancy, but in respect of ownership, was for the first time extended to occupiers, a process which has been renewed under the Reform Bill of 1867. The tendency, therefore, has been increasingly to regard the claims of occupancy, and it is now proposed that these claims shall be regarded to as great an extent in counties as they have already been in boroughs. County and borough franchise will then be identical, except that freeholders and copyholders will still vote for counties in respect of their ownership.

Before the first Reform Bill occupancy was entirely disregarded. In boroughs, a man voted generally in respect of belonging to some trade or guild, or in respect of being a member of a family the head of which had belonged to such guild,—a rough form of educational franchise combined with local privileges. In counties a man voted exclusively in respect of ownership, in fact on a property qualification. It will be seen that this approximate identity of franchise in borough and county may be used as an argument for some form of electoral districts. Why, it will be said, keep up an unmeaning distinction between counties and boroughs, when there is so little difference in franchise as regards the immense majority of the voters,—when, in fact, there is no borough voter who would not be a county voter, though there are to be some county voters who would not be borough voters? There is, no doubt, some force in this consideration. There is also much difficulty in devising any plan by which the enormous numerical majority of county voters may be justly dealt with in the matter of representation, as it will hardly do to adopt Sir Stafford Northcote's suggestion of dealing tenderly with boroughs which return Tories.

We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Gladstone's view,* that since the Reform Act of 1831 the original virtue and end of the borough system has ceased to exist, that end being, as he says, the establishment of public liberty against the aristocracy and the Crown. Nor do we see much force in the argument by which he attempts to controvert Mr. Lowe's position,† that to seek our electing bodies in organisations which are in the habit of acting together for other than electoral purposes is an excellent principle in English elections. Surely a man, who in municipal matters has had to consider the general interests of the little world to which he belongs, has thereby had a degree of education which renders him more competent to act with regard to the interests of the State, that greater world of which he is also a member. No one who has canvassed both a county and a borough can fail to recognise the superior political acuteness of an urban constituency. In Gay's fable the sentiment about liberty is put into the mouth of the country mouse; if the poet had drawn from nature, he would have made the town mouse the politician.

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* Nineteenth Century for November, 1877.
† Fortnightly Review, October, 1877.

It is hardly necessary to observe that any ministry who introduced, and any party which supported, a measure of Parliamentary reform which included the annihilation of the boroughs, would be met by about the same kind of welcome as the liberal candidates received from the publicans at the late general election. We can picture to ourselves the grim joy with which the arch-spinner of political cobwebs on the Tory side would regard the struggles of any unfortunate opponent who had been rash enough to entangle himself in such a scheme; but we trust that the prudence which now directs Liberal councils will avoid any such catastrophe, and that the local distribution of the franchise will be dealt with, if ever and whenever it is dealt with, after the franchise question has been set at rest, and not till then. It is of the utmost importance, whoever is in power when the question of redistribution is approached, that it should be dealt with carefully. The results of the present distribution of the franchise show this, if it be true, as we have seen alleged on apparently unexceptionable authority, that at the last general election the total majority of *Liberal* over *Tory* votes amounted to 247,734.* Of course a different distribution of the franchise would have led to a very different result. We may observe, in quitting this part of the subject, that it is perhaps not impossible to devise a plan for creating a new class of boroughs consisting of groups of unrepresented towns leaving existing boroughs alone except a few of the smallest, and drawing the new representatives one from each of the smallest boroughs which at present return two members, and from the least populous counties, or from counties possessing a large town population which would be then otherwise represented.

Speculations on the redistribution of seats assume some alteration of the franchise, and of course what we are all thinking of is the proposal so often made of assimilating the county to the borough franchise so far as they are both occupational,—a proposal which bids fair to be taken up sooner or later by the present Government, and which has now obtained the sanction of almost all the leaders of the Liberal party. It is true that the Cassandra of the party still vaticinates evil in respect of it, and that a less crotchety occupant of the Opposition front bench made a speech against it last session; but in spite of these malcontents it may be safely assumed that the party has at last made up its mind that the present state of the franchise is a state of unstable political equilibrium, like the position of a man going downstairs (to use Lord Hartington's apt illustration) who has his *borough* foot firmly planted while his *county* foot hangs hesitatingly between one step and the next, and that it is necessary, without undue delay, to apply to counties the same rule of household suffrage as has been already applied to boroughs. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of two papers, contributed (after a fashion till lately unknown to statesmen) to the pages of two of our monthly contemporaries, and it appears to us that a review of their contents will set before our readers most of the considerations by which men's minds are likely to be affected in deciding what course to adopt as to the proposed change.

Mr. Lowe attacks the proposal in a paper which reminds us of the warning voice from Patmos, 'One woe is past, and behold there come two woes more hereafter.' We have got household suffrage, and 'absolute equality of electoral districts will come in its own sweet time hand in hand with universal suffrage.' So says he, and this is a fair specimen of arguments ostensibly directed against a proposal to give to householders not living in boroughs the same electoral privileges or rights which the Reform Bill of 1867 conferred on borough householders, but really intended in opposition to universal suffrage. Mr. Low's dread of what he calls democracy is such as apparently to blind him to the results which have ensued from previous legislation on the subject of the franchise. He says that we are about to make the householders of the poorer sort our political masters, and that they will eat us up alive. What was the result when the middle-class electors were masters of the situation? Did they abolish the institutions and devour the classes which were above them? It is true that they did much in reforming the Church, reducing expenditure, equalising taxation, and abolishing monopolies, but did they act unjustly? Did they consult and consider middle-class interests to the prejudice of the interests of those above them or below them? What has been the working of the present Parliament, the first altogether elected as to the boroughs, by household suffrage,* amidst surprise and under influences most unfavourable to calm judgment? Mr. Gladstone thinks that, much to its honour, it, as well as its predecessor, 'has shown an atten-

* Liberal votes, 1,336,235; Tory votes, 1,088,501.

* The Parliament of 1868, although elected after the passing of the Representation of the People Amendment Act, was elected on a register which did not include many of the so-called compound householders. These were added to the constituencies by an Act passed in 1869.

tion to the interests of labour which was greatly needed, and more than amply justified, but has not supplied so much as a shadow of a shade of warrant for the charge that the working men would combine together in the interests of their own class to wage war upon other classes.' 'The marvel is,' as he most justly observes, 'that they have been either unable or unwilling to combine even to the moderate and reasonable extent which would have sufficed to place half-a-dozen or a dozen of themselves in the popular Chamber, and thereby usefully to enlarge its means of acquaintance with the ideas, wants, and tendencies of the people.'

Mr. Lowe gives us a sketch of two imaginary debates, one on the extension of the franchise, the other on the means of checking the prevailing sin of intemperance. He alleges that in the former debate,—that on the franchise,—those whom it is intended to enfranchise are described as our equals, 'deprived by arbitrary and unjust legislation of national rights, which they are just as well able to exercise as we are;' and that in the latter,—that on temperance,—no words can be found strong enough to paint the degradation of those classes who have been enfranchised, or whom it is intended to enfranchise, while in the means proposed to check drunkenness 'nothing is to be trusted to reason, everything is to be effected by the coarsest and most tyrannical means.' To this we have to reply, that, so far as the first debate is concerned, it is a gross exaggeration to say that those whom it is intended to enfranchise are described in the way Mr. Lowe represents. It is not alleged that they are anybody's equals. They are themselves of very varied degree of fitness for the franchise; but so are we. We are not all Lowes or Gladstones. We act according to our lights, and so, we hope, will the classes we propose to enfranchise. Of this we are certain, that to give a man the franchise is one of the best methods, if not the best method, of political education. Nor, in the second debate, is it likely that such rhetoric should be used as Mr. Lowe describes, nor are the means which are proposed as checks to intemperance deserving of the sweeping condemnation which he passes upon them. In such a debate as this, the Home Secretary for the time would recognise the fact that people, mostly belonging to the lower orders no doubt, occasionally get drunk in public houses. He would accordingly propose regulations with a view of checking such disorder and its ill effects. But in so doing he trusts a great deal to reason. He trusts the reason of the publican not to serve out liquor to a drunken man and thereby incur a penalty. He trusts the reason of the customer not to go too often into a public house and thereby get drunk, and surely rules which fix the hours of opening and closing of public houses, which regulate their licenses and enforce the purity of the liquors consumed, hardly deserve to be called 'coarse and tyrannical.' If so, all punishment is coarse and tyrannical; it is coarse and tyrannical to imprison a burglar or hang a murderer.

There is another implied fallacy which runs through Mr. Lowe's remarks. Any one ignorant of the precise composition of the British Constitution might fancy from some of his phrases that what was proposed to be done was not to give votes to these terrible lower classes for the purpose of electing the men who are to impose our taxes and make our laws, but to give to these lower classes themselves the power of imposing those taxes and making those laws by the direct vote of a National Assembly. He speaks of them as 'to be trusted with the supreme power of the State;' of the proposed measure as one which will 'place the minority absolutely at the mercy of those who live by daily labour;' of the power of government as 'placed in the hands of the lowest householders;' of the Government itself as obliged to follow the dictation of the lower classes as regards their interests. But a greater mistake still, as it seems to us, is his habit of heaping together all the householders who have been lately or who are to be soon enfranchised into one seething mass of selfish, unreasoning, headstrong, ignorant, and seditious mortals, banded together, like the mob of the Faubourg St. Antoine, for the ruin and destruction of all about them. Really they are not *one* class; they are a conglomeration of classes with different and often opposing interests, prepossessions, prejudices, habits, convictions. Some are well paid and ill taught, some are well educated and badly paid. Some are Protestants, some Catholics, some Churchmen, some Dissenters; some, they say, are even Conservatives,—at least it looked like it at the last general election. But that which is common to them all Mr. Lowe does not notice,—their dissatisfaction, more or less pronounced, with the class they are in, and their ambition to rise higher. They are not proud of their class, as a middle-class man is proud of belonging to the middle-class, and as a lord is proud of belonging to the aristocracy. As soon as they can leave their own rank for the rank above it, they will do so. This it is which constitutes one great safeguard against any dangerous combination of the lower classes.

A greater safeguard still is the sterling

honesty and straightforwardness of the lower classes, their respect for fair-play, their value for justice. Mr. Lowe himself acknowledges that they exercise such judgment as they possess on men rather than on measures,—a fact which is exemplified by what may otherwise be regarded as an unpromising feature of household suffrage, their tendency to elect small men whom they know, rather than greater men whom they do not know, a tendency which gives so great an advantage to what are called 'local candidates.' Even in their blunders there is often a touch of generosity. The 'unfortunate nobleman' owed a great share of his popularity to a curious confusion of ideas, a confusion which might have been more natural on the other side the Irish Channel,—a notion that he was Tich-borne, and yet somehow or other a sympathy with the butcher of Wapping who had been defrauded of his rights. And if Mr. Lowe distrusts the dwellers in towns, he might surely stand in less dread, if he knew them, of the agricultural poor. Their courtesy to their betters; their abiding self-respect, shown not by forwardness but by modesty of deportment; the way in which they sympathise with one another and help one another in times of sickness or of distress; the conscientious manner in which work is done which can never be measured or examined; their patient endurance of the dull monotony of toil, of inclemencies of climate, of the ignorance and boorishness of masters often less well-taught than themselves; all this is above praise. They have faults which are common to their superiors, but they are daily becoming better taught, daily, we trust, better cared for; and we are not without hope that when the franchise shall have been put into their hands, they will use it better, more honestly, less selfishly, nay, more intelligently, than Mr. Lowe would have us believe. That they will vote a little too much to please their masters is not unlikely. This is a fault which will be cured by political education and enlightenment. But that they will vote for the robbery and confiscation of those better off than themselves, we will not be persuaded, unless by stronger arguments than those which we have just had under consideration.

There can hardly be a greater contrast in their manner of treating a subject, or in their manner of expression, than the contrast between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone. The one looks at his subject as a man looks with a microscope, taking a most accurate survey from a limited point of view. The other regards what he has to discuss as we look at a prominent object in a landscape, seeing it with general but not introspective clearness, and taking in besides at the same glance a vast number of other objects which modify in various respects our view of the central figure. The style of the one is like an etching by Rembrandt, a combination of lines which, taken apart, are mere rough, jerky scratches, but which, as a whole, produce a vivid though colourless effect of force and sometimes even of comeliness. The style of the other is as that of a Turner of the later but not latest period—a gorgeous combination of sky and sea and palaces—sometimes hazy, but always brilliant, its very shadows transfused with light, its dimness steeped in colour. Their estimates of mankind are almost as divergent as their styles. The one looks on a new class of voters as if they were a horde of Bashi-Bazouks; the other welcomes them within the pale of the Constitution as he would welcome a long lost child to his arms. Somewhat extravagance there is on both sides, but is it not better to be an enthusiast than a cynic?

Mr. George Brodrick, in a pamphlet of great merit which has been written for and published by the Liberal Central Association, points out, as one of the distinguishing marks of true Liberal feeling, a respect for human nature as such, 'not merely,' to use his own words, 'because Christianity invests every human being with the majesty of immortality, but also because experience has shown that every race and every type of mankind is endowed with noble qualities and capable of almost infinite elevation.' This respect for human nature inclines the Liberal politician towards every measure which enlarges the sphere of human duties, because he believes that men are generally worthy of confidence, and that the more they are entrusted with public functions the more likely they are to learn how to discharge them well. We should then feel a leaning in favour of the proposed extension of the franchise simply because it is an extension of what are called political rights, but which we should prefer to look upon as public duties. But this leaning is vastly enhanced when we consider who they are for whom this thing is to be done. They are own brothers of those who received the franchise in 1867 and 1869. Those who are husbandmen have not, it is true, much hereditary fitness for the franchise, for, as Mr. Gladstone observes, they have been unrepresented for three centuries. They are, however, many of them descendants of that small yeoman class which, like the fact or not as we may, is daily and hourly disappearing. They have none of the corrupt

traditions of borough voters. They are less likely than dwellers in towns to be swayed by popular clamour, or driven mad by that contagious insanity which sometimes attacks crowds. But it must not be forgotten, though Mr. Lowe seems to forget it, that a large proportion of the new voters will be the inhabitants of the smaller country towns, or of the suburbs of larger towns. Surely the proverbial dulness of their abodes must have some influence on their politics. A voter who lives on a heavy clay soil, some miles from a second-class railway station, and with no communication with the outer world except a carrier's cart twice a week, is not likely to head a rebellion.

We ought also to remember that the Education Act is making its mark year by year. We have always regretted that the illiterate voter had such sympathy shown for his deficiencies under the provisions of the Ballot Act,—men who could neither read nor write should have been disenfranchised as they are in Italy,—but that sympathy will, we may hope, have fewer objects every election.

Mr. Gladstone refuses to argue about rights. He says very truly that the word has a maddening effect. But if we may not insist on rights, may we not urge claims? Every man has a claim more or less strong to a share, however small, in the government of the country. With some that claim may be entirely effaced for various reasons. They may be paupers, or criminals, or lunaties. They may be too ignorant or too vicious. But when we find the claimant the occupant of some dwelling however mean, contributing to the wealth of the country by his labour, paying, directly or indirectly, local rates and general taxes, standing at the head of a family, and finally belonging to a class identically the same as one the members of which have been already enfranchised, it seems hard indeed to invent an excuse for his exclusion.

The course of the Liberal party is clear and intelligible. It is, in effect, marked out for them by the political necessities of the day. We have enumerated several subjects which are sure to engage their attention, and we trust that, having now emerged from that state of comparative disorder which characterised the early part of this Parliament, they will draw closer and closer together as time goes on, and if they are unable to signalise their reunion by some great measure, it is to be hoped that they may exercise such control over the proceedings of Parliament as shall neutralise the evil effect of any measure proposed by their opponents.

A good general makes good soldiers, and there is nothing in modern politics more remarkable than the manner in which Lord Hartington has established himself in the confidence of his followers. We trust that, for the practical objects of party, those followers may consist not merely of the old Whigs, that section of politicians with which this Journal has now for the best part of a century been identified, but of the whole of those who sit on the Opposition benches. Let us bear in mind that we are all representatives of the same school of thought. Some of us may think the time is come for measures which others believe to be not yet ripe for execution. Some may wish to go further and faster than others. In policy we may differ. In principles we agree. It is something, too, to have a name for those principles of which no man need be ashamed. When the nickname of 'Tory' was painted out and the more sonorous epithet 'Conservative' painted in, the change was made because the old title had become identified in men's minds with government by spies and informers, with Peterloo massacres and Derby insurrections, with indictments for sedition and prosecutions for political libel. In fact, it was thought possible to establish a new business on the same principles, but without taking over the old liabilities. That is not our position. When the party to which we belong adopted the name of 'Liberal,' it did so not because it was ashamed of the old title or meant to disown it, but because the new appellation stretched wider than the old, because it proclaimed the identity of our principles not only with those of a time-honoured band of patriots in our own country, but with those of all who have toiled and bled for freedom in every age, and all over the world. We may indeed be proud of our political heritage. The best lessons of heathen patriotism, the most precious results of Christian teaching, all that invigorates morality, all that refines feeling, all that ennobles human nature, and gives aim and object to life,—these are Liberal principles, principles which it is a blessing to be instructed in, and an honour to hold,—principles which may be in disfavour for a Parliament or a decade, but which are sure, in the long run and as humanity advances, to be more widely diffused and more universally adopted.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

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ART. I.—1. *Democracy in Europe. A History.* By Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, K.C.B. Two vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

2. *Political Science, or the State theoretically and practically considered.* By THEODORE D. WOOLSEY. Boston and London: 1878.

SIR ERSKINE MAY'S account of European democracy is interesting, learned, and thoughtful. It does not announce historical discoveries or settle disputed questions. Nor could it be expected to do so. Covering so large an area, it is enough that it should arrange and illustrate existing information, without attempting to correct established authorities. It is perhaps wanting in trenchancy, but it abounds with graphic representations, clear, well-balanced summaries, and sound reflections, which, when they are not original, Sir Erskine May is most conscientiously anxious to ascribe to their proper authors. He opens his parallels somewhat far off. Most of those who take up his book will expect from it instruction respecting the democracy of our own times, that great and unruly force which is advancing upon us in so many shapes, and of which we are all asking whence it came, whither it is taking us, and what we are to do with it. They will find, therefore, with a little impatience, that a quarter of the book is occupied with histories of Asia, and of ancient Greece and Rome. The political descriptions of Greece and Rome are just, clear, and well put together, and that of Athens is very much to the purpose. But India, China, Judæa, and Carthage are rather remote. And Rome, though it shows how a people can gain political power by patience and courage, and lose it by vice and venality, was perhaps scarcely enough of a democracy to deserve all the space which is allotted to it. The rest of the book may be described as recording in a series of reflective *résumés* the progress of popular power from the dark ages in which the history of modern Europe has its source down to the present day, and bringing under review the continental republics of the last six or seven centuries and the monarchies of England and France. This is all very valuable; but here also we think Sir Erskine May would have avoided some appearance of discursiveness if he had kept more steadily in view the exact subject which his title suggests. Democracy is the government of the numerical majority; and its discussion involves no doubt that of aristocracy, as the discussion of the convex involves that of the concave. But democracy has not either a necessary or a peculiar connexion with personal liberty, intellectual progress, freedom of conscience, or security of property. These blessings may be present or absent under that or any other forms of government. Freedom of religious belief existed under the first Roman emperors; it was wanting under the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Arts and literature flourished under the Athenian and Florentine democracies; but so did literature under Augustus, Elizabeth, Lorenzo de' Medici, Louis XIV., and various small German and Italian princes. So did art in imperial and papal Rome, under the tyrants of Milan and Verona, and under the commercial aristocracies of Corinth and Venice. Real personal

liberty—the power to do your own doings and say your own sayings without molestation—is at least as safe under a mixed constitution as anywhere, seldom less safe than under a suspicious democracy. But Sir Erskine May is a little apt to treat these occasional and accidental consequences of a democratic form of government with a fulness which would only be appropriate if they were its necessary peculiarities. The result of this is a certain want of proportion, which, however, does not destroy the substantial merit of the book.

We may divide the history of European democracy into three periods. The first extends from the dark ages to the consolidation of the great European monarchies, say the age of Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. During this period the history of democracy is, in general, that of cities ; in which, however, it existed less as an institution than as a tendency, a bias, or temporary affection of the body politic. And an account of European democracy is such an account of the great municipalities of Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and the Netherlands, as will show how far and from what causes and with what results their self-government was a government by numerical majority. The second period extends to the French Revolution. It is the age of the great monarchies. Increasing independence of thought and character, fastening themselves particularly on questions of religion, gave birth to such upheavings, mainly of the middle classes, as those of the English Puritans and French Huguenots ; but did not affect the great current of events which apportioned Europe among sovereigns. The third period is now running out. The bold views respecting the rights of man, which were philosophised in England, and reduced to action in the United States, gave a shape to the revolution which was becoming inevitable in France. The question in that and other countries soon passed beyond the consideration of the practical grievances which raised it. The abstract ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity, took possession of the minds of malcontents with the power of a new gospel. They have been at work for ninety years, and Sir Erskine May 'takes stock' of their results.

It is with the third period that Englishmen of the nineteenth century are most concerned. The second need not delay us on our way to it. But we cannot pass by the first without placing before our readers a few characteristic specimens of mediæval republics.

The country democracies of Switzerland, poor, rude, simple in their views, unflinching in their courage, inflexible in their patriotism, and terrible in their vengeance, formed the only material exceptions to the rule already noticed that the history of mediæval self-government is to be found in cities. In the year 1018 the Emperor of Germany granted to the convent of Einsiedlen a large tract of Alpine country. But part of this was occupied by certain persons who then became known to the world for the first time as the free men of Schwytz. These men declared that the land was, and always had been, theirs. Refusing to submit to the judgment of civil or ecclesiastical authorities, they were placed under the ban of the empire and excommunicated by the nearest bishop. They were then subjected to a variety of troubles. But, caring neither for Church nor Kaiser, they allied themselves with their neighbours of Uri and Unterwalden, who approved of their spirit, defied the world, and in moments of leisure amused themselves by sacking the obnoxious convent. The three cantons formed the famous Waldstätten which were the kernel of the Swiss Confederation, and furnished ancient Switzerland with heroes.

Their constitutions are thus described by Sir Erskine May :—

'It was the simplest form of democracy recorded in the history of the world. Without the intervention of chiefs or priests, the hardy mountaineers assembled in the open air, made laws for their own government, and swore to observe them. These assemblies were as primitive as those of the ancient Germans described by Tacitus, and they were far more free. They met, not at the bidding of kings or chiefs, nor to give assent to their counsels, but as equals, having common rights and interests in their beloved canton. The men who thus met together to discuss the affairs of their country were homely peasants who tended their own cows and goats upon the mountain side, and by patient industry raised frequent crops from their narrow patches of soil, hemmed in by rock and glacier. They stood in sight of their mountain homes, and heard the familiar bells of their own cattle as they grazed on the overhanging heights. Such a gathering was that of a Swiss village community, not of a state. With less pretensions than the assembly of a Greek city, it represented an agricultural democracy such as Aristotle commended. Yet was each of these forest cantons an independent state, having its own laws, entering into treaties of alliance, and sending forth its armed men to battle.' (Democracy in Europe, vol i. pp. 340–1.)

There was apparently no jealousy of hereditary distinction. Arnold von Winkelried, who collected on his own breast the Austrian spears at Sempach, was one of the old nobility. And the history of Schwytz bears

everywhere on its front the name of Reding —from the great Ital, who contested the leadership of the Confederacy with Stüssi of Zurich, to Alois, who made head against the overwhelming forces of the French Republic. But these were accidents. As equality was the law of society, so it was that of politics. No man, except for personal reasons, had less political power than his neighbours, and no man was encouraged to think himself entitled to more.

'Such being the circumstances under which these rural democracies arose, their permanence has been ensured by the same social conditions. The society of these rural cantons has naturally advanced, but it is still mainly agricultural and pastoral, and it is comparatively remote from foreign influence. Hence the inhabitants of the rural cantons have been conservative of their ancient customs. They had inherited from their early forefathers the simple democracy of village communities, and they cherished and maintained it. If, in the development of society, there was less equality of classes than of old, community of interests and local traditions still ensured respect for the time-honoured institutions of the land. The people of these cantons have been no less conservative in their religion than in their government, the greater number having continued faithful to the Church of Rome. Unchanging in their society and in their habits, they are interesting examples of a conservative democracy.' (Ibid. vol. i. pp. 357–8.)

We must not, however, allow our conceptions to become too Arcadian. In the democracy of mediæval Switzerland there was very little recognition of natural right, and not much sentiment of Christian compassion.

The Waldstätten were held together by a practical determination to rid themselves from personal oppression, and by a religious devotion to the federal union which secured them against it. The great cities desired to be free themselves, and added to this desire a propensity to subdue their neighbours when they conveniently could. Nor is the history of the war for supremacy between the urban democracy of Zurich and the rural democracy of Schwytz quite consistent with the supposition suggested, though scarcely perhaps advanced, by Sir Erskine May, that the history of this country is comparatively free from scenes of ferocious bloodshed. The occasion of the war was the desire of Zurich, then in alliance with Austria, to appropriate the small territory of Utznacht, just freed from the seigneur of Toggenberg. The men of Utznacht did not desire a fresh master, and prayed for freedom. The reply of the great burgomaster, Stüssi, was not adjusted to any philosophical or Christian theory. 'Sachez,' he said —we quote from a French-writing historian —'que chez vous tout nous appartient— jusqu'à vos entrailles.' There is no history in which sharp sayings are more fruitful of results than in that of Switzerland. And Stüssi's words found him out. The men of Utznacht were supported by the rural cantons, and when Stüssi was stabbed by one of his own Zurichers, while fighting bravely enough for the supremacy of his city and his own, the men of Glarus tore out his heart with their teeth, greased their boots with his fat, and threw the rest of him into the river. The whole war was conspicuous, says the Swiss historian ,for murders, violations, plunder, conflagration, and sacrilege. And the war with Burgundy, in which, however, the comparatively aristocratic Bernese were the principal criminals, is marked by the same ferocity.

But with all this cruelty, which is more than paralleled by the misdeeds of chivalry or absolutism, the pure rural democracy of Switzerland—the democracy of Morgarten and Sempach—had a simple and majestic heroism unsurpassed in history, and, from its adjustment to the social condition of the people, might, like the pure aristocracy of Venice, have lived for ever, if it had not, like it, been struck down by the fierce philosophical democracy of Republican France, which flooded the country in 1796. Among the malcontents of the then oligarchical cantons French ideas were embraced and French armies were welcomed as deliverers. Not so with the conservative democracies. Sir Erskine May tells us how 'six of the rural cantons, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Glarus, Zug, and Appenzel, which had enjoyed from the earliest times the utmost measure of freedom, met the new scheme of French liberty with indignant protests, and leagued together to resist it.' The French General cut off their communications with the other cantons; but the men of Schwytz, who through nearly eight centuries of troubled resistance had never acquired the faculty of counting heads, threw themselves without hesitation on his army.

'They were overpowered by numbers, but so gallantly did they maintain their ground that the French general declared "that every Swiss soldier had fought like a Cæsar." Schweitz and Glarus especially distinguished themselves in these bloody combats; and the Schweitzers retreated step by step to their mountain fastnesses, fighting their victorious enemies to the last.' (Ibid. vol. i. p. 381.)

Tolerably easy terms were given to such desperate enemies. But shortly an oath of allegiance was imposed, which Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, and Zug refused to take.

'They were threatened by the French and exhorted by the Helvetic Directory; and at length three of the cantons, having no hope of effectual resistance, submitted. Unterwalden alone braved the fury of the French army. Its little force fought with obstinate bravery; men, women, and children of all ages joined in the desperate combat, but they were surrounded and cut to pieces. According to the statement of the French general himself, "all who bore arms were put to the sword," and the whole country was exposed to pillage and massacre. While the town of Stanz and the adjacent villages were in flames, and the infuriated French soldiery were wreaking their vengeance on the hapless survivors, two hundred of the gallant men of Schweitz arrived upon the scene of carnage. It was too late to save their friends, but they resolved to avenge them, and rushing on the enemy, they cut down hundreds of the invading host, and died to a man in the deadly fight.

'This brave resistance of the small cantons deserves to be commemorated among the most remarkable events of Swiss history. The primitive people of these cantons were ever brave, free, and independent, and they were no less conservative. They were not to be tempted by theories of a model republic, they had no conception of the "rights of man," but they gloried in their own ancient liberties, and they resented foreign dictation. They were earnest in their patriotism; and while more powerful cantons submitted to the intrusion of the French, they fought and bled with the heroism of their forefathers in defence of their freedom.' (Ibid. vol. i. pp. 382–3.)

The French Republic passed away with its attendant Empire like a thunderstorm. After the Treaty of Vienna the little democracies of Switzerland emerged like rocks from a subsiding flood, and they remain in the nineteenth century a mere expansion of what they were in their heroic ages.

In these primitive republics the claims of birth, wealth, and numbers did not come into conflict. In Florence they did, and the discords to which they gave rise are thus summarised by Machiavelli: 'In prima si divisono intra loro i nobili, dipoi i nobili e il popolo, e in ultimo il popolo e il plebe.' The struggles between the 'popolo' and 'plebe'—capital and labour—the aristocracy of wealth and democracy proper, have been described with so much penetration and knowledge in a recent number of this Review, that any notice of them would be useless repetition. But the character of the previous conflicts is more lightly touched. We barely notice them in order to illustrate the contrast between a republic, in the infancy of which its natural leaders abandoned their duties, and one in which those duties were faithfully and generously performed.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Florence contained a stout and not unprosperous commonalty and a number of noble families who possessed in every street their fortified houses surmounted by lofty towers and filled with armed retainers from the country. By the help of these they righted themselves and wronged others as best they could, ready enough to fight for their city against enemies without, but giving within to the municipal authorities about the same consideration as the Douglases or Hepburns might have given to the Provost and Baillies of Edinburgh under a feeble Scotch King.

During 130 years, from the murder of Buondelmonte in 1215 to the *cacciata de' nobili*, the city was in constant disorder from the feuds of these great men. The intervals of peace were together not more than fifteen or twenty years, and during these the citizens were not safe from outrage. The nobles despised the government till it was strong enough to chastise and disfranchise them. Then they struggled to recover their share in it; but it was too late. The well-to-do bankers and manufacturers and tradesmen wanted quiet, and by the aid of their civic force were determined to have it, even if it were necessary under their famous *ordinamenti* to behead, without evidence of guilt, every nobleman charged with an outrage, and to pull down the houses of all his second cousins once removed. To these arrangements the nobles could not be expected to submit. The sword only could decide such a difference. And the sword did decide it. After a stout defence the nobles were stamped out of history. Their ruin, says Machiavelli, 'was so complete that they never again dared to take arms against the people, but became continually more meek and spiritless (più umani ed abietti diventarono): il che fu cagione che Firenze non solamente di armi, ma di ogni generosità si spogliasse.'

And now came the familiar course of events which, as we have said, has been recently described in this Review. The internal government of Florence had been a government of combat. The necessity of self-defence against the great disturbers of the city had held together rich and poor as a popular party. But the unrelenting virulence of the combat had expelled from men's minds all that moderation which is a condition of successful self-government. And when the pressure was removed the elements of discord burst forth. Picturesque and most instructive in its details, the story is absolutely trite in its outline, and may be summed up in three words, Ciompi, Albizzi, Medici; or in four phrases, factions among

the rich, a popular outbreak, an aristocratical reaction, and the Cæsarism of a popular favourite.

The early history of Berne contrasts with that of Florence. In each there resided side by side a number of burghers possessing the municipal franchise and of noble families who owned castles and exercised feudal jurisdiction over their retainers in the neighbouring conntry. But there were differences between the two cities which gave a contrary direction to their histories. In the first place, Sir Erskine May observes that the physical character of Switzerland enforced on its inhabitants daring and hardihood. It thus taught them to rely on clubs and halberds, while it afforded little room for the manœuvres of mounted men-at-arms. Next, the houses of Berne were of wood, and, like the modern cities of North America, were always in a blaze. In 1288 even the walls of the city were wooden ; for it was said, when the Bernese had repulsed an imperial army of 30,000 men, that Berne had walls of wood but citizens of gold. About this time, after one of the periodical conflagrations, a few stone houses were built ; but it was not till a century after that they became common. The Bernese nobility, therefore, having no urban fortresses and being surrounded by pikemen and clubmen of singular strength and courage, found it to their interest to be sober and orderly. Lastly, Berne was not, like Florence, obliged to struggle into shape under a constitution given by the wise Dukes of Zahringen ; it sprang at once into full municipal life, with its body of burghers, its elective council, its burgomaster, and its armed force. The nobles or gentry, to whom it was a safe and pleasant residence, at once took their place in it as active and of course eminent citizens. It became soon a free imperial city ' with its government of knights and burghers,' extending its dominion over some of the neighbouring territories, and united by treaties of *combourgeoisie* with others.

That the nobles should come to the front in war was a matter of course. But the Boubenbergs and Erlachs kept a steady hand on the helm in peace, and, governing wisely, were not ashamed to maintain by judicious concessions the popularity which they gained by leadership in the field. They accordingly had their reward in the loyal support of their fellow-citizens.

But this bold, capable, and patriotic aristocracy was accessible to the temptation of public and private greed. It was Berne which led the other cantons into the conquest of Argau—a sacrifice of duty to interest, which was the first great outburst of Swiss cupidity. And the lust of money completed what the lust of territory had begun. The individual Swiss had already contracted the habit of selling himself to cut the throats of men with whom neither he nor his country had any quarrel. Even a Boubenberg, after performing great public services, had retired from office under suspicion of corruption. And at last a comparatively new man—one Nicholas Diesbach—let in a flood of venality by selling himself for gold to Louis XI., and inducing his own and other states to do the like. The Burgundian war, though glorious beyond precedent in its victories, was, perhaps, the critical sin which determined the course of Bernese demoralisation, from self-controlled ambition to cold and sometimes ferocious rapacity, and from this to a venal dependence on France. The government of the few became more narrow and less noble, yet with aristocratic tenacity of life it hung on through the great monarchical period, till, in the general ruin of Europe, it fell before the arms of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Our portrait gallery would be incomplete without a rapid notice of a Swiss commercial democracy. Zurich, like Berne, became early a free and imperial city. Like Berne it fell at last under the government of an oligarchy. But for a long time it was in many respects the Florence, as Berne was the Venice, of Switzerland. Its position at the foot of the lake of its name gave it commercial life and importance. Arnold of Brescia, whom it for a time sheltered, gave an impulse to thought in the direction of civil and religious liberty. The ardent imperialism which it shared with its sister cities brought it under Papal excommunication, which the lessons of Arnold had taught it to defy, and of which the only effect was to destroy the influence of the clergy. That of the great men soon followed. One Rodolph Broun, himself apparently a venal, cruel, and cowardly man, reformed the constitution in a popular direction, expelled the refractory nobles, and seized the government. The *fuor-usciti* trying to force their way back were defeated and destroyed. Their city of refuge, Rapperschwyl, was taken and burnt, and its inhabitants, without distinction of age or sex, driven out to live or die, houseless, amidst the snows of a Swiss winter.

But the city increased in wealth and intelligence. ' If you want good counsel,' said the proverb, ' you will find it at Zurich.' And again, ' God gives to the man he loves a house at Zurich.' They added a proverb of their own, that ' Zurich prefers loss to dishonour—Berne dishonour to loss.' But

this, perhaps, meant little more than that the Bernese aristocracy looked sharp after Bernese interests, which they did, while Zurich gave more way to popular impulse. In truth, the passionate and somewhat shifting character of Zurich's policy does contrast with the steady encroaching self-aggrandisement of Berne. They were never 'bons confédérés.' They did not share the devoted loyalty which the Waldstätten bore to the federation which gave them dignity and safety. Even when that federation had just saved them from the vengeance of the Austrian nobles, Broun almost succeeded in betraying it. They were jealous of their smaller neighbours, and ready to coquet with the common enemy. Nor again were their democratic theories based on any generous view of the rights of their fellow-men. They were rather the expression of a sturdy determination to keep what each man had, with an active readiness to get what he could. We have seen what their second great burgomaster Stüssi (the history of mediæval Zurich is the history of its great burgomasters) said to the men of Utznacht. And long afterwards the Zurichers were impatient of their small and rude neighbours. They desired to share with Berne the government of Switzerland and the bribes which it attracted from foreign powers. Zurich and Berne, they said, were the oxen which dragged the cart. They should not allow themselves to be driven by a majority of insignificant villages. Within or without, democratic Zurich, with all its culture and commerce, is more bloody than its aristocratic neighbour. But, like its Italian parallel, Florence, it seems to have been capable of inspiring the deepest attachment. When its third great burgomaster, a man of the highest courage and capacity, but profligate and cynically venal, was, after the customary torture, led out to death—a death followed by those of his friends and avenged by those of his enemies—he did not justify himself or curse his ungrateful country, but only said: 'God protect thee, O Zurich, my well-beloved city, and preserve thee from all evil!'

A generation later, the Reformation found a congenial soil in Zurich, and Zwingli gave the constitution a further democratic bias. But the wealth, organisation, and steady purpose of the few were, in the long run, too strong for the multitude. Early in the seventeenth century a practical oligarchy had established itself, and in the eighteenth the government of Zurich differed in form rather than substance from that of the other great cantons, having become a narrow oligarchy, making the citizens comfortable, but exercising as well over them as over its rural dependencies a hard mastery, varied by occasional cruelty.

The preceding sketches illustrate two positions—first, that where political equality was founded upon equality of condition, as in the rural republics of Switzerland, democracy was capable of existing as a permanent institution; secondly, that where there were marked differences of wealth and consequent intelligence, as in Venice, Berne, Zurich, and elsewhere, democracy could only exist as a qualifying element of municipal institutions; and the only permanent government was that of the organised few.

The precise form of an old municipal constitution grew out of circumstances of time or place. But their underlying principles are easily seen. In governments not founded on mere force, or on any traditional authority, or sentiment of divine right, it is plainly reasonable that those who are liable to profit or suffer by the good or bad exercise of political power should be enabled to defend their interests, if they are capable of understanding them, by receiving some share in that power. This is the claim of numbers, sure to be thought just by the many, if they have the intelligence to think, and sure to be pressed by them in proportion as they have cause to be dissatisfied with their condition. It is also plainly reasonable that those persons or classes should have the greatest share in the direction of affairs who, from leisure, education, and what is called stake in the country, may be presumed to be capable and desirous of directing them well. This is the claim of the few, sure to be thought just by those who are conscious of the power of government and desirous of exercising it for the benefit of themselves and others. Both claims are respectable, and the State in which they are not both respected must, according to Aristotle, Sir Erskine May, and common sense, contain a body of persons on the look-out for change, and, if the administration is intolerably one-sided, ready for revolution. The more liberal of the municipal constitutions of the Middle Ages endeavoured, at least at the outset, to satisfy these conflicting but not irreconcilable claims by giving the mass of the people a colourable if not a real share in the government, while contriving that the practical conduct of affairs should fall into the hands of those who were presumably best fitted for it.

And now, having already in some degree overleapt the second of our periods—that during which democracy was in abeyance—we must glance at the history of France and England before noticing Sir Erskine May's account of the third. France and England

present, for our present purpose, the same kind of contrast as that between Florence and Berne. It was not indeed that the French aristocracy neglected its duties, but that France never had any aristocracy at all. Political writers would do well to maintain a clear distinction between an aristocracy and a nobility. By aristocracy we mean, or ought to mean, a body of persons taking part in the government of their country, by virtue of birth, or wealth, or both. By nobility we mean a number of persons who, by virtue of birth aided by wealth, hold a great place in society. France had at one time a cluster of small princes governing well or ill their subject districts. It had at all times a rich, brilliant, and courageous nobility. But this nobility scarcely at any time made even a passing effort to control the government of the country. Sometimes the authority of the princes of the blood royal was asserted by a party; and one or two appeals to the États Généraux may be cited to show that in the depths of the French mind a certain national authority was supposed to reside in the representatives of certain classes. But the history of France is that of a great monarchy, whose function it was, after expelling the English, to turn princes into courtiers. During the devastating internal wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the *bonnes villes* of France, the natural nurseries of freedom, had enough to do to take care of themselves, like antique Florence—'ubbidendo ai vincitori, nè pensando ad altro impero che salvarsi.' The wretched peasants were, of course, slaughtered by thousands when they rebelled; and when they did not, they were not only plundered and ill-used, but put to ransom for their miserable lives by the holders of the petty *bicoques* by which the country was deformed. The nobles, when they quarrelled with the Crown or each other, gathered and dismissed their retainers always 'en mangeant le pauvre peuple'—a phrase which runs through the history like a piteous *refrain*. The country was thronged with men like the terrible bastard of Vaurus, who 'courait les campagnes, prenait les marchands et les pauvres laboureurs, les attachait à la queue de son cheval et les emmenait à Meaux. Là il les mettait à forte rançon. Quand il n'en pouvait rien tirer, il les faisait pendre par son bourreau ou les pendait lui-même à un grand arbre. Rien n'était plus fameux et plus redouté dans tout le pays et jusqu'à Paris que l'orme de Vaurus, où il avait accroché tant de malheureux.' * An act of unusual horror brought upon this man our Henry V., who hung him to his own elm with his banner round his neck. Such, however, was the feeling of the day that there were not wanting those who said 'que le roi d'Angleterre ne se comportait pas honorablement en faisant périr si vaillant homme.'

This or that seigneur might be kind and popular; this or that noble might be a protector and benefactor. But in those heart-breaking times the classes of society were severed never to be effectually reunited, partly because the people were led to look upon king and nobles as alternative tyrants, instead of finding in them countervailing parts of a system of government, such that the one furnished some refuge from the oppression of the other. The French nobles, till they became appendages of royalty, were not taught to look beyond the necessity of aiding their king when he was in distress, or defending themselves against his usurpations when he was not.

In contrast with this picture we take, as typifying, and in their degree determining, the course of English history, the cognate policies of William the Conqueror and Henry II. The first resolved that his barons should not be princes, but a council; the second that the royal writ should run effectually in their baronies. Each in the main succeeded; and the result was to place the public interest under the constitutional guardianship of the baronage, and, without depriving the individual noble of local authority, to limit greatly by law his temptations to be odious. This constitutional position was consecrated in the Charter of King John, by the meanest of English kings, and more than respected by the greatest, in Edward I.'s Council of Barons. The effects may even have reached modern Italy by descent, and Berne by a side wind. For * Peter of Savoy—the little Charlemagne, as he was called—the predecessor of Victor Emmanuel, one of the first Protectors of Berne, and the first prince of these parts who made laws with the assent of the nobles and commons (*statuts généraux . . . avec le consentement des nobles et des plébéiens*), had been one of Henry III.'s unpopular favourites in England, and must have had only too much occasion to study the policy of Simon de Montfort in its consequences on prince and people.

The alliance thus encouraged between the nobles and the commonalty bore fruit in the Wars of the Roses. We have seen what was the oppression of the French poor just before this period. Philip de Comines, after describing their mitigated sufferings from the

* Barante, 'Les Ducs de Bourgogne,' iii. 167, 174.

* Daguet, viii. § 5.

gendarmerie of Louis XI., proceeds to notice the happier lot of England :—

'Or, selon mon avis, entre toutes les seigneuries du monde dont j'ai connoissance où la chose publique est mieux traitée et où il y a moins de violence sur le peuple et où il y a moins d'édifices abatus ni démolis pour guerre, c'est Angleterre: et *tombe le sort et le malheur sur ceux qui font la guerre.*' (Liv. v. p. 355.)

And so in another passage :—

'Leur coutume (d'Angleterre) est que, quand ils sont au-dessus de la bataille, ils ne tuent rien et *par espécial le peuple* (car ils connoissent que chacun quiert leur complaire, parce qu'ils sont les plus forts) *et si ne mettent nuls à finance.* . . . Mais encore m'a conté le roi Edouard qu'en toutes les batailles qu'il avoit gagnées, dès ce qu'il venoit au-dessus, il montoit à cheval et crioit *qu'on sauvast le peuple et qu'on tuast les seigneurs*—car de ceux n'eschappoit nul ou bien peu.' (Liv. iii. p. 165.)

This was part of the general friendliness of classes which made the English archer possible. The loyal yeoman was part of the military strength of the country, and furnished material for its victories. The French, when they found his importance, attempted for a moment to imitate him and train the French peasantry to the use of the bow and arrow. But the endeavour was dropped. Jacques Bonhomme was, it may well be supposed, too cruelly oppressed to be trusted with this formidable weapon.

The English nobility and gentry had their sins and their punishments. With aristocratic selfishness, but probably with the support of yeomen and burgesses, they passed the oppressive labour laws of the fourteenth century. When they had ceased their iniquitous devastations of France, they took to cutting each other's throats, and they were nearly hacked into a nobility by the Tudors. They were profligate under the later Stuarts and jobbed under the Georges, and in our own recollection an ugly symptom of degeneracy appeared, when, during the railway mania of 1844–6, it was scarcely noticed as discreditable that a member of either House of Parliament should avail himself of his legislative power of obstruction to drive a bargain with a railway company. Such a betrayal of its very *raison d'être* by a great social and constitutional body might, if it recurred in the present condition of the English mind, be as fatal to aristocracy as a profligate court might be to monarchy. As yet, however, by luck or good guidance, they have never sacrificed their constitutional character or fairly broken with the people. In contrast with the urban republics of Switzerland, where the few were always encroaching on the authority of the many, the power of the English commonalty has been always on the increase. Its place in the Legislature was, we may almost say, forced on it. And the growth of its constitutional authority has been on the whole a regulated progress through not unwholesome obstructions. One great collision took place, when the destruction of the House of Lords was part of the state of things which necessitated the despotism of Cromwell. But on the whole the friendly tradition has never been fairly discontinued. The threads of varied association which, with little distinction of party, connect the greater and less *noblesse* with the middle and lower classes, have not been broken, and after every popular conquest the victors and vanquished — alike component elements of John Bull—have resumed their old English pride in each other.

And now passing over the second period of democratical history, on which we have nothing to say, we come to the totally new order of things which is introduced by the third.

Towards the end of the last century a great republic arose in North America, which adopted as the fundamental principle of government the doctrine that all men—or at least all freemen—are equal, and applied that principle unflinchingly to all the details of government over an extended territory. And after the lapse of a century this government, which has even deepened its democratic character, continues to exercise authority over one of the greatest nations in the world. In the North the original equality of condition among the citizens rendered political equality reasonable and absolute, and the subsequent growth of wealth has not shaken the democratic tradition which is fortified by uniformity of education, and, when M. de Tocqueville wrote, by a strange equality of intelligence. In the South the freemen, unequal among themselves, constituted, in relation to the slave population, an aristocracy of the most unmitigated kind, with that singular mixture of ruffianism with refinement, of lawless arrogance with political capacity, which is characteristic of a ruling caste and its hangers-on. This aristocracy perished utterly, like that of Florence, fighting desperately for so-called rights, which were necessary for its own existence, but inconsistent with the laws of humanity and the good of society. By its suppression a national scandal was abolished, and the democracy was established without qualification. On the character of that democracy we shall have to say a few words hereafter. At present we are only concerned with the effect of this great American ex-

ample on Europe, and particularly on France, which received its first shock.

Nothing could be more unlike than the conditions of the two countries. In the United States a sober but determined people had combined to resist a specific invasion of right; and after the conclusion of a struggle for independence, which welded together those who were to compose the body politic, proceeded, with a circumspect consideration of their condition, to that pure democracy which, on the whole, represented their relations to each other. In France the problem was to disintegrate—to shatter a perfectly organised system, shamefully administered with every aggravating circumstance of anomaly. Democracy in the United States was the natural result and constitutional completion of an existing state of society. In France it was an instrument to subvert what existed, and to replace it by a state of things of which no one had any experience, and which every man had therefore to imagine for himself.

The party of 'Thorough' were at first few: 'Nous n'étions pas alors plus de dix républicains en France,' said Camille Desmoulins. Later on Danton described the Republican party as one 'dont vous ne pouvez vous dissimuler l'extrême minorité;' and the younger Robespierre cried, perhaps with some exaggeration, 'All France is against us; our only hope is in the citizens of Paris.'* But the invention of 'clubs' had placed in the hands of enthusiasts the physical and moral strength of organisation which had formerly belonged to minorities only when they were in power. It soon came to be understood that bread was to be found for the poor, and the law administered in their favour, that privileges and pensions were to disappear, that the tax-gatherer was to be turned upon wealth, and, above all, that land was to be transferred from owners to occupants. It was readily believed, because it was true, that all this could only be done in the name of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.' Under cover of these words it was done by a democracy which lasted seven years with great military glory abroad and great slaughter of the people at home, and it left implanted in different sections of French society hatreds, fears, aspirations, and recollections, peculiar to that country, which are still struggling to the surface whenever an opportunity offers. Men of rank remember their old wealth and consequence—the army, their republican and imperial glories. The peasantry still dread the loss of the land they have acquired; the bourgeoisie a Reign of Terror. The Socialists recognise in what has come and gone the dawn of a day in which property shall be no more. The Red Republican workmen of the great towns are ready to assert with gun and pike the supremacy of labour over capital. And among all these conflicting forces French statesmen have had to pick their way, striving so to avail themselves of the remaining elements of order as to enable their country to recover its balance.

Under these conditions the history of the outcroppings of democracy in France for the last half-century presents a sad—but, selfishly speaking, not a discouraging—contrast with the orderly advance of popular power in our own country.

First came a struggle for reaction. Sir Erskine May tells us how one of the earliest necessities of Louis XVIII. was to put down, by one of those *coups d'état* which abound in French history, his own extreme supporters, *plus royalistes que le Roi*, and to establish a middle-class constituency. But the middle class, in turn coquetting with democracy and panic-stricken at it, frightened the king, and then, itself alarmed, returned a reactionary Assembly, which enabled him to reform the constitution in a Royalist sense, and so adopt a reactionary policy at home and abroad. It is hardly necessary to repeat how Charles X. exaggerated the less liberal part of his brother's policy, and after the three days of July had to fly the country before a revolution started by the populace, adopted by the National Guard, and permitted by the troops of the line. A tradesmanlike revolution produced a tradesmanlike king, who had to govern, in conformity with the tastes of the *bourgeoisie*, by promiscuous civility, unlimited corruption, and a large standing army.

The effect upon Europe of this second French outbreak was less violent than that of the first, but was very considerable. Sir Erskine May's catalogue of its consequences to Europe shows clearly how little the pacification effected after the battle of Waterloo had put to rest the aspirations which the Revolution of 1792 had aroused. The following is his account of its effect on France:—

'The main reliance of Louis-Philippe was upon the large society of the middle classes who dreaded democracy, on one side, and prerogative on the other. And it became the policy of his reign to secure the adhesion of these classes, by favouring enterprise and industry: by placing the chief power of the State in their hands: by lavishing upon them patronage and profits; and by an extended system of political

* Democracy in Europe, vol. ii. pp. 144, 163, 165.

corruption. Unable to rely upon the traditions or sentiments of his people, he was driven to appeal to their interests. The *bourgeoisie* were naturally attracted to the sober rule of the citizen king; and their relations with their workmen, at this time, further ensured their adhesion. After the revolution of 1830, the principles of socialism, founded upon St. Simon, were more widely adopted by the working classes of Paris. Their creed was shortly this: that they should regulate the prices of their own labour, and distribute its products among themselves; that the inheritance of property should be forbidden; that marriage should be abolished; and that the community should take the place of families.' (Democracy in Europe, vol. ii. p. 248.)

The franchise was soon extended, and the number of electors increased from 99,000 to 224,000. The hereditary House of Peers was abolished. But before two years had passed the democracy rose at Lyons and in Paris, and had to be crushed by 100,000 soldiers. A Socialist insurrection of 1839 was easily suppressed. But in 1848 the *bourgeoisie* had become more afraid of the king than of the democrats. A proposed Reform banquet served, as anything else might have done, to collect excited mobs. The National Guard sided with them. The minister resigned, his successors mismanaged the troops, who thereupon fraternised with the people. Louis-Philippe disappeared from the Tuileries, and appeared in England under the name of Smith; and the Republic, imitating its elder sister in all but ferocity and the red flag, was installed in Paris.

This time the effect on the Continent was terrible. Those countries which had not, like Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, been constitutionalised by the revolution of 1830, were now convulsed. Lombardy, with the aid of Piedmont, rose against the Austrians. Sicily was already in revolt. The Dukes of Parma and Modena fled. The Grand Duke of Tuscany put himself in the hands of his subjects. The different members of the Austrian Empire rose against their sovereign, who had to reduce Vienna by siege, to call in the aid of Russia against Hungary, and to abdicate in favour of a more efficient heir. Prince Metternich disappeared from history. The King of Bavaria abdicated, those of Saxony and Hanover gave constitutions. 'At Berlin the king . . . bowed down before the people, and accepted the revolution. He rode through the city wearing the colours of the German democracy, and promised to take the lead of German liberty and unity.' * Crowns were dropping around like rotten fruit, and nobody could tell what next. But meanwhile what happened to England? What had been the effect of the revolution of 1830? What was to be the effect of that of 1848?

The French revolution of 1830 had occurred at a critical moment of English constitutional history. The Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel—honest and powerful men, earnestly desirous of improving the working of existing institutions, little disposed for organic change, slow to recognise, but prompt and unflinching in closing with the inevitable—had just broken up their own party by passing the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. And the Radicals, the Whigs, and some of the ultra Tories combined in pressing a measure of Parliamentary Reform, which, it was supposed, was to shift political power from the upper to the middle, if not the lower classes. The movement was sternly resisted, when the growing anger of the people received an impulse from events in France. And William IV., then scarcely seated on the throne, by dissolving Parliament in the Liberal interest, provoked the caustic remark of Prince Talleyrand: 'Voilà l'abdication sans les trois jours.'

The acutest of continental statesmen little understood the sobriety which underlies political movements in Great Britain. The squall had taken the vessel aback while she was in stays, but her stability was equal to the shock. The Reform Bill passed. A great transfer of political power took place. The Conservative party as a whole accepted the necessity of conforming their policy to the new order of things, and a series of complementary laws, with which we are now all familiar, were accepted by the nation almost indiscriminately from Liberal and Conservative ministries. Real discontent there was none. Class hatred there was none. Aprehension for liberty, tranquillity, life, and property, there was none. But there was in 1848 an organisation of persons calling themselves Chartists, who convened a monster meeting, as the phrase was, in the neighbourhood of London on April 10. Abroad nobody doubted the gravity of the occasion. Foreign courts were apprehensive, Republicans exultant. And an Englishman was set down as a mere braggart, if he expressed in a foreign *café* his conviction that the streets of London were not to flow with blood. The panic was not shared in this country. But every possible precaution was taken. The meeting was declared illegal by proclamation, 170,000 special constables (according to Sir Erskine May) were sworn in to keep the peace, leaving the whole police force available for the business of the day; and in case the police force

* Democracy in Europe, vol. ii. p. 277.

should prove insufficient, bodies of troops carefully concealed from view were disposed in important situations.

But the very natural anxiety of Europe, and the very wise and complete precautions of the Government, gave a character of absurdity to the result. Large numbers of people collected and dispersed without a thought of mischief, though rather vexed at having been out in the rain for nothing. Those who loitered on Westminster Bridge, in the line of the proposed movement, with constables' staves in their pockets, will remember the aspect of the crowd—rather sodden, perfectly orderly, and scarcely so curious as if they had been waiting for a Lord Mayor's show. The convener of the meeting had his pockets picked, and a monster petition which he presented to Parliament was ascertained to be a ludicrous imposture. The whole passed off like a hoax —a strange testimony to the value of steady progress and constitutional freedom.

Frightfully different was the course of events in France. The attempt of the Republican Government to give effect to Socialist theories broke down, and the Assembly had to dismiss 120,000 workmen from the national workshops. The exasperated Communists flew to arms under audacious and skilful leaders, well prepared for what was coming. But General Cavaignac was prepared also, and after four days of desperate fighting, unexampled even in Paris, succeeded at last in shooting down all that resisted him ; and gave supremacy to a reaction of terror which, groping about for something to lay hold of, fell into the arms of the Empire. We have heard from Prince Albert Louis Napoleon's theory of his position. Others, he said, had governed by favour of one million of the population ; he had laid hold of the other twenty-nine. That is to say, he neglected rank, riches, and educated intellect, and held himself the creature of a conservative democracy of landowners, differing in this from the rural democracies of Switzerland, that, instead of covering the whole area of society, it lay helpless and ignorant between the unappeasable democracy of Communism on the one flank, and the discontented aristocracies of birth, wealth, and education on the other. Such a state of things could only repose on the army. The army could not be kept quiet without war. Failing in war, the Empire was put down without resistance by a cry of *déchéance ;* but before France was well quit of her invader, the Communists rose in ferocious revolt, and had to be exterminated by a ferocious soldiery.

As after the personal government of Charles X. in the interest of the old *régime*, as after the personal government of Louis Philippe in the interests of the *bourgeoisie*, so after the personal government of Louis Napoleon in the alleged interests of the peasants, we have the same familiar sequence—first, a comparatively bloodless assertion of liberty ; next, a sanguinary outbreak of enthusiasts, indignant that classes which had not toiled and suffered like them should reap the fruits of their victory ; then an unrelenting suppression of the insurgents by the army ; and lastly, the establishment of a terrified quietude under military protection. Three times in half a century events have thus followed each other with the monotonous regularity of a peal of bells. The first reaction betook itself to a constitution, the second to a despotism, the third did not know what it wanted ; and such are the impracticable vitality of French party, and the instability of the popular mind, that for a moment the old royalists who perished in 1792, and died a second death in 1830, seemed to have the game in their hands, and the other day three incompatible parties, collected rather than combined under the word Monarchy, exercised a great influence on affairs, and ultimately held the reins of government. This fourth reaction has been displaced, according to precedent, by a great and peaceable national movement ; and a comparatively moderate party has been lifted into power under M. Dufaure. But what next ? We have learned the power of an audacious minority. We know that the Red Republican minority is audacious and ineradicable. We see that M. Dufaure is old, and the President not much of a politician. We are told that those who dictate policy, if they do not hold power, are what are called ' opportunists '—politicians who would accept an opportunity for going farther, if only it offered itself. We see no sufficient relaxation of the old rule, ' Væ victis.' We remember also the lamentations of such Republicans as MM. Erckmann-Chatrian over the backsliding which arrested the great revolutionary war of propaganda. We hear it said that in such a war France might yet hope to have the discontented masses of Germany as allies against their rulers. And lastly, we have seen that in France a constitutional victory is the natural prelude to a convulsive outbreak.

Under such a state of things, we have all the strongest reason to hope that a Conservative republic, set up with the despairingly negative recommendation of being *ce qui nous divise le moins*, may succeed in consolidating itself, and that the statesmen who have peace at heart may be

able to enlist in that cause the immense majority who must desire it. But if not—if France is only moving down the old inclined plane, the now usual alternative meets us at the bottom—an audacious republic, aggressive abroad and subversive at home, or a military suppression which will add one to the rising stratocracies of Europe.

And while these are the perplexities of our neighbour, we in England are thinking, in the first place of course of foreign politics, but after these of a Burials Bill and the agricultural franchise—the removal of a sectional grievance and the taking up of a loose stitch. True, there is more in the distance — disestablishment, universal suffrage, and equal electoral districts ; an attack on the House of Peers may come in time. But of these reforms the nation seems, to say the least, little desirous, and even if they were effectively taken up, a contest about political power or ecclesiastical privilege, in which both sides are usually led by men of substance—men who have social comforts and do not intend to lose them—is carried on with a circumspection and proneness to compromise which disappear when those who have wealth are arrayed against those who want to take it away from them.

Our position, therefore, is promising enough in the present and immeditae future. But how is it beyond the *paulo post futurum ?* Popular power is rising about us, sometimes tranquilly and imperceptibly, sometimes in convulsive flux and reflux. That it should so rise is an inevitable consequence of diffused intelligence, increased power of organisation, and, it is to be hoped, increased well-being. In what form and with what results does the government of the multitude promise or threaten to establish itself amongst us ? The democracy which is advancing upon us is not that of Athens, in which a multitude of quickwitted idlers supported by slave labour were amused and educated by attending theatres kept up at the public expense, and by taking part, with or without a fee, in the courts of justice and sovereign assemblies of the people. It is not that of rural Switzerland, where all men are equal and acquaintances, and where political prizes are too poor to be a great object of illegitimate ambition. It is not the democratic bias of the mediæval cities, which, though capable of fierce outbursts, was subject to class restrictions which held back the multitude from the conduct of affairs. Least of all is it the torpid proprietary democracy of Louis Napoleon, which only roused itself to endorse a despot. It will be a democracy founded on the principle that one man is as good as another—a principle which liberal Europe is receiving with a strange absence of hesitation from America, and applying by the machinery of representation to the government of great empires. That machinery consists of two parts—the constitution established by law, which provides the method by which the multitude shall select its governors, and the clubs, caucuses, or other combinations of active persons, created by individual will outside the law, which by manipulation, persuasion, or intimidation, direct, or control, or combine the wills of the electors. The second is in a great degree the complement of the first, and presupposes two or more antagonist parties, devoted to the acquisition of power or the accomplishment of objects, and equipped with the usual contrivances for consulting, speaking, writing, registering, and all the other activities which, by causing coherency and increasing momentum, command success.

This is the democracy which is partly present, partly nearing us ; and it is liable to two great dangers. One is suggested by the history of France, one by that of the United States. The first is that the dominant multitude may so legislate against wealth as to provoke civil dissension or to involve common ruin. The other is that class jealousy and the difficulty of obtaining political power without loss of self-respect may deter men of high spirit and cultivated mind from adopting a political career, and that the administration of affairs may become first coarse and then corrupt.

It is unquestionable that the rights and advantages of property may be, and probably in every age and country have been, abused ; and when this abuse is in a way to become dangerous to the common weal, it is the duty of the supreme power to suppress it, and, if possible, so to mould these rights and advantages that the machine of society shall work tranquilly and for the general good. So much should never be forgotten ; but from this it is easy to proceed onwards, and to rebel against that irremovable anomaly of civilised life, that some persons, by no merit of their own, should be far better off than others. This pure discontent at inequality of condition, though it must occasionally oppress the minds of men who think about it, and must rankle in the minds of many who are unhappy, has as yet no place in English politics. Yet we are not without organised forms of antagonism to property. Such an antagonism may take two forms—the desire simply to appropriate to ourselves that which belongs to another, and the de-

sire to control the use of capital, that is of property applied to the payment of labour.

The desire to appropriate usually fastens itself on land, because the occupier, by whose toil the produce is raised, easily persuades himself that he ought to have the whole of it, and that rent is not so much a payment for value received as an unrighteous tax on his labour. Few people, unless they are mere rogues, desire to appropriate a jewel or a picture which is in the corporal possession of a neighbour ; but the wish to be quit of an incumbrance is a different affair, and highly respectable persons are not ashamed occasionally even to repine over the long life of an innocent annuitant. So of rent paid to an invisible landlord. In England the tenant farmer is himself so much of a capitalist as to see both sides of economical justice—and besides, he goes to his landlord for repairs. But in Ireland the desire of the occupier to have in the whole what he already has in part, has become a popular force, and has allied itself with a political movement—the holders of land returning to Parliament a phalanx of persons who, it is supposed, will assure proprietary change by subverting the political relations. A kind of agrarianism is therefore powerful, and under a democracy would be overwhelmingly so.

In England it is otherwise. Here agrarianism only makes itself heard in the mild regret felt by some persons at the course of events which has made land either a luxury or a source of remote profit, and has thus extinguished the race of small yeomen, who cannot indulge in the one or await the other. Schemes founded on this sentiment seem, when 'thrashed out,' to resolve themselves into proposals for facilitating the transfer of land, which are at least as useful to the rich man who wishes to enlarge his park as to the poor man who desires to own his garden. But though England rejects, or has outgrown, the disposition to appropriate the fixed property of individuals, it has not outgrown, but is in the midst of, a conflict between labour and capital.

When it is urged that the extension of the suffrage will place education, and capital, and independent competence, and all those existing institutions of which modern democracy is notoriously jealous, at the mercy of the ignorant and numerous majority, it is replied that this majority is too heterogeneous to unite ; that it has its separate interests, and is accessible to different local and personal influences ; and that politics will organise themselves, so to say, not horizontally according to social strata, but vertically, according to moral, religious, or geographical interests. But the force of these considerations is much affected by a word and a fact. The word is 'wages,' the fact 'Trades Unions.' The terms of labour affect the whole labouring class—that is to say, the overwhelming majority of the population. And the immense organisation of 'Trades Unions,' which, with much of tyranny and brutal violence, evinces, in some respects, a degree of thought, sagacity and determination which would do credit to the rulers of a State, affords a machinery of unknown capability, and visibly tending to unite this great multitude round that common interest.

These organisations have probably done good and harm. On the one hand they have assisted that rise of wages which, though some of it may have gone in drink, must have tended to increase the comfort and contentment of the labouring class. On the other hand they have injured each other by obnoxious interference with liberty of labour and have in certain places caused great loss to their employers and themselves by attempting to extort from capital terms which trade would not bear—a result peculiarly mischievous in exhausting the workman's savings, which form the best guarantee for his loyalty to the State which protects them, but not without its use, as it shows to the workmen themselves, by the extinction of this or that local industry, that their employers are not trifling with them when they allege that the enhancement of wages or interference with the organisation of labour would bring about a common ruin.

Under a more democratical constitution it is not improbable that if a fully developed organisation of Trades Unions were to take it into their heads that the Legislature could profitably prescribe terms of labour in their interest, they might be able to pass laws which would in a very few years involve themselves and their employers in general calamity, or, stopping short of this, might cripple ruinously peculiar trades, and destroy the power of secure forecast, which is essential to great industrial operations.

But what is really encouraging at present is, that no tendency of this kind has yet shown itself. Discontented multitudes treat the quarrel as a merely sectional one, to be settled between them and their employers with such arms of industrial pressure as the unrestricted right of combination affords them. Nor does their antagonism extend to the strata of society to which their employers belong—from which, indeed, when arbitration is resorted to, they appear perfectly ready to receive arbiters. Neither do they show distrust of the Legislature. They do

not apparently expect from Parliament what it cannot give, or ally themselves with any political party to obtain their objects. They show, it is true, less disposition than could be desired to repudiate some of those intolerable modes of coercion which a government worthy of the name is bound to repress inflexibly; but, with regard to these they come in to plead their cause, only asking a fair field, and showing no disposition to question the just intentions of the Legislature. Although, therefore, the powers possessed by these combinations have been abused, and will probably be abused again, and although it must be always possible that the comparatively poor, who must, under an extended suffrage, form the large majority of the voters, may combine in blindly oppressive laws against the wealthy, yet neither the attitude of our own workmen, nor, we may add, in spite of recent disturbances, the example hitherto of the United States, holds out any probability of their combining for that purpose on the only ground on which these great multitudes are likely to have a common interest.

But if this is so, it may be asked why we still hesitate to trust the masses implicitly. The answer is, because we do not trust human nature; we do not trust an irresponsible man; we do not trust an irresponsible clique; and we do not trust an irresponsible multitude. All alike will do wrong if they have the uncontrolled power of doing it. And a democracy is uncontrolled as no other government is. Beneath the purest despotism or oligarchy there is some form of public opinion which is too powerful to be wholly defied, and of which rulers must stand in some apprehension. But democracy *is* that public opinion. There is nothing beneath or beyond it; for its corruption or injustice political machinery supplies no check or correction. Nothing less than the moral regeneration of the country can cure it.

A large unrepresented, or imperfectly represented, proletariat thus exercises an important function of its own. It keeps in order the holders of political power by the knowledge that though they are left very free in the choice of means, they may at any time be held sharply responsible for results. We see a great deal of this in England. We are greatly governed by an aristocracy on its good behaviour. Anyone who looks through the names which compose an English Cabinet will see that it is, on the whole, made up of picked men of birth or wealth, with a sprinkling of the very ablest of those who have forced themselves into political or semi-political eminence. But this aristocracy, besides being jealously supervised in details by a fairly intelligent middle class, interested like itself in the existing state of things, is made constantly sensible of a further responsibility to a mixed multitude who can see what is very plain and feel what is very sensible, who must in some degree be humoured, and who are best humoured by being made comfortable as they ought to be.

It may be said that this state of things, resting a great deal on custom and allowance, is but a transitional state of unstable equilibrium. And so it is. Unstable equilibrium is the condition of that which lives and moves. A runner is in unstable equilibrium or perhaps in none at all. If his momentum fails him, he falls on his face. So he does if his head goes too fast for his heels, especially if he is going downhill. And thus in politics. The problem is not (as some appear occasionally to imagine) to devise a position of rest for a lifeless body, but to regulate the pace and pick the steps of a living one, so that each movement shall introduce the next safely, and carry us, on the whole, whither we have to go.

Diffused capacity for political affairs will command political influence. This has been so, will be so, and must be so. And this principle—that power must follow intelligence — supplies the political momentum which in this country we have to regulate. If its progress is abruptly checked, no doubt we shall fall. But so shall we fall if it outruns itself—that is to say, if power is conferred beyond the limits which our present state of intelligence demands; and we are led to fear such a catastrophe when we hear it said, not that the franchise should follow education, which is wise and just—but that it should be conferred as a means of educating, which seems a dangerous inversion of the laws of prudence. We are wholly averse from instructing the ignorant by giving them the country to practise upon.

Nor is it necessary to do so; for the true school of energy is not political power, but personal freedom—not the opportunity of giving this or that vote in a matter on which the voter's knowledge must be superficial and in a great measure borrowed, but a state of society in which, at a certain age, men are thrown on their own resources, free to choose their courses of life, with indefinite opportunities of advancement, and with large and recurring occasions for the exercise of industry, promptitude, and sound judgment. That such a state of things is itself the outcome of free institutions is true, but nothing to the purpose. A man will be educated in virtue of free institutions who has never taken part in administering them. Indeed

it is worth observing that ordinary political dabbling has a direct tendency to impair one faculty which has a strange protective value in the concerns of life—that of distinguishing clearly between what we do and what we do not understand. And this is a great deprivation, for we see every day clever men who, from want of this faculty, are of little use to themselves or others, and men of remarkably limited intellect whose success in life can only be referred to an unerring perception of insecurity when out of their depth, so that though they are often unable to understand a good reason they are never taken in by a bad one.

And now we come to the danger which announces itself from America. The political progress of the United States bears a kind of inverse analogy to that of Europe. Here the great men who alone were capable of power at once assumed, and of course abused it; but the excluded classes asserted the claims of number as their intelligence and political capacity approached that of their rulers. In America equality was the starting point, and numerical majority was recognised at the outset as the only legitimate source of power. But now the upper classes are leaving the lower behind them, and, seeing the country misgoverned, are indignant at a state of things which refuses to class capacity those advantages which, in the public interest, capacity ought to have.

When the Commonwealth was founded, conditions were on the whole equal; and sixty years after the Declaration of Independence, De Tocqueville (as we have already observed) remarked a corresponding equality of intelligence. His words are worth quoting :—

'Il s'est établi en Amérique dans les connoissances humaines un certain niveau mitoyen. Tous les esprits s'en sont rapprochés, les uns en s'élevant, les autres en s'abaissant.'

Few Americans, he told us, were then rich enough to dispense with a profession. All at the age of fifteen had to begin money-making; and consequently no man had time for self-cultivation till he had lost the taste for it. Such a state of things justified pure democracy. Yet, at the bottom, well-to-do Americans were already little pleased with institutions which were beginning to show their darker side.

In the forty years which have elapsed since De Tocqueville wrote great changes have taken place. On the one hand, the level has been lowered by an uneducated immigration from Europe. On the other, fortunes have so increased that they can scarcely fail to give those who inherit them time to think. Extraordinary progress has been made in every branch of art and literature. A love and knowledge of antiquity has increased. History, philosophy and poetry, science and mechanics, sculpture, and, in a less degree, painting (why not music?) have been cultivated with such signal success as to change the intellectual place of America among nations, and to make De Tocqueville's *niveau mitoyen* absolutely out of date. A demand for a higher education has made itself felt, and produces in the political department the extended learning, the calm analysis, and the searching criticisms which appear in Mr. Woolsey's book. And as in Europe the improving many called in question the misgovernment of the few, so in America the improving few begin to call in question the misgovernment of the many.

Before taking Mr. Woolsey's evidence, we make one preliminary observation. The question is not whether America is rich, prosperous, and animated — whether it abounds in thriving farmhouses, successful enterprises, scientific, literary, and religious institutions. All these are the natural produce of a young people in a new country at liberty to make the most of their extraordinary shrewdness and enterprise. The question is whether the particular form of government which we call democracy performs well or ill, corruptly or incorruptly, its proper office of governing.

This is the point on which we are concerned to receive instruction, and Mr. Woolsey is a competent informant. He has been professor in the University of Yale, he is evidently a man of honour and conscience, of vigorous and steady thought, serious even to sadness in his reflections on the state of his own country, and as learned in the past as he is observant of the present. Indeed, considering the broad scope and philosophical spirit of his book, we are half ashamed of using it for the comparatively narrow purpose for which our extracts are made.

With regard to the mode of electing officers and representatives he describes to us 'what is happening in hundreds of districts and towns, and in all the States of the Union.' An irresponsible caucus meets before an election, and publishes a list of the officers for whom the party is expected to vote.

'Then a day or two perhaps before the election another caucus determines the candidates for the Legislature, or perhaps only for the House of Representatives. Not one in a hundred of the voters has his opinion asked in regard to the selection. Many of the names are those of unknown persons, some of them those

of persons in whom their neighbours have no confidence, but who must be floated onward by the general popularity of the ticket, and by the habit of voting *en masse* for all the names upon it.' (P. 398.)

'I believe the system to be an emanation from universal suffrage: that the *stratum* of society which would be excluded from the poll by a very small property qualification needs to be informed whom to vote for; that while in general they desire good government they are not competent to decide what it is or who ought to administer it, and that thus they are left in the hands of men who have their own points to carry by means of such constituents. They would not act as they do if suddenly raised in intelligence and character. But as long as there is such a class there is a demand for demagogues. And what is worth noticing, when, by the help of such a class, the leaders carry their points, the followers think they have gained the victory, and it is a great cause of the solid coherence of parties after mistakes and weaknesses that they who only vote and scarcely know why are as eager for the party's success as any others; whereas from the beginning they may not have put forth one independent thought. No relation of subservience is more strikingly sad than this—that there are multitudes in the freest countries who can only vote according to the will of others, and yet all the while think themselves free and independent.' (Political Science, vol. ii. p. 122.)

And what are the points which such men want to carry by such means? In the infancy of the republic, Madison declared that a President who should remove an efficient public officer on account of political differences would deserve impeachment. But Jefferson, when elected by the democratic party, did it a little. Jackson did it much, and now the advent of any party to power involves the removal of any officer whose place is worth having, for the benefit of those who have served that party effectually. To such claims

'every recent administration is obliged more or less to yield. The attempt to introduce a system of civil service based on competence and character has ignominiously failed. The country and the government cannot, without extreme difficulty, get out of this rut of corrupt political bargaining; the best nominations must often be defeated; men otherwise worthy have to be agents for the reward by office of those whom they despise. Independence and personal honour are gradually driven out of politics. The whole subject is inconceivably disgusting.' (Ibid. p. 284.)

The natural result is one which Mr. Woolsey records as a fact while ascribing it to a different cause—namely, to the mere size of the constituencies. In large democracies, he says—

'we lose our interest in political life, and a certain active patriotism which loves the State for itself and not for its benefits. We lose to a considerable extent our sense of responsibility; we lose political training; we lose our value as political units. . . . Hence multitudes will not go to the polls in this country, because a vote more or less among so many will be of no account.' (Ibid. p. 104.)

Such being the methods and objects of an election by universal suffrage, we observe that their educational tendency does not appear to be great or good, and proceed to ask what kind of legislation they produce. 'In general,' says Mr. Woolsey, the temptation of representatives is 'to follow the wishes of their constituents timidly and unrighteously.' But cases of downright corruption have not been wanting; and 'within the last few years, in the United States, instances of this kind have either been very frequent, or at least suspicion of bribery within legislative walls has been very general and seemingly well founded.'

This decay of integrity is found equally in the general and the state legislatures. But is this central defect alleviated by local self-government? In the country districts it may be so, but

'our large cities are the hotbeds where caucuses, managed by obscure politicians, private bargains of office-seekers, devices for the purchase at great expense of things needed for public buildings, erection of buildings by dishonest contracts, and all sorts of base jobs flourish. Why is this so? It seems to be so partly because so many who vote are not taxpayers in the city, and are led by others; partly because there is not sufficient control lodged in the mayor's or other chief officer's hands.' (Ibid. p. 376.)

Universal suffrage again! And under such auspices the debt of the city of New York has risen in twenty-seven years from twelve to one hundred and thirteen million dollars, and the tax levy from three to twenty-eight millions. Rich men pay such taxes as they cannot escape by change of residence, and wash their hands of city management, and Mr. Woolsey anticipates extended municipal ruin unless something can be done.

Now, all this and possibly more has been done in England. Borough nominations have been sold, individual votes have been sold, representatives have been sold. But our statesmen have always been among the most eminent men of the country; and some of them have at most times employed themselves in stirring the people to the reformation of abuse. So we have destroyed rotten boroughs, reformed corporations, limited patronage, and are trying with some earnestness, by ballot and otherwise, to wipe off that peculiarly English scandal, bribery at elections. Knowing what they have

done, reformers are sanguine as to what they can do. Very different is the half-despairing tone adopted by Mr. Woolsey in a country where the people itself is the sinner, and the trade of politics has become one on which the better class of people look askance.

'The writer of these lines was taught in his boyhood that a wide suffrage was a very serious evil, and the doctrine continued to be common long after democracy was triumphant in national affairs. . . . At present multitudes have the same faith, but regard it as hopeless to take steps backward, unless at some future day socialistic agitations should render restrictions on suffrage a measure of public safety; and they put all their hopes for the future in a better education—perhaps compulsory on all—and in an intelligent farming population. . . But suppose all the better part of society, those who have intelligence and those who have character, to be faithful in discharging their political duties—suppose them to be neither discouraged nor overawed, how are they to act in the purification of parties? Can they do good by forming a new or third party, intended to serve as a check on the two others? If successful, this would draw to it bad materials from the existing parties, and would soon become corrupt itself. Can they accomplish their work by entering into the other parties, according to their political convictions, and insisting on having a share in all those primary arrangements for office, caucuses, conventions, and the like, of which they complain so much now? The probability is that they would be met and worsted by new intrigues, without gaining anything for the cause of political honesty. I see no way in which they could act so well as by acting within the existing parties, and yet determining to cast their votes, each individual for himself, for no one who is a political intriguer or untrustworthy man. They act in this case without any forced combination, by the power of a vote which is silent, but well understood. Suppose this to begin in one of the parties, and that this party loses the election on account of such independent action. Can the party fail thenceforth to make a selection of better men? And if this is to be its principle, will not the other be more careful in choosing its candidates? If thus there is understood to be a quiet body in both parties which will rebuke all improper selections for office, this one thing will go far towards creating a moral revolution in State and in country. Staying away from the polls on account of the badness of parties is an unworthy course; but going there and rebuking your party for its improper candidates is something honourable for every good citizen to do.' (P. 567.)

Such being democracy in America, the question arises, far too large to be answered at the end of an article, whether and under what conditions it will give us good government and honourable governors in England. Some advantages we have. The civil service of the country is placed on a footing in which it could scarcely become a prey for adventurers. Caucuses in the American form are out of place among our comparatively small constituencies, electing at most three members, whose qualifications may well be known to the body of the electors. In the administration of towns and parishes not only is the voting confined to ratepayers, but there is a scale of voting which gives an advantage to wealth. For the present we have not yet arrived at universal suffrage, and the anomalies of our representative system still favour, in some degree, the return to Parliament of a class of independent members (much coveted by Mr. Woolsey) who would decline either to be the nominees of a political club, or to catch votes by trimming or exaggeration. We have a very imperfect attempt at a representation of minorities, in what is called the three-cornered constituencies; and any large extension of the suffrage or removal of valuable anomalies might well be accompanied by measures which would prevent the more cultivated classes from being what is called 'swamped.' Lastly and most important, we have a traditional disposition throughout the country to be content with an upper-class government so long as it behaves itself well; while in that upper class itself the distinction arising from political eminence and the talents by which it is acquired are by no means losing their value.

All this gives us hope that England may hold on safely to the course which she has always pursued, of so enlarging the basis of political power as never to break with the immediate past, or shake the traditionary relations of class to class. And without attempting to marshal all the lessons derivable from our neighbour's experience, we may also express a fervent trust that our country may never be cursed with any constitutional change, under which politics shall cease to furnish a life-long career for the best men of the leisured class, and with the public service become a precarious spoil for adventurers who can make themselves useful to a party.

ART. II.—*Bryan Waller Procter* (*Barry Cornwall*). *An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, Unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends.* 8vo. London: 1877.

As the latest survivor of a generation of poets, essayists, and critics, more illustrious

than have appeared simultaneously at any other period of English literature, Mr. Procter is entitled to the respectful interest of an age which, with all its faults, has not lost reverence for literary traditions; and the publication of this volume gives him a fresh claim to our grateful regard. It includes a series of biographical sketches, found among his papers, which are evidently portions of a work designed to perpetuate the memory of his long and cordial intimacy with most of his leading contemporaries. Such a memorial could not fail to attract public attention, and the notices which the book has hitherto received have been almost exclusively directed to this section of it. No just estimate, however, can be formed of its value as a record without taking into account the character and status of the writer himself; and it is with these, which have run some risk of being overlooked, that we now propose chiefly to deal. Many of the fine intellectual and spiritual qualities which Mr. Procter's friends still cherish in remembrance are here faithfully, however imperfectly, reflected, partly through the medium of several fragments of autobiography, and partly in the outline of his career drawn up by the friend to whom these materials have been entrusted for publication. It would be unreasonable to expect that this outline should be complete as a biography, and the editor's evident desire to do justice to his subject forbids our criticising his work severely. Of its many deficiencies as a narrative of Mr. Procter's literary life we need say nothing, since it is possible to supply them by reference to the writings upon which his reputation was built. What is more to be regretted is the scanty light here thrown upon certain characteristics of the man which were to the full as marked as those that he possessed as an author; these features, which a biographer, who was also a friend, might have brought into view with ease and advantage, can be only inadequately noticed within the brief limits to which this article must be restricted.

It may seem strange to those who remember the diminutive stature and the frame, enfeebled by age, of the late poet, but we should say that the quality which most distinguished him from his literary contemporaries was his high masculine spirit. He had not a trace of effeminacy about his character. He liked deeds of strength; in his youth he hunted with passion and is said to have ridden well across country; he was not indifferent to the fives court and the prize fight, then not yet repudiated by humanity and good taste. The same quality pervaded his moral nature—a high-spirited man, capable of strong resolutions, incapable of a mean or paltry thing. Yet all this vigour of character was accompanied by manners wholly devoid of pretension, and expressed in the gentlest tones of voice. Only, now and then, a flash revealed the fire and energy within.

Outside the domestic and social circle which he blamelessly and honourably adorned for nearly ninety years, Mr. Procter may be said to have led two public lives, one literary, the other professional and official, the joint action of which was mutual and is traceable in his writings. His literary career, which was the earlier and the later in duration, is no doubt that by which alone he will be remembered, but its course was so checked and modified by the other that it cannot be considered independently. As to the influences which combined to mould his character and direct the bent of his mind, these autobiographical fragments afford some suggestive hints. Born (November 4, 1787) in the upper middle class of society, and educated at Harrow, where he was the schoolfellow of Byron, he received a classical training that qualified him more than many of his contemporaries for the extravagant worship of Greek mythology and art which was the reigning literary fashion of the period when he commenced authorship. A more enduring effect was produced upon his young imagination by the reading of Shakespeare, to whose works among others he was introduced by a female servant of unusual intelligence and cultivation who lived in his uncle's family. 'The world beyond his own,' into which, as he tells us, he even then obtained an insight, was from that time forward the highest aim of his intellectual ambition. From Shakespeare he passed to the perusal of 'all the English poets, from Chaucer down to Burns; almost all the classics which had been converted into English; most of the histories accessible to English readers, and all the novels and romances then extant without a single exception' (p. 31). These studies conclusively determined his bias to literature, and at the outset were incompatible with more than a fitful attention to the legal profession for which his parents designed him. The term of pupilage, however, which he passed as articled clerk to a solicitor in Wiltshire, was not unprofitable to him. Residence in the country brought him into familiar contact with the quiet natural beauty, the healthful habits and simple joys and sorrows of life, with which the tranquillity, gentleness, and purity of his own disposition best fitted him to sympathise. The reflection of these early associations is never absent from his subse-

quent writings, and constitutes much of their charm.

On his return to town in 1807 he was temporarily prevented by illness from prosecuting his legal studies, and he then selected literature as a profession. He was shortly afterwards rendered independent of its drudgery by succeeding to a small property on the death of his father, but, tempted by his generous inclinations and love of field-sports into an excess of hospitality, he was obliged to retrench and resume the pen as a means of increasing his income. Of his first attempts in verse no particulars are known, but he graduated as a contributor to the 'Literary Gazette' from the year 1815. An introduction which he soon obtained to Leigh Hunt brought him into a large literary group, and the privilege of intimacy with one of its prominent figures, Charles Lamb, the most sympathetic of critics, whose influence in the direction of his tastes was thenceforth paramount, although frequently disturbed by counter attractions. In the study of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists which Lamb pursued with so much ardour, Mr. Procter became an adept, and his latest poetical work bears evidence of the permanent fascination which they exerted over his mind. To Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt he was scarcely less indebted for guidance to the 'wells of English undefiled' in the poetry of Spenser and Milton, and to the wealth of romance and scholarship, fancy and humour in the best Italian writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The atmosphere of refined æstheticism and liberal culture in which his new associates lived and breathed, thoroughly permeated his sensitive mind, and, without consciously imitating the manner of any individual member of the circle, he soon caught its prevailing tone and spoke its language. Another, and to some extent antagonistic, spell was for a while still more potent. During some years previous to his first appearance as an author, Byron, his schoolfellow at Harrow, with whom he had since renewed acquaintance, was at the height of poetic popularity, and the allurements of sentiment, passion, wit, colour, and melody, which explained and justified the existence of that popularity, were too irresistible for the young poet to withstand. To a third contemporary influence, far calmer and healthier than this, and in deeper consonance with his natural sympathies—that of the Idyllic school—he was at the same time impressionable, although in a less marked degree.

The concurrence of all these tendencies is clearly perceptible in the 'Dramatic Scenes and other Poems,' which he published in 1819, under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall—an imperfect anagram of his real name. Of these Scenes, 'The Return of Mark Antony,' 'Ludovico Sforza,' 'Love cured by Kindness,' 'Juan,' and 'The Way to Conquer,' are the best, and reflect more or less faithfully the tone of the school in which Lamb had set him to study; Shakespeare and Fletcher being most obviously his models. 'Lysander and Ione,' a dramatic love-passage between a nymph and an Arcadian youth, sounds like an echo of Keats'; a paler and chaster version of 'Endymion.' 'Werner' is not less plainly indebted to Byron's 'Manfred' for its inspiration. Several of the miscellaneous poems also are reminiscences or imitations of the contemplative mood which evoked the finest soliloquies of that drama and passages of 'Childe Harold;' but there is no attempt to simulate the morbid cynicism by which they are disfigured. In such poems as 'The Haunted Stream' and 'Flowers,' there are traces of the Spenserian direction which Hunt had given to his friend's reading. In others, especially 'Rosamond Gray' and the sonnets, the gentle sway of Wordsworth makes itself felt. While there is no sign of original power in the volume, a certain character of individuality is imparted by the happy fusion of such diverse poetic elements into a pure and graceful style. The expression is often weak, but, by avoiding the worst faults and blending the salient beauties of its several ingredients, the composition acquires an eclectic flavour of its own. The following lines afford a favourable example of it:—

'There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail snowdrop
Born of the breath of Winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star;
The languid hyacinth and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty;
The foxglove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the narcissus (named
From him who died for love); the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns;
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.'

The book reached a second edition in 1820, and was followed in the same year by 'A Sicilian Story, Diego di Montilla, and other Poems.' There is no marked difference between the quality of this volume and its predecessor, except that it displays more of the scholar's skill in echoing the tones of his favourite master, and a greater

command of language. 'Diego di Montilla' and 'Gyges' are obvious imitations of 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan,' reproducing not only their mingled strains of humour and pathos, but their *ottava rima* and colloquial diction. As before, the writer's native tact prevents him from copying the flaws of his model. The humour, if thin, is neither coarse nor flippant, and the pathos is unexaggerated. 'A Sicilian Story' is an expansion of the tragic legend recounted by Boccaccio, which Keats, with far greater power, had rendered in his 'Isabella.' Leigh Hunt evidently stood sponsor both for this and 'The Falcon,' a dramatic version of another of Boccaccio's stories; and they reflect not ineffectively his agreeable manner. Interspersed here and there among these reproductions were touches drawn from the poet's own observation and genuine feeling which afforded an earnest of his future development. The following description of a pauper's funeral, thrust almost at random into a quite inappropriate connection, is singularly impressive. Mr. Emerson, writing to the author in 1847, says that he had known it 'by heart five-and-twenty years before,' and regretted not to find it reprinted in the new edition of 'English Songs and other Poems,' which had just been sent to him :—

'I saw a pauper once, when I was young,
Borne to his shallow grave : the bearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung,
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod :
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung.
Methought the prayer which gave him to his God
Was coldly said : then all passing away
Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

'It was an autumn evening, and the rain
Had ceased awhile, but the loud winds did shriek
And called the deluging tempest back again.
The flagstaff on the churchyard tower did creak,
And through the black clouds ran a lightning vein ;
And then the flapping raven came to seek
Its home : its flight was heavy, and its wing
Seemed weary with a long day's wandering.'

The choice of delicate symbols and dainty phrases is another redeeming feature of this volume, giving promise of the writer's ultimate success as a lyrical poet. It may be illustrated in such lines as these :—

'At night
The moon ran searching through the woodbine bowers,
And shook o'er all the leaves her kisses bright,
O'er lemon blossoms and faint myrtle flowers.'

And

'The soft welling of a Naiad's urn.'

The book received a kindly and discriminating notice from the pen of Mr. Jeffrey in this Review (vol. xxxiii.), and reached to a third edition.

'Marcian Colonna, three Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems,' followed within a few months. The principal tale, the subject of which is drawn from Italian sources is composite in design, Byron and Hunt, being about equally responsible for its treatment. It has some striking passages, but is uneven in execution. The influence of the old dramatists, which had seemed to be waning, reappears in the Scenes, and still more in 'The Last Song' among the miscellaneous poems, which is in Fletcher's tenderest vein. The promise displayed in this volume elicited another expression of approval from Jeffrey, and a word of encouragement to proceed cautiously in the preparation of the drama upon which the writer was known to be engaged (vol. xxxiv.). The caution either came too late, or was not taken to heart enough to render him proof against the temptation to haste which presented itself with the opportunity of having his work accepted for performance at Covent Garden. Mr. Procter's own account of 'Mirandola,' that 'it was a very hurried and imperfect production,' and that had he 'taken pains' he 'could have made a much more sterling thing,' is not to be disputed. Here, as elsewhere, he exhibited some skill in the management of dialogue, but its lack of point and vigour is more than usually apparent. The tenderness, wherein he rarely fails, is here diluted to flatness, and in his efforts to express passion he becomes strained and turgid. For the moment, however, thanks to the ability of Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss Foote, who filled the leading parts, the play was a success, if not 'the event of the dramatic season' of 1821. It had a run of sixteen nights, and produced with the copyright a return of 630*l.*, but it was never revised or improved by its author.

No amount of praise or success, however flattering, was sufficient to disturb his moral equilibrium, and he seems to have erred, if at all, on the side of self-distrust. At a time when literary jealousies were unusually rancorous, his indifference to his own laurels and generous concern for the fame of his fellows won for him the tribute of their common good-will. With the most distinguished members of the circle in which he habitually moved, he was on terms of close friendship. Charles Lamb saw him continually, and corresponded with him confidentially, speaking of him familiarly as 'my dear boy,' and, in reliance upon being 'seen home' by his aid, contriving to sit beside him at the festive dinners given

by the publishers of the 'London Magazine' to their staff, of which both were members. This intimacy continued to the close of Lamb's life, and is recorded in the 'Memoir' which was the latest of Mr. Procter's literary labours. His intercourse with Leigh Hunt also, though severely taxed by the drain which one so chronically impecunious made upon his ever-open purse, remained unbroken till death. With the unsociable Hazlitt he was on a cordial footing, seeing him 'almost every day at certain seasons,' and records as an 'unparalleled occurrence' having been once asked to dine with him alone. Of Coleridge and Wordsworth he saw less, but enough to know them well and observe them attentively. His relations with Keats were so pleasant as to make their brief duration a matter of regret, and the noble sonnet on Chapman's 'Homer,' which the death-stricken poet gave him before leaving for Italy, was prized among his choicest treasures. Byron, whose published estimates of his old schoolfellow's writings were discordant, had a personal liking for him, and wrote to him with a semblance at least of frank confidence. At the hospitable board of Rogers Mr. Procter was a constant guest. With George Darley, Thomas Hood, Allan Cunningham, Henry Cary, and his other coadjutors in the 'London Magazine,' he was generally popular, and a chapter of his last work contains his kindly reminiscences of them. Outside the Liberal hemisphere of the literary world, he had fewer acquaintance but no enemies, and even the savage Tory critics of 'Blackwood' abused him with bated breath.

In 1823, after an interval of two years, he published 'The Flood of Thessaly, the Girl of Provence, and other Poems.' The first named, a brief epic founded on the myth of Deucalion and Pyrrha, attests the persistent fascination of classical themes for his mind, but a firmer and more independent method of handling them than he had yet manifested. If any influence is apparent, it is that of Milton, from whose 'Paradise Lost' one or two features of design have been evidently borrowed. The style, though still too diffuse, is more vertebrate than heretofore, and the blank verse, which had as yet followed the halting step of Byron's, now advances with a more nervous stride. We extract, in illustration, part of a description of the sympathy of Nature with the happiness of newly wedded love :—

'The winds sang at their nuptials gentle tunes,
And roses opened on whose crimson hearts
The colour of love is stamped, and odours rare
Came steaming from the morn-awakening flowers,
Which then forgot to close. Thessalian pipes
Were heard in valleys, and from thickets green
The Sylvans peeped delighted, then drew back
And shouted thro' the glades. . . . .
The nightingale lay silent in the leaves,
For joy was grief to her : the timorous sheep
Were silent ; and the backward-glancing hare
Lay close, and scarce the wild deer stirred the fern.'

In 'The Girl of Provence' the tender tragedy of the young enthusiast who died of her passion for the Belvidere Apollo is told in very sweet and musical verse, which betrays the influence both of Shelley and Byron, either of whom, however, would have handled so sensuous a theme far less delicately. The seductive grace and pictorial redundance of Shelley's earlier style are recalled by such a description as this :—

'The populous forests thick with life,
Which, deep and cool as Faunus ever knew,
Are haunted only by melodious strife
Of birds and insects when the year is new,
Feeding upon the fragrant summer dew ;
And there the untiring seasons bring for aye
To night rich slumber and fresh life to day.'

The concluding stanzas that narrate the catastrophe are worthy of the master who has melted so many hearts with pity at the doom of Parisina and Haidee.

'She died mad as the winds, mad as the sea
Which rages for the beauty of the moon,
Mad as the poet is whose fancies flee
Up to the stars to claim some boundless boon ;
Mad as the forest when the tempests tune
Their breath to song and shake its leafy pride,
Yet trembling like its shadows so she died.

'She died at morning when the gentle streams
Of day came pouring through the far east sky,
And that same light which brought her maddening dreams
Brought back her mind. She awoke with gentle cry,
And in the light she loved she wished to die.
She perished when no more she could endure,
Hallowed before it like a martyr pure.'

The volume was dedicated in some stanzas, over-ornate in imagery, but pardonably exaggerated in sentiment, to an unnamed lady who proved to be the poet's *fiancée*, and became his wife in the year following its publication. Marriage, a critical event in every life, was especially critical in his. It was the immediate occasion of his relinquishing the higher provinces of the art which he had steadily cultivated in favour of the professional career which he had till then neglected, and, since Nature was too strong to be expelled, indirectly led to his winning the lower poetic wreath which is enduringly entwined with his name. His slender private fortune and literary gains being insufficient for the support of his new obligations, he turned with a quiet courage, for which a superficial observer of his slight frame and

unassuming demeanour would not have given him credit, to a course of studies as far as possible removed from those to which his tastes and habits inclined him. His wife was the step-daughter of Mr. Basil Montagu, eminent both as a law-reformer and as the editor and biographer of Bacon. Under his auspices, Mr. Procter became a conveyancer, and, stimulated by the increasing responsibilities of family life, worked more assiduously for fortune than he had ever worked for fame. Fame, however, came to him unasked, and was assuredly earned by a toiler whose habit it was 'to sit up on an average two entire nights aweek.' His career was unexpectedly prosperous, and he enjoyed its modest triumphs heartily. 'I do not think,' writes his widow, 'that any literary successes ever gratified him so much as when some solicitor on the adverse side, pleased with his work, employed him.' In the exercise of his legal calling he manifested a strict mental discipline of which none who knew him only as a weaver of poetic dreams could have suspected the coexistence. The pupils confided to his tuition during the short period of his practice as a conveyancer were from forty to fifty in number.

Domestic happiness was more than a compensation to him for any immediate surrender of literary distinction that it appeared to entail. His nature was singularly fitted for the serenity of the life which he had chosen, and in the relations of husband and father he disclosed a depth of feeling which had been hitherto unsounded. The vitality thereby imparted to his later as compared with his earlier writings is no small part of their superior claim to be enjoyed and remembered. Literature, though no longer compatible with his engrossing duties as a study, was still pursued as a relaxation. In default of the requisite time for attention to lofty themes and great works he cultivated the branches of lyric and song for which his aptitude had been already apparent. The 'English Songs' which he gave to the world in 1832 were the fruit of this pleasant toil. Himself a trained musician, and gifted with a fine ear for verbal and metrical harmonies, he ran no risk of falling into the modern error of supposing that any fugitive verse upon a familiar subject of thought or feeling may be appropriate for musical association. His songs (proper) are written to be sung, and in their choice alike of theme and language present no difficulties either to composer or singer. Many of them, allied to the score of Neukomm and Henry Phillips, were as household words to the generation before our own, and there are still some unset which invite the skill of a sympathetic musician. In a few examples the accomplishment of their definite function may be held to constitute their sole value, but a large number of them deserve a higher distinction. If clear thought, generous and tender emotion, delicate fancy, simple language, and melodious versification are entitled in combination to the name of poetry, it cannot be withheld from the best of these songs, however unaspiring may be the range of their art. They are drawn, not, like his youthful poems, from merely imaginative dreams, intellectual studies, or sentimental moods, but from the living sources of matured experience and expansive sympathy. 'The Poet's Song to his Wife,' 'The Wife's Song,' 'Song over a Child,' 'Touch us gently, Time,' and 'A Prayer in Sickness,' these and many like them are unmistakable outbursts of strong personal feeling; while many more, such as 'Within and Without,' 'Thirteen Years Ago,' 'Lowly Pleasures,' 'The Poorhouse,' 'The Pauper's Jubilee,' and 'The Rising in the North,' are as obviously evoked by genuine impulses of joy, pity, or indignation, that pass into a wider sphere and recognise no barriers of social caste. In some examples, such as 'London' and 'To our Neighbour's Health,' a vein of quaint humour and lively satire is worked with admirable success. In others, the essential friendliness and geniality of the poet's nature find characteristic utterance, notably in the epistles 'To Charles Lamb on his Emancipation from Clerkship,' to Robert Browning, D. Maclise, and the author of 'Eothen,' as well as in the frequent invocations to good cheer and fellowship. Mingled with the songs are several lyrics, the offspring of occasional reverie or thought, and very unequal in execution, but containing passages of remarkable beauty and force. One or two illustrations must be given of his power in dealing with contrasted themes. 'A Dirge' will display his faculty of pure song and the eloquence of simple pathos :—

'Farewell! Day is done!
Love died at the set of sun!
Joy we found;—but it is lost:
And life is weary, and tempest-toss'd.

'Farewell! World of Gold!
Nought of ours was bought or sold;
Hearts were given, sweet for sweet;
But our summer is now in its winding sheet.

'All that God, the giver, gave,
Sleepeth now in a virgin grave;
A flower above, and the mould below;
And this is all that the mourners know.

'Farewell! The torches burn;
But Hope, the seraph, will not return;
Love died at the set of sun;
And darkness falls, and the day is done!'

'A Chamber Scene,' which might be the transcript of a picture by Titian, embodies the glowing effect which long study of the best Renaissance art had wrought upon his imagination :—

'Tread softly through these amorous rooms,
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife
Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes!
From Afric and the Persian looms
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven in its blue bounty flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms.

'Tread softly! By a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,
His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And Passion fills the arched halls;
And Beauty floats upon the air.

'Tread softly—softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
Oh, look!—for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair spirits of the heart and mind;
Alas! that one should stray from truth;
And one—be ever, ever, blind!'

'The Prophet' is tuned to a strain of grave earnestness to which he has seldom given such weighty expression.

'Day broke :—the morning of a mighty year
Came forth, and smiled;
And, in its sunny arms (like waters clear)
It bore—a child.

'Time flew. Quick life along his arteries sang,
Love's pulses beat;
And from his burning temples thought outsprang
And truth, complete.

'Time flew. The brightness of a poet's sight
Enlarged his eye;
And strength and courage knit his limbs for fight,
To live—or die.

'Time flew :—Sad wisdom from his heart arose,
And touched his brain;
And he stood up 'midst all a Prophet's woes,
And spoke,—in vain!

'He spoke :—Men hearkened to his piercing cry,
With smiles, with scorn;
But the dim Future felt his threatenings nigh,
And shook,—unborn!

'He died: and race to race did still succeed;
And suns did shine;
And centuries passed; and still no eye could read
His awful line.

'You mourn? Mourn not, nor deem his history vain,
Nor vain his strife:
To breathe, to feel, to hope, are worth the pain
Of death, and life.

'And now (as generations rise, and far
Like vapours roll),
Some few begin to gaze, as on a star,
And scan his scroll,
'And, in its inspiration, vaguely shown,
We seem to trace
The march of revolutions, come and flown;
And of man's race

'The history. Amidst blots of blood and tears,
The verses run
Until we lose their light in distant years,
And—all is done!'

The traces of borrowed inspiration in the volume are few or none, but there is a definitive abandonment of all his former models of style, with the exception of the old dramatic song-writers and lyrists, to whom his allegiance remained unalterably devoted. Perhaps no modern poet has made a nearer approach than Mr. Procter, at his best, to that choice simplicity of musical diction which attained its highest perfection in Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' and the early poems of Milton. The resemblance is increased by the frequent use that he makes of their favourite eight-syllabled verse, a metre not easy to manage, but in skilful hands lending itself sooner than any other to the service of pure and intelligible English. The resistless appeal of their quiet and familiar beauty to the common heart has given the 'Songs' a place in our literature which it can scarcely be doubted is secure. They passed through several editions in their author's lifetime, and became as well known in America as in his own country.* Minds so diversely framed and endowed as those of Landor, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, and Swinburne have united in admiring chorus to approve the popular verdict. It can be poetry of no ordinary worth in which 'the people' and men of the highest culture alike take delight.

Other labours of less moment occupied Mr. Procter's intervals of leisure. The letterpress to a portrait series of the English poets ('Effigies Poeticæ,' 1824) is written with much skill and freshness. A biography of Edmund Kean (1835), compiled from the scanty materials put at his disposal by the actor's widow, is only noteworthy for its candour and tact in dealing with a difficult subject. A memoir of the life and writings of Ben Jonson, prefixed to Moxon's edition of the dramatist in 1838, displays considerable critical acumen. He composed several tales, also, as contributions to Keepsakes and Annuals, and a few essays, one or two of which appeared in this Review. A new sphere of activity debarred him from completing these undertakings with the care

* His Transatlantic reputation appears to be very great. The edition of his songs printed for American readers includes a large number that he thought it desirable to omit, but which, on the ground of their popularity, the publishers refused to spare.

that he would have otherwise bestowed upon them. Having been called to the bar in 1831, he was appointed in the following year to the office of Metropolitan Commissioner of Lunacy, which he contrived, during ten years, to hold consistently with his practice as a conveyancer. The accurate and punctual discharge of his official duties won for him the esteem of his superiors and the thorough confidence and regard of his colleagues. The appointment, which was 'nominally impermanent,' was yearly renewed until 1842, when he was made a member of the permanent Commission, and retired from professional practice.

During the early part of his married life Mr. Procter resided with his father-in-law in Bedford Square, but afterwards removed to a house in Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, affectionately commemorated in the poem which he wrote on leaving it ('A Farewell to Home'). His next change of residence to Upper Harley Street brought him into closer intercourse with the society in which he best loved to mingle, and his house became pleasantly famous for its *réunions* of distinguished guests. No hostess was better qualified than Mrs. Procter to dispense the graceful hospitality his love of which almost amounted to a foible. An instructed and unwearied love of art, combined with competent means, had made him the possessor of a fine collection of paintings and drawings by the old Italian masters, and many of his happiest hours were spent in poring over these with some like-minded enthusiast.* There was scarcely an author, artist, or composer of note, during his long career, by whom he was not known and honoured, and the attachments of his middle and later life were not less intimate and cordial than those of his youth. Landor's 'Address to Barry Cornwall,' Thackeray's dedication of 'Vanity Fair,' Dickens's reference to him in the preface to his daughter's 'Legends and Lyrics' as 'an old and dear friend,' and Mr. Swinburne's memorial stanzas on his death, are successive testimonies to the affection which he to the last inspired. From another friend, less illustrious in literature than himself, but hardly less known and beloved by contemporary men of letters, John Kenyon, he received a substantial token of regard in the unexpected shape of a large legacy, the coincidence of which with a considerable reduction in the amount of his official income made it doubly welcome. The secret of his universal fascination is not far to seek. The entire absence of self-interest in his nature was not less remarkable than the presence of an active, unobtrusive kindliness. No one would be found to dispute the faithfulness of the portrait thus painted by one of his latest intimates, the American author and publisher, Mr. James Fields :—

'Who that ever came habitually into his presence can forget the tones of his voice, the tenderness in his grey retrospective eyes, or the touch of his sympathetic hand laid on the shoulder of a friend? The elements were, indeed, so kindly mixed in him, that no bitterness, or rancour, or jealousy, had part or lot in his composition. No distinguished person was ever more ready to help forward the rising, and as yet nameless, literary man or woman who asked his counsel and warm-hearted suffrage. His mere presence was sunshine and courage to a newcomer into the growing world of letters. . . . Indeed, to be *human* only entitled any one who came near him to receive the gracious bounty of his goodness and courtesy. He made it the happiness of his life never to miss, whenever opportunity occurred, the chance of conferring pleasure and gladness on those who needed kind words and substantial aid.' *

Miss Martineau, while unable to forbear her usual strain of moral censure upon any shortcomings from her own rigid standard of duty, bears unreserved testimony to Mr. Procter's loving and loveable character. 'There was no misapprehending,' she says, 'a mind so true and upright, or a heart so guileless.' † The systematic beneficence to the needy, which she reproves in him as a weakness inconsistent with his avowed distrust of human nature, will not be generally considered to require defence. His present biographer refers to it as characterised by an unostentatious and timely sympathy which, while it doubled the value of the gift to the receiver, redeemed the giver from any suspicion of sentimentality or indiscrimination. Those who knew Mr. Procter best recognised the fund of practical good sense which underlay his impulsive temperament. Probably the cynical speeches which Miss Martineau construed so literally were nothing more than a mask, such as is often worn by

* Of this collection he was subsequently obliged to dispose in consequence of having sustained a heavy loss by the repudiation of an American State loan in which he had largely invested. Miss Martineau's statement in her 'Biographical Sketches,' p. 482, that he took this step out of an apprehension that a revolutionary period was at hand which would 'overthrow taste and its objects,' has, as we are assured on the best authority, no foundation in fact. Few men were less likely to be the victims of political panic.

* 'Barry Cornwall, and some of his Friends,' in 'Harper's New Monthly Magazine,' vols. li., lii. (1875).

† 'Biographical Sketches,' 1875 (4th edition), pp. 475–487.

a philanthropist who is also a man of the world, with the object of evading detection.

Nowhere was this radiant warmth of heart more evident than in the discharge of his official duties, which, from 1842 to 1861, involved his undertaking periodical tours of inspection to provincial lunatic asylums. A remarkable instance of the effect produced by his persuasive tones and manner upon a patient supposed to be 'incurably violent' is mentioned by his biographer. The scenes which he was called upon to witness must have been singularly painful to him by reason of his extreme nervous sensibility. They did not pass from his memory without a characteristic record. Two, at least, of the occasional poems which he from time to time added to successive editions of the 'English Songs' ('The Rake's Progress' and 'The Modern Cymon') would seem to have been suggested by experiences thus acquired. Infirmity of health obliged him to resign his commissionership in 1861, to the great regret of his colleagues, who took occasion to testify their appreciation of his worth by presenting Mrs. Procter with a marble bust of him by Foley.

Not until far advanced in years did he wholly lay aside the pen, and some of his latest work, both in prose and verse, is among his best. The collection of 'Essays and Tales' which he allowed Messrs. Ticknor and Fields to publish, for the benefit of his American admirers, in 1853, contained a few of recent date. The essay on the life and genius of Shakespeare, which is the most important member of the series, though written some years earlier, had probably the advantage of his maturer revision. It abounds in passages of acute and just observation, the result of a long and loving study not of the master only, but of the great contemporaries also with whom he worked, and whose writings have been mingled with his own. At a time when there is reason to fear that the explorations which are being carried on with renewed vigour in the field of Shakespearian criticism may fall to the conduct of hypercritics and pedants, it is refreshing to turn to the records of Mr. Procter's sensible and discriminating analysis. But a single example of it can here be cited. After expressing his concurrence with Darley in opposition to Leigh Hunt's preference for the versification of Beaumont and Fletcher, he observes that the use of double and triple endings, in which the twin-dramatists habitually indulge, 'has a tendency to retard the dialogue in all cases, and therefore they should be very sparingly used except in soliloquy or narrative passages. In those cases where the object is not to hurry the interest, but in part to operate as a relief or pause from the excitement of the play, these endings may be adopted with advantage; and accordingly we find that Shakespeare, who knew how to profit by all things, has recourse to this species of verse in the soliloquies of Hamlet and other places. In those parts where events are rapidly proceeding, or where the *carte* and *tierce* of dialogue are fiercely going on, these endings are abandoned as an incumbrance.'

Mr. Procter himself possessed a considerable, though not a remarkable, share of the dramatic faculty which he thus keenly apprehended, but its quality could not be illustrated without exceeding our limits of space. The 'Dramatic Fragments' appended to the later editions of the 'English Songs' attest his command of the language appropriate to scenic and declamatory emotion, and it is seen to even better advantage in the 'Dramatic Scenes' which he republished in 1857 with large alterations from the editions of 1819–20. Both these and the new ones which he added show some skill in characterisation and in reproducing by means of selected imagery and descriptive touches the particular locality in which the action is laid. They do not, however, impress us with any other evidence of special aptitude for his favourite form of art. The miscellaneous poems, which compose a distinct section of the last volume, are of higher value, and include several of his finest productions. If somewhat of the freshness and colour of youthful fancy is wanting to them, they attain a serener level of thought and feeling than most of his earlier lyrics; their range of variety is wider, and their style more tense and stately. 'Above and Below,' 'Questions to a Spiritual Friend,' and 'An Interior,' would be creditable to any poetic artist of our time. They must be read in their integrity, and are too long for quotation; but a verse or two from another poem of the same mould, although less finished, will illustrate the workmanship.

'CELATA VIRTUS.

'You give me praise for what I do;
You blame me for what's left undone:
Alas! how little is pierced through,—
How little known of the lost or won,
Under the sun!

'For every common thought I print,
How many a better lurks unsaid,
That wants the stamp, and leaves the mint
Unhonoured by the monarch's head,
And good as dead.

'How many a towering tree hath sprung
From seeds which winged wanderers spill;
How many a daily deed is sung
As good, which hath its source in ill,
Do what we will.

'Our world-opinions, half alloy,
Pass well: the rest aside are thrown;
And inmost deepest notes of joy
Move not; their own great meaning known
To the heart alone.'

Many of the lyrics, especially 'An Acquaintance,' 'Ex Fumo,' 'Phryne,' '*Le Scélérat*,' and 'The Victor,' have a semi-dramatic character which recalls the type of Mr. Browning's compositions, whose genius Mr. Procter was among the first to recognise. While the sensibility which he had always manifested to the influence of more original minds than his own thus continued persistent, age had largely increased his power of fusing the borrowed with the native element so as to evolve an individual product, and the resemblance which these poems bear to their model is quite distinct from ordinary imitation. In such pieces as 'Seeing,' 'Hearing,' the 'Epistle from an Obscure Philosopher,' and 'Sisters of Music,' his appreciative knowledge of the two arts most allied to his own finds eloquent expression. The genial humour manifested in so many of the 'Songs' is pleasantly revived in 'Proverbial Philosophy' and 'Jack Turpin,' and the keen vein of satire to which the superabounding sweetness of the poet's nature seldom permitted a vent breaks forth with rare force and brilliance in 'Vanity Fair,' 'To a Myth,' and 'The Parish Doctor.' Pithy, tender, and musical utterances of various moods compose the rest of the volume. It concludes with a touching 'Farewell' to the Muse-friend of many years who had never done him wrong.

'Farewell! The plumage drops from off my wing.
Life and its humbler tasks henceforth are mine.
The lark no longer down from heaven doth bring
The music which in youth I deemed divine.
The winds are mute; the river dares not sing;
Time lifts his hand—and I obey the sign!'

It is probable that, like many another parting of an artist from his beloved mistress, this was not final. Several of the poems, complete or fragmentary, which are collected in the volume before us, may be assumed to be of later date. The old charm of his graceful hand is wanting to few of them, and one or two are in his happiest manner. The apostrophe to Giorgione's pictured 'Unknown' is remarkable for imaginative force, and 'Ex Humo,' the last song of unrequited love, is full of pathos.

The latest of his literary toils were consecrated to the service of friendship. In 1863 he joined with John Forster in preparing a selection of extracts that should testify to the wide range of Mr. Browning's poetic power, and hasten the advent of a public recognition of it which had been too long withheld. In 1866 he published a memoir of Charles Lamb, a friend of still older standing, and almost the only guide of his youth whose influence he had not outgrown. A tribute more generous and affectionate has never been rendered by one man of letters to another. It is a study of character illuminated by the insight of thorough sympathy. The mingling of regretful and mirthful reminiscences in the veteran's narrative as he recalls the scenes in which his companion and he took part, and the familiar figures that gathered round them, his discriminating estimate of intellectual qualities and kindly tolerance of moral infirmities, combine with the mellow calm and gentle dignity of his tone and style to place this among the most delightful contributions ever made to literary biography.

Two years later, when in his seventy-ninth year, Mr. Procter commenced the series already referred to as constituting the most popularly attractive feature of the present volume, a collection of memorials touching all the eminent contemporaries in literature and art with whom he had come in contact. His strength did not serve him to complete the execution of this design; but such portions of it as are here preserved are finished sections rather than fragments of the whole, and show no traces of decline in the writer's faculties either of accurate remembrance or critical discernment. The portraits of Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt are especially noteworthy for firmness and delicacy of handling. The sketches of Wordsworth and Coleridge are slighter, but scarcely less truthful. Of Scott as a man Mr. Procter knew little, but the opinion here expressed upon his characteristics as a writer strikes us as admirably just. Except in two or three cases wherein he had, or believed himself to have, ample grounds for severity, the judgments which Mr. Procter passes upon his literary brethren are lenient to excess. His tone throughout is that of a man whose experience of his fellows has not shaken his confidence in them nor chilled his love, and who, at the close of a long and happy life, desires to take a kindly farewell of the world.

In its prevailing tenor, up to its final scenes, his life may unquestionably be pronounced happy beyond the average. Two great sorrows, indeed, fell to his lot. In 1832 he lost his son Edward, a boy of great promise, at the age of six, and in 1864 his daughter Adelaide when in the bloom of womanhood and at the height of a poetical renown which has transcended his own. But, deeply as he felt these bereavements,

the one occurred early enough in life for him to experience the healing effects of time, and the other late enough to warrant his indulging the hope of speedy reunion. The tender solicitude of his wife and surviving children, the warm attachment of several intimate friends, and the reverential regard of a large circle of admirers at home and abroad, a secure literary eminence, and sufficient worldly fortune were possessions which he retained to the last. He gradually withdrew from society as the infirmities of age crept on, to find congenial occupation in the company of favourite books and the memory of old associations. Though for some time before his death deprived, by a slight paralytic seizure, of the power of speech, his mental and many of his physical faculties remained unimpaired. He died full of years and honours, October 5, 1874, and lies, by his own desire, in the cemetery at Finchley, a spot endeared to him by the recollections of childhood.

The gentle refinement and wholesome sweetness of his nature have imparted their flavour to his writings. His preference for the bright, the noble, and the tender aspects of humanity above all other themes, make him a companion whom in almost every mood we are glad to seek and loth to leave. With a naïve egotism that never offends, he takes his readers into confidence, and invites them to share his likes and dislikes. His books pleasantly stimulate or lull the mind without putting any undue strain upon thought, imagination, or emotion, so that one rises from their perusal with a sense of quiet enjoyment akin to that produced by the outlines of a Kentish landscape or the tones of a melody by Mendelssohn. As must always be the case with writers who are not original, he is rarely quotable, and, with the exception of some of his songs, it may be doubted if any of his works have vitality enough to be reckoned among the classics of English literature. But, for the reason adverted to at starting, we believe that his name, apart from his writings, is as unlikely to be forgotten as any in the illustrious circle of his habitual associates. In almost every such constellation of brilliant intellects there are to be found lesser lights, men who in point of genius are not comparable to their great contemporaries, but whose title to rank with them is nevertheless unquestioned. Devoid of any ambitious pretensions that savour of rivalry, they excite no animosities, and their modest successes in the humbler fields to which they confine themselves are hailed with general satisfaction. With an affinity of tastes and culture that makes them acceptable as acquaintance, they unite a readiness of helpful sympathy and some gracious spell of moral or spiritual attractiveness that makes them beloved as friends. Among the wits of our so-called Augustan age this place was filled by Gay, and in the circle of which Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and Sheridan were leading ornaments it was filled by Goldsmith. The literary peerage-roll of this century, upon which the names of Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, Coleridge, Landor, Lamb, and Hazlitt are prominently inscribed, would not be complete unless that of 'Barry Cornwall' were added. That he survived to record his memories of their fame and friendship cannot fail to cement this union the closer. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are not divided.'

Art. III.—1. *Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it.* By Verifier. London: 1877.

2. *The Freedom of Science in the modern State.* By Rudolf Virchow, M.D. London: 1878.

3. *Geology for Students and General Readers.* By A. H. Green, F.R.S., &c. 2nd Edition. London: 1877.

4. *Manual of Geology.* By the Rev. S. Haughton, M.D., D.C.L., &c. 4th Edition. London: 1876.

5. *Manuals of Elementary Science. Geology.* By T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge: 1874.

The advance of positive science up to the present time is mainly due to the collection, analysis, and decipherment of facts. The attention of students was formerly directed to what, it was assumed, must be. Certain postulates were laid down; and on them the blank skeleton of science was supposed to rest. Anything that fell without this arbitrary scheme was summarily rejected. It is almost a matter of wonder how, under such a system, the human mind could have advanced to the point of questioning the verity of the system itself. That once done, the whole artificial structure collapsed. Ceasing to study what must be, men began to observe what is. By the rise of one of those great waves of thought which have so often surged over the intellectual world, facts long unknown, obscure, or misunderstood came almost simultaneously into view in nearly every portion of the field of human

survey. Chemistry yielded a knowledge of its elements to those who sought it by the test-tube and the scales. Physical law became unveiled in its majestic simplicity. The acquisition of power over nature followed or accompanied the acquisition of knowledge of her laws. Watt and Stephenson had yoked the steam-spirit to the pump, the ship, and the car, before Grove had illustrated the correlation of physical forces, or Joule had determined the mechanical equivalent of heat. Advance and victory, all along the line, crowned every persevering effort. The accurate osteological knowledge which Cuvier first obtained from comparative study, enabled that great student of nature to lay the bases of palæontology. To the mighty sounding-line thus let down into the darkness of the past was added the second means of discovery afforded by lithological analysis. A pebble, intelligently interrogated, was found to bear a long record inscribed on its face. It yielded to the enquirer information as to whence it came ; of what primary or later rock it had once formed a portion ; whence and to what distance it had been transported by the motion of ice or of water ; and by what currents, eddies, and waves, it had been ground into shape. While entirely unexpected light was thus streaming in upon the student, human history recovered much of her lost speech. The hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the yet quainter characters in which Assyrian, and, before them, Accadian, scribes had indented history, chronology, grammar, political apophthegms, memoranda of purchase and sale, and records illustrating the whole course of daily life, on the humble but durable material, clay, became vocal. Much that had been vague in past history started at once into exact and definite order. It may perhaps be said that in the same way in which written records are more reliable than oral tradition, sculptured and graven inscriptions are at once more durable and more authentic than those committed to the perishable keeping of papyrus or of parchment. But still more exempt from error than the most elaborate tablets of the hieroglyphic sculptor, or the *terra cotta* scribe, are the notes graven by the hand of Nature herself on cliff, and boulder, and pebble—the records of past events which bear the very autoglyphs of terrestrial change.

In the pursuit of a study so new, so fascinating, and so positive in its bases, it was to be expected that error and extravagances should at first occur. It is in physical research alone that the elements of knowledge are absolutely true. Any error or falsification must be in the reader. We may authenticate an inscription as that of a great monarch. Past doubt we may have it as he uttered or authorised it. But who shall say how far he coloured the facts—how far, consciously or unconsciously, he ordered the graving of something more like a bulletin of Napoleon than a true military or political chronicle ? But the *striæ* on the face of a cliff, or the teeth in some archaic form of jaw-bone, are free from any possible error as records. The only misguidance of which they can be accused is due to the ignorance, the haste, or the prejudice of the student. Hence we can afford to look with patience on such errors, assured that, in due course of study, the true testimony of the primæval archives will be disentangled, and the message of Nature, telling of her past revolutions, will fall plainly and intelligibly on our ears.

In the contest and struggle attendant on the introduction of the new order of study, it is natural that much should occur to shock venerable prejudices. We use the word in its proper meaning—not as a term of contempt or abuse, but as expressing an unquestionable fact. Fore-judgments are necessarily made, by those who attempt to decide at all, upon imperfect data. When these fore-judgments are the simple outcome of the facts, as far as they are known, they perform the important function of scientific hypothesis.

It will be at once admitted by all those who are familiar with the subject that nothing, since the time of the re-promulgation of the physical, or Pythagorean, view of the solar system by Galileo, has raised a fiercer contest between what were asserted to be old truths, and what were brought forward as new discoveries, than the facts brought to light by the progress of geology. The first shock of that contest is now over. It was never comparable in its intensity to the effect produced on men's minds by the announcement of the motion of the earth, although it has proved more disturbing than the results of any subsequent advance in human knowledge. But as we are now perfectly content to use the terms 'sunrise' and 'sunset,' while we know that they are only apparently, not physically true, so we find many of those who once frantically denounced the opposition of the views of Cuvier and his followers to what they held to be the revealed statements of Moses, or at least many of those on whom the hoods and gowns of the old assailants of the geologist have descended, ready to admit that they may too hastily have adopted a servile and puerile interpretation of Semitic language ; and that history written on papyrus may perhaps best be understood by the aid

of history written on the very surface of the earth herself.

It is as a volunteer in this contest that the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' has made a spirited and well-executed attack on what he terms 'certain excrescences on the great and incontrovertible truths of geology, which aim at proving the earth to have been fashioned by mechanical processes still going on.' Interesting in its argument, the book is illustrated by cuts, one or two of which are so apt in their elucidation of the author's views as to approach ocular demonstration. Although to some extent the actual energy of recent geological phenomena is undervalued, and although the most authoritative utterances of modern geology must be taken to be rather more in harmony with some of the views supported, than with those most successfully attacked, by 'Verifier,' we have no hesitation in characterising the book as one calculated to advance the aim of the writer, namely, 'to sift the truth.' But the questions which underlie the subject are of far deeper moment than the enquiry how far any geological writer may have caricatured a tentative theory. We fear that the unrivalled popularity that has hailed the appearance of certain works, which have propounded new theories, or carried old theories to new results, with reference to the organised species of the natural kingdoms, has not been due, in the main, to a genuine interest in natural science. It is idle to disguise the fact that the contest in its present phase, although it may be unfair to say that it is carried on under false colours, is one which concerns the safety of positions of a very different importance from the outposts around which the skirmish as yet rages. The 'uniformitarian' doctrine of geology, or the perfect explanation afforded to all the half-read mysteries of the bygone course of organic life on the globe by the doctrine of Natural Selection, are subjects as to which comparatively few persons are sufficiently educated to form an opinion which is worth consulting. Yet it is to such persons alone that the purely scientific interest of the questions is limited. Popular attention is commanded, not by the direct, but by the indirect, results of the debate. There can be no doubt that, on the one hand, there is an uneasy and but half-confessed fear, and on the other hand an eager and hostile expectancy, that the progress of science, or the definitive statement of the positive knowledge at which the most cultivated students of the day are gradually arriving, will prove absolutely inconsistent with the maintenance of certain religious tenets very dear to the former, and very obnoxious to the latter, disputants. It is not as affecting the authority of Cuvier, but as impairing or maintaining traditions which were supposed to have the positive sanction of religious authority, that such a doctrine as that of development rivets the attention of the great mass of readers.

It is idle to bewail the existence of a tendency which, however strong it may be at the present time, had tenfold power in the time of Galileo. But when the student is beset by the din of conflict from without—when eager hands are outstretched to snatch the result of each new experience, in order to use it, not for scientific, but for polemical, purposes—the most honest searcher for truth is liable to become heated and hurried. The clear light of intelligence is troubled by the hot breath of debate. Thus, for example, the enquiry as to whether certain Egyptian dynasties were contemporary or successive is a purely historical question, for the solution of which certain data exist, more are in course of collection, and as to which the attainment of ultimate certitude may be confidently expected. But there is an incompatibility between the attribution of such a date as most Egyptologists assign to the fifth Egyptian dynasty, and —not the book of Genesis but the ordinary interpretation of the book of Genesis. The builder of the Great Pyramid lived, there is little room to doubt, six hundred years before the date usually assigned as that of an universal deluge. There are three parties, or three propositions, to be reconciled. The position which should be most readily given up is that of the comparatively unsettled enquirer, who is shocked by a discrepancy which after all may only appear to exist owing to his own ignorance. But this is usually the last explanation thought available. That the discoveries of Mariette and of Brugsch and the statements of the book of Genesis are irreconcilable is at once taken as a fact; and thereupon one disputant proceeds to revile Brugsch as an infidel, and the other to vilify the Pentateuch as a fable. That the two records are, in point of fact, both veritable, and that the apparent discrepancy is due to an overhasty interpretation, is a simple issue from the difficulty which is ever the last to find favour with the ordinary disputant.

The effect of this oblique disturbing force becomes evident in the unduly positive terms in which writers of admitted eminence maintain statements as to which the utmost that can be said is, that, in our present imperfect knowledge, they are not facts or truths, but conceivable hypotheses. Thus we find one writer, distinguished for an erudition in natural history of a high order,

bringing forward all his learning, and taxing all his reasoning powers, to support the assertion that 'the most distinct genera and orders within the same great class—for instance, whales, mice, birds, and fishes—are all the descendants of one common progenitor, and we must admit that the whole vast amount of difference between these forms of life has primarily arisen from simple variability.' The truth which underlies this ridiculous over-statement is, that a certain general type, platform, or design may be recognised as underlying the vertebrated form of life, and as developed with wonderful diversity, so as to suit different conditions of abode, of food, and even of medium of life. The idea of the 'common progenitor' is not only purely gratuitous, but is one so opposed to all the phenomena of the distribution of animal life, and indeed so far transcending the limits which physical science imposes on the conceivable duration of life on our planet, that it is difficult to imagine why a writer should have weighted his argument with so unnecessary an approach to a mathematical absurdity. In such a sentence as we have quoted the term 'variability' ceases to have any scientific meaning. As to the object with which it was introduced, however, we are not left in doubt. 'No shadow of reason,' Mr. Darwin continues, 'can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature, and the result of the same general laws which have been the groundwork, through natural selection, of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided.' We think that it is tolerably evident that the interest excited by the desire to justify or to condemn such an utterance as the above, has little claim to the title of scientific interest.

It is plain that two entirely distinct issues are raised in the words which we have quoted from one of the later works of Mr. Darwin,* in language which has, at all events, the rare merit of being both intelligible and precise. The first (and, as we have said, gratuitously conditioned) demand on our assent is the thesis that all forms of animal life, as far at least as the *Vertebrata* are concerned, have been derived, by the ordinary process of descent, from a common ancestor. The second, and no less gratuitous, proposition is, that during the long descent, through a series of transformations which could only have been possible in consequence of the primary provision of adaptability, no direct, creative, providential, or divine design has been kept in view; that no controlling wisdom has directed, or rendered possible, the course of development; but that man has been evolved out of a fish, a sponge, or a speck of jelly, by the preservation, during the battle for life, of varieties which possess any advantage in structure, constitution, or instinct. It is important, as giving the fullest exposition of this view, to cite the words of Mr. Huxley. 'A nucleated mass of protoplasm turns out to be what may be termed the structural unit of the human body. As a matter of fact, the body, in its earliest state, is a mere multiple of such units; and in its perfect condition it is a multiple of such units variously modified.' 'All vital action may, with equal propriety, be said to be the result of the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it. What justification is there, then, for the assumption of the existence in the living matter of a something which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter which gives rise to it?'

When we find writers thus laboriously go out of their way, content to part company with the sobriety of reason, so that they may administer a slap in the face to what they may regard as an inconvenient superstition, are we not fully justified in the statement that the popularity their works have attained is mainly due to something very different from the desire of the mass of their readers to be enlightened in the truths of physical science? Nothing is more contrary to true scientific method than the confusion of theory and of facts, or the transplanting, to one order of investigation, of details appertaining to a totally different field of research. Thus it may be possible to state in terms, or perhaps even in some queer sense to hold, the low and semi-brutal theory that no proofs of wise purpose and design are to be drawn from that perfect adaptation of type to conditions of existence which forms the general law of organic nature. But we might expect that a student afflicted with so unfortunate a form of intellectual colour-blindness would be careful, by a judicious silence, not to draw attention to his damaging deficiency. When, on the contrary, we find him volunteer a statement so wide of the mark as to say that not 'a shadow of reason can be assigned' for a more symmetric and more complete view of nature, we feel at once that we can accept no statement at his hands without control or verification. Again, we might expect that a man sufficiently familiar with the rudiments of chemistry to be able to describe, in terms of scientific notation, the chemical elements of

* Animals and Plants under Domestication, vol. ii. pp. 430, 432.

protoplasm, would be one of the first to be aware that there was a something in living matter which is not to be found in the carbon, and oxygen, and hydrogen, and nitrogen, of which he tells us that such matter consists. It is a something which he cannot by any means detect in non-living matter. He is unable to put it into any similar mixture, with whatever accuracy he may compound it. It is precisely the presence of ' a something which has no representative or correlative in the not living matter ' which composes the contents of an egg, that makes the difference between an addled and a good egg—a difference which, on the argument of Mr. Huxley, would be altogether imaginary, or at all events entirely unaccountable.

It is impossible to appreciate the true bearing and import of such questions as those raised by ' Verifier,' if we regard them as casual or isolated subjects of enquiry. While we deprecate, with the utmost earnestness, any attempt to decide a question appertaining to one department of enquiry on grounds drawn from a different province of thought, we hail any symptom that those who believe the asserted discoveries of scientific enquiry in any branch or portion to be false, are addressing themselves to grapple with such errors on scientific grounds. If ' Verifier ' opposed to the demands of the geologist for an immeasurable period of past time such arguments as those with which the early geologists were encountered, we should take but little interest in his work, whatever the ability which it might display. But when a writer who, whether rightly or wrongly, opposes the teaching of any school, abandons the ground of its questionable tendency, and directly attacks the accuracy of the asserted scientific basis, he does good service to the cause of truth. The weapons of scepticism are used in our times with great effect to assail and shake some of the fundamental principles of morality and religion. We must say that we feel at least an equal amount of scepticism in relation to many of the dogmas of modern science. They are, many of them, as we have said, mere hypotheses ; there is an admitted failure of evidence to raise them to the rank of demonstrated truths ; but they are promulgated and proclaimed with an arrogance and intolerance worthy of the infallible priesthood of an absolute creed. There is in truth more reason in these days to complain of the intolerance of science than of the intolerance of religion. Few names in science are more illustrious than that of Dr. Virchow, but the services he has rendered to his art are in our judgment surpassed by the service he has rendered to truth in the vigorous protest delivered by him at Munich last autumn against ' the tyranny of dogmatism which undertakes to master the whole view of nature by the premature generalising of theoretical combinations.' A very large proportion of these daring hypotheses are literally unsupported by facts, and even opposed to facts ; and we cannot sufficiently applaud the manly and independent spirit in which Dr. Virchow rejects the attempt to inculcate these unsettled opinions as fundamental truths. His discourse well deserves the honour of translation, and we hope it will be generally read.

The great battle of which the question of the truth or falsehood of what are called uniformitarian views in geology is one of the incidents, began with the discovery of the telescope and the true laws of planetary motion. It is not easy to conceive that any discovery remaining to be made can produce so violent a moral and intellectual earthquake as did that of Galileo. Those who are familiar with the literature of his day are aware how thoroughly men's minds were stirred. The Church did not fear to nail her colours to the mast, and to declare that the central position and immobility of the earth were articles of the Christian faith. How that faith has maintained its hold on the world unimpaired, while men have gradually become aware that it is not the sun but the earth that moves, we have ceased to wonder or to enquire. We are content to remember that the advisers of the Papacy took much for granted which turns out to be incorrect. A similar though a very much less violent shock attended on the first promulgation of geological discovery in our own time. The point which here was in question was more narrow than that which physical astronomy had raised and decided. It was taken for granted, before the time of Cuvier, that the earth was only about some 6,000 years old, and that the Bible taught us that such was the case. No person of any claim to be considered as educated is now unaware that the antiquity of the earth is not to be measured by a few thousands of years ; nor does it now appear that the Bible, read by itself, was ever intended to throw any light on the question of the earth's age. We enquire into the evidences of telluric and organic changes and periods of existence with as much calm as we evince in listening to the demonstration of Newton as to orbitual motion. We simply note that a connexion was imagined to exist between the sacred records and the history of physical events, which never really existed or was intended to exist. It is true that the same kind of discomfort which was first awakened

by the discoveries of Galileo, and then re-awakened by the march of geology, now attends the discussion of the questions of descent, of evolution, and of specific change. But a calm appreciation of the nature of the enquiry leads to the same conclusion as in the former cases. Geologic action, specific history, evolution, are all subjects to be studied apart, on their own foundations, and by their several proper methods. The moralist or the theologian may await with perfect calm the outcome of scientific inquiry.

In the vast field of intellectual contest, which ranges from the facts of physical astronomy to the profoundest investigations of physiology, and to the decipherment of the long-hidden records of a history earlier than that of Rome, of Athens, or of Jerusalem, is to be observed as confused an association of heterogeneous allies as can be found on any battle-field of the day, whether military or political. Viewed abstractedly, the contest is between ignorance and knowledge — between the spirit of authority resting upon assumption, and the spirit of doubt, which proposes to test the solidity of the ground for every fresh step with the sagacity of the elephant. But on the side—fated as it is to lose—of the defence are ranked some of the most venerable and most conservative of influences, and even of institutions. On the part of the attack we too often witness that insolence which is irreconcilable with real reverence for truth. There is a dissociation and counterchange between the parties. Moral beauty is opposed to intellectual light. Real advance, profound culture, the religious spirit, and the scientific method, instead of being united, are forced into mutually damaging opposition. The man who has the opportunity to look most closely into the work of God is heard to declare, with the loudest vulgarity, that such workmanship made itself. The man whose graceful fancy might have fitted him sooner than any other to accomplish the task left to his successors by Linnæus, and to limn out, with intelligent sense, the true order of organic life, is the first to declare the inversion of all that can be shown to be historic, to be the true and necessary course of nature. For this reason, among others, we welcome any effort to unite religious sentiment with scientific boldness, and to apply the methods by which truth may be discovered to the service of that party which is chiefly anxious that truth should be respected and maintained.

The geological enquiry, apart from palæontology, occupies so small a portion of this great field of contest, that the positions contested by the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' may be described in comparatively few words. The writer—we wish that he had allowed us to designate him by his real name—commences his first chapter with the remark that 'of all the sciences the most rapid in its rise and general popularity has been geology. Since the beginning of the present century a band of illustrious men, contemporaries in this and other countries, all striving with one aim, and reminding us of the group of authors in the time of Queen Anne, and of artists in that of Leo X., have developed this branch of learning, and rendered it perhaps the most attractive of the natural sciences. . . . To have recovered so many records of the past existence of our globe, and of its inhabitants, was a precious addition to the book of knowledge.' The objections which are urged by the writer are thus confined to the region of speculative geology. This, confessedly the least advanced and most uncertain portion of the study, can hardly yet be said to have crystallised into any accepted form. Theories are almost as numerous as writers. As the works of such a student as Sir C. Lyell pass through edition after edition, while the purely descriptive portions of the book are enlarged by continued observation, the floating sequel of the speculative doctrine undergoes constant modification. The difficulties which are regarded as especially obnoxious by the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' are those 'which environ the doctrine of uniformity, or the operation of modern causes; the elevating power of earthquakes, erosion of rocks by rivers, and the antiquity of man upon earth.'

It is the opinion of 'Verifier' that the elevating influence of earthquakes has been much overrated. If any geologist should now attempt to account for the elevation of great mountain chains by any such action of earthquake as has been known to occur in historic times, he would find it difficult to hold his own against our author. And the expression, so constantly used that we shall hardly be able to avoid adopting it, of the 'upheaval' of mountain chains, may certainly be regarded as objectionable, if it be taken to imply the protrusion of these chains above the ordinary sea or land level by such forces as are now known to be active. But that permanent elevation of large areas of land does occur in our own time has been distinctly witnessed in 1858. The earthquake of that year was most intense in its energy in Calabria and Basilicata, where many lives were lost, and many buildings overthrown. In Naples the principal shock was so severe, and caused so much alarm,

that almost the whole population of that city passed the night in the open air, in fear of being buried in their own houses by a return of the shock. In point of fact, however, not a house was thrown down in Naples, and very few were appreciably injured. But the entire circumference of the Bay of Naples, from Sorrento to Baiæ and Misenum, rose during that night from six to eight inches above its former level, as was apparent by the marks of animal and vegetable life on the rocks that lined the bay. Nor did the ground thus elevated return to its former level, certainly for six years, or, we apprehend, up to the present time. The doubts thrown by 'Verifier' on the famous phenomena of the elevation and depression of the Temple of Serapis at Puzzuoli would have been removed by familiarity with the spot. Granting the improbable theory, which would not have commended itself to a visitor of the locality, that 'the site of the temple was originally gained from the sea by artificial means,' the question of level would by no means be thus simplified. The admirable chapter in the 'Principles of Geology,' which describes the evidence existing for the alternate depression and elevation of the site of this famous temple, has neither needed nor received any correction in the tenth edition of that work. Its great accuracy will only be confirmed by local research; and there are facts connected with the advance of the shore line at Ostia which have not hitherto been collated with the phenomena of the Bay of Naples, which show that what we may term a pulsatory motion on the seaboard of this part of Italy has not been limited to the immediate vicinity of Vesuvius.

It must be said that the statement of 'Verifier' (p. 17)—'From all these circumstances, recited by Lyell himself, and from others which it would be tedious to quote, the permanent effects of earthquakes are discredited'—is altogether erroneous. But we can only blame the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' for having done, on one side of the case, what he shows that Professor Geikie has done on the other—that is, so overstated views, in themselves correct, as to present them under the form of caricature. The true argument—as to which the difference between 'Verifier' on the one hand, and the most careful and authoritative geological writers on the other, is one only of detail and degree—is this. Earthquakes within the historic time, and even in the memory of living witnesses, have effected changes in elevation of considerable districts of country which, regarded in themselves, are very notable. But if compared with such phenomena as the elevation (supposing it to have occurred) of such districts as the Alpine range or any other mountain nucleus, the evidences of any recent action are almost inappreciably small. What may follow from this argument is another question; but that its outcome is thus correctly stated, we think few impartial students of fact will deny.

The second point urged by the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' is thus stated by him:—'Among assertions which have been accepted as facts, and assumed to be verities by geologists, is the theory of the erosive power of running water, and the conclusion that the valleys, gorges, and beds of rivers, many of them composed of the hardest and most indestructible of rocks, in all parts of the world, have been cut by the streams now running through them, however inconsiderable.' The only evidence brought forward to show that the above is a correct representation of accepted geological theory is taken from the works of Mr. Geikie, with one additional quotation from M. Lartet. To that part of the question, therefore, we must return. But taking the argument of 'Verifier' as presented both in his text and in four very aptly selected woodcuts, there can be no doubt of its truth and weight. Mechanically regarded, we question the propriety of the phrase 'erosive power' as applied to water at all, if the substance cut through be of the nature of solid rock. There is no doubt that water occasionally contains chemical elements which attack and eat away certain rocks; as, on the other hand, other streams contain elements which deposit in crystalline form beneath our very eyes. Such is the case in the dropping well at Knaresborough, and in several travertine-forming streams of Southern Italy. The action of drip on paving stones under the eaves of houses is, perhaps, mainly of a chemical nature. Again, water has an enormous battering power, especially if it be exerted in the way of lifting masses of stone under which a wave strikes. Yet again, the action of water removes friable materials, particle by particle, and thus eats away a channel or undermines a cliff. When whirling along in its course pebbles or sharp sand, water communicates a grinding movement to these bodies, and also directly assists their action by the removal of the particles ground off, which otherwise would deaden the abrading force. Apart from these modes of action, we must be permitted to disbelieve that water has any cutting power. We see rocks exposed to the fury of the waves, or to the force of rapid currents, covered with the humbler forms of vegetable and of animal

life. It is idle to pretend that the force of water, which cannot wash a limpet or an *alga* from a rock, can cut through the solid material of which that rock is composed. Thus in the view of the gorge of the Danube below Belgrade ('Scepticism in Geology,' page 62), where the vertical cliffs, 2,000 feet high, are represented as an example of geological erosion by running water, 'Verifier' clearly exposes the ridiculous absurdity of such an assumption. The same remark applies to the cut on page 63, the *Via Mala*, with its sarcastic little note—'according to geologists, scooped out by rain, frost, and running water.' The birdseye view of the falls of the Zambesi is, if possible, yet more conclusive as an argument against any such unmechanical theory of erosion.

'The fall,' says the author, 'is twice as high and twice as wide as Niagara; but differs from it in that, immediately opposite to the fall, rise three successive natural walls of rock of the same height as that over which the river leaps, separated from one another by narrow rifts. These triple barriers consist of wedge-shaped promontories of rock, with vertical sides, projecting alternately from the right bank and from the left, like side scenes in a theatre, but entirely overlapping one another. Out of the first deep trough the river, after its descent, is compelled to find its way through a gap only eighty yards wide in the first opposing rock wall. A second wall here confronts it, by which the stream is turned at an acute angle to the right. It is next forced round the second promontory; then, reversing its course, round a third, and before it is allowed to escape to the sea it is compelled to double round a fourth wider headland.'*

We freely give up to the deserved sarcasm of 'Verifier' the unlucky remark of the writer who observes as to this doubling and redoubling of a stream through rifts and fractures of basaltic rocks, such as may be seen to be produced by cooling in the lava of Vesuvius or of Ætna at almost any eruption: 'The stream seems to have cut its way backwards through this winding ravine.' 'The discovery of the Zambesi falls,' our author, with more justice, says, 'would seem to have been reserved until the present time in order to refute a leading tenet of modern geology, and to prove the utter impotence of water to cut through hard rock.' Mechanical science is so thoroughly at one with those who denounce the absurdity of a belief in such kind of aqueous action, that the only weak point in the attack is the question how far the writer is justified in calling the expressions which he so justly ridicules the authoritative utterances of geologists.

The third *bête noire* of the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' is the part which he states that geologists assign to subaerial denudation in modifying the surface of our planet. 'It surpasses all other modern causes in the power that it is said to be still exerting, and in the effects it produces. The wonders which it has performed, and is performing, are best set forth in the very words of its advocates. "Mountains and valleys are due to it; it has carved them out of the solid rock. The great river systems are excavated by it."' It is true that 'Verifier' is, to some extent, justified in relying on this quotation, for even in the last edition of 'Principles of Geology' the illustrious author uses the expression, 'the uniform nature and energy of the causes which have worked successive changes in the crust of the earth and in the condition of its living inhabitants.' But it should be borne in mind that even in this phrase, which may be taken as a dogmatic statement of uniformitarian hypothesis, the period during which existing causes are said to have operated with unchanged energy is limited to that of the presence of animal life upon earth. The sixth chapter of the 'Principles of Geology' is, in point of fact, a protest against the introduction, into geological theory, of the action of imaginary causes. As such there is no doubt that the object, if not the basis, of the hypotheses of Lyell is philosophically true. We must regard the argument as critical and controversial rather than as constructive; and thus as liable to be driven, by the impetus of controversy, not only beyond the true mean, but even beyond the position which the author, if undisturbed by contest, would himself have chosen. M. Elie de Beaumont postulated the recurrence of long periods of repose, interspersed with brief periods of paroxysmal violence, from the earliest geological periods. This assumption was peculiarly repugnant to a mind that had a philosophical abhorrence of the jumbling up of observations and imaginations. Impartially regarded, the question of uniformity of action must necessarily become subordinate to those of time and of degree. Any speculative geologist who regards an earlier condition of planetary existence than that which now prevails, whether he assumes the nebular hypothesis or any other theory, admits by that very assumption the occurrence of change in energy of action. Good service is done to science by bringing this fact distinctly forward. But we do not admit that the leading geologists of the day are so far

* Scepticism in Geology, p. 67.

removed from the views of 'Verifier' as he considers to be the case.

'The doctrine,' writes one of the authors whose works we have enumerated at the head of the present article, 'that the forces which have produced geological changes have been practically the same, both in kind and degree, during the whole of that portion of the earth's past lifetime of which a record has come down to us, is one not much touched on in most of the text-books. Judging by the rate at which changes are going on now, the time required to bring about past geological changes, if the rate were unaltered, would have been very great indeed. Physicists, guided by the doctrine of the dissipation of energy, are not disposed to allow as much time as geologists were at one time disposed to demand. It is very possible, however, that the limitation of the physicist may be as much too stringent as the demands of the geologist are excessive.' In these candid and moderate words the actual state of the question, in so far as the demand for past time is concerned, is fairly represented. The energy required to effect certain changes would, of course, be a function of the time occupied in their production. This simple mechanical relation, however, is obscured by the language of too eager theorists. It is impossible to put the erroneous views, which have been thus allowed to distort speculative geology, more strongly than in the language quoted from Mr. Geikie's 'Scenery of Scotland' by our author: 'We make the fatal error of forgetting that, in the geological history of our globe, time is power.' It would be as correct to say time is space. But we can only regard such an expression as a too hasty metaphor, used by a laborious student and powerful writer, which he would be one of the first to wish to qualify or to withdraw. If we turn to the account given by Mr. Geikie in 'The Great Ice Age,' of the action of the weather on rocks, erosion by running water, and denudation, during the last inter-glacial period, we shall find that, while his language is graphic, his reasoning is close.

'Let us recall,' says Mr. Geikie, 'the appearance presented by the Scottish mountains—bold hummocky masses of rock, for the most part, but often bristling with splintered crags and shattered precipices. See how frequently the hill-tops are buried in their own ruins, and how the flanks are in many places curtained with long sweeps of loose angular blocks and rubbish, that shoot down from the base of cliff and scaur to the dark glens below. All this is the work of rain and frost. . . . Under the influence of rain, soil is continually trickling down from higher to lower levels; rills and brooklets are gouging out deep trenches in the subsoils and solid rocks,—streams and rivers are constantly wearing away their banks, and transporting sediment to the sea. The gravel and sand and silt that pave the numerous water-courses are but the wreck and ruin of the land; and it is easy to see that, since the close of the glacial epoch, immense quantities of material have been thus abstracted from the country. The streams and rivers have been working deeper and deeper into the bottoms of the valleys, and leaving behind them terrace after terrace of alluvial detritus to mark the different levels at which they formerly flowed. And if we tried to estimate the amount of material which has been thus cut out of the valleys and carried seawards, we should no longer feel inclined to undervalue the erosive power of running water.' *

With the exception of the adjective 'solid,' the use of which requires some qualification, there is nothing in the above quotation with which we are able to find fault. The existence of gravel and detritus, the lithological origin of which can be traced, in the delta of a river which descends from the abraded hills, is a piece of material evidence which it is hard to misapprehend. We have to remember that the question of slope is one which is of primary importance in the case. It is only when descending with a certain velocity that water exercises a great transporting power. The bed of a river running through a plain or down a very gentle slope has rather a liability to silt up than to cut a deeper channel. We are unable, indeed, to resolve the compound expression, and to say how much of the deposit is due to time, and how much to greater intensity of energy in the transporting element. A certain velocity of stream can be shown to have been requisite for the transport of gravels or boulders of a given size—a velocity for the most part greater than that of to-day. We are driven to suppose either that rainfall was formerly much more abundant, or that the slopes were formerly steeper, than at present. Mechanical laws, we cannot doubt, are unchanging, but we can only point to the gross results. We cannot exactly measure either the time during which they were produced or the intensity of the transporting forces. They are functions of one another. But that the periods of formation have been very long, and that the transporting forces have gradually diminished in intensity, are facts which it is very difficult to deny.

It is, however, undoubtedly the case that the knife of the critic should be boldly and freely applied to remove many of those expressions which are yet left to disfigure our

* The Great Ice Age, 3rd edition, p. 321.

text-books, and which, however rhetorical they may be in form, lack the essence of rhetoric, the power of persuasion. Thus, in the careful and practical 'Geology for Students and General Readers,' by Mr. A. H. Green, we find a quotation from Playfair, which, when read by the light of the recent quotation as to the course of the Zambesi, can only be called absurd.

'On observing the Potomac, where it penetrates the ridge of the Alleghany mountains, or the Irtish, as it issues from the defiles of Altai, there is no man, however little addicted to geological speculations, who does not immediately acknowledge that the mountain was once continued quite across the space in which the river now flows; and, if he ventures to reason concerning the cause of so wonderful a change, he ascribes it to some great convulsion of nature, which has torn the mountain asunder, and opened a passage for the waters. It is only the philosopher, who has deeply meditated on the effects which action long continued is able to produce, and on the simplicity of means which nature employs in all her operations, who sees in this nothing but the gradual working of a stream which once flowed over the top of the ridge which it now so deeply intersects, and has cut its course through the rock in the same way, and almost with the same instrument, by which a lapidary divides a block of marble or granite.'

The philosopher, in this case, has drawn, in our opinion, far more unwarrantably upon his own imagination than the man 'little addicted to geological speculations,' whom he despises.

But while we agree with the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' in disbelief of the statement that the zigzag course of the Zambesi, or the profound and branching cânons of the Colorado river, have been cut by the action of running water, we have no sympathy with his alarm at the tendency of that action of degradation and transport which the rivers of the world are constantly exerting. What may have occurred in past time is matter of speculation; what is now occurring is question of measurement. The degrading or denuding effects of rivers are measured by the annual growth of their deltas. We know enough of the operations of the Nile, the Danube, the Rhone, the Brenta, the Ganges, the Godaveri, and many other rivers to trace the constant annual action of degradation, transport, and deposit, and even to obtain some approximate figures as to the relations of rainfall, slope of descent, and amount of detritus. In a recent number of the 'Edinburgh Review' we gave some particulars as to the growth of the delta of the Nile. The result of actual measurements gives an annual deposit of 240,000,000 cubic yards, a rate of increment which solved the difficulty formerly existing as to the statements of Herodotus. Even the comparatively small stream of the Brenta, since, in 1839, it made its way into the lagoon of Chioggia, has reduced by its deposits the water-surface of that basin by 138 acres annually from 1839 to 1871, and by 153 acres per annum from 1871 to 1874. It is the opinion of the Italian engineers that, unless the course of the Brenta be diverted, the lagoon will be irretrievably ruined within thirty-eight years.

'The result then,' says 'Verifier,' 'of the most approved geological philosophy is to reduce the great globe, and all that it inherit, to a DEAD LEVEL!!* The theory of natural development applied to geology ends in deterioration, monotony, and stagnation. According to it the earth is to be planed smooth and bare, deprived of all that makes it beautiful, useful, and habitable; converted into one monotonous plain, barely capable of keeping its head above water, save by the aid of occasional earthquakes.'

The author mistakes. This cannot properly be said to be a matter of geological theory. That all the loftier and more exposed portions of the earth are in the course of slow disintegration and degradation, and that the spoils of the winter frosts are borne seaward by torrents and floods year after year, is not theory, but fact. The rate of such degradation can in many cases be measured. In some districts it has been actually measured. Whatever be the rate of denudation, whether that which our author thinks so incredible—a foot over the entire surface of a continent in 6,000 years, or more or less—as to the fact of the continued action there is no doubt. The theorist is the man who says: 'That the work of the creation of the earth was one of perfection defies all disproof.' The word 'perfection' is vague. But that rain and frost, dew and vapours, storms and floods, rivers and torrents, summer and winter, have been, and still are, changing the surface of the earth year by year, from the first epoch which has left any monument, is not a question of opinion. It is a matter as to which ignorance is possible, or knowledge; but which admits of intelligent doubt only as question of dogma.

In this little burst of genuine but misdirected indignation, the author of 'Scepticism in Geology' forgets the implied promise of his opening chapter to expose the errors of geologists as to the antiquity of man upon the earth. Under the influence of the sym-

* The capitals and notes of admiration are in the text.

pathy which we feel for the aim of the writer, and of our respect for the ability with which he has handled certain portions of his theme, we can hardly regret that this is the case. Unconsciously, but very decidedly, as he has approached this portion of the subject, 'Verifier' has edged off from the safe ground of enquiry into fact into the perilous bog of assumption of what must have been. 'The hunger of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting on a cause, and the vanity of believing that modern science can account for and explain everything, appear to create in the scientific mind a stubborn resistance to the belief in a first cause.' Entertaining this view, the author opposes to it his own hypothesis in the words: 'Is there any inconsistency in supposing that when a potter moulds a vase out of a lump of clay, he should put forth his greatest energy, and exert his utmost skill, to finish and turn it out perfect? That achieved, would there be any reason for his continuing to revolve his wheel slowly for an indefinite time?' The author is, as is but natural, misled by an inappropriate metaphor, as well as by inexact use of terms. If perfection be the adaptation of structure to condition, it would be impossible to deny that the mail-clad ganoids of the old red sandstone, or the gigantic reptiles of the neocomian series, were as perfect as any fish, lizard, or beast of the present age. We may here contrast the undisputed range of the earlier tyrants of the seas or the shores with the failing resistance of the red races of mankind to the firewater and the rifles of the American settler, or with the depopulation of Central Africa before the slave-trader. Our duty is not to predicate what we imagine that a great First Cause ought to have done, but to trace, as far as we are able, the course of the historic revolutions of our planet, as indicated by the changing forms of palæontological life and the evidence of lithological degradation or deposit. It is possible to do this with as reverent a spirit and as profound a recognition of the action of Almighty Wisdom as it is to assume as inadmissible 'a solution of the problem of cosmogony involving the absurdity that the work was left unfinished, and needs constant alteration by means of certain mechanical self-acting operations.' As far as the inorganic world is concerned there is no doubt that a constant change is in actual progress, of which the details are minute and often unobserved, but of which the aggregate is enormous. 'Verifier' allows himself to prophesy: 'It will eventually be acknowledged that, at the time and in the process of fashioning the globe, a power was exerted totally different from the present course of nature.' Perhaps it will; but we prefer taking no such leap into the dark. That mighty changes have occurred, for example, in the adaptation of the state of great districts of the earth to the support of different forms of life, or to the support of life at all, is one of the earliest discoveries of geology. No more lofty or truthful idea of a Divine cause is formed by supposing changes in the method of its operation. If such changes have occurred, we shall no doubt in course of time become aware of the fact; and it will then be our duty to endeavour to understand the mode, and to ascertain the reason, of such change. For a longer or a shorter duration, with equal or with varying intensity, as the old order has changed, giving place to new, it has still been true that

'God fulfils himself in many ways.'

A word must be said as to the sudden and unexpected outburst of unnecessary indignation poured out by a nobleman, of whose motives all must speak with respect, on Mr. Bonney's most modest and inoffensive 'Manual of Geology.' In simple language Mr. Bonney has stated the main facts which have been ascertained as to the past history of the earth, and the inferences on which the students of those facts are in the main agreed. 'It was long believed,' he says, 'that the human race did not appear upon the globe till a comparatively short period before written history began. . . . Numerous facts, however, oppose themselves to this belief, of which the following are too brief a sketch.' The faith which is staggered by such a plain statement of truth as this is certainly not of the kind that removes mountains, unless they be mountains of evidence. It is painful to have to refer to such intolerant impatience of the light.

The assertion of Professor Huxley, made on the authority of the survey of the Dead Sea by M. Lartet, that 'rain and running water, working along the old line of fracture, ultimately hollowed out the valley of the Jordan,' is contrasted by 'Verifier' with the evidence of a section across the valley in question, copied from M. Lartet's work. 'Just as plausibly and with as much probability,' is the comment, 'Mr. Huxley might attribute the image on a rusty bronze medal to the rust which corrodes it, and not to the die which stamped it.' We are in possession, however, of more information on this subject than was collected by M. Lartet. A paper drawn up by Lieutenant Conder, R.E., the officer in command of the Ordnance Survey of Palestine, was read

before the British Association in 1874, which throws an entirely new light on the geology of Syria. Bearing testimony to the minute accuracy of the study given by M. Lartet to those parts of Palestine which he visited personally, Lieutenant Conder remarks that the map of that explorer, which in many parts is an absolute blank, in others is disfigured by false conclusions, drawn apparently from hearsay evidence. After mentioning the extent of country covered by black basalt, south of the Sea of Galilee, before undescribed, the trappean outbreak on Carmel, and the evidence of the former existence of a tertiary volcanic lake south-west of that mountain, Lieutenant Conder says :—

'The western shore of the Dead Sea is bounded by steep, precipitous cliffs, at the foot of which are marls and conglomerates belonging to an ancient sea level. At the top of these cliffs are marls of a similar character, giving a second level; and from these the marl hills rise rapidly to a third level, that of the Bukeya, or raised plain, situate at the foot of the main chain of hills, and below the Convent of Mar Saba. This gives a series of three successive steps, each of which seems at some period to have formed the bed of a lake, under conditions similar to those of the present sea. There is, however, a very curious feature observable, the narrow valley running north and south, and separating a line of chalk cliffs immediately adjoining the Bukeya from the hard dolomite beds of the main chain. It is, in fact, evidence of a fault or sudden fold in the strata, the existence of which seems to have been hitherto unsuspected. Advancing north, we find a broad basin north of the Dead Sea, in which Jericho stands; which has an exact counterpart on the east side of the valley. The same contortion of strata is remarkable, and the higher level is occupied by beds of a reddish marl, and of the famous stink-stone or bituminous limestone; evidence that at this early geological period a lake existed under conditions similar to those of the present Dead Sea. From this point we succeeded in tracing an ancient shore line at a level equal to the second step on the west shore for a distance of over twenty miles up the valley. Thence a narrow gorge, with strata less violently contorted, extends for some ten miles. The valley then broadens again; and the shore deposits and red marl reappear and extend along the side of the upper basin south of the Sea of Galilee. I have submitted these observations to professional geologists; and their opinion confirms that which I formed upon the spot—that the Jordan valley was caused by a sudden and probably violent depression in times subsequent to the late cretaceous period; that it presented at first a chain of great lakes; and that no less than three levels for these lakes are to be found, the area of the most ancient being the greatest.'

It is highly probable that the depression of the Jordan valley, which is such that the level of the surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below that of the Mediterranean, and which, there is much reason to believe, is still slowly increasing, may be due to volcanic action in Galilee and the Lejja. The date of activity in this district is not accurately known. It is, at all events, as late as the tertiary age. It is interesting to see how one of the latest contributions to our knowledge of physical geology bears witness to the comparatively recent operation of forces on a scale now unusual, although probably by no means rare in earlier geologic time.

In Mr. Haughton's little book, which bears the same relation to some other text-books that wax bears to honey, or the work of the bee to that of the ant, all the collected store having passed through the alembic of a reflective mind, the question of geological time is thus stated :—

'Any person who has paid even the slightest attention to the science of geology must be aware of the fact, that the whole of our knowledge with regard to age in this science is confined to relative age, and that with respect to absolute age we have little or no real information; and in this absence of positive knowledge as to the absolute age of rocks, geologists have sometimes indulged in the wildest and most extraordinary statements and speculations.' (P. 79.)

'That the advent of man,' says Mr. Woodward, 'took place very much earlier than our forefathers imagined, is a point about which there can be no question whatever; and although this conclusion is repugnant to many minds of a conservative nature who are unable to receive the facts upon which it is founded, it is nevertheless a conclusion which is fully established as true. . . . This we do know, that man lived in this country and throughout Western Europe with the lion and hairy elephant, the hyæna and woolly rhinoceros. . . . In his weapons of warfare and of the chase he resembled the dwellers on the shores of Arctic seas; and, judging from the associated animals, he probably lived in an age when continental conditions and higher mountains produced much greater extremes of climate than are found in the same countries now. . . . Although we cannot assign a date to his first appearance, we must refer him to a period so remote that wide valleys have been scooped out, and whole races of animals exterminated, since his time; but how long it took to bring this about we cannot yet tell.' *

In fact, as part of a view at once modest and profound, of the great series of authentic monumental records which are in-

* Geology of England and Wales, p. 432.

scribed on the stony leaves of the successive strata of the earth's surface, the question of longer or shorter time becomes comparatively unimportant. We have not, at present at least, the means of translating geological into astronomical time. We ought not to undervalue the importance of such a relation, a key to which we may perhaps hereafter discover ; but at all events such value is but small, in comparison with that of the main features of the teaching of the rocks. While one school of naturalists is very anxious to convince the world that everything is as it must have unavoidably been, and that organic nature has organized itself, we must confess that a loftier conception of the order and sequence of the palæontologic record seems to us both more rational and more noble. That the mighty maze is not without a plan, can only be denied by those who lose their way in the labyrinth. That the plan made itself is not, to our view, a very rational theory. The greater the delicacy of self-adaptation, as evinced in the history of any specific form, to changing conditions, the higher, it seems to us, must be the idea formed of the power and wisdom under the exercise of which the parent form first had being, and the steady progress was effected. In our limited capacity for knowledge it may seem less wonderful that a man should be the descendant of a fish or of a sponge than that his first parent should have stood upright and conversed with his Maker. But the incapacity for self-origination is not more obvious in the one case than in the other ; and if we look at the formative power as exterior to the living form, the humbler the first nucleus of life, the more prescient and potent must the exercise of that formative power appear to the imagination.

It is true that the efficacy of the principle of natural selection, as the law accounting for the development of all existing forms of life, has been implicitly abandoned by the author of the theory. The admission of the power of sexual selection, as some of Mr. Darwin's disciples have more or less dimly perceived, is fatal to the unity of the former theory. If an organ or a quality be of use to the animal, as the trunk to the elephant, it is due, we are told, to the gradual growth of the snouts of successive elephants, because such growth was a convenience, and the longer-snouted creature obtained food with more ease than the shorter-snouted one. Were this the case, we should expect that, instead of finding at this period of time the varied lips of the elephant, the peccary, the horse, and even the hog, we should find the most useful general type to have been attained by a common pachyderm snout. The result of natural selection, if it were so potent an influence as its believers urge, would be, in our opinion, to produce unity rather than diversity of type. The whole order of palæontological development evinces an increase in diversity of form and in specialisation of function. Natural selection, we apprehend, would be a more tenable hypothesis if the order of succession were absolutely inverted. However that may be, when the action of a second independent principle is introduced, the value of the first, as a sole or even as a controlling element, is destroyed. The tail of the humming-bird or of the peacock has been of no advantage to the creature in procuring food. It must rather have been an obstacle than otherwise to its pursuit of sustenance, or to its care of its young. When asked how this, and other useless beauties of the organic world, have come into being, we are therefore referred to the principle of 'sexual selection.' Hen humming-birds and hen pea-fowl have so long and so steadfastly admired tufted and ocellated tails in their mates, that the birds better provided in this way than their fellows have always had the choice of the strongest hens ; and thus, in the succession of ages, have grown their tails to their actual development.

With regard to this, however, the same doubt occurs about the major proposition that arose in the former case. Is it likely that there should have been such a steady sexual taste ? All our experience, whether of the human race or of the animal tribes, points in the opposite direction. What care the breeders of pigeons have to take to provide against an aberrant sexual selection in the hen birds of valuable varieties ! How often a pure-bred tumbler, or pouter, or fan-tail will select some absolute mongrel for a mate, rather than delight in the nobility of her own blood, if the chance be possible ! Do we find that black beards, or brown beards, or red beards, are developed amongst ourselves by the steady effect of feminine admiration ? Do we find, as a rule, that like does select like ? Are not the majority of instances just the reverse ? Does not the small man admire the stately woman, the dark man admire the golden or flaxen blonde, the negro worship the white woman ? Sexual taste, so far as we know, if not absolutely capricious, is rather awakened by unlikeness than by likeness. Its tendency, so far as we can see, is therefore not to form permanent varieties, but to obliterate them.

Let us suppose, however, that this view is erroneous. Let us admit, as matter of hy-

pothesis, that the secular development of the most useful structure, from the very fact of its utility, tends to produce, and not to diminish variety. Let us admit also, under the same reserve, that the tendency of the mutual admiration of the sexes is in the direction of the production and maintenance of distinct varieties of form, and not in that of rendering permanent an average or common type. How do these opposite laws accord in their operation? Two primary influences are said to be at work; the one is utility, the other caprice. To ascertain the working of the first, we have only to discover what is actually useful for the maintenance of animal life, but to the second we have no key. The origin of the sexual admiration, leading to sexual selection, is absolutely obscure. Utility it is not, for in that case the hypothesis of natural selection would be brought into play. Whence does this useless emotion, which plays so powerful and so perplexing a part in the formation of varieties, spring? To say that it is pure caprice does not mend the matter much. A personal, automatic, incalculable element is admitted to exist alongside of the rational, calculable, iron force of utility. What is this but to destroy the whole logical value of the theory of natural selection?

One thing is certain, namely, that if these two forces, the certain and the uncertain, the calculable and the incalculable, do coexist and interfere, the problem of the resolution of such forces is utterly insoluble. The eye is struck by a graceful form or by a brilliant colour. The old-fashioned philosopher recognises in this one of the countless embodiments of those ideas of grace and of beauty which he believes to be part of a certain ideal excellence, after which the order of nature has been framed. The philosopher of the new school quietly tells him that such a notion is nonsense. 'No shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations were intentionally and specially guided.' Necessity, or survival of the fittest, caused all variations, except those which were due to the fancy of the variants. If you ask how that fancy arose, there is no reply. Thus, if an organ or a development be of utility, it is due to natural selection; otherwise it is due to sexual selection. If it be doubtful how far it is useful, and how far only beautiful or quaint, it is doubtful to which cause it is due. It is also altogether unknown what is the origin of the second asserted cause of modification. And this is called a philosophic view of the automatic development of the organic world!

The author of 'Scepticism in Geology' has not referred to the most powerful arguments yet adduced against what is called the uniformitarian theory. Geology, whatever be its actual advance, is but one branch of natural science. Not only must any sound geological theory, therefore, be in accordance with the ascertained truths of natural philosophy, but it must be controlled by those more general and more certain data which are to be obtained by the physicist and by the physical astronomer. The address delivered to the Geological Society of Glasgow (Feb. 27, 1868), by Sir W. Thomson, 'On Geological Time,' has laid down certain lines and limits which no reasonable speculator can attempt to overstep. By reasoning as lucid as that of the *Principia* itself, Sir William has demonstrated the fact that a secular retardation of the rotation of the earth is caused by the tides. A second and independent proof that geological time is limited, deduced from the laws of heat, is to be found in the paper 'On Geological Dynamics,' by the same author, read to the same audience on February 19, 1869. In this, Professor Huxley's address to the Geological Society of London (Feb. 19, 1869) is submitted to a damaging, or rather totally destructive, criticism. From these masterly papers it is clearly evident that the enormous demands on time made by the uniformitarian geologists, so far from being based on any observed phenomena, are irreconcilable with an intelligent consideration of physical law. Almost everything, in fact, points to the conclusion that the erosive, transporting, and upheaving actions of nature were formerly far more active than is now the case. One thing alone stands on the opposite side of the question. The contrast is thus stated by Sir W. Thomson: 'The limitation of geological periods, imposed by physical science, cannot, of course, disprove the hypothesis of transmutation of species. But it does seem sufficient to disprove the doctrine that transmutation has taken place through "descent with modification by natural selection."' The only necessity for the assumption that 'a far longer period than 300,000,000 years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period'* is to give time for the operation of that law, which has been invented by Mr. Darwin, and which is thus proved to be inconsistent with well-known and established principles of natural science.

We take leave of the theory of self-creation. It is not by the insertion, three or four times in every page, of the words,

* Origin of Species, ed. 1859, p. 287.

'by the process of natural selection,' that the existence of any such process can be proved. But it is difficult to see what better proof has been adduced. Confessedly, not a single pertinent observation can be cited in behalf of the fantasy. Variations, where their history is known, have been due to the action of controlling will. The deduction made from the fact is, that variability proves the absence of controlling will. There is good reason to hold that the action of such a law as that of selection, if it existed, would be the reverse of that which is known to have occurred—that is to say, that it would have tended to diminish, instead of to produce, differences. The only assumed advantage of the imaginary law, its aptness to account for facts, is rendered nugatory by the enforced supplement of the equally imaginary law of sexual selection, which is also supposed to have worked in a direction contrary to observation. Finally, the attempt to obtain elbow-room for the operation of natural selection has driven its supporters to assume an invariability in cosmical action, and a secular permanence of existing conditions, which are inconsistent with known data of natural science, and are pronounced impossible alike by the astronomer and the physicist.

Space now fails for the pursuit of an investigation to which the utterances of the geologist and of the naturalist equally invite. A sketch of the order of nature, not in the organic world alone, but exhibiting how, so far back as the stony records of the past have been deciphered, certain great laws of fitness and of progress have operated with unvarying force, demands more room than remains now available even for the most elementary outline. The general thesis, that as far back as organic relics can be identified there has been a perfect adaptation of type or form of being to habitat and to condition, will not be disputed by the palæontologist. Neither will he deny that, during a succession of changes which cannot be as yet in any way measured by astronomic time, there has prevailed the same law of increase in specialisation of function. The earlier animals were at once more complex and more simple than the later tribes. They were more complex, inasmuch as they contained the germs or indications of organs, of which the developments have been wrought out, in fuller detail, in particular tribes of later origin. They were more simple, inasmuch as they possessed no organ so specially fitted for one sole function as is the case in many of the later births of time. Thus the fish of the Old Red Sandstone foreshadowed, and may perhaps have been the ancestors of, not only the bony fish of modern seas, but of the reptiles of the Permian and Lias rocks, and perhaps of the two great sub-classes of air-breathing quadrupeds that now inhabit the old and the new worlds. Mr. Darwin will not be the last to admit that anatomical research has traced forecasts of the structure of the whale, of the crocodile, of the salmon, of the platypus, and even of the kangaroo, in the cartilaginous masters of the ancient deep. From our point of view it would have been to be expected that the principle of natural selection would have tended rather to maintain, and perhaps to intensify, the general faculties of the cartilaginous fish, than to split up its descendants into the various tribes we have named; to say nothing of subdivisions ranging to an almost infinite degree of variation. It will be replied that the latter has been the course that has actually occurred. That is so, no doubt. But it does not follow that it has occurred in consequence of the action of the principle of natural selection. To many persons it will appear more correct to say that the actual history of organic forms is the negation of the action of any such principle, at all events as a controlling law.

It is not, however, foreign to the considerations which led us to direct the attention of our readers to the arguments of the author of 'Scepticism in Geology,' to point out the remarkable coincidence—hitherto, we apprehend, by no means duly described—between the succession of conditions through which our planet has passed since it was tenanted by living beings, and those ancient and venerable Hebrew records which, at a time when geology was undreamed of, mapped out the sequence of the days of creation. The geological record, as usually studied, ascends like a pedigree. We commence with the organic forms of to-day, and go back to those of yesterday, and then to those of the remoter past. For our present object we must reverse this order, and, giving only the headings of the successive chapters, begin at the beginning.

The first chapter of the self-recorded history of the planet Earth comprises a long period to which the name, now known to be by no means accurate, of the Azoic period has been given. The solid surface of the earth then presented a crystalline nucleus. From the primary and unstratified materials of the granite, syenite, porphyry, greenstone, and trappean rocks—substances closely akin to the lava of to-day—the successive layers of gneiss, mica schist, slates, sands, and conglomerates were formed by

the conflicting forces of nature. If we use the language of D'Orbigny and the French geologists, it must be remembered that the term 'upheaval' may be relative, and may denote such action as is now going on, or at all events has comparatively recently taken place, in the valley of the Jordan, as well as that of which Monte Nuovo gives us an example, within late historic times, on the shores of the Bay of Naples. At the time of which we speak, then, the mountain range of La Vendée was upheaved. Ten thousand feet of thickness attained by the Cambrian beds attest the immense duration of this first, comparatively lifeless, period. The astronomical elements of form and movement seem to have been almost the only features that were common to the earth of this first day and that of our own time. Volcanic and thermic, rather than organic, agency, came into energetic play when the light was first divided from the darkness.

A vast oceanic period succeeds. An aerial atmosphere and an aqueous robe surrounded the no longer lifeless earth. The great groups of the placoid and ganoid fishes ranged the seas which deposited the Silurian and Devonian rocks. Together with animal forms of aquatic respiration and primary simplicity, existed large and heavily armed fishes, creatures of which the reptile affinities were so apparent to Linnæus that he classed the few remaining species as *Amphibia nantia*, animals which afforded in their structure the promise of future forms of a higher and more varied life. Such as they were, they were the fit lords of the earth, or rather of the ocean, of their day. Plinlimmon and Snowdon rocks; sands, limes, and conglomerates; siliceous, quartzose, and slaty strata; sands, marls, and tilestones, forming the Old Red Sandstone of the Devonian series, mark the dividing of the waters from the waters of the terrestrial and the aerial oceans.

The third period, divided from the preceding by the upheaval of the Ballons, witnessed the deposit of the mountain limestone, of the millstone grit, and of the coal measures. The latter were the scene of a rich and fertile vegetation. The labour of the miner has brought to light ample evidence that the dry land had appeared and brought forth grass, and herb, and tree. Animal life, of air-breathing structure, was not wanting amid the giant forests. Insects flitted beneath their shade. A terrestrial *fauna*, as well as a terrestrial *flora*—if the term may include cryptogamic vegetation—testifies to the activity of terrestrial life during the great carboniferous period of the earth's history.

A new series of organic forms is introduced in the fourth great geological day, separated from the preceding period by the upheaval of the North of England range of mountains. Climates, and seasons, and tides, and winds, to some extent resembling those of our own time, have left marks of their course during this long herpetiferous period. The permian and triassic rocks, the lias, and the oolite, are all characterised by the predominance of reptile forms. Gigantic saurians swam, and waded, and crawled, and walked, and even flew. Forms which now defy the anatomist to rank in existing classes—feathered reptiles, birds with tails like squirrels—marked this stage of protochthonic existence. Insect life was busy. Probably at no geologic epoch were the ideas of change, of progress, of development, and of an immense, and not very dimly indicated, future, so distinctly wrought out in the *fauna* of our planet. Reptile life, the animal life which of all kinds is most directly dependent on the sun, active in his rays, and torpid in his absence, reigned over earth on the fourth day.

The upheaval of the Côte d'Or ushers in the fifth great day. The most striking characteristic of the epoch has not hitherto been pointed out. It was a second oceanic period. It comprised the time of the deposit of the chalk, of the Purbeck and Hastings beds, of the Weald clay, the gault, and the green sand. During this epoch the waters brought forth abundantly. The characteristic inhabitants of the modern seas and rivers, the cycloid and etenoid fish—the bony fishes, quite distinct in their anatomy from the cartilaginous fishes, such as the sharks and rays, which were the children of an older ocean—now first appeared. Remains of birds occur in the chalk, although they are, as is natural in marine deposits, rare. Great fish moved in the waters, and fowl flew above the earth in the open firmament of heaven.

The Pyrenees form the mountain barrier, the upheaval of which marks the limit between the fifth and the sixth day. We have now reached the Kainozoic strata. Mammalia appear on the scene. Cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind, herald the advent of man. We can now trace step by step the progress of that well-ordered development of which we have only collected few and distant relics in the earlier portions of the scene. The action of the same law, however, is

perceptible. Permanence of type, coexisting with modification of detail, appears to be the central rule of organic development. That modification of detail is continually in the direction of increased specialisation of function. Forms and organs of general, are replaced by those of special, utility. That this should be the case during any great inorganic revolution in the condition of the earth is not matter of wonder. As the amphibious and lacertine forms of life delight in the muddy confines of land and water, so we can imagine that a period of vast paludic life, when the dry land was only commencing its consolidation, and marsh and swamp, covered with cryptogamic vegetation, spread over vast areas of the surface of our planet, were especially suitable for that vigorous activity of lacertine forms which we know to have then existed. But it should be needless to point out the old fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc.* With the drying of the earth, and the gradual attainment of its actual physical condition, the increase in detail and speciality of function of its animal inhabitants has, in point of fact, coexisted. It does not follow that it was thus produced ; and many of the later phenomena of the varieties of species are not altogether consistent with such an hypothesis.

If the strata of which we have spoken as naturally divided into six great systems, or days, be graphically arranged and drawn to scale, an approach to the exhibition of a remarkable law of sequence will at once catch the eye. It is one of the same kind as that which is well known as Bode's law of planetary distances. We desire to speak with all due reserve. We are hardly in a position to catch more than a glimpse of the truth ; for our measurements of the different strata are as yet so few, and so strictly local, that no geologist can give a reliable section of the crust of the earth as a whole, showing the average thickness of the successive strata of deposit. But with this caution it may be remarked that there is an approach to the diminution of deposit, and thus, probably, to that of lapse of time, somewhat approaching to the rate at which the spaces between the planets diminish as they approach the sun. The strata of the first system before described afford a known depth of 52,800 feet. Those of the second have been estimated at a little over 27,000 feet. The carboniferous systems, as before limited, have a total depth of 13,650 feet. The herpetiferous group of rocks is more than 8,000 feet in thickness. The cretaceous system has been measured at 3,350 feet. As to this it should be remarked that a deposit of the nature of the chalk, which modern research has shown to be at this moment going on at the bottom of the sea in some regions, will be far slower in its accretion than mechanical deposits, such as those of sands, limes, and clays. The tertiary strata have been measured at 1,350 feet in depth. We must repeat the caution that these measurements are not offered as a true average of the depths of the successive systems mentioned. But they are figures taken without alteration from the best estimates and measurements as yet published. It is possible that more extended information may show that no such regular decrease as is intimated actually prevails. But the subject is not unworthy of attention, and, whether such a relation hereafter prove to hold good or not, it will have been no waste of time to enquire into the actual sequence, and into the approach to an estimate of time which may be based on the measurement of depths.

As to the general theory of the advance in development of animal life, from creatures not only inhabiting but breathing water, through those of mixed abode and double respiration, to land-walking, air-breathing quadrupeds and bipeds, and to the tribes that sport in the air itself, there is no room for doubt or question. The one point to which it is most important to call attention is, that the progress of development has not been what may be called purely mechanical. It has been in waves or bounds. In the very earliest times, when, as far as we can tell, no air-breathing creature existed on our planet, and when most of the water-breathing tribes were of very low and simple organisation, the cartilaginous fish showed a complexity and perfection of structure which is quite incompatible with the idea that a general self-development was the law of nature. So again in the herpetiferous period. The swimming, wading, and flying dragons of the fourth geologic day—the ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, and pterodactyls of the trias, lias, and oolite seas and marshes, contain developments of the reptile type far higher than any now existing in life. In families as well as in classes, the geological record shows, even from its present imperfectly collected data, that growth, progress, culmination, and decay have been the general law which each group of animal forms has successively obeyed. Perhaps, as we have heard it suggested by an ingenious friend, we are ourselves living in the seventh day or period of the creation, the evening of which has not yet closed on the destinies of the globe.

The more patient, exhaustive, and profound the study given to these records of

nature, the more fully may we expect to understand the great secular and structural laws under which the development of organic life has taken place. So sensible are we of the enormous disproportion between the positive geological knowledge already attained, and that which we may hope hereafter to grasp, that we had some hesitation in calling attention to a parallel, which is certainly very striking, between the book of nature and another record of primitive tradition. We can only submit it for further illustration and verification. But even in this hypothetical form it is not without a certain value. It may serve to quiet the apprehensions of those who fear the progress of scientific research. Truth is one, although truths and facts are innumerable. He is not only a bold but a foolish man who thinks that he has grasped so central a truth that all other knowledge must group itself around, and in subservience to, his theory. If anything be known, really and fully appreciated, no freshly acquired portion of knowledge can disturb or invalidate that treasured verity. When contradiction seems to arise, the cause is not that the facts observed are delusive, but that our observation of those facts is imperfect. Even if a truth be held, after long research, with a grasp which seems indisputable, a new discovery, without discrediting the former study, may show how far it was from being exhaustive. The colours of the rainbow, and the different refractive powers of various transparent bodies, were patiently investigated by Newton. His was a theory of light founded on true observations, before the dark lines of Fraunhofer were detected in the spectrum. Who could have dreamed of the probability of the latter discovery? Still more, who could have dreamed of its results? To the investigation of these lines of no light we owe our possession of a knowledge which Auguste Comte declared to be unattainable by man, and which it was therefore a waste of time to pursue—a knowledge of definite facts of sidereal astronomy. We now know something, thanks to the spectroscope, even of the chemical constitution of some of the fixed stars, as well as of the speed and the direction of their secular motion in space. Would Newton have dreaded this discovery lest it should have interfered with his views as to light, or with his fame as the analyst of the spectrum? If the religious man fails to sympathise with those who labour to promote the advance of positive science, it is not because he is religious, but because he is unscientific. His fear, in inner truth, must arise, not from the force, but from the half-unconscious weakness, of his religious convictions.

Art. IV.—1. *Letters of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen.* 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1877.
2. *Memorials of John M'Leod Campbell, D.D.* Edited by his Son. 2 vols. London: 1877.
3. *Memoir of Bishop Alexander Ewing, D.C.L.* By Alexander J. Ross, D.D. London: 1877.

It has been sometimes made a reproach to Scotland, that its theological creed is of the same uniform Calvinistic type. The implied reproach has been held by others as a compliment, and the wonder has been expressed that a people so united in religious faith should be so bitterly rent by ecclesiastical divisions. The Southern mind, looking at the surface of theological opinion and the Presbyterian constitution of the three churches to which the bulk of the population adhere, is naturally astonished that these churches should remain separate. But both the reproach and the compliment fail in gauging the full character of the national thought and feeling. Social and ecclesiastical rather than theological principles have always been the chief causes of Scottish 'disruptions;'* and the apparent uniformity of belief has always covered deeplying veins of thought quite at variance with Calvinism or what passes for Calvinism. Contrast, rather than uniformity, might be said to be the characteristic of the thought and life of Scotland all through its history, from the days, to go no further back, when Queen Mary and John Knox confronted each other in Holyrood, to the days, to come no further down, when Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Chalmers represented, with a like rarity of genius, different sides of the national mind and character. There are few national histories, in fact, more marked by picturesque contrasts. If it be said that Queen Mary was half a Frenchwoman, and stands opposed to Knox in virtue of her French rather than her Scottish qualities, Maitland of Lethington was at least as much a Scotchman as the great re-

* In one of the volumes at the head of this article this idea is very well expressed. 'Peers and lairds choose Episcopacy; professional men and farmers choose an Established Presbytery, and the shopocracy a free Presbyterianism. Thus it now is in Scotland, and thus it will be in England (if disestablishment takes place). It is a matter of "clothes" after all.'—*Ewing's Memoir*, p. 498.

former—he supposed himself the very type of a Scotchman, and did not hesitate to fling in the face of one of Knox's friends the scornful taunt, 'Ne sit peregrinus curiosus in aliena republica.' Yet what a living embodiment of antagonistic qualities the men are! The chivalrous Montrose and the crafty Argyle, the saintly Rutherfurd, the equally saintly Leighton, Robert Burns and James Beattie, John Wilson, and Dr. Andrew Thomson, all are equally children of the soil, and yet how diversified is the background of thought, not to speak of mere personality, that they represent! Uniformity of creed, uniformity of intellectual temperament, is so little what these and many other names—all equally Scottish—suggest, that one of the most intelligent and close-observing of American authors once said to the writer that, never having visited Scotland and only knowing it by its literature, he was quite at a loss to understand the broad differences which it presented; how the same country which had accepted, if not produced, the Confession of Faith, should at the same time enjoy so thoroughly the poetry of Burns. The severity of Puritanic Calvinism and the riotous fun of Tam o' Shanter and the Jolly Beggars meeting in the same hearts, or at least in the hearts of the same people, had always appeared to him one of the most unintelligible of national problems.

We have no thought of trying to explain this problem, even should the subject appear in the same light to any of our readers. But those who really know Scotland and are able to look below the surface of opinion know how little it deserves either the reproach or the compliment of uniformity in theological opinion any more than in many other things. It is true that the Scottish Presbyterians of the Revolution were more powerful than any other party in the country, and that they accepted as a creed the Confession prepared mainly by English divines at Westminster. This they did, because the Westminster Confession of Faith appeared to them to embrace the common creed of Protestantism, and because the Church had already accepted it (in 1647), when 'uniformity' was the common ambition of the party alike in England and in Scotland. This Confession remains nominally the creed of all the Presbyterian Churches. It is the type and symbol of that Augustinian theology with which all the Protestant Churches identified themselves, and which the Church of England has no less substantially, if in milder and more catholic phraseology, retained in the Thirty-nine Articles. But not even at the first did the acceptance of such a creed shut out all individuality of opinion and speculation. The dominant party in the Church may have designed this. It is a popular commonplace, from which it seems impossible to rid certain minds, that this is the necessary intention and result of creeds. Zealots within all churches find it their interest to foster this commonplace. It squares with their unworthy conceptions as well as with the popular notion of a Confession of Faith being a kind of bargain between the clergy of a church and the authorities of that church. But, in point of fact, no document of any kind can remain unchangeable in its interpretation or obligation. A Confession of Faith may be highly useful for the time; it may or may not be essential that every Christian church should have a definite creed for its basis—these questions are meantime quite beyond our scope—but no creed can remain binding on the national consciousness from generation to generation. Even if theological ideas were themselves immutable, which no rational student of theological history would maintain, the relation of the national mind to them necessarily changes with its changes and growth. There is in short no permanence here any more than in any other aspect of human thought. It is a simple fact arising out of the law of rational development, that uniformity of belief, even if temporarily enforced, cannot last. Time brings its alterations in theology no less than in philosophy, and the idea of uniformity has no application to the region of history in which the courses of human opinion really run. Let a church set out with whatever creed it may, and make what ties it can to bind its adherents—in the course of time a change sets in, and the interpretations both of the creed and of the ties binding to it are insensibly moulded in conformity with the changing current of ideas. So true is this that the student of theological opinion is well aware that it is often those who believe themselves the most orthodox, the most faithful to the letter of a creed and to their own interpretation of the relation in which they stand to it, who have most truly departed from its original spirit. Nothing is so heterodox as popular orthodoxy, or the complacent dogmatism in the nineteenth century which supposes itself echoing the creed of the seventeenth or the twelfth or the fourth centuries. The same words no longer convey the same meanings even to the instructed, and still less to the popular intelligence.

If we have run into this digression, it is not at present for any purpose of argument,

but only to explain how absurd the commonplace view of Scotland is, which supposes it to be the home of a uniform Calvinism, because its Presbyterian Churches all profess a Calvinistic creed. It is the same, only a less pronounced, type of Augustinian theology which, as we have said, lies at the basis of the national Church of England. Differences may be made out between the creeds of the two churches, but that the Westminster divines were the legitimate heirs of the Elizabethan Reformers admits of no doubt whatever. And it might as reasonably be supposed, therefore, that the theology of the Thirty-nine Articles should condition all the development of theological opinion in England, as that the theology of the Westminster Confession should confine the Christian intellect of Scotland. In point of fact, both have exercised a powerful influence ; but in point of fact also the Christian thought of both countries has followed natural lines of development, of which the original theologies of the Churches have only been one of the main causes. These lines have been far more rich and diversified in England, not because the original theology of the Church of England is really different from that of Scotland, but because the intellectual and Christian life of England has been so much larger, richer, and more fruitful than that of Scotland. The Presbyterian North is, after all, but a small country, and the result of this has been at once to intensify its party divisions, and to give more significance to its prominent types of theological expression.

How much force there is in these general observations may be estimated by some attention to the remarkable movement in Scotland of which the volumes at the head of this article are more or less a memorial. The three men brought before us in these volumes were all representative of something very different from Calvinism in its ordinary acceptation, and yet they were Scotchmen of the Scotch. They were genuine ' sons of the soil,' bearing the impress of the best Scottish culture of their time, and directly representative of its religious thought. The men are only fully intelligible in the light of Scottish circumstances and opinions amidst which they lived, and, exceptional as they may be in some respects, each would have claimed a real interest in the religious traditions of their country, as that country has reason to be proud of all of them.

In bringing these men under the notice of our readers, it is not our intention to enter into any theological discussion. This is not the key-note we have wished to strike, and is certainly not our aim in the present paper. We have no intention even of describing fully the movement which they may be supposed to represent. This would require more space than we can afford, and carry us into questions which we have no wish to discuss. All we design now is to bring the men before us in their distinctive character, as illustrating the growth of a more diversified and richer type of Christian faith and thought than is generally associated with Scotland. In themselves the three men are deserving of commemoration, and it is impossible to tell their story and exhibit their character, as drawn in their letters or memoirs, without at the same time exhibiting the affinity of their religious ideas as so far the product of a common impulse, and indicating the manner in which the men were more or less associated for the diffusion of these ideas. Whether they can claim to be called a ' School,' or to what extent they may have founded one, or what is its worth, may appear in the course of our remarks.

The eldest of the three men described in the volumes before us was Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, a notable and picturesque figure as portrayed in his letters, and as known in his later years to many still living. Thomas Erskine was a Scottish gentleman of ancient descent, whose great grandfather, Colonel John Erskine of Carnock, the ' Black Colonel,' as he was called, was ' the great-great-grandson of the distinguished Earl of Mar, the wise Regent of Scotland, and the faithful counsellor of King James VI.' The ' Black Colonel ' was evidently a remarkable figure in his own day, not easily turned aside from what he considered the right road, and somewhat free and irascible in the use of his sword, as when he assailed the magistrates of Culross for burning kelp under his nose, notwithstanding his orders to the contrary. The famous author of ' The Institutes of the Law of Scotland ' was a son of Colonel Erskine ; and again, Dr. John Erskine, the colleague of Dr. Robertson, the historian, and one of the leaders of the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland in the eighteenth century, was a son of this well-known jurist, and therefore an uncle of the subject of our notice. His father, David Erskine, practised as a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and was ' allowed by all competent judges to have been one of the ablest and most honourable men whom his profession has ever produced.' But he died at a comparatively early age, and the care of his son's education devolved upon the mother, a

daughter of the house of Airth—where, or at Kippenross, in the neighbourhood, Thomas spent most of his early years. The first glimpse we get of him is at Airth Castle in 1793, when he was five years old. He told the Dean of Westminster that he remembered as a boy at this time the sensation produced by the death of Louis XVI., and Bruce the traveller coming in a snowstorm to communicate the sad tidings. The housekeeper, on being asked who it was who had arrived in such circumstances, exclaimed, 'Why, wha should it but Kinnaird' (the name of Bruce's house, and *Scotice* the familiar name by which its owner was called), 'greetin as if there werena a saunt on earth but himsel and the King of France.'

There is little to mark the youth of Thomas Erskine beyond the fact that he appears to have been a happy boy, as he was upon the whole a happy and well-circumstanced man. His life throughout was of a peculiarly placid and unembarrassed character, a fact not to be forgotten in estimating the tenor of his theological views. He had to lament, indeed, the loss of dear friends, and especially of an elder brother, who by the depth and power of his character seems to have made a strong impression on all who knew him; but there were no storms of any kind either of calamity or of passion in his career. Endowed with good health and abundant means, and troops of enthusiastic relatives and friends, it was certainly the sunnier side of this mortal pilgrimage along which he travelled, and that this sunniness had ripened and sweetened his nature, and given it—shall we say?—a vein of complacency, if not stolen from it something of strength, was plain to most of those who knew him in his later years. It left him free, moreover, to follow the bent of his own meditations and desires, which how few are ever able to do! His time was his own, his studies were what he liked, and his theological opinions were moulded not only out of the deep and ever-enlarging experience of his own heart, but in some degree also out of the free and random turnings of his own will and thought, which owned few or none of those outward checks which after all bind the thoughts of most men in this world. This was an advantage. It gave a spontaneity and individuality to his religious development; but so exceptional an advantage is never without some drawback. The freedom of his life, the happiness of his circumstances, gave perhaps a tinge of arbitrariness no less than of independence to his judgment, and prevented him from seizing those broader historical connexions the recognition of which is so essential to the appreciative and intelligent estimate of religious no less than of intellectual phenomena. We shall have occasion to give illustrations of this as we proceed.

The death of his brother made Thomas Erskine laird of Linlathen, and left him absolutely at liberty to follow his own mode of life. The result was that he practically gave up the profession of the Scotch bar, to which he had been trained, and resolved to travel some years on the Continent. This was not, however, before a change had passed upon him from a state of semi-scepticism (vaguely indicated) to a state of profound religious conviction. His residence in Edinburgh, after passing for the bar in 1810, was coeval with the heyday of the 'Waverley Novels' and the early fame of the 'Review' in which we now write. Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Fullerton, 'with all of whom our young advocate was on terms of closest friendship,' were all in the full activity of their career. The influence of the society around him, and the course of his own reflections, he implies, led him to have misgivings as to the credibility of the Gospel history. But his misgivings were soon dispersed. 'The patient study of the narrative,' he adds, 'and of its place in the history of the world, and the perception of a light in it which entirely satisfied my reason and my conscience, finally overcame them, and forced on me the conviction of its truth.' His religious impressions were deepened especially by the death of his brother, already mentioned, in 1816. In reference to this event he writes in a pathetic strain of Christian confidence which shows how deeply and intelligently his faith was already grounded. He even drew up a paper as the record of his views and convictions, 'which he thought of putting into the hands of his companions at the bar when he parted from them,' and which was afterwards printed in 1825 as an introductory essay to the letters of Samuel Rutherford, so well known in Scotland. The germ of much of his after thought is found in this paper, especially the idea he so often reiterated as to the moral or practical aims of all the Divine dealings with man in the Gospel.

'A restoration to spiritual health, or conformity to the divine character, is the *ultimate object* of God in His dealings with the children of men. Whatever else God hath done with regard to men has been subsidiary, and with a view to this; even the unspeakable work of Christ and pardon freely offered through the Cross have been but means to a further end;

and that end is that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to the likeness of their elder brother—that they might resemble Him in character, and thus enter into His joy. . . . The sole object of Christian belief is to produce the Christian character, and unless this is done nothing is done.'

These sentences are curiously interesting to the student of Scottish theology, marking as they do so clearly, on the one hand the impression which the customary religious phraseology had made upon Mr. Erskine, and on the other hand the divergence which had already begun in his mind from the commonplaces of evangelical theology, then and so long afterwards prevalent in Scotland. Even a professional theologian would hardly now write in such formal phrases. They are to be heard only in the pulpit, and even there not in the mouths of the best preachers. But they came as a common voice at that time to all who spoke or wrote about religion. Certain persons were 'adopted children,' and the blessing of Christ's sacrifice was 'pardon freely offered.' The language of the older type of thought clings to Erskine, layman as he was, but he has already penetrated to the artifices which such language is apt to hide. The Gospel is nothing, he sees, if it is not a spiritual and moral good in all who profess to receive it. This was a decided advance, not, indeed, upon the theological belief—for it is impossible to conceive anything of the deliberate nature of belief sinking below such a self-evident proposition—but upon many of the religious commonplaces, of the time. Such ideas as 'pardon' and 'adoption' had been so traded upon and emphasised by themselves that they had passed into the popular, and even into the clerical mind, as abstractions summing up the meaning of the Gospel. Religion was supposed to consist in things denoted by these and similar phrases, with little or no relation to the life and character of many who made use of them. It was an evidence of the reality of Erskine's faith that he saw beyond all this, and while using, in so marked a manner, the abstract and technical language of the religious world of his youth, he at the same time expressed so clearly the living connexion between pardon and character—in other words, between religion and morality. This radical conception he never lost hold of, and it helped to steady him amidst the stress of fanaticisms which for a while seemed likely to carry him away.

Before Mr. Erskine went abroad in 1822 he published his first work on 'The Internal Evidence of Revealed Religion,' in which he pursued in a more extended manner something of the same line of thought as that already spoken of. His great aim was to show the divine origin of Christianity both from the fitting illustration which it furnished of the character of God and its bearing on the character of man; 'to demonstrate,' in his own words, 'that its facts not only present an impressive exhibition of all the moral qualities which can be conceived to reside in the Divine mind, but also contain all those objects which have a natural tendency to excite and suggest in the human mind that combination of moral feelings which has been termed moral perfection.' It is the same great idea of 'character' in relation to religion which is mainly before his view. There seemed to him 'an intelligible and necessary connexion between the doctrinal facts of revelation and the character of God (as deduced from natural religion), as there is an intelligible and necessary connexion between the character of a man and his most characteristic actions;' and again, he says, the belief of the doctrinal facts of revelation has 'an intelligible and necessary tendency to produce the Christian character in the same way that the belief of danger has an intelligible and necessary tendency to produce fear.' Christianity, in short, was to him self-evidencing, both in the light which it shed upon the nature of God, from whom it professed to come, and in the effects which it exerted upon man, for whose benefit it was designed. The Incarnation and Atonement, rightly viewed, prove God to be all that our hearts desire, and contain a power of good fitted to all human necessities. It is a false and unscriptural view of the Atonement which regards God as rigidly exacting punishment while 'not much concerned whether the person who pays it be the real criminal or an innocent being, provided only that it is a full equivalent.' Here, as more fully afterwards, he is working his way towards reality in the sphere of religious thought. All notions or abstractions about God or the ways of God are distasteful to him. It is God Himself as a moral Intelligence and Will whom he seeks to know. And the only religion worth anything is that which changes a man's will from evil to good. This it is which stamps Christianity as divine, that it so necessarily elevates and transforms into moral beauty the character of those who really receive it.

We cannot linger over any of Mr. Erskine's foreign reminiscences. They have little value now, and they contain fewer indications of his personal feeling and individuality of thought than we had looked for. Altogether, it must be confessed that the letters

in the first volume are somewhat disappointing. There is a lack of richness and diversity in them, and hardly any traces of the humour which was a marked, if not obtrusive, feature of his mind in later years. We have only met in the earlier letters with a single touch of the quiet vein of humorous reflection which used often to run through his talk. When in correspondence with Dr. Chalmers in 1827, he contrasts his friend, 'in the midst of the business of the General Assembly,' with himself in Rome, 'quietly looking upon the Seat of the Beast, and wondering at him, the manner of his existence, and at his duration.' He had evidently at the time a solemn interest in the fate of the Beast, for he represents himself as busy with Irving's book upon the Prophecies, which he speaks of as 'a magnificent book full of honest zeal;' yet he is also delighted with the story of a 'Romish priest' who, having fixed the year 1830 'as the termination of the wrath,' and applied to the Pope for permission to publish his speculations, received for answer that he should be allowed to publish in 1831!

Wherever he goes it is his own thoughts as to religion which chiefly occupy him and fill his letters. The true nature of Christianity as a power of spiritual education grows always clearer to his mind. He sees that if true at all there must be good in it for all. It must be a religion of universal love, and not a mere scheme of salvation for a few. There is little said as to the course of his thought in his letters, although they are full of general religious reflections; but he is found, on his return to Scotland from a second sojourn abroad, busy with the publication of a new volume entitled 'The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel,' which appeared early in 1828. This appears to have been the first of his books which excited controversy, as it was the first which impressed some higher minds which were destined to exert a marked influence upon the religious thought of their time. Long afterwards Mr. Maurice spoke in warm terms of his obligations to this book. 'Have we,' he said, 'a gospel for men, for all men? Is it a gospel that God's will is a will to all good, a will to deliver them from all evil? Is it a gospel that He has reconciled the world unto Himself? Is it this absolutely, or this with a multitude of reservations, explanations, contradictions? It is more than twenty years since a book of yours brought home to my mind the conviction that no gospel but this can be of any use to the world, and that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is such a one.' It was about the time he published this volume, and when his mind was excited by the importance of the views it expounded, that he first became acquainted with Mr. M'Leod Campbell, with whom he immediately formed a warm friendship, and became closely united in works of Christian thoughtfulness and zeal. This union opens up the most significant period of Mr. Erskine's religious history, and at the same time serves to bring before us prominently the second of our list of Scottish teachers.

Mr. M'Leod Campbell had been settled at this time about three years in the beautiful parish of Row, on the banks of the Gareloch, in Dumbartonshire. He had begun his pastoral work there with great success and high aspirations. A deep-thoughted man, with an independent and highly practical turn of mind, he was more intent upon doing his duty than upon identifying himself with either of the parties which then divided the Church. In preparing his sermons he used little but his Bible and Concordance, consulting commentaries only 'to ascertain the precise translation of the original.' He had no plans of working out a theology for himself, and still less of drawing attention to his mode of preaching. But the religious condition of his people greatly occupied him, and he considered much how he might awaken amongst them a higher spiritual life. An old man whom he visited soon after he commenced his ministry said to him on parting, 'Give us plain doctrine, Mr. Campbell, for we are a sleepy people;' and the simple and solemn words left an ineffaceable impression upon his mind. Mr. Story, minister of the parish of Roseneath, on the opposite side of the Gareloch, somewhat older in years, was a man of like mind with himself, full of thoughtful anxiety for his people, and with a beautiful saintliness and dignified simplicity of character that had already given him an honoured position in the parish and neighbourhood. They became fast friends, and Mr. Campbell enjoyed all the advantages of his friend's more matured experience. Both were happy in their work, and neither dreamed of exciting the Church or becoming the centre of a religious movement.

But gradually, as Mr. Campbell's religious views deepened, he began to preach in a vein which startled some of his more cautious and less convinced brethren. He began especially to speak of the assurance of faith, and of the universal love of God for all men, in a way which, as he himself says, awoke 'opposition, or rather speculation.' In his letters to Mr. Story, who was away from home at this time in bad health, and also in his own 'Reminiscences and

Reflections,' he recounts, with a quiet simplicity and an unhesitating confidence in his own judgment, the results of his new thoughts. 'I was enabled to declare the truth twice. . . . The Lord put it into their hearts to treat me with much respectful attention, although not giving in. But the truth has been scattered, and may yet take root. . . . I mean to speak as God will enable me from the delightful and appropriate words, "God is love." The present aspect of things is deeply interesting.' This was in December 1827; and shortly after this time Mr. Erskine seems to have heard Mr. Campbell preach for the first time. Returning from the church with a friend, he said, with great emphasis, 'I have heard to-day from that pulpit what I believe to be the true gospel.' Soon Mr. Erskine found his way to the parish of Row, and the two friends, with others, especially Mr. Scott, afterwards Principal of Owens College, Manchester, mutually strengthened one another in their higher views of the love of God and of the strength of faith.

But meanwhile a storm was gradually rising in the Church against Mr. Campbell's preaching. Many of his brethren began to preach in their turn against the 'new doctrine.' To add to the commotion, this was the heyday of Edward Irving's fame as a pulpit orator, when the grandeur of his earlier eloquence was just passing into the wilder tones and apocalyptic reveries of his later years. It was in the summer of 1828 that he gave his long-remembered course of lectures in Edinburgh on the Apocalypse to crowded congregations at six o'clock in the morning. Mr. Campbell sought an interview with him at the time, not, as he himself says, "to consult him as one having "difficulties,"' but with the view of laying before him 'the conclusions at which he had arrived on the subject of the assurance of faith.' It was not unnatural in the circumstances that the older and more cautious heads in the Church of Scotland should have become alarmed at the invasion of novel doctrines, or what seemed to them novel doctrines; and none could have blamed them if they had dealt wisely and thoughtfully with the authors of these doctrines. What really alarmed one half of the Church, known as the 'Moderate' party, was undoubtedly the self-confident pretensions that lay under the movement, and the fanaticism to which it seemed in some cases fast tending. It is impossible for any impartial historian of the events of 1830–35 not to feel that there was some ground for this alarm. The aberrations of Irving, the delusions of Mr. Erskine himself, and the dogmatic assumptions of an exclusive possession of 'the truth' which pervade both Mr. Campbell's speeches and letters on the occasion, and which no doubt equally characterised his preaching, were all of a nature calculated to provoke opposition, and to call for interference from the Church courts. Our own pages, in an elaborate article which opens the number of June 1831, entitled 'Pretended Miracles: Irving, Scott, Erskine,' bears evidence to the wide-spread excitement which had sprung up in the wake of the Row movement, especially connected with the alleged return of what were called 'spiritual gifts,' similar to those which prevailed in the early Church. The chapter on this subject in the first of the books before us cannot be read without some feeling of shame, even at this time of day, that so really wise and good a man as Mr. Erskine should have countenanced and apparently for a time believed in the reality of such pretensions. Mr. Campbell, although in their immediate neighbourhood, seems happily to have kept himself aloof from them, and to have discerned pretty clearly from the first the delusive foundations of the early Irvingite Church. Anything more melancholy than the account of the supposed gift of tongues —the evident ravings of religious hysteria —can hardly be imagined. Mr. Erskine was far too clear-sighted, and had seized on the moral side of Christianity, as we have seen, far too strongly, to remain long under any hallucination as to the real character of the wide-spread pretensions which rose in many quarters as the enthusiasm spread. His letters to Lady Elgin and Miss Rachel Erskine in 1833 show how he gradually and completely emancipated himself from such forms of enthusiasm, and came once more into the clear light of a moral gospel, whose function is not to promote excitement, even of the best kind, but to transform men's characters and change their evil into good. Any doctrine apart from this, he says, 'is a vanity and deception.' 'If we are faithful and patient, we shall have the life of God taught to us and nourished in us. But we are in such a hurry; we think something must be done immediately.' Again: 'My mind has undergone a considerable change since I last interchanged thoughts with you. . . . These gifts are but signs and means of grace; they are not grounds of confidence; they are not necessarily intercourse with God; they *are not holiness, nor love, nor patience;* they are not Jesus. The truth and substance of religion is the spirit of Christ manifested in the heart as the light and life of God. . . . You know that Mr. Scott is entirely sep-

arated from Mr. Irving and his church, believing it, as I understand, to be a delusion partly, and *partly a spiritual work not of God.*' Again, to another lady, Mrs. Macnabb, a sister of Mr. Campbell : ' We have had a great trial about the spiritual gifts. The spirit which has been manifested has *not been a spirit of union but of discord.*' Finally, to another correspondent, the Rev. W. Tait, in 1834 : ' My dear friend, I see that you are much fixed on these things [the pretensions of Irvingism]. I believe them to be delusions. I see in them a return to Judaism.'

Before this time Mr. Campbell had been deposed from the ministry in the Church of Scotland for the teaching of heretical doctrine. That there was an element in Mr. Campbell's teaching calling for the interference and even the authoritative guidance of the Church courts, may be allowed. But no event could have been more unhappy than the actual conduct of the prosecution directed against him, and its violent issue. It is difficult to realise now the atmosphere of indignant alarm which rendered both not only possible, but apparently easy. His two alleged heresies of the assurance of faith and of a universal atonement, if not recognised by the Confession of Faith—which he did not himself contend they were, especially the first—are not yet in any direct manner negatived or condemned by it. It may to this day be fairly urged, as he himself urged at the bar of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, that the doctrines he taught ' were not inconsistent with the standards of the Church.' It is believed, Dr. Hanna, as editor of Mr. Erskine's letters, says, ' that the Church now would neither eject Mr. Campbell nor Mr. Scott ' (whose views, on the subject of the atonement at least, were identical with those of Mr. Campbell). But it is not to be concealed that the mere attitude of being tolerated was not welcome to Mr. Campbell. Merely to urge that his doctrines were not ' inconsistent with the Westminster Confession appeared to him taking up an inadequate ground of defence.' ' I feel,' he says, ' that to take this ground would be failing in duty to *the truth of God ;* and more especially at present, when it is so general a feeling that it is charity to be indulgent to all manner of opinions, and that to *speak dogmatically is necessarily an evil.*' Now and long afterwards there was that in Mr. Campbell, and indeed in Mr. Erskine, which made their profession of faith hard for others to bear. With all their personal humility and insight into the perplexities of the religious life, they were yet essentially dogmatic in their own assertion of the truth. They failed, as everyone connected with the movement did, in any appreciation of the historical growth of Christian thought, and of the manner in which its higher and lower moments fit into one another in the great progress of the Church. They had no perception, consequently, of what both the ' Moderate ' and the ' Evangelical ' parties had to say for themselves—the real amount of truth that lay in their respective systems, equally extravagant as both were in their extreme manifestations. Mr. Erskine is almost uniformly unjust in his letters to the old Moderate clergy, such as Carlyle of Inveresk ; and Scotland is ' torpid ' and dead when it does not respond at once to the higher light which he and his friends represented. Neither he nor Mr. Campbell, in short, had then learned anything of those principles of religious latitude, which their country has been so slow to recognise. Diversity of religious opinion then appeared to them no less than to their opponents an evil instead of a good. Even so late as 1846 Mr. Campbell talks with some alarm of the ' latitudinarianism ' which permitted Calvinists and Arminians subscribing a uniform formulary of confession at the Evangelical Alliance. There may have been difficulties in such a process ; we know nothing of the alleged formulary ; but the underlying conception of all this mode of speaking is that words are capable of doing what they never can do — define insoluble mysteries — and that forms of language of one school of Christian thought may have such an absolute value over those of another school of thought that ' the truth ' is in possession of the one to the exclusion of the other. Such a notion, of course, was universal in Scotland at the time, and must always prevail where theology remains so much of a dogmatic, and so little of an historical, study. Religion, in such a case, becomes confounded with theology, and the enthusiasms and excitements of the one sphere are transferred to the other. Mr. Erskine and Mr. Campbell both lived to understand this matter better, and to recognise thankfully how much Christian reason and even good there might be in opinions very different from those which they themselves professed and taught.

In our rapid sketch we pass onwards to that later period of their life when the third teacher on our list also emerges upon our notice, as the friend of both. The years that followed Mr. Campbell's deposition—those troubled years in Scotland known as the ' ten years conflict,' issuing in what is called the ' Disruption ' of the Scotch Na-

tional Church, make little mark on the lives of either Mr. Erskine or Mr. Campbell. They lived above the turmoil of the time, and part of it was spent by the former in a renewed visit to the Continent. All that he says about it is in a letter from Linlathen in 1844 : ' The present time is a very trying one. I did not feel myself called upon to take any part in this movement [the Disruption], but I always expressed my conviction that it was one more of a political than of a religious character.' In the light of later events these words have something of that semi-prophetic character that distinguishes not a few of his sayings.

But in the last thirty years the atmosphere of local and provincial controversy, which has been such a bane to Scotland, has greatly cleared away ; and during this time both the friends entered with a clear and noble intelligence, disciplined by their former experience, into the higher questions which arose for discussion. In passing to the second volume of Mr. Erskine's letters, and hardly less in passing to the second volume of Mr. Campbell's ' Memorials,' one feels himself breathing ' a diviner air.' The enthusiasms of Port Glasgow and the Gareloch have passed into forgetfulness. Linlathen is the centre no longer of a narrow religious circle, to which Mr. Erskine himself for some time ministered. It is the home as much as ever of a beautiful piety and constant ministry of love, but there is more of rational as well as spiritual light pervading it. Mr. Carlyle is a visitant and correspondent. Homer and Plato are familiar studies. Some of the letters to Mr. Carlyle in this volume are very interesting, and there is at least one very remarkable letter from Mr. Carlyle, for which, however, we cannot find room. We must content ourselves with the following brief extract from the correspondence addressed to the Patriarch of Cheyne Row from Linlathen in 1847 :—

' I really hope that the next visit you pay to Scotland you will come to us, and before that time I trust that this weary Fritz may be off your conscience and thrown on the consciences of other men, as incentive or warning as the truth of the matter may make him. I suppose that he shows us what a strong will and a clear insight without a conscience can do for a man. To me it is a most unpleasing spectacle—a German king confining his kinghood to leading armies and extending frontiers, and setting up *par goût* as a French wit and a ribald freethinker. I would much rather be honest Mrs. Braid [an old nurse of Mr. Carlyle], selling flour and bacon, and lovingly bearing the burden of her bed-rid son.'

During all this time Mr. Erskine continued to hold to the substance of the old faith which he had indicated in his earliest writings ; but he had also risen into a clearer and broader atmosphere of thought. He had seen more of the world, much of it as he had seen before ; he had got more beyond the influence of the narrow circles or coteries so apt to beset zealous religious people, and poison with applausive echoes the air they breathe ; he had wisely abandoned his former attempts at pulpit instruction, and the delivery of religious addresses in public. It was not, as the editor of his letters says, ' that his thoughts were less intently occupied with the great truths of Christianity,' but that he was satisfied that ' it was not in the direction either of controversy or outward activities of any kind that his strength could be best employed.' No doubt, also, it was that he had himself risen into a purer region—not of belief, but of thought. He saw around him better. The world was not so hopeless as it seemed, nor churches so dead, although they were still dead enough. There was Christian good working, and Christian truth taught in many forms, upon which he and some of his old friends, both at home and on the Continent (for there is no narrowness worse than that of the Continental Evangelical), had been apt to look askance. The spirit of liberality grew greatly in him, and was one of the chief charms of his later mood. Not that he ever parted with his old convictions ; these remained as a sure anchor of his soul ; but a higher light was shed upon them. His ideas of the Gospel, of life, of the future, of the love of God, of the sacrifice of Christ, became every year, if possible, more simple, less technical—more real, less dogmatic. He not only cast off the old clothes of an abstract Calvinism, but also the new clothes which some of his own school would have woven for him, and on all sides left his mind open to truth from whatever quarter it might come. And so all the religious literature and controversy of his later years had a lesson for him. Little as he liked the ' Essays and Reviews,' he felt that there was a sifting power in these and similar writings that was good for the trial of his own faith and the faith of the Church. To Dean Stanley he writes in 1864 : ' Your Church seems to be in a sad mess at present, many truly earnest men, afraid that the foundation of all their spiritual hopes is to be swept away by criticism, and forgetting that any revelation, whether inspired or uninspired, must owe its whole value to its being the discovery of truth which remains true independently of that revelation.' Again, in his conversations with Miss Wedg-

wood, preserved in her valuable journal printed in the second volume of the letters, and upon the whole, as it appears to us, the best expression of his later and riper thought :—

'I think we shall learn to value the Bible more as we grow independent of it. I do value parts of the Bible exceedingly, but I do not feel that I depend upon it. When I find a small dispersed people from the first asserting a righteousness in the Divine Being which I do not find in the gods of more enlightened nations, I cannot feel that this is mere accident. This was the teaching of God. But then when I come upon discrepancies in the narratives which are very definite and striking, neither can I ignore them, and I feel that *this* is not inspiration. The records are the vehicle of principles which are true independently of the records, and which criticism cannot touch. . . . I have no difficulty in receiving the fact of miracle. But if anyone has, I do not conceive that he is thereby debarred from entering into the spirit of Christianity. The one is a fact, the other is a principle. The two things can never come into collision with one another.'

His old idea of life being an 'education' rather than a 'probation' became expanded under the influence of this loftier and more rational faith. Divine education became to him in its very nature an endless process which did not terminate with this life, but reached infinitely forward till all evil should be destroyed. God's purpose in Christ is 'to make men good'—repeating the key-note with which he started in his first book. For this purpose He has created us, and is constantly educating us ; and the mere fact 'that not one in a thousand had really received any education here' was enough to show without hesitation 'that the education must necessarily proceed in the next world.'

The words are taken from a letter addressed to Bishop Ewing in 1864. Alexander Ewing, who became Bishop of what is known in the Scotch Episcopal Communion as the 'Diocese of Argyle and the Isles,' is the youngest of the men whom we have ventured to group together as Scottish teachers. Bishop as he was, he must be held inferior in theological power and insight to his older friends. He had less original force than either ; and yet in some respects his spiritual life was exceptionally bracing and healthy. Had he not known both Erskine and Campbell, Alexander Ewing would never have been the teacher he was ; and yet there was a sense in which he improved upon their teaching. He was upon the whole more a man among other men than either of them. He was more free from the impress of the select religious circle, and possessed a wider range of purely human feeling, with bursts of poetry in his heart, that spoke of a more varied, artless, and manlier vein of natural experience.

Ewing first met Erskine in the company of Mr. Carlyle in London in 1855, when 'the hope of final good for all mankind was fast becoming,' as Ewing's biographer says, 'the calm and settled persuasion of the great lay theologian—for such undoubtedly Erskine was.' An intimate friendship soon sprang up between them, which Campbell no less shared. Polloc, the residence of Sir John Maxwell, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, was the chief meeting-place of the three friends ; and Bishop Ewing has left in one of his 'Present Day Papers' a pleasant sketch of the charms of the old residence, and its dignified, thoughtful, and genial host, 'dear Sir John, the soul of honour, charity, and benevolence.' In 1860 the bishop writes to his brother from Polloc :—

'If I could always live as I do here without anxiety, in a large warm house [he suffered from an affection of the chest], I might live for ever. Sir John is certainly the most genial, large-hearted, and best-tempered man in the world, and his conversations and views are so striking and edifying that no one but would be the better for his society. . . . Mr. Campbell, of the Row, is here now, and is of much benefit to all. He is great upon the subject of divine love—love being regarded by him as synonymous with righteousness, holiness, and justice, and law being the expression of it. Erskine has been here also ; so you will understand, if one is not the better for being here and meeting with such men, one must be incurable.'

Some time before this Mr. Campbell had published his book on the 'Nature of the Atonement,' which, with all its faults of style, remains a truly noble monument of his spiritual genius. No modern theological work, upon the whole, has made a more remarkable impression upon many thoughtful minds. It has carried the deeper tone of the school, apart from its peculiarities, into a circle of readers having otherwise no affinity with either Mr. Campbell or Mr. Erskine. And this has been owing not to any obvious attractions in the book itself—for its arrangement and style are alike cumbrous and involved—but to the real weight of spiritual thought contained in it, a certain profundity of insight and grasp of meaning which are felt by all who are at pains to study it and have any interest in the great doctrine which it discusses. This work and Mr. Campbell's later volume, 'Thoughts on Revelation,' which was called forth by the agitation which followed the appearance

of 'Essays and Reviews,' and which is marked by the same deep spiritual qualities, are the chief contributions to theological science made by the school. Temporary as the school itself may prove, both these works have a permanent value. Criticism may reveal the weakness of Mr. Campbell's theory of the Atonement no less than of every other theory. There is no theory on such a subject ever likely to prove adequate. But the elaboration of adequate theories—were such a thing possible—is a small matter in comparison with the deepening and enrichment of the theological mind, with casting some measure of light into hitherto unexplored depths, and showing harmonies in what hitherto have seemed and been presented as contradictions. This is the sort of service which Mr. Campbell's work on the Atonement has rendered, and this is the kind of influence that lives in theology or any other branch of the moral, or, as the French call them, the 'philosophical' sciences. In these sciences the power of systematisation—of abstract definition and co-ordination—has exhausted itself long ago. There is nothing to be gained in this way but empty formulæ, and propositions without life and meaning frequently in proportion to the rigour with which they are set forth in logical deduction. What is really required is the capacity of seeing the true character of spiritual and moral facts, and the intimate links that bind together all higher speculation, whether as to the nature of God or man. And it is this capacity which Mr. Campbell's works, both on the Atonement and Revelation, so fully exhibit, and which has given them, as it will continue to give them, a living influence over the course of theological opinion.

It is needless to say that the author of such works had greatly advanced from the stage on which he stood at the bar of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, when the doctrine of the assurance of faith appeared to him an essential part of the truth, and he challenged a verdict on his own private opinions as absolutely the Gospel and nothing else. Probably Mr. Campbell never receded from his old dogmatic position. To the last the assurance of faith may have been a vital element of his own experience. Certainly his earlier views of the universality of the Divine love as revealed in Christ only grew into a clearer and more confident brightness, if some of the forms in which he had presented this great truth may have fallen away from him. But to whatever extent he may have retained or modified his old convictions—for which he gladly suffered the loss of his parish—he had, in the long interval between his deposition and his becoming known as the author of the 'Nature of the Atonement,' greatly grown not only in depth of religious insight, but in what is far more closely allied to it than he or any of his friends would have allowed in their earlier years—width and rationality of comprehension. He had opened his mind to a higher horizon of knowledge, both natural and spiritual, than that which formerly confined him, as well as his friend Mr. Erskine. There are many indications of this as we advance in the two volumes of his 'Memorials,' which we cannot pause to quote, but which no reader can miss who has an eye to notice the growth of his mind and thought. Formerly he is shocked at the mild and somewhat irrational latitudinarianism of the Evangelical Alliance. In 1856, in reference to 'Essays and Reviews,' he regards it 'as a marvellous distinction of the Church of England that it permits the free utterance within its pale of such conflicting sentiments. I cannot,' he adds, 'but regard it as an advantage as compared with the state of things in the Church of Scotland. I am sure *free discussion within the Church is better than the constant necessity to form a new sect if one has any new thought to utter.*'

Happily all three minds passed into this higher atmosphere of light before they passed away; but perhaps Bishop Ewing, as he had begun with less technical theology than either of his friends, a fact of which he was quite conscious, rose into this atmosphere more easily than others. There was in him by nature a great love of freedom for its own sake, as a spiritual good, as the only channel through which the highest spiritual good can come to any soul. Systems of any kind—new systems as well as old—were hateful to him, and restraints upon the genuine growth of the religious life. 'I do not think there is any vitality in the Athanasian formula,' he says in a letter to Archbishop Tait. 'It is holding up the skeleton of the dead amidst the living. To the great majority of those who attend our churches the technical phrases of the creed are quite as unintelligible as are the special legal expressions in a title-deed or the terms in a physician's prescription. . . . I would keep it as an old and curious heirloom in the charter-chest.' The dogmatism which had surrounded the great truths of the Atonement and of Revelation appeared to him mere 'materialistic substitutions' for the truths themselves. 'Balances and equivalents had made of none effect,' he says, 'the direct revelation of the forgiveness of sins.'

Every year Ewing's mind seemed to rise more above the environments of his own church, and the exclusive principles which have been so unhappily associated with it. 'Let us rise,' he said to his own clergy, 'from systems, whether of Episcopacy or Presbytery — above all material apparatus. Let us rise to higher things ; let us live in that region which makes the face to shine, and where the heart says, "I have seen the Lord ;" where we behold His glory, and the Word become flesh is in the midst of us.' Among his last desires was to testify in the College Chapel at Glasgow to the power of a common faith uniting his own Church and the National Church of Scotland, and it was only the interdict of his colleague, Bishop Wilson, that prevented him doing so.

'I have had my time greatly taken up,' he writes, 'with that business of Bishop Wilson's, and I cannot say how much it has impressed me with the feeling that these apparently innocent things, Apostolic succession and high views (as they are called) of the Christian sacraments are really *anti-Christian* in their operation. When they take shape in actual life, they reveal their meaning to be a doctrine of election which is just so much worse than the common one that it is external and official, and which, moreover, renders the sacraments themselves uncertain in their efficacy by demanding the co-operation of the will of the minister if the reception of them is to be savingly beneficial. How destructive this doctrine must be of all simple and immediate fellowship between man and man, and between man and God, I need not say.'

All his deeper feelings of the nature of Christianity and of the possibilities of Christian union seem to have been outraged by this action of his colleague in the Scottish Episcopal communion. To another colleague, Bishop Wordsworth, he says :—

'I confess that if the spirit of which I complain represents the spirit of our Scotch Episcopal Church, it is a grave question with me, and I am sure it is also with you, whether we should take part in a ministry which has so manifestly departed from the object for which it was instituted. For is not fellowship the end of the Christian ministry, and is it not the work of a true ministry to achieve its end by producing union on the way ? Episcopacy, as you well know, while claiming superiority of degree for the *well*-being of the Church, never did among us claim to be necessary for its being.'

In these and other utterances there is the note of genuine liberality, of a spirit which could see common Christian truth under many divisions, and was prepared to recognise and honour it in whatever church it was found. No one thought less of what is popularly known as Calvinism than Bishop Ewing. He expresses his horror at a reported utterance of the Free Church Moderator, that all the ministers of the Free Church were strict Calvinists. But he was able to see, like Erskine, the divine truth which the Calvinistic formulas were intended to embody ; and he was always ready for any measure of practical co-operation with the Presbyterian churches around him, and especially with the Established Church, with many of whose clergy he carried on a most friendly and frequent correspondence. His liberality was essentially a part of his intensely human and truth-loving nature. Resting in one or two great central truths, the light of his own life, his mind was open on all sides to further light and knowledge ; and the last charge which he delivered on the 'Character and Place of Holy Scripture in Christianity,' in 1872, the year before his death, shows his mind still free as ever and longing for more light. There can hardly be a better statement of the relation of revelation to Scripture than this charge contains. There are those, we are aware, who see weakness rather than strength in this constant progressiveness of mind, especially in a bishop. The Church is supposed to have settled everything long ago, and there seems an element of unsettlement and restlessness in this constant sifting of fundamental questions and opening of the mind to new or higher views. But science can acknowledge no other attitude. It can never shut out light ; and it is the very highest praise we can give to Bishop Ewing, that he was at the end, as throughout, among the 'children of light' and 'of the day,' and not 'of the night nor of darkness.'

The three men whose lives and whose work as teachers we have thus briefly touched will live each only in so far as they loved the light, and sought to help others to a better vision of it. Their own lives became more beautiful, and their own character larger, as they rose above the narrowness of their early education. It has been our business to show in the case of two of them how much more catholic and scientific their spiritual and theological attitude was in their later than their earlier years. All three, not so much in virtue of any special doctrines which they taught as in virtue of their catholicity and the growth of a rational and enlightened spirit in their teaching, have exercised, and are likely to continue to exercise, a healthy influence upon the progress of theological thought in Scotland. We do not underestimate the value of their special theology, but we claim to judge them in the

spirit rather than the letter—to look at them from the outside, under no feeling of discipleship, but simply as forces in the movement of Christian opinion in their own country especially. Still more interesting than anything they taught was the rational method which more or less guided all their later teaching. Whether they knew it or not, they were Christian rationalists, ready to recognise the validity of many different sides of Christian doctrine, and the imperfect and progressive stages through which thought in religion, as in everything else, moves onward to its goal. This is the element in them which we feel confident was really good, and which will survive for good long after what is known as 'Row heresies,' or any other special opinions which they are supposed to have espoused, are forgotten.

And as this higher rationalism was the best element of their teaching, so it was that which Scotland most needed at their hands. If theology in Scotland is not only so far to obey the same law of diversified increase which characterises it in other countries, but to grow into richer and more fruitful forms of development, it can only be by the recognition of the rational principles that underlie its study. Investigation must have free scope here as in every other branch of knowledge. New light must be welcome from whatever quarter it may come. The claims of science must be meted neither by the decisions of Presbyteries nor of assemblies, past or present. Every product of former thought, every creed which the Church has elaborated and set in its history as the monuments of its progress, deserves and should receive respect, but never so as to stifle or resist the living voice of the Christian reason, always seeking a more enlarged and perfect expression in a Science more complete because more faithful to all the facts of spiritual experience.

Art. V.—1. *The Agamemnon.* A Transcript by Robert Browning. London: 1877.

2. *Agamemnon.* A Tragedy taken from Æschylus. London: 1876.

3. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus.* Translated into English verse by E. O. A. Morshead, M.A. London: 1876.

4. *Three Plays of Sophocles.* Translated into English verse by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. London: 1876.

No one, without comparing some portion of Mr. Browning's rendering with the original Greek, can have any idea of the marvellous closeness with which the original has been followed. The translator has not been content with the ordinary Liddell and Scott version, but has endeavoured, often with success, to give even the etymological force of the original words. Careful toil marks every line, and to some few this transcript will be a source of real enjoyment, but these few must possess the rare power of putting life and poetry into such literal translations as are published in Bohn's series. This is said not as a sneer, for we have known men of true poetic temperament who, ignorant of Greek, read the dramatists by preference in Bohn's series, wishing to feel certain that 'where they were gaping for Æschylus they did not get Theognis.' Well, such men as these may read Mr. Browning's 'Agamemnon' with more implicit faith than they could give to many prose literal translations, but they must also possess the qualification, happily not rare nowadays, of being able to understand Mr. Browning's manner of expressing himself. Moreover, it would be well that they should have at their elbow some fairly literal translation such as Mr. Conington's to help them when, after reading a passage two or three times, they quite fail to see what the poet means to say.

To the general British public Mr. Browning's version will be almost as completely a sealed book as the original of Æschylus; a fact much to be deplored, for a version of a great poet by a true poet should have been a boon to the mass of readers, not merely to a select few. In 'Balaustion's Adventure' Mr. Browning gave this boon. The translation of the 'Alcestis' can be read aloud, so as in most places to be followed by the hearer, which cannot be done with the present play.

We do not ask Mr. Browning to write in such perspicuous sort that he who runs may read, but we think it not unreasonable to ask him to write so that a man who has mastered the meaning of any passage may be able when reading aloud to convey that meaning to his hearers, with the aid of due emphasis and inflection. The translator obviously felt that his version was obscure, and therefore himself qualifies his effort as perhaps a fruitless adventure. He argues that Æschylus is hard reading, and therefore that, to resemble Æschylus, the translation must be hard reading also. But surely Æschylus must have been intelligible, the phrases if not the thoughts of the man, to the thirty thousand hearers in the theatre at Athens. Can a dramatist be popular on the stage if unintelligible to the masses? Surely we must think that the obscurity of Æschylus

arises chiefly from our ignorance of the language, of popular well-understood allusions and customs, and from corruptions in the text. Mr. Browning, in his version of passages usually accepted as corrupt, has maintained an obscurity that corresponds with the original in a way which is almost humorous. This he may justify, but it is difficult to excuse him when the obscurity is really due to his own style and not to Æschylus at all. But let his version speak for itself. After the prologue by the Warder, the chorus enters and speaks as follows:—

'The tenth year this, since Priamos' great match,
King Menelaos, Agamemnon King,
—The strenuous yoke-pair of the Atreidai's
honor,
Two-throned, two-sceptred, whereof Zeus was
donor—
Did from this land the aid, the armament dispatch,
The thousand-sailored force of Argives clamouring
"Ares" from out the indignant breast, as fling
Passion forth vultures which, because of grief
Away,—as are their young ones,—with the
thief,
Lofty above their brood-nests wheel in ring,
Now round and round with oar of either wing,
Lament the bedded chicks, lost labour that was
love:
Which hearing, one above
—Whether Apollon, Pan or Zeus—that wail,
Sharp-piercing bird-shriek of the guests who
fare
Housemates with gods in air—
Suchanone sends, against who these assail,
What, late-sent, shall not fail
Of punishing—Erinus.'

The man who tries to read this aloud must first master the fact that 'match' means 'antagonist;' he must also secure an audience able to understand the expression 'clamouring Ares,' and he will then with some difficulty make the first eight lines intelligible. 'This is the tenth year since Menelaus and Agamemnon started with an army shouting a warlike cry.' Then comes the simile of the vultures, which, in both Greek and English, is hard to construe, the passage being possibly corrupt, the English as much so as the Greek; but the passage which begins 'Which hearing, one above,' &c., and ends with 'Erinus,' could not be made intelligible to any hearer, and it owes its obscurity to Mr. Browning. The words of Æschylus may be construed as follows:—'Some one above, whether Apollo, Pan, or Zeus, hearing the sharp-piercing bird-shriek of those who are his guests, sends against the transgressors the sure but tardy Erinus.' The construction is even more straightforward than this English version, because a single Greek word expresses what requires several in English. The involution of this broken sentence is Browning, not Æschylus, and is a defect, not a beauty. The Greek has no double construction answering to the 'which hearing that wail;' the Greek says plainly and simply that some one sends Erinus. The long phrase—'what, late-sent, shall not fail of punishing,' is an obscure way of rendering a single adjective, and is as remote from the Greek construction as Johnsonian magniloquence would be. 'Who these assail' represents a single noun, so that in fine the whole passage sins against the simplicity of the Greek as much as Potter's old version, although in quite a different way. Those who know the Greek will recognise a close adherence to the original, and will readily admit that 'the guests who fare housemates with gods in air' renders the true meaning of τῶνδε μετοικων.

We much wish that Mr. Browning had set a different aim before him, for in truth we do not give the best idea of a foreign author by using in English the very turn of each foreign phrase. On the contrary, this practice is a cheap and common method of raising a laugh. Thackeray began it or practised it with French, making his Frenchmen speak a literal translation of French phrases. The thing was droll, and is now copied in every comic publication, but we should not get a good translation of Racine by following this method. His graceful lines would become grotesque, and the matter would not be much mended if for each noun or adjective we substituted a periphrasis giving the force of the word as indicated by its etymology.

Perfect, or even nearly perfect, translation is of course impossible, but good work has been done from time to time when a poet has felt the beauty of some foreign poem strongly, and has written in his own language another poem giving the beauty which he saw. It almost seems as if Mr. Browning did not very much admire the 'Agamemnon.' Now and then his version suggests the almost incredible suspicion that he wished to show his friends how inferior Æschylus was as a writer to Euripides. Surely he must have had a sense of fun when he made the chorus (of reputed sonority and magniloquence) speak as follows:—

'For there's no bulwark in man's wealth to him
Who, through a surfeit, kicks—into the dim
And disappearing—Right's great altar.'

Could a more ludicrous image be presented to us than that of a man who, in consequence of overeating, kicks a great altar into the dim? Hermann, who is followed by many scholars, connects εἰς ἀφάνειαν with ἔπαλξεις, and so obtains the rational

meaning that wealth affords no bulwark behind which the guilty man can hide.

Our author has given us no setting to the play such as the adventure of Balaustion, a story which enabled him by the comments of the lyric girl to show us what he himself saw in the 'Alcestis.' Mr. Browning acted that play for us, creating, as the French would say, the part of Heracles. And the creation has been very successful. Some may think that Euripides never intended his Heracles to be acted in that fashion, but no one will deny that Mr. Browning's Heracles is a fine conception. Mr. Browning often writes as if he were acting. He generally receives the title of dramatic from the public, but he is not a dramatic author in the old-fashioned sense. The words he puts into the mouths of his characters are not such as actors would like to use, but he is dramatic in the sense that he seems himself to act each part in succession, so that every character appears as if acted by Browning, and he has a large range of characters which he can act well. Of course we all recognise the actor and his mannerisms in every dress, but so it must be with all actors. Now, Mr. Browning has not acted Agamemnon, nor Clytemnestra, nor Cassandra, more's the pity, and therefore we say with some fear and trembling perhaps he did not see how these parts should be acted. If he had ever thought of acting Cassandra himself, he could never have made her say, speaking of Apollo,

'He was athlete to me—huge grace breathing;'

nor would he have liked in the part of Clytemnestra to announce the capture of Troy in these words :—

'I think a noise—no mixture—reigns i' the city.'

'No mixture' is a simple adjective in the original, and Miss Swanwick translates the two words *βοὴν ἄμικτον* by 'ill-blending clamour.'

The following is a sample of Mr. Browning's work where he seems to have been more in sympathy with Æschylus:—

'For Ares, gold-exchanger for the dead,
And balance-holder in the fight o' the spear,
Due-weight from Ilion sends—
What moves the tear on tear—
A charred scrap to the friends:
Filling with well-packed ashes every urn,
For man that was the sole return.
And they groan—praising much, the while,
Now this man as experienced in the strife,
Now that, fallen nobly on a slaughtered pile
Because of—not his own—another's wife.'

The absence of tawdry additions to the original is certainly a great comfort, going far to counterbalance the oddity of some expressions. One cannot help regretting, however, that a natural reaction against smooth commonplace should lately in all branches of art have led to affected harshness. After all, to be quaint is a small merit, while to be queer is, sooner or later, to be damned. We will not quarrel with the new style of spelling. There is really no right or wrong in the matter; the effect of a word as seen or pronounced is a matter of association; to those for whom more and nobler associations gather round Klutaimnestra and Kikero than round Clytemnestra and Cicero, the modern antiques are best. Heracles shall at once displace Hercules, since even now he is the stronger. When we turn to other translators, we see well enough why Mr. Browning was tempted to sacrifice everything to fidelity. Mr. Morshead, the latest adventurer, gives us a flowing version made with care, but, not being a poet, he worries his reader by a frequent use of stock expressions, such as 'rapine fell' and 'presage fair,' often reducing Æschylus to the level of Scott's lays. We think he has been most successful in rendering the difficult scene with Cassandra, and he shows everywhere a keen and just appreciation of the beauty of the original work. Mr. Fitzgerald has more poetical *verve* than Mr. Morshead, and here and there rises to a high level, but he misses out all that does not come home to him, and it is not a little amusing to find the translator or writer of the 'Rubaiyat' omitting all the simple straightforward religion preached by the chorus. A plain man reading the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus would come to the conclusion that the old men of the chorus believed in a supreme God, Zeus, by no means unlike Jehovah, that they regarded moral conduct as pleasing to God and the punishment of crime as inflicted by God soon or late. The reader of Mr. Fitzgerald's chorus would imagine that Æschylus had forestalled the nineteeenth century in mild pessimistic mooning, and that Menelaus was a Scandinavian sentimentalist such as Mr. Morris loves to paint. We shall not on this account quarrel with Mr. Fitzgerald, who frankly warns us in his preface that he has poured away some of the wine of Æschylus and mixed some water with what is left. On the contrary, we are grateful to him for some well-turned phrases, and for the part of Clytemnestra, which is well translated. We do quarrel with him because his work is unequal and slovenly even in respect of grammar.

An amusing comparison of the various translations may be made by the help of two words. There is a refrain in the hymn concerning Iphigenia,

αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικατω,

of which the first three words may be badly translated as 'say alas, alas.'

Potter paraphrases the whole thus:

'Sound high the strain, the according notes prolong,
Till conquest listens to the raptured song.'

The proportion of Potter to Æschylus here is really overwhelming.

Milman:

'Ring out the dolorous hymn, yet triumph still the good.'

We see that the translator felt bound to elevate the style of Æschylus.

Conington:

'Sing Sorrow! sing Sorrow! but triumph the good'—

conscientious, but not poetical.

Swanwick:

'Chant the dirge, uplift the wail, but may the right prevail'—

a fair paraphrase.

Morshead:

'Ah, woe and well-a-day! but be the issue fair.'

A scrap of old ballad is here made to do new duty.

Fitzgerald: Leaves out the refrain.

Browning:

'Ah Linos say—Ah Linos, song of wail,
But may the good prevail.'

The reader who does not know the passage would in this last version be puzzled by what seems to be an invocation to some one called Linos, but a peep at the Greek will show him that 'Ah, Linos' is merely an exclamation, while Liddell and Scott will prove that the received etymology of *αἴλινον* is correctly indicated by Mr. Browning. Who Linos was does not much matter, but the first syllable of the name was short. Once all these facts have been mastered, we may perhaps think that Mr. Browning has made the best transcript; it is certain that anyone knowing the Greek will, after trying other versions, come back to this one with a sense of relief.

By the way, no translator of the above refrain has adopted the rendering taught by the late James Riddell, that the old men wished the note of rejoicing in the song to prevail over the note of woe, not that good generally should prevail over evil. Perhaps the words really have the double meaning, and to get their full force we ought to imagine dispirited trebles piping their wail in a minor key, followed by a burst of sanguine baritones with a grand swell in the major, closing on the triumphant *νικάτω*.

A very slight acquaintance with ancient mythology and ancient customs would be required to enable a spectator to enjoy a great part of the 'Agamemnon' and many other Greek plays if he saw them acted, but unfortunately a drama when simply read, not seen, makes such large demands on the imagination and intelligence of the reader, that great plays even in our own language remain unread and unknown. For this very reason we should have valued highly comments such as those of Balaustion on the demeanour and thoughts of the personages in the 'Agamemnon,' which, however, is hardly a play in the sense in which we use the word now. It is not a realistic representation of a series of incidents. By far the greater part consists either of poems recited by the chorus—who are not, properly speaking, actors at all, and were not on the stage—or of long speeches addressed by a single personage from the stage to the crowd below who formed the chorus. Even when two people happen to be on the stage, dialogue is almost wholly avoided, and it may well be that part of the popularity of the play is owing to this undramatic form which makes it almost a poem, although it is also true that this poem contains dramatic scenes of extraordinary power.

The 'Agamemnon' may be analysed into three parts, each of which is extremely beautiful, even if considered separately from the rest. We have a complete poem recited by the chorus describing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, and ending with her death; another complete poem describing the flight of Helen, and ending with her reception in Troy, seemingly a blessing, really a curse; and lastly we have a drama showing the arrival and murder of Agamemnon. The three parts are all harmonious, conspiring to produce one general effect, but the mere written copy without stage directions often leaves us in doubt as to how these parts were blended together. It is highly probable that by change of attitude, position, and demeanour, the chorus marked in the clearest possible way the separation between those periods during which they were the singers of a sacred hymn, and those in which they represented, with some approach to realism, personages taking part in the action of the drama. When these stage directions are wholly omitted, as in Mr. Browning's transcript, the reader will often be startled by a sudden descent from passages of great lyrical grandeur to others spoken by the same men, but so worded as to indicate plainly that the speakers were commonplace people, incapable of inventing words they had previously delivered. The sacred hymns are appropriate to the old men who sing them, being such as they

would love ; but the old people who prattle about tottering along on three legs could not in their proper characters have used the language describing the sacrifice of Iphigenia or the flight of Helen. It would be a mistake to suppose that the portion headed KOMMATIKA included all those parts which are spoken or sung by the choreutai in character.

The poem of Iphigenia begins with the entrance of the chorus after a prologue has been spoken by the Warder, and ends before the first dramatic interlude. The course of this poem is interrupted by a passage in which the old men describe themselves, and ask Clytemnestra the meaning of the sacrificial fires ; the Queen does not seem to be on the stage, and they wait for no answer, but abruptly resume the story of Iphigenia. When the play is simply read, no reason appears why the poem should be interrupted by a passage which is almost humorous; but if we think of the necessary action accompanying the words we see that the first verses were chanted as the chorus marched in ; that the passage spoken in character was probably delivered with a complete change of demeanour while the crowd was taking up its place round the central altar ; and that when their final solemn station had been reached on or round this thymele, it would be quite appropriate that they should resume the solemn hymn with dignity. It is strange, however, that they should address Clytemnestra and get no response. Another break in the poem is formed by a passage expressing a kind of protest against the conduct of Artemis, to the effect that, if men would simply trust to the supreme god and his divine laws, all would be well. This protest might be so acted on the stage as to be no interruption. A change of melody, even a change of attitude on the part of the chorus, would suffice. The hymn closes by a strophe in which the chorus give their own reflections on the story, which are rather commonplace. A similar return from the past to the present, from the elevated hymn to the customary reflections of respectable people, will be found on examination to precede each dramatic interlude in the play. The name dramatic interlude is given advisedly; for while the plays of Sophocles are dramas with choral interludes, the 'Agamemnon' is a lyrical performance with dramatic interludes.

When the poem was ended and the old men had moralised thereon, Clytemnestra entered, and standing on a raised platform, our modern stage, was addressed by the chorus, grouped below in front, where the pit of a modern theatre is. She answers their questions as a modern orator answers questions from the hustings, tells them Troy is taken, and describes how the signal came from Ida by beacons successively fired; in another speech she draws a picture of the sack of Troy. These speeches serve the dramatic purpose of introducing Clytemnestra to us with great splendour.

The first interlude is now over, Clytemnestra retires, and the chorus, after a few words of farewell, 'prepare to address the gods rightly.' They cease to be mere commonplace elders of the city, and with an invocation to Zeus, begin the second solemn hymn, which describes the flight of Helen. This poem is interrupted by the scene in which a Herald brings confirmation of the news that Troy had fallen. In preparation for this scene the old men at line 440 revert from the past to the present, from the flight of Helen to their own position and feelings, which are described in two strophes.

Mr. Browning has followed the usual arrangement in giving Clytemnestra the speech announcing the Herald's approach, but it would be more consistent with the general scheme if, as Scaliger thought, this speech were allotted to the chorus ; we should then, as usual, have some lines spoken by them after the conclusion of their ode, and telling the spectators the name of the coming actor. This is no work for a queen, and the Herald, when he comes, addresses himself exclusively to the chorus, which he could hardly have done if Clytemnestra had been present. He greets his country and his countrymen, expresses his own joy, tells the great news, and describes the sufferings of the army before Troy. Clytemnestra certainly hears some part of the Herald's speech, for when he ends she speaks, boasting of the accuracy of the news she had long before announced. She then despatches the Herald to Agamemnon with a message, and leaves the stage. There is nothing realistic in the dialogue ; her short appearance seems designed simply to give the Herald breathing space. He proceeds to describe the tempest which separated Menelaus from Agamemnon while they were returning to Greece, and then this interlude ends abruptly. He takes no farewell, nor do the chorus bid him godspeed. Without a line of preparation they return to the story of Helen, taking it up at line 662, exactly where they left off at line 440. The description of Helen's flight and her reception in Troy closes at line 724, with the declaration that this lovely bride was really an avenging fury sent by Jove. The chorus now become mere old men full of ancient saws ; as usual the concluding

strophes are full of moralising, and, when the poem ends, the chorus as usual announce the approach of the personage who is to open the next dramatic scene. Agamemnon arrives, and the main action of the play begins.

We are probably justified in regarding this earlier part of the 'Agamemnon' as an example of the old-fashioned Thespian drama, which never attempted to represent any other incident than such as could be indicated by the coming or going of one actor. Unity of time and place has nothing to do with such a performance as this. Of course, the old men did not stand singing from the time Troy was taken until Agamemnon arrived. Whether Clytemnestra was or was not present when the Herald told his news would not matter. The form of the art was familiar to the spectators, and they knew what they were to take for granted as well as the audience listening to the Italian 'Maggi' know this to-day. The chorus took care to tell them what personage the actor was going to represent as he came upon the stage, and this was quite sufficient. They gave the actor a little rest from time to time by addressing him, and he gave them a long rest as he recited his speeches. When he went off, the chorus reverted to the main business of the day, the lyric song, and might take it up exactly at the place where they left off.

Extraordinary art is shown throughout the 'Agamemnon' in so arranging the incidents that each actor may speak at the full pitch of his voice with truth to nature. The presence of the chorus forming a crowd who might be addressed collectively enabled this to be done, and this use of the chorus had an important influence on the earlier forms of Greek tragedy.

When Agamemnon entered, the performance became much more like our own stage play, but even then Æschylus seems to have avoided dialogue between two actors *on* the stage, feeling, perhaps, that the shouting necessary to make the spectators hear would seem unnatural in a mere conversation. Agamemnon arrived in a chariot, with Cassandra beside him or following him in another car, and was probably accompanied by a retinue of soldiers. He did not dismount at once, but remained standing in his chariot in the orchestra before the stage, as if at the front door of his palace. Clytemnestra and he did not converse. He harangued his people from the chariot, and then she harangued them also; some lines in her speech are addressed to Agamemnon, but in the main her speech, though in honour of the king, was directed to the chorus. She was surrounded by mute attendants, who, at her command, laid down splendid garments for Agamemnon to tread on as he left the chariot to ascend the stage by the central steps. He did not quite like being kept standing so long, and compared the length of Clytemnestra's speech to the length of his own absence. He was averse to exhibit pride by treading on these purple trappings, but was over-persuaded, taking his boots off first, so as not to spoil the robes. No sooner had Agamemnon reached the stage than he was silent, and apparently passed with Clytemnestra into the palace. The chorus, knowing the queen's real character, were awe-struck, not triumphant. Cassandra meanwhile stood motionless in her chariot. Agamemnon's attendants, and the slaves, who laid the trappings down, went off while the chorus were singing their prophetic fears, so as to prepare the audience for what was to come. When the stage and orchestra were ready, the queen returned to tell Cassandra she must enter the palace. Observe that she spoke to her at a distance. Cassandra was mute, and Clytemnestra left her with some show of contempt. The chorus expressed pity for the captive, who probably left the chariot and ascended the stage while she cried on Apollo to tell her to what roof she was come. Here begins a scene worthy of the greatest actress the world ever saw. In a dialogue with the chorus Cassandra gives her own story, the fall of Troy, the legend of Thyestes, and a description of the murder of Agamemnon, instantly about to happen. Sometimes she speaks in her own mind, and sometimes possessed by the prophetic frenzy. We have no more long set speeches suitable simply for declamation, but an unparalleled dramatic scene. The words of the prophetess of truth, cursed in the fated unbelief of all who hear her, would rouse the spectators almost to the frenzy of the seer herself What? Agamemnon is in there. The woman, beautiful, miserable, wise, warns you—screams to you—tells you the whole story, which will even now be irrevocable fact; and you, crowd of old wiseacres, stand, and listen, and admire, and ask questions, and all the while the fatal net is closing round the king, and Clytemnestra, unseen within, grasps the fatal axe. Would that Mr. Browning had given us one phrase that Cassandra might use! If ever inspired poet wrote, Æschylus was inspired when he wrote this scene. The old Thespian mummery was gone, gone for ever. Warm flesh and blood had spoken on the stage—spoken with beauty and with power—and in the whirl of emotion which the audience felt they hailed the birth of a new art.

Mr. Browning lets Cassandra quit the scene using these words:—

'But I will go,—even in the household wailing
My fate and Agamemnon's. Life suffice me!
Ah, strangers!
I cry not "Ah"—as bird at bush—through terror
Idly! To me, the dead, bear witness this much:
When, for me—woman, there shall die a woman,
And, for a man ill-wived, a man shall perish!
This hospitality I ask as dying.

CHOROS.

O sufferer, thee—thy foretold fate I pity.

KASSANDRA.

Yet once for all, to speak a speech, I fain am:
No dirge, mine for myself! The sun I pray to,
Fronting his last light!—to my own avengers—
That from my hateful slayers they exact too
Pay for the dead slave—easy-managed hand's work!'

A poet should have felt what Cassandra felt, and put such words into her mouth as would have enabled an actress to show those feelings and carry her audience with her. This is what Æschylus did. Mr. Browning has preferred to give us a mosaic copy where every beautiful tint in the original is represented by half a dozen coarse broken bits ill patched together. He is faithful to word arrangement and etymology, false to art and feeling. He is clearly right in giving the next four lines to the chorus, who maunder about the frail state of mortals in a style which Cassandra at this supreme moment could never adopt.

Mr. Symonds, whose description of the 'Agamemnon' is very beautiful, mentions as especially dramatic the moment of suspense which follows, filled by this moralising of the old men and ended by the cry of the king as he is murdered. There is no doubt that the audience has been by this time roused into intense excitement, and that the cry adds to the feeling, but the climax can hardly come when the stage is empty. Mere incident will not affect an audience to the utmost; for this the presence of a great actor is required. After the cry the hearers would be in a state of horror and suspense, very well represented by the trembling, undecided crowd of old men. The real climax comes when, doors thrown wide, Clytemnestra advances, defiant, axe in hand, and glories in her deed.

Here again is a situation which might make a Rachel or a Siddons rise from the dead if they could have a stage to act it on:—

πολλῶν πάροιθεν καιρίως εἰρημένων,
τἀναντί' εἰπεῖν οὐκ ἐπαισχυνθήσομαι.

Every word strong, every word capable of receiving a true and forcible intonation. Browning puts it:—

'Much having been before to purpose spoken,
The opposite to say I shall not shamed be.'

From this the reader can gather that Æschylus put into Clytemnestra's lips words by which she defiantly defends herself against the charge of cowardly deceit. She anticipates accusation, and answers not the charge of murder, but the charge of lying. What the reader cannot gather is the forcible and splendid burst of language in which this is expressed. In English the suspended sense of the first clause is a fault which in a schoolboy's exercise would be corrected by his master. 'Having been spoken,' with its weak little words all scattered, is no representative of the Greek *εἰρημένων*. 'To purpose' is obscure and affected where *καιρίως* is clear. 'I shall not shamed be' is neither English nor Greek. The Greek future is a single word corresponding in no way to the awkward inversion and unusual use of 'shamed.' No actress could produce her effect with such a speech, and yet Mr. Browning is called a dramatic poet. Assuredly he could have done much better had he not deliberately chosen to do the wrong thing.

Clytemnestra and the chorus wrangle. Ægisthus comes on and bullies, and finally the play subsides without solution. The old men are cowed, and Clytemnestra in a grand way forgives them. The play is a prologue to the great act of the Oresteia related in the 'Choephoroi.'

In the scenes with Cassandra before the murder, and with Clytemnestra afterwards, the poet was swept away by his dramatic feelings, and in writing these scenes he invented the real Greek drama, not by plan aforethought, but by the inspiration of his subject. In form he adheres to an address from one actor to the chorus, but the spirit is changed. The arrival of Agamemnon, the prophecy of Cassandra, the murder of the king, and the boast of Clytemnestra form a real dramatic representation of a fact happening then and there. The chorus changed its character, and the words assigned to it might have been spoken by a few persons on the stage. They became actors, whereas before they had been alternately singers of a sacred hymn and listeners to set speeches.

The proposition that Æschylus invented a new art while writing the 'Agamemnon' is not a mere figure of speech. The 'Choephoroi' which follows is a complete drama from beginning to end. The chorus takes part in the action throughout, and, when

the stage was empty, recited only such short poems as might serve to divide acts. In its arrangement the 'Choephoroi' might have been planned by Sophocles. As usual when we pass from one artistic form to that next evolved, something was gained, something lost. As a dramatic entertainment far more was gained than lost; and if even now the 'Agamemnon' and 'Choephoroi' were successively *acted*, the spectators would, we venture to say, prefer the later play. The long hymns of the 'Agamemnon,' so beautiful to read, would be a trifle dull recited by bands of performers. The declamation of the single actor about the taking of Troy or the shipwreck of Menelaus, magnificent poetry as it is, would be somewhat like a reading of Milton: we should admire, but remain cold. The play would not begin until Agamemnon arrived, and it would be over by the time Clytemnestra had finished her great speech after Agamemnon's death. In the 'Choephoroi,' on the contrary, the interest is dramatic from first to last. The return of Orestes, the present woe of Electra, the recognition of the brother and sister, the invocation of Agamemnon, whose hidden shade listens to son and daughter, the meeting of Clytemnestra and her son, the death of Ægisthus, the pleading for life or death between mother and son, with the final frenzy of Orestes, form one unbroken chain of dramatic scenes of the most perfect kind, ending in a climax far finer than that of the 'Agamemnon.' Yet the translations of the 'Agamemnon' outnumber those of the 'Choephoroi' perhaps by ten to one, precisely because the 'Agamemnon' is as much a poem as a drama, while the 'Choephoroi' is above all things a play.

One of Sophocles' great plays, 'The Trachinian Virgins,' has met with injustice owing to the same cause. F. W. Schlegel treats this tragedy, recounting the death of Deianira and Heracles, with positive contempt, and the general impression seems to be that as a work of art it is inferior to the other plays of Sophocles. A translation by Professor Lewis Campbell is obviously intended to enable the English reader to compare the three great heroines of Sophocles, and it may be said that no previous translator has shown so keen a sympathy with the womanly qualities of Antigone, Electra, and Deianira. It may be granted that many readers will find the story of Deianira and Heracles somewhat dull, whereas the histories of Antigone and Electra cannot fail to move all who are not insensible. If, however, the three tragedies were put upon the stage, the verdict as to their relative merits might not improbably be reversed; it would certainly be much modified. The noble figure of Antigone would, as was proved by Helen Faucit, command our deepest reverence and admiration; the devotion of Electra to her father, and, above all, her love for Orestes, would perhaps touch the spectator even more than the heroism of Antigone; but seen on the stage the gentle and noble Deianira, wrecked by her very love and simplicity, would sway our hearts with sweeter and surer touch than either the stern devotee or the vengeful daughter plotting her mother's murder. Antigone is almost above the earth, and the object for which she sacrifices her life and her love is one which to us nowadays savours of superstition. Electra, if she loved her father and brother dearly, yet hated her mother with a rancour which seen on the stage would repel—not only would her entrance, squalid and full of hate as of grief, be unprepossessing, but her final appearance would be most horrible as she listened to the murder of her mother, and urged the striking of another blow. Yet almost every educated English man or woman has some acquaintance with Antigone and Electra, while very few know anything of Deianira or the death of Heracles as Sophocles conceived it. For this very reason the attempt shall be made to give, with Mr. Campbell's help, such comment on this play as may in some feeble way supply the elements which actual representation affords.

The story of Iphitus is the background from which the action of the play stands out. Heracles, upon a trifling quarrel, killed both Iphitus and his father Eurytus, king of Œchalia, sacked the unoffending town, and sent the dead chief's daughter, Iole, home to supplant his own true wife. What wonder if the ancient oracles, promising him rest at this very hour, mean not happy rest, but swift death? Deianira, in mere simplicity of guileless love, sends him a poisoned robe, and, learning the result of her action, takes her own life before the hero is brought in agony by his son Hyllus to their home in Trachis. Heracles and Deianira do not meet. Dialogue between them would have distracted our mind from greater tragic issues. If they met after the poison began to work, we should for awhile be chiefly interested in watching whether the woman would or would not be able to exculpate herself, whether the man would or would not believe her. This situation belongs to melodrama, being pathetic, not tragic. Whether this woman does or does not win credence is a mere accident, and after all does not much concern the world at

large. Pain, failure, hate where love should be, our crimes, our follies, and their bitter fruits, the irony of the gods—these are the tragic points which pierce men's souls for ever, and from these Sophocles allows no distraction. Our author here, as in the 'Philoctetes,' accepts physical pain as thoroughly tragic, and, we think, rightly. Surely those who call pain a small thing can never have felt it, and it lies with the actor to prevent the ugliness of all suffering from alienating our sympathy. When we meet with the written Greek cries arranged so as not to break the metre, we must remember that in Greek every sob is indicated. In our freer form of art the actor puts in exclamations where he feels they are required. If all Mr. Irving's cries were found in Shakespeare's text, unthinking readers might call Hamlet chicken-hearted. Heracles would have met simple death with defiance; but in the fangs of pain, in the grip of disease, even the mightiest are crushed. Pain then we have, not continuous, for this would exclude all other emotions, but, with truth to nature, in mighty spasms, with intervals of rest.

When the tragedy of Deianira—to which we will presently return—has wrought the audience to such a point that they are prepared for any scene, however terrible, Heracles is brought upon the stage in fevered sleep. Hyllus, who now knows that his mother had wrought innocently, stands near his father, and by heedless speech wake him to conscious pain.

Heracles' first impulse is to complain of the ingratitude and injustice of the gods. For a moment the hope that even yet Zeus may send a healer deludes him, only to cause a bitterer agony. The attendants would fain help him, as in the eagerness of prayer and hope he strives to raise himself; but their touch brings on a paroxysm. Then comes the thought of failure, of how much he had done for men; and this was the end of all:—

'Where are ye, men, whom over Hellas wide]
This arm hath freed, and o'er the ocean tide,
And through rough brakes, from every monstrous thing?
But now in my misfortune none will bring
A sword to aid, a fire to quell this fire.'

The attendants flinch in terror, and the son takes their place, when, in an agony of still more terrible pain, the hero calls upon his son to kill him, and then thinks upon the cause of all—the mother. Observe with what perfect nature Deianira is brought to his mind. Looking on the son he thinks of the mother, and to think and to curse are one. The boy is taken too much unawares to be ready with exculpation, and Heracles continues wildly:—

'Many hot toils and hard beyond report
With hands and struggling shoulders have I borne,
But no such labour has the Thunderer's wife
Or sour Eurystheus ever given, as this,
Which Œneus' daughter of the treacherous eye
Hath fastened on my back, this amply woven
Net of the Furies that is breaking me.'

He describes his agony in words too terrible to be quoted on cold paper:—

'Yet me nor Lapiths, nor Earth's giant brood,
Nor Centaur's monstrous violence could subdue,
Nor Hellas, nor the stranger, nor all lands
Where I have gone, cleansing the world from harms;
But a soft woman, without manhood's strain,
Alone and weaponless hath conquered me.'

And so it still is. Our mighty ones fall before a little grain, a poison-germ. Our hearts are broken when our wives betray us. All this is true now in England as then in Attica. But no more curses; bring out the woman, says the hero, and I will slay her righteously. The son shrinks at the mention of his mother, dead even now, but Heracles supposes that he shrinks through simple pity, and claims that pity for himself, not her. Then suddenly he shudders at the thought that he, Heracles, has asked for pity; but he will justify even this. He bares his breast.

'O see!
Ye people, gaze on this poor quivering flesh,
Look with compassion on my misery.'

Another spasm follows, when, looking on his bare body, he thus addresses it:—

'O breast and back,
O hands and arms of mine, ye are the same
That crushed the dweller of the Neméan wild.'

And then a little comforted, even in death, to think of all that he has done, his mind runs over those great triumphs.

'But now
Jointless and riven to tatters, I am wrecked
Thus utterly by imperceptible woe;'

one thing only is left. Bring Deianira hither. Then Hyllus tells her fatal error and her death. The hero's mind is dull with pain and sickness, but at last he understands. No word of pity comes from him for Deianira. It is easy to explain this by saying that hero and author were mere pagans, but if Sophocles had thought the sentiment artistically right we should have found it here. The revulsion of feeling in favour of Deianira would give rise to a sort of *attendrissement* wholly out of keeping with the situation. To make this softening effective, much love must have been shown by Heracles to Deianira previously, whereas the hero fell by his ungoverned passions, and

we have no hint that he was romantically attached to his wife. Hyllus, in giving his explanation, names Nessus as author of the charm; then a great awe falls on Heracles, he remembers the oracle and accepts his fate. Now we see the hero once more noble and strong, resolved to face death with dignity. On the summit of Mount Œta, on a funeral pyre, he will depart, while the flames which take his life quench the worse agony of the poison. Hyllus is made to promise that this shall be so, and the pangs abate; the moment pain no longer heightens the situation the artist lets the fire die out. And here follows an incident which a little relieves our hearts. The dying hero cannot forget the maiden Iole, the love for whom has been his ruin; she at least shall be well cared for, and shall raise him seed. He commands Hyllus to marry her. The poor boy says:—

'How can I do it, when my mother's death
And thy sad state sprang solely from this girl?'

Mark the art with which Sophocles lets the audience see what really killed Heracles. Not Nessus, not Deianira, not Zeus, but Iole! Hyllus saw it quite well; but his great father will be obeyed. Heracles' last hope is that he may reach the funeral pyre undaunted—

'Seeming to do gladly still.'

Hyllus, as Heracles is borne off, rebels against heaven, as any son would do in like case. As a representation of the extremity of a hero's suffering, this scene stands pre-eminent among all tragedies. Let Salvini act the hero, and its power would instantly be recognised; not only the power of the actor, but the fact that it gave him greater scope than any other part. There is no such sequence of long-drawn agony, which is yet the agony of a demigod, in the 'Agamemnon,' 'Choephoroi,' or 'Eumenides.' There is nothing to compare with it in the 'Antigone' or 'Electra.' Even the suffering of the blind Œdipus falls short of it. He lived years after the climax of his tragedy had come and gone. In the 'Prometheus Bound' the hero is too much of a god. His sufferings are too unlike our own to touch us much. The misery of Philoctetes is less; his pain was not fatal, and his grief was chiefly due to his abandonment by the army. The grief of Ajax is great, and with good cause; madness is a heavy curse, yet his suffering under a sense of disgrace is a small thing compared with this prostration of the mighty Heracles. Some may think the situation in 'Œdipus King' equally tragic, but many of the incidents which fill the mind of the son of Laius with horror leave our minds untouched, whereas we feel every suffering of Heracles to be pain *now*. Modern tragedies are purposely omitted from comparison, not because they are too strong.

It is clear that before Heracles can be brought on the stage, dying, the audience must be strongly moved. The play could not begin with this scene. Sophocles does not as a preparation show us Heracles putting on the poisoned vest; this would look like a juggling trick. Heracles' actions immediately before meeting his fate are not such as to awaken sympathy or any tragic emotion, so that our author is well advised in not presenting his hero until he is an object of compassion. Deianira's death is made to serve as a fit prelude, and, with the scenes leading to it, constitutes a great tragedy, ending where the other begins. As Heracles' tragedy is that of the great men of the world, a typical tragedy, so Deianira's fate shows one of the typical tragedies of women—one which, when seen, will move all women till humanity ends.

The hero's wife is a true woman and true wife, commanding all our sympathy from first to last. She perishes through her simplicity and love; yet her simplicity is queenly, and her love nobly placed. Some might say she fell through jealousy; but this feeling as shown by Sophocles is so refined, so free from all anger, so just, that her jealousy is almost sweeter than the love of other women. Heracles sends Iole, a young and beautiful captive, to his home, proposing to make her a second and more loved wife, displacing Deianira, the mother of his children. It would not be noble in any woman to submit to this. No special misfortunes these of Deianira. The great man's work gives him no leisure for home life. The woman in middle age finds herself supplanted. Yet such is the charm of sweet heroic simplicity in Deianira, that she actually wins our sympathy for Heracles, since we derive our first impression of this demigod from the woman he had loved, and who loved him ever.

The play begins when Deianira is alone at Trachis musing over her past life. Musing in the porch, white-robed, fair-armed, she tells us how her hero freed her long years ago from peril worse than death, and won her as his bride, how she has lived much alone, and ever anxious, and how even now she has most cause of all for fear; and the very prophecy which lends a bitter irony to Heracles' fate strikes the key-note of Deianira's present dread; otherwise unreasonable, he her lord being so mighty. In this way we learn quite simply the spot where the tragedy takes place, the names of the prin-

cipal persons of the drama, the absence of Heracles, his wife's character, and the impending doom. A short scene follows, in which Deianira, at the suggestion of an aged matron, sends Hyllus, her son, to seek for Heracles. There is here a touch of the skilful playwright. Hyllus and the nurse are required later, reappearing at the very crisis of Deianira's fate. If they had not been previously introduced, the audience would have spent some time in wondering who these were, and thus their attention would have been distracted. Sophocles, however, makes skilful use of this little piece of scaffolding to confirm our opinion of Deianira's character by showing the mutual love of son and mother and her gentleness to the old nurse. When Hyllus leaves, the chorus enters, a band of pleasant girls, very sorry for their noble guest, and anxious to comfort her. How? First by pointing out that Heracles has never come to any harm yet, then by observing that things cannot always remain at the worst, and lastly by that exhortation to trust in Providence so natural to the young girl. The queen listens very kindly, and thinks of quite other things as they speak—thinks how young thy are:—

'I see you have been told of my distress,
And that hath brought you. But my inward woe
Be it ever as unknown to you as now!
So free the garden of unruffled ease
Where the young life grows safely; no fierce heat,
No rain, no wind, disturbs it; but unharmed
It rises amid airs of peaceful joy,
Till maiden turns to matron, and a day
Brings years of care for husband and for child.
Then, imaged through her own calamity,
Some one may guess the burden of my life.'*

Then she tells her feelings, hopes, and fears, so that by the end of her speech the audience knows the whole situation, and knows, too, that Deianira can still call Heracles

'The best husband in the world of men.'

How much better is this straightforward method than the plan of introducing an underplot with secondary characters, whose chief business is to tell us where the action takes place, and what the main characters are. The audience always sees through the shallow artifice. Sophocles' method, too, has the great advantage of putting the explanation—*exposition* the French call it—into the best actor's mouth.

To the gentle Deianira telling her fears arrives a breathless messenger, garlanded, and laden with good news. Heracles is living and returning. Another moment and Heracles' own herald will be here. When Deianira comes to believe this true, with glorious sweep of outstretched arms and smooth strength of voice, she turns to heaven:—

'O Zeus that rulest Œta's virgin wold,
At last, though late, thou hast vouchsafed us joy.'

And so she calls on her friends and her whole household to rejoice, and a sweet rapture seizes the maidens, who break into innocent song and dance of womanly triumph, while as they sing enters the herald Lichas with the captives of Heracles' spear. What more pathetic can be seen than the swift turn of the eager wife, joy in every feature, on every limb, with just that trembling eagerness for certainty which yet shows no doubt? Noble and queenly, she omits no greeting:—

'Herald, I bid thee hail, although so late
Appearing, if thou bringest health with thee.'

And then, gathering courage from Lichas' confident bearing and cheerful salutation, with eyes in which the new-born joy is beaming, she asks:—

'Kind friend, first tell me what I first would know,
Shall I receive my Heracles alive?'

The herald had not the courage all at once to destroy this beautiful happiness. He was a Greek to whom a lie was a small thing, and so he lied with good intent, not telling that which was false, but suppressing the main truth; and thus the measure of Deianira's cup is full—full of joy to overflowing. Terrible irony this. The audience know that she is doomed, and yet listen to her sweet rejoicing:—

'Yea, now I learn this triumph of my lord,
Joy reigns without a rival in my breast.'

But the mild womanliness of her checks all pride. The very excess of joy humbles her great nature.

'Yet wise consideration even of good
Is flecked with fear of what reverse may come;
And I, dear friends, when I behold these maids,
Am visited with sadness deep and strange.
Poor helpless beings, in a foreign land
Wandering forlorn in homeless orphanhood;
Once sure of gentle parentage and free,
Now snared in strong captivity for life.
O Zeus of battles, breaker of the war,
Ne'er may I see thee turn against my seed
So cruelly; or if thou meanest so,
Let me be spared that sorrow by my death.'

How can we but love this gentle wife, too noble to rejoice loudly in the presence of others' grief? Surely this picture of the perfect matron should take place in the

* These lines will not be found in Mr. Campbell's published translation.

heart of mankind beside the portrait of the perfect girl Nausicaa.

Sophocles does not allow Iole to speak. Had she spoken, we must have been led into the sorrows of a new group of people in whom we have no interest. So Deianira, with kind words ushers the silent captive across the threshold, and as she follows pauses at a word from that same garlanded messenger, his garland tossed aside now. Cunningly, being a poor creature, he had brought the good news, leaving Lichas to tell the evil truth; but now that he has seen the sweet queen deceived by another, even his heart goes out to her in pity, and he blurts out all the facts. Iole is no slave, nor unregarded, but sent by Heracles to reign at home, for all his heart is kindled with desire. The full measure of her misery cannot break on Deianira in an instant. Stunned, she sinks into her chair, bewildered, turns even to the band of inexperienced girls for counsel. What counsel can there be but to question Lichas, who returns, hastening to quit the palace before the inevitable blow falls? Unable to rise, she sits and questions, and he who reads the words must try to hear the hardened voice as it comes from the tightened throat—must try to see the rhythmic spasms of pain that shake the body as Deianira sits striving to be as she had been, but will never be again. Lichas can but lie and lie again, till the old messenger fiercely taxes him with treachery to his queen. The two men wrangle, and she listens, and as she listens, learns that there is hardly room for doubt; yet, knowing that Lichas lies, she still hopes against hope, rises, comes to the unhappy man, and questions him herself, no longer striving to conceal her misery, but with terrible appeal begging for the truth, even though the truth be a very sword that slays. Solemnly, almost calmly, she first adjures the man in the name of the highest god to speak the truth. She is no weak woman, but one who knows the ways of man; she too knows love. She will not blame her lord—no, nor the woman. Only not a lie—a lie can be no kindness; and as the herald all unmanned trembles in his grief and doubt, she towers for a moment fierce in indignation and contempt :—

> 'To one free born
> The name of liar is a hateful lot,
> And thou canst not be hid.'

But quickly catching herself she bids him not to fear, for—Ah, me! the truth, she says, will not hurt her.

> 'For doubtfulness is pain,
> But to know all what hurts it?'

She almost believes this as she says it. But the man is silent still. Then she thinks he fears for Iole, and says with voice of utter nobleness :—

> 'Many a love
> Hath fettered him ere now, and none hath borne
> Reproach or evil word from me. She shall not,
> Though he be drowned in affection's spell;
> Since most mine eye hath pitied her, because
> Her beauty was the ruin of her life.'

The man falters, and she concludes :—

> 'Well, this must pass, as Heaven hath willed, but thou,
> If false to others, still be true to me.'

All her argument issues at last in the direct illogical appeal of nature. She throws herself upon his mercy, and he yields, telling her all the fatal truth, and giving the counsel, little needed, of submission; and Iole must take no harm :—

> 'For he whose might is in all else supreme,
> Is solely overmastered by her love.'

Deianira bends; she will enter on no bootless strife with Heaven. But the gentle voice sounds bitterly now, as, turning to the herald, she says :—

> 'Come go we in, that thou may'st bear from me
> Such message as is meet; and also carry
> Gifts, such as are befitting to return
> For gifts new given. Thou ought'st not to depart
> Unladen, having brought so much with thee.'

Here an act ends, for, with the exception of the first ode, the singing of the chorus in this play fills the interval between separate acts. The art with which the antecedents of the story are told is altogether admirable. In the course of the play we learn Deianira's present situation, her wooing, the nature of her married life, the recent acts of Heracles, the quarrel with Iphitus, his slaying, the slavery of Heracles under Omphale and the terrible revenge he took on Œchalia, and finally the story of Heracles' love for Iole, the love which is the cause of all his woe. Yet these facts are so cunningly interwoven that we learn them unconsciously, and seem merely to have been watching the development of the action which, now and here, brings Deianira to this misery. We may analyse and admire this art. What passes analysis is the gentleness and nobility of Deianira's character, the truth and pathos in her appeal to Lichas. We see the art with which the situation is chosen, but the art with which the situation is used is too like nature to be fathomed.

The chorus take up their song. What strikes these maidens is the terrible wonderful power of love. They recur to the day when young Heracles saved the maiden Deianira from her monster suitor, the river

god and bull Achelous—saved her and bore her off far from her mother's care. Now this which we have just seen is her lot. Terrible subject of contemplation truly for these maidens, the power of Aphrodite!

By Deianira's sad mention of gifts, the spectator has been prepared a little for what is next to happen. Perhaps the thought of what she would do had already occurred to her.

See! no longer with mere misery in her face, but with trembling, eager, excited step, she comes, and in her hand a casket. Her friends are there, and she is come in part to tell the craft her hand had mastered, and in part to crave their sympathy. The fatal casket is set down, while Deianira tells her thoughts. Probably Iole, even when welcomed, was no maiden any more, but married. It was ungenerous in her lord, and yet, often as he has sinned, she knows not how to harbour indignation against *him*.

'But who that is a woman could endure
To dwell with *her*, both married to one man?
One bloom is still advancing, one doth fade;
The budding flower is plucked; the full-blown head
Is left to wither, while love passeth by
On the other side.'

With tight throat, swimming eyes, and sadly shaken head, the fatal truth is spoken—no remedy in her own youth and beauty any longer, but possibly in this. When she went forth with Heracles a new-made bride, the centaur Nessus had laid wanton touch on her, and as she speaks the spirit of the scene comes back. Once more with glorious reminiscence of the power in that bow and archer, she, for the last time, triumphs in the thought of her hero:—

'And I cried out; and he,
Zeus' son, turned suddenly, and from his bow
Sent a winged shaft that whizzed into his chest
To the lungs.'

Then Nessus, dying, told her that his blood was a charm, a charm of soul for Heracles—that never through the eye he should receive another love than hers. And she, guileless woman, too fondly had treasured up this fatal gift, had learned by heart most carefully each treacherous word of the dying monster, and now she has applied the charm; the robe is ready. Some doubt appears in her friends' faces, and the pride of Deianira's virtue is infinitely touching, when, with some slight trace of haughtiness, she says:—

'No criminal attempts
Could e'er be mine. Far be they from my thought,
As I abhor the woman who conceives them.
But if by any means through gentle spells . . .

(here all her face lightens, and the casket is in her hand again, advanced almost with joy)

And bonds on Heracles' affection, we
May triumph o'er this maiden in his heart,
My scheme is perfected.'

Alas! the eagerness, the faith of the queenly woman are all to bring such utter woe. The girls are not swept away by the torrent of hope; for an instant their faces check her.

'Unless you deem
My action wild. If so, I will desist.'

The girls timidly say they think she has no proof that the charm will succeed. The check makes even this gracious queen a little angry. True woman, she says—

'My confidence is grounded on belief.'

Again the maidens speak their doubt, but when Lichas enters her one idea is to put the charm to proof instantly, and he receives the casket with her instructions, anxious, poor man, in all his best to undo the sad work done. Take her last speech to him, and think of the mingled woe and hope that blend in it.

'What more is there to tell? But rash I fear
Were thy report of longing on my part,
Till we can learn if we are longed for there.'

Another act is over, and another lyrical interlude gives the audience time to breathe before the end. For end it is of the woman's tragedy. The young things sing of Heracles' triumph, ending with a doubtful hymn of hope. Then Deianira returns.

Oh what a change! No more beauty now—no more youth—no more hope. Fever-stricken, death-marked, yet queenly, graceful, noble still, even as she totters, seeing but dimly. A little flock of wool, with which the fatal robe had been moistened, when the sun fell upon it, shrivelled away out of sight before Deianira's eyes, and a clot of blood came where it lay. She has seen this, and now comes partly to tell and partly to clear her swimming thoughts. Conviction is really burnt in upon her; you see with the first glance that the woman's life is at an end. Yet in this last agony she writhes against conviction, though every thought, every fact, turns upon her and convicts her.

'For wherefore should the Centaur, for what end,
Show kindness to the cause for whom he died?
This cannot be. But, seeking to destroy
His slayer, he cajoled me. This I learn
Too late by sad experience, for no good.
And if I err not now, my hapless fate
Is all alone to be his murderess.'

Some of our readers may have heard Rachel tell the dream in the fourth act of

Ponsard's 'Lucrèce.' These may know how Deianira looks when telling of this simple bit of wool plucked from the household flock.

The iron proofs brand Deianira as a murderess, and she has but one word. Her life must 'follow at a bound.' Hearing this, the awed women mutter something of hope, but the dying queen scorns all hope now. Then they urge that she has acted all unwittingly. If any think that they will comfort themselves with good intentions when the fruits of folly come to harvest, let them hear how Deianira's voice sounds as she says :—

> 'So speaks not he who hath a share of sin,
> But who is clear of all offence at home.'

We touch the goal; for the full tragedy nothing remains but to let her know the fatal issue of her credulity. Her son brings the tidings—her son, who saw his father in agony, and who believes his mother to be a murderess. She has to listen to all the terrible details: to hear how great the hero looked, during his mighty festival of triumph, when Lichas came to him; to hear of poison feasting on the bones of Heracles; to hear that her lord knows her guilt and thinks her wholly guilty; to hear that the murder of the innocent Lichas, killed in her hero's fury, lies at her door; to hear that her husband cursed her, that he is coming, and will be here anon; and last to hear a solemn curse from her son's own lips. What can she answer? Nothing. How much more terrible than any speech is her silence as she slowly passes through the door! The poor shaken, terror-stricken women make one feeble call to her—'justify yourself—plead,' they say; and she turns round and looks—what a look!—and sees her son, and then—silence all, she sinks into the night.

The wretched youth begins to feel what he has done, but repents not yet. Why should he repent? 'Her acts are all unmotherly.' And so he goes, leaving the maidens to fall back on Fate and Doom for some little comfort. So it was to be, and so it is, the feeble things say. The oracles promised rest, but it is the rest of the grave. And now a cry is heard within—not the cry of Deianira, but the wailing of her maids—and on the trembling girls bursts out the aged nurse to tell them that the queen is even now departed. Tender to the last, 'taking in her touch each household thing she formerly had used, she wept o'er all;' then, having prayed and taken leave, she cast upon her bridal bed the finest sheets, undid her robe where the brooch lay before her heart, and pierced her side. To this household comes the dying Heracles.

Mark with what skill our interest is conciliated for him before he comes. His misdeeds lie in the background, although the very cause of the tragedy. We hear of him as a young man winning Deianira, as her protector against the centaur and for many years her kind husband. The chorus sings of him as the mighty conqueror. In their youthful minds his exploits are all glorious. Even if in this matter of Œchalia and Iole he be to blame, the power of that unmatched deity, Cypris, excuses him both to the herald and to the bevy of girls. Now, when he comes he is in agony, and we feel that he is more sinned against than sinning. It is left to Heracles himself to make the claim that his labours had the conscious end of freeing Hellas from every monstrous thing, that living he 'gave punishment to wrong,' that he had 'cleansed the world from harms.'

Assuredly this is one of the greatest tragedies of the world. If this be not universally acknowledged, the cause lies in the fact that it is more a play and less a poem than such works as the 'Agamemnon' or the 'Œdipus at Colonus.' In reading a play we are all apt to miss the proper point of view. If we read the speech of Hyllus as intended to exhibit his suffering in consequence of his father's death, we shall perhaps think it frigid. If, as we read it, we think of Deianira listening, we shall see that no more terrible torture could be inflicted than this slow speech, missing no detail of fact. Sophocles cares little what we think of Hyllus, but through Hyllus' speech he wrings our soul for Deianira, the most loveable woman of Greece.

One object of this article has been to draw attention to the extraordinary merits of some Greek plays as dramas fit for representation on the stage, and to insist that while read they should be conceived as actions occurring before us. Surely the object of a translator should be the same as that of his author. Æschylus and Sophocles meant, above all, to write good plays fit to be heard and understood by multitudes. Style and philosophy, religious teaching and lyric art were all means to this one end. Their object was to depict by these means heroic men and women, so as to move a large audience. We think that no English translator of Æschylus has as yet given a version fit for this purpose, also that the task is a worthy one and not impossible.

ART. VI.—1. *Age du Bronze. Recherches sur l' Origine de la Métallurgie en France.* Par ERNEST CHANTRE. 3 vols. 4to, and 1 vol. folio. Paris : 1877.

2. *Intorno agli Scavi Archeologici fatti dal Sig. A. Arnoaldi Veli presso Bologna.* Osservazioni del Conte Senatore G. GOZZADINI. 4to. Bologna : 1877.

3. *The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and other parts of Europe.* By Dr. FERDINAND KELLER. Second Edition, greatly enlarged. Translated and arranged by JOHN EDWARD LEE, F.S.A. In 2 vols. 8vo. 1878.

THE researches of the students of archæology and geology, which we have from time to time placed before our readers, have added a new department to our literature that is rapidly being extended by the numerous discoveries made of late years in various parts of Europe. Twenty years ago the history of Britain began with the invasion of Julius Cæsar, and the only sources of information as to what went on before that event consisted of a few isolated notices of a most uncertain character. The historian even then could merely put before us the impression made upon the Romans by the British at the time of their conquest, as it is preserved to us in the pages of Cæsar and in the account which Tacitus obtained from his friend Agricola. The history of Gaul begins with the founding of Massilia; that of Spain with the establishment of Gades by the Phœnicians; that of Rome is defined by the pages of Livy, just as that of Greece is by the pages of Herodotus; while the civilisation of Egypt and Assyria is lost in the mists of a remote antiquity. All the past beyond these limits was enshrouded in a thick darkness, out of which the respective races appear as they happen to be preserved in the record, itself a sign of high civilisation, but telling us nothing of the steps by which it was achieved. Now, thanks to the new method of enquiry, 'the speechless past,' as Mr. Palgrave calls it, preceding history is becoming eloquent, and the story of human life, long before there were written records in any part of Europe, is being read in the dwellings dredged up from the bottoms of lakes or found underneath the surface soil, in caves and tombs, in camps, and in various articles of human workmanship that lie scattered over the whole of Europe, from the glaciers of the hills of Norway to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. We now have before us a picture of the development of civilisation and the coming in of new customs and new arts, of the routes also of the ancient commerce by which the culture of the Mediterranean peoples was introduced among the barbarians of Germany, Gaul, and Britain, as well as of great migrations of which but a small and insignificant part is revealed in history.

The classification by the Danish naturalists of pre-historic remains into the three ages of polished stone, bronze, and iron, has been fully verified by subsequent experience, and they have been proved to apply to the region south of the Alps as well as to transalpine Europe. The age of polished stone, or neolithic, preceded bronze in Italy, and is proved by recent discoveries in Greece and Asia Minor to be older than the earliest civilisation recorded by history in those countries.

A yet earlier age than that of polished stone, the palæolithic, or age of rude unpolished stone implements, of Sir John Lubbock, has been shown to have a far wider range than we could have anticipated; and we now know that the palæolithic hunter not only lived along with the extinct animals in Spain, Gaul, and Britain, but that he lived also in Palestine, and wandered over the whole of the vast Indian peninsula.*

The neolithic civilisation, so far as this country is concerned, has been put vividly before us in the work on the stone age by Mr. Evans,† while the age of bronze is treated by M. Chantre in the book under review in minute detail, so far as it relates to Switzerland and the valley of the Rhone, and more broadly as relates to the general question of the origin and distribution of the compound metal. Before we proceed to the examination of this work it will be well to define the present position of archæology with regard to the ancient inhabitants of Britain and of Gaul.

The hunters of reindeer in Auvergne during the palæolithic age are proved by the artistic designs left behind along with the relics of their food in caves and rock shelters to have been endowed with a skill, very unusual amongst savages, in drawing animals from life. They are proved by the discovery of similar designs to have occupied Western Europe from the Pyrenees as far to the east as the Upper Valley of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, and to the north as far as Belgium. The most perfect figure yet discovered is that of a reindeer feeding, from the cave of Thayingen,‡ not very far

* Boyd Dawkins, 'Cave-hunting,' p. 426. Macmillan, 1875,

† Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain. Longmans, 1872.

‡ J. E. Lee, 'Excavations at the Kesserloch, near Thayingen, by Conrad Merk.' Longmans, 1876.

from the falls of the Rhine. We may remark, in passing, that the doubt thrown on these sketches by the spurious imitations which unfortunately have found their way into print, is not worthy of being entertained, since the genuine specimens are quite beyond the artistic faculty of an ordinary workman. The forgeries in question have been copied from a well-known German work on natural history.

The discoveries * made in 1876 in the caves of Derbyshire have also shown that a capacity for art was not confined only to the ancient cave-dwellers in France and Switzerland. The figure of a horse engraved on a fragment of rib, and associated with ashes, flint flakes, gnawed and burnt bones of reindeer, rhinoceros, mammoth, hyæna, and other animals, in the Cresswell caves, proves that the hunter observed the same customs in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire as on the Continent. There is also a decided progress observable in the condition of the hunter in these caves. In the lowest ossiferous stratum he is represented by rudely chipped implements made of quartzite pebbles found in the neighbourhood; in the middle strata, flint, obtained from a distance, is used for various purposes as well as quartzite; while in the upper, immediately below the crystalline floor, the implements are of flint and of a higher order than those from below. Here was found the horse, together with sundry rounded rods of antler, and a needle of bone. This succession shows that even in the remote palæolithic age the condition of man was on the whole improving; that even then he had begun to learn, and had bettered his circumstances by his wider experience.

While, however, details such as these are a gain to archæology, the debate at the Anthropological Institute in May last leaves the question of the antiquity of man now just where it was twenty years ago. The attempt made by the glacialists to push back man into an interglacial period has signally failed. The asserted discovery of man in association with the extinct animals in the Victoria Cave in Yorkshire turns out to be founded on a mistake, and the interglacial age of the flint implements at Brandon is disputed by high authorities, among which may be numbered the Professors of Geology at Oxford and Cambridge. Nor do we get any light thrown upon this question on the Continent. The four little sticks found in the interglacial lignite of Dürnten, and considered by Professors Rütimeyer and Schwendauer to be fragments of a fossil basket, are, in our opinion, after a careful examination, devoid of all trace of man's handiwork. We believe them to be pine-knots out of a rotten trunk, similar in every respect to those which may be seen in any rotten fir tree in which the decay has gone on sufficiently to allow of their falling out. The reputed discovery of man in pleiocene deposits in Tuscany is equally unsatisfactory, since it is not certain that the cut bones, on which it is founded, were discovered in undisturbed strata. It seems to us that great caution should be used at the present time in accepting any evidence as to the antiquity of man, which many are so eager to push as far back as possible. Unless we have the most ample confirmation of the presence of man in remote geological periods, it is merely an act of common prudence to carry all asserted discoveries to a suspense account.

We cannot trace the antiquity of man, on the evidence before us, further back than the pleistocene age with any certainty. Nor, be it remarked, can we measure it in terms of years by using the present rate of accumulation of sediment, or of stalagmite, or of the erosion of rock, as indices, because the rate is dependent on variable causes which cannot be assumed to have operated uniformly in past time. Nor, as it seems to us, do we gain any knowledge on the point from the assumption that the severe climate of the glacial period is due to a certain definite relation of the earth to the sun, recurrent at certain intervals capable of being computed by the mathematician. Is not the sun a variable star? Has not geographical change, as suggested by Sir Charles Lyell, a most important bearing on climate? In our opinion all attempts to compute past time by these methods are merely guesses founded on impossible or improbable assumptions. We would even say further, that any attempt to construct a chronology in terms of years outside the written documents of history must of necessity fail, because we do not know the length of the interval which separates any two events. The historical chronology is absolute; the geological and archæological merely relative.

Nevertheless, when we consider the animals in Europe when man first appeared, and the series of geographical and climatal changes, as well as the successive appearance of different peoples, it is clear that the time when man first appeared in Europe is separated from our own day by a vast period, of which the years recorded by the historian are but an insignificant fraction.

The discoveries of the remains of palæo-

* Quart. Geol. Journ. London, August 1877, p. 589.

lithic man in the caves made of late years tend to confirm the conclusion that he belonged to the same race as the modern Eskimos, whom we may therefore look upon with great curiosity as the representatives of the oldest race as yet identified, banished now like the musk sheep to the inclement regions of North America, and isolated from all other peoples. The route by which they retreated from Europe is indicated by the remains of that animal, which lie scattered in the fossil state through Germany and Russia to the frozen cliffs of Behring's Straits and the present land of the Eskimos. As archæological enquiry goes on in Northern Siberia we feel certain that implements and weapons will be met with, similar to those of the caves of Middle and Northern Europe.

The palæolithic age, when man was living along with the extinct animals in Europe, is separated from the second period in the history of mankind, or that of polished stone, by an interval which can only be measured by geographical change and the disappearance of some and the extinction of other animals. It was sufficiently great to allow of Great Britain becoming separated from the continent by the submergence of the great plains connecting it with Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and France, and to allow of the mammoth, cave-bear, woolly rhinoceros, and other creatures to become extinct. In it the palæolithic hunter disappeared without any sign of overlap with his neolithic successors. This may possibly be due to the same kind of antagonism between them as that existing now between the Eskimos and Red Indians, which keeps them completely isolated from each other. But, whether this explanation be true or not, there is no transition observable between the palæolithic and neolithic implements and art, just as there is no relation between the wild animals which supplied the former with food, and the domestic animals of his successor the herdsman. We must further notice that there is a marked difference in the range of these two peoples over Europe; for while the former occupied the region north of the Alps and Pyrenees as far as the mountains of Scotland and Wales, Cumberland and Ireland, then covered by glaciers, the traces of the other are nearly equally distributed over the whole of Europe, and over those areas which had been covered by ice in the preceding period. Between the disappearance of the one and the appearance of the other there had been sufficient lapse of time to allow for the melting of the glaciers. But it does not therefore follow, as certain Scotch geologists suppose, that palæolithic man is separated from neolithic by the glacial period, and prevented from coming into contact with him by a wall of ice, a conclusion which is contrary to the evidence, both biological and physical. The views on this point laid down by Dr. James Geikie in the 'Ice Age' are negatived by a great series of well-known and well-authenticated facts. To quote the words of the late Professor Phillips, in his address to the geological section of the Bradford meeting of the British Association, we 'are almost frozen into silence by the views of the glacialists,' which are founded upon the contemplation of ice to the exclusion of all the facts offered by the European fauna and flora.

We have no reason to suppose that the art of polishing stone, so much higher than the palæolithic mode of making implements merely by chipping, was discovered in Europe. It is merely part of a new and better civilisation, absolutely differing from, and in no way related to, that which went before. We shall be compelled to place before our readers the principal outlines of the neolithic culture in Britain and France before we can discuss the phases of the bronze age, so ably treated by M. Chantre.

The neolithic inhabitants of Britain were possessed, as may be seen by reference to Mr. Evans's work, of an elaborate series of implements admirably adapted for their respective uses. For purposes of carpentry and cutting down trees they used polished stone axes and adzes with variously curved edges, chisels and gouges, little saws, awls for boring, and hammers, besides the ordinary triangular flake, which remained in use, at all events for superstitious purposes, as late as the time of the Romans.* They had stone picks for cultivating the soil, pestles and mortars and querns for preparing the corn; numerous spindle-whorls imply a knowledge of the art of spinning, just as needles imply that of sewing. The cups and various other vessels met with in their tombs and habitations show that they were acquainted with the art of making pottery by hand without the aid of the wheel. Some of these are rudely made, but others are more elaborate, and are adorned with patterns in lines and dots which run in zigzags. They were herdsmen as well as fishermen and hunters, and they possessed the horse, the small short-horned (*Bos longifrons*) ancestor of the small Welsh and Scotch oxen, the goat and the horned sheep, as well as two breeds of swine, one descended from

* They have been met with in Romano-British tombs at Hardham, near Pulborough in Sussex, and in association with similar remains in Kent.

the wild boar, and the other from an Eastern hog with small canines allied to that of the Chinese. They were aided in their various avocations by dogs, all of them large and some about the size of a beagle.

The neolithic dwellings in Britain consisted usually of pits covered with a wattle roof. They are represented now by clusters of circular depressions, which are to be seen in most of the camps on the South Downs, and on the tops of the hills commanding a good view, as well as on the bottoms of the valleys where the soil is sufficiently porous to prevent flooding. Those at Fisherton * near Salisbury, explored by Mr. Adlam, and described by Mr. Stevens in 1866, may be taken as the types. Each chamber or cluster of chambers had a circular shaft for an entrance carried down to a depth of from seven to eight feet, being from five to seven feet wide at the bottom, and narrowing to about three feet. They contained the usual household utensils mentioned above, fragments of pottery, and remains of the domestic animals; and we have interesting evidence that they were cultivators of the ground in the cast of a grain of wheat in the clay forming a portion of the cover of the huts which had been burnt. Sometimes, however, these pits are of considerable depth, as for example in Cissbury Camp,† near Worthing, where they ran from forty to sixty feet in depth. Possibly some of the clusters of vertical shafts in the chalk in North Kent and in Essex may have been neolithic dwellings. Those near Grays Thurrock in Essex are termed Danchole, and are stated to have afforded shelter to the inhabitants while the country was being harried in the time of war. They may, however, be flint mines similar to those to be described presently. The usual view, that they are merely shafts sunk for the sake of the chalk, is rendered improbable by their numbers, and their being found in great groups. No farmer would think of sinking shafts from sixty to a hundred feet deep for the sake of chalk, which he could get by a simple excavation at the surface.

Some of the circular massive stone huts, or burgs, in the North of Scotland, are assigned to the neolithic age; that of Keiss, for example, in Caithness, is believed by Mr. Laing and Professor Huxley ‡ to have been a neolithic dwelling, from the associated stone axes and other implements. We may observe that among the refuse bones of the animals used for food was the broken lower jaw of a child, probably implying that cannibalism was practised. Some of these burgs have been used for purposes of habitation and defence down to the thirteenth century. That of Mousa in Shetland, according to the Orkney Inga Saga, was successfully held by Erlend against the forces of Harold Jarl of Orkney, about 900 A.D., and was again besieged, at the end of the twelfth century, by another Harold Jarl of Orkney, who took it and put its garrison to the sword. But it does not therefore follow from this, as Mr. Fergusson argues in his latest contribution on the subject,* that they are all historic and built by the Northmen. The form is one which would recommend itself naturally to anyone living in that country, where stones fit for the purpose are abundant, and would be used by all subsequent builders who found the pattern ready to their hand. It is merely that of a hut done into stone, with the entrance sometimes protected by a turn in the passage in the same manner as some of the approaches of the camps. The neolithic people also dwelt in caves, such as those of North Wales, and of France, Spain, and Italy, but the practice was evidently much less prevalent with them than among the palæolithic hunters; with their better implements they were able to construct artificial dwellings more suited for their increasing wants than the shelters offered to them by nature in the limited areas where caves happened to be.

The polished stone implements were not composed of materials exposed naturally on the surface. The flint of which many were composed was obtained by mining operations in the chalk carried out with great skill and ingenuity. A series of these ancient workings at Grimes Graves, near Brandon in Suffolk, explored by the Rev. Canon Greenwell,† consists of shafts connected together by galleries from three to five feet high, and containing mining tools, some left behind, perforce, owing to a fall in the roof. There were picks made out of stags' antlers and polished stone celts which fitted into the marks in the sides of the galleries, chisels of bone and antler, and little cups made of chalk, evidently intended to contain grease for the supply of light. The galleries had been made in pursuit of a promising layer of flint, and as there were

* All the remains are preserved in the Blackmore Museum, in Salisbury.

† Explored by Gen. Lane Fox, the Rev. Canon Greenwell, Lord Rosehill, and Messrs. E. Willett, Tindall, Park Harrison, and others. Archæologia and Journ. Anthrop. Instit. 1870–7, *passim.*

‡ Prehistoric Remains of Caithness. 8vo, 1866.

* The Brochs and the Rude Stone Monuments of the Orkney Islands. 8vo. London, 1877.

† Ethnol. Journ. Lond. vol. ii. p. 419.

no artificial supports for the roof they were not pushed very far from the shafts. When the flint was exhausted within reach, a new shaft was sunk close by and a new set of galleries made. This mode of working appears on the surface in numerous circular depressions, consisting of the partially filled-up shafts, not unlike the hut circles described above. It was a mode of working, be it remarked, employed in this country for obtaining the iron ore which made the iron trade of Kent and Sussex so important down to the time of James II. The large woods in the neighbourhood of Hastings, in the direction of Battle, Brede, and Ashburnham, to a great extent mark the broken ground caused by these excavations.

Another example of flint mining on a large scale is offered by the pits at Cissbury, a camp on a commanding position on the South Downs, about three miles from Worthing. The special interest of these pits consists in the fact that the flint was not only mined on that spot, but also roughly hewn into implements to be finished by grinding elsewhere. The surface of the ground is covered by vast quantities of splinters and broken implements, in every stage in the manufacture from the nodule of flint taken out of the chalk, spoilt by an unhappy blow, to the article nearly finished and accidentally broken. In some places the writer observed little heaps of small splinters, which indicated the places where the finer work was carried on, and in some of these were the two halves of the broken implement, just as they had been tossed aside. It was scarcely possible to pick them up and put them together without a keen feeling of the changes which had happened since they had been broken—the strange chance which led to their discovery. The neolithic stage of civilisation had been superseded by that of bronze; that, in its turn, by the age of iron; then after an interval, the length of which we know not, came the sequence of events recorded in the history of this country; and yet these little heaps, lying immediately under the greensward, had retained their places undisturbed, although the Romans used the camp at Cissbury for military purposes, and have left numerous traces of their occupation. From the time when they were made down to today there had been no appreciable change in the surface soil in which they rested. With this evidence before us we cannot shut our eyes to the enormous lapse of time necessary for the production of the vast geographical changes which took place in the interval between the neolithic and the palæolithic ages.

Only some three or four out of the thousands of implements found at Cissbury bear traces of polishing, and these are broken, from which we may infer that they passed through the first stage of their manufacture at Cissbury, and were subsequently ground as they were needed by the people who used them elsewhere. A grindstone, we may observe, was a necessary part of the stock in a well-appointed neolithic village. It is obvious, therefore, that there were centres of manufacture from which the implements were distributed by a kind of barter, analogous to that going on at the present time among savage tribes. This practice was universal in Europe in the neolithic age, since implements made of materials foreign to the district in which they are found must have been imported. A rude trade of this kind probably extended enormous distances, since some of the implements discovered in France and Switzerland consist of jade, a material highly prized by the Chinese, and found *in situ*, so far as we are able to ascertain, only in the central parts of Eastern Asia and in New Zealand. The numerous battle-axes and heads of javelins, spears, and arrows show that the neolithic inhabitants of Britain were warlike, and the larger number of the irregular ramparts marking the site of the hill forts on the South Downs, and clustering thickly on the hills on the borders of Wales, are to be assigned to this age. General Lane Fox has shown, moreover, that their owners were possessed of considerable military skill, from the fact that the works are planned to command the slopes within reach of bow or sling, just as in modern forts the guns are so mounted as to sweep the ground within gunshot. From the abundance of these camps it may be inferred that the population was comparatively large, and, from their being sometimes close together, that they belong each to a clan or tribe. They were used as places of security for the flocks and herds in times of foray, and are, as a rule, met with on the best positions near the rich lands throughout the country. Nowhere are they more numerous than on the South Downs, and on the hills commanding the valleys of the Dee, the Clwyd, and the Severn. They prove beyond a doubt that the country was divided up into tribal communities, constantly at war with each other, and stealing one another's cattle.

The neolithic inhabitants of Britain not only used caves for shelter, but also as resting-places for their dead. A group of five sepulchral caverns was discovered and explored by Professor Boyd Dawkins in

Denbighshire in 1869 and the following years, each of which contained numerous skeletons of all ages and of both sexes, and had probably been the property of a family or clan. In all cases the body had been buried in a contracted position. The more usual custom, however, was to bury the dead in barrows or cairns, varying in size, and long, oval, or circular in outline.* The more important conceal a chamber built of slabs of stone, sometimes with a narrow passage leading into it, in which interments took place as well as in the chamber. They generally occupy commanding positions; some, as West Kennet near Abury, are as much as 350 feet long. In this case there was a boundary wall of rubble stone, about two or three feet high, with large upright slabs placed at intervals, forming a peristyle similar to those which surround the topes of India. 'It is a curious circumstance,' remarks Dr. Thurnam, 'that the practice of erecting such stelæ is referred to by Aristotle as existing among the warlike Iberian people, where he tells us that as many obelisks were placed round the tomb of the dead warrior as he had slain enemies. I will not insist on this passage as evidence in favour of the Iberian origin of the ancient Britons of the stone period for this part of our island, though it is not altogether without value in such a connexion.' We shall return to the discussion of this question presently. In the chambered tomb at Uley, Gloucestershire, not only is there a boundary wall laid in horizontal courses, faced on the outside and carried to a height of two or three feet, but at the smaller end of the oval there are courses continued across, so as to divide it into three chambers. At the larger end the outer supporting wall curves gracefully inwards until it reaches the doorway, composed of three stones, two upright and one transverse; inside a narrow passage leads to the tomb proper. The low entrance was closed originally on the outside by a large stone. These examples represent merely the tombs of the rich or noble; we find besides them every form of interment, ranging down to that in which the dead was concealed merely by a low hillock of earth or stones, without any sepulchral chamber. In no cases, however, was the body buried deep below the ground. Dr. Thurnam believes that human sacrifices were sometimes offered to speed the chieftain on his journey to the other world. In all cases, however, a funeral feast was held, and very generally implements of various kinds were placed in the tomb, sometimes being broken beforehand so that they might not be put to any further use on earth. According to Sir John Lubbock, this practice does not imply a belief in a future state, because in a great many instances the contents of a chambered tomb do not at all correspond with the labour and trouble of its erection. We, however, feel inclined to hold that the absence of what might be expected to be in tombs of this sort may be due either to a custom of burying models in some perishable material of the valuables of the deceased, or to meanness on the part of the survivors. At the present time the Eskimos place wooden models in the hut of the dead, and the Etruskans buried imitation jewels, far too thin and fragile to be serviceable to the living. We may also observe that the magnificence of a tomb may be due to its having been prepared by a chief for himself during his own lifetime, while the articles in it may be signs of the value placed upon him by the survivors.

Some of the circles, either of large stones or of earth, and varying in diameter from a few feet to one hundred, met with alike in the south of England, Derbyshire, Cumberland, Scotland, and Ireland, may be referred to the neolithic peoples. The most imposing group of remains in this country, that at Abury, consisting of a circle of stones 1,200 feet in diameter, surrounded by a rampart of earth, and containing two smaller circles, and with its approaches marked by two long avenues of stone, is in all probability neolithic. Sir John Lubbock refers it to a late stage of that period, a view which Mr. Fergusson, in our opinion, has not succeeded in disproving. Most of these circles have probably been used as temples, although they may have originated in having been the resting-places of some great hero. It is a most obvious and natural transition from the tomb to the temple. The religious sentiment has, in all ages and in all places, tended to centre in tombs, which ultimately have become places of worship. Many of the Christian churches have sprung up in this manner. We fail therefore to see the point of Mr. Fergusson's argument* when he attempts to prove that they are tombs, in order that he may disprove them to have been temples. In all probability the idea of both the small and the large circle sprang originally from the stones placed round the base of the circular hut, which was the normal habitation in those times.

* Archæologia, xlii., 'Ancient British Barrows.'

* Rude Stone Monuments. 8vo. Murray London.

The general impression which we have formed of neolithic Britain is that it was inhabited by a tolerably large population, divided up into tribes and living principally on their flocks and herds, acquainted with agriculture, and supplementing their food by hunting and fishing. The largest wild animals, however, which they hunted were the uri or wild oxen, which were very rare, the bear, the stag, the roe, and the wild boar. They were acquainted with the arts of spinning and making pottery, and with mining, and exchanged their commodities by barter. They were also possessed of boats, in which they could make voyages from France to Britain, or from Britain to Ireland. They reverenced their dead by erecting tombs, and they worshipped the Great Unknown in those rude temples which astonish us on the lonely moor, or the swelling chalk down, or within reach of the sound of the waves on the seashore.

The remains of this neolithic civilisation lie scattered over Europe in such a manner as to imply that every part of it had been possessed by people in the same stage of progress. Numerous discoveries of late years in Italy show that the neolithic age was as well defined there as in Britain; and the magnificent collection of stone celts, amounting to several hundred, collected in Greece and Asia Minor by the late Mr. Finlay,* proves that the civilisation of history was preceded by the comparatively barbarous condition depicted above. In Italy it preceded the Etruskan, in Greece that early and ill-defined period marked by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries in Mycenæ.

The discoveries † in the pile-dwellings of Switzerland, where the stored-up grain and fruits have been preserved by the action of fire, show us that the inhabitants grew Egyptian wheat, beardless wheat, and a kind smaller than any now known. These are all described in Mr. Lee's translation of Dr. Keller's great work. They had also two-rowed barley, a six-rowed, and a small variety analogous to that cultivated by Greeks and Romans. They also grew millet, and cultivated apples and pears, peas, and flax of the small-leaved kind which is a native of the Mediterranean area. One of the weeds which they introduced with their grain was the Cretan catchfly. The corn they stored up either in the ear or after it was winnowed, and they ate it either as porridge or rounded cakes. Their cattle and swine were housed during the winter-time, and stores of acorns, beech-nuts, and other fodder were laid up for their use. The flax they wove into cloth, and in some cases achieved an ornamental pattern by the arrangement of the threads. Such as these were the arts of the neolithic peoples, to whom we owe the rudiments of the civilisation which we ourselves enjoy; for the arts and modes of life which they introduced have never ceased to be; and all subsequent progress has been built upon their foundation. The cereals which they brought in with them are still cultivated by the farmer; the domestic animals which they introduced are still the servants of man; and the arts of which they only possessed the rudiments have developed into those which make our life worth the living, and without which we can scarcely realise what life would be. It is remarkable that the seeds of the wild plants found in the lake dwellings are absolutely identical with those of the present time; the seeds of the plants under cultivation have been improved by man: but there is no trace of any spontaneous change by natural evolution.

The origin of domestic animals as well as of the cereals proves that the neolithic peoples migrated into Europe from the south-east, from the great mysterious birthplace of successive races, the Eden of mankind, Central Asia.* They probably came by the same routes as those pursued by subsequent migrations, one branch going by way of Greece and Asia Minor, and passing through Italy to Spain; and another traversing the region of the Don and Volga into the great plains of the Danube, and thence, undeterred by any natural obstacle, penetrating to the borders of the Ocean. They probably occupied the continent for a long period of time before their arrival in this country, and Britain was probably colonised long before Ireland, since the barrier of sea which kept the Romans out of the latter island would certainly prove a more serious obstacle to the canoes made out of the trunk of a big tree than to a Roman fleet.

The next question to be considered is, who were these ancient peoples? In the present condition of our knowledge it is to the last degree hazardous to speculate as to the origin of the neolithic peoples in the east of Europe, where they have been utterly obliterated or absorbed by subsequent migrations, and in Greece and Italy, where they are concealed by a series of ill-understood civilisations. In those countries we must wait for further knowledge. In West-

* In the Manchester Museum.

† See Edin. Rev., July 1863 and October 1870.

* We have already treated this at length in Edin. Rev., October 1868.

ern Europe, however, an answer may be made which is probably true, since it is the result of three convergent lines of evidence. The researches of Professor Huxley and Dr. Thurnam * in this country, and Professor Busk in Spain and Gibraltar, prove that the neolithic Britons are identical with that small, dark-haired, long-headed, elegant section of the Basque-speaking peoples which are now found in the south of France and the north of Spain. The human skeletons of the neolithic tombs of the whole of Britain and Ireland, treated in the same way as a naturalist would treat any other group of remains, indicate unmistakably that there was a population possessed of all the physical characters of the small, dark Iberi now represented by the inhabitants of Guipuscoa and the surrounding districts. The same type has been met with in sepulchral caves in Belgium and in certain districts of France, and as far south in Spain as the Sierra Nevada. It has been met with also in the caves of Gibraltar. Thus there is evidence that in the neolithic age a population indistinguishable from the Iberian extended over the region north of the Mediterranean to the ocean, and to the east as far as the Rhine.

This conclusion, founded solely on a consideration of the human remains, is confirmed by an appeal to history. Two distinct races of men held Spain in the earliest times of which we have any record: the Iberians occupied the north-western region, and the Celts or Gauls the south-eastern. The latter swept in a broad band southwards of the Pyrenees along the Mediterranean coast as far as Cadiz or Gadeira, and by their fusion with the Iberians to the north formed the powerful nation of Celtiberi of Castile that defined the Iberian of the Atlantic side from the pure Celt of the Mediterranean. The Iberi, however, predominated in Spain to such an extent as to have left their name to the whole peninsula. According to the evidence of Strabo the ancient limits of Iberia were held by the ancient Greeks to have extended north of the Pyrenees, as far to the north-east as the Rhone, and to the north-west as the ocean; its northern frontier, however, as might be expected from the imperfect sources of accurate knowledge possessed by the Greeks as to those regions, is undefined. The varying statements of Greek writers as to it are justly considered by Dr. Smith to imply that the Iberi extended beyond the boundaries of Spain, and that they were mingled with the Celts. When Cæsar conquered Gaul, the Iberian Aquitani held the district circumscribed by the Garonne and the Cevennes; and the subsequent addition to Aquitania by Augustus of the district between the Garonne and the Loire was probably due to the fact that the inhabitants were more closely allied in their manners and customs to the Aquitani than to the Celtæ. With regard to Britain, Tacitus, who certainly had sources of good information in his friend Agricola, describes the Silures of Wales as being identical in physique with the Iberi. Thus we see that there is reason to believe, from an appeal to history, that Western Europe was inhabited in ancient times by an Iberic population which was being pushed to the west by the great invasion of the Celts, who poured through Central France, on the one hand flooding over the Alps and turning the Etruskans out of Lombardy, and on the other hand crossing the Eastern Pyrenees and seizing the south of Spain. In these facts it seems to us that we have ample proof that Western Europe was possessed by a non-Aryan race, represented now by the small dark Basques, and that it was driven out by the Celtic division of the great Aryan peoples. And be it remarked, the Iberi are only now to be met with in those regions which afford natural facilities for defence. They were ultimately driven as far to the west as the Atlantic, and in this country have been so completely absorbed by the Celts that they have left no certain traces of their language.

The third line of argument, which confirms the other two, is an appeal to the present populations. In Wales, here and there, you see small, elegant people, with jet-black hair and eyes and oval faces, who offer a strong contrast to their larger and stouter neighbours with grey eyes and light hair. The same remark applies to the 'black Celts' of the south-west of Ireland, and to the small black Highlanders of Scotland. And these again are physically identical with the small dark Spaniards.

The able enquiries of Dr. Broca into the stature and complexion of the French people, based upon the army returns from each department, afford most remarkable evidence of the persistence of the small Iberian type in France. He divides the whole country into 'départements noirs, gris et blancs,' and he shows that the swarthy inhabitants of France at the present time are the shortest, and the fair the tallest. The 'départements noirs' are mainly centred in the Aquitania of Augustus, and outside its boundaries the non-Aryan blood asserts itself in the small swarthy inhabitants

* On these points see Dawkins, 'Cave-hunting,' chaps. v. and vi., and Fortnightly Rev., September 1874, p. 323.

of Brittany, in Ardéche, in Aude, and in Ariége. The 'départements gris' are massed principally in the Celtica of Cæsar, where the stature is moderate and the eyes grey. This is probably due to the intermingling of the tall, fair-haired Celt with the small, swarthy Iberian. The tall, light-haired Frenchmen of the 'départements blancs' mark with singular accuracy those portions which were conquered by Frank, Goth, Burgundian, and Norman.

The convergent testimony of these three lines of enquiry proves that in ancient times the whole of Europe, to the west of the Rhine and north of the Alps, was inhabited by a small, dark Iberic population, to which probably the Ligurians of the Maritime Alps were closely allied. And just as they are stated in the earliest records to have been the possessors of the country before the invasion of the Celts, so we have ample proof in the remains discovered in the sepulchral tombs and caverns of Britain and Ireland that they were the sole inhabitants in the neolithic age. In Gaul, however, and in Spain, the frequent association of the remains of a tall, stout, coarsely built race, indistinguishable from the Celts, renders it very certain that the Celtic invasion had begun on the continent even at that time. We should naturally expect that the sea would delay the invasion of Britain, and that therefore the Celts would find their way here after their conquest of the northern portions of Gaul. With these facts before us, it is little less than idle to discuss the question of the relative antiquity in Europe of the smaller, dark-haired race, and the taller, light-haired. The question is settled finally, not merely by an appeal to history, which has been disputed on the grounds that the classical writers did not know what they were writing about, but by an appeal to the geographical distribution and to the human remains, about which there can not be any difference of opinion. We may further remark, that outside the limits which have been laid down above, we find traces of Iberic peoples in Sicily and in Sardinia; and it is by no means unlikely that the Berber tribes belong also to the same stock. In Asia Minor also, the Iberians have left their mark in Iberia (= Georgia), in the same manner as the Gauls have left their name in Galatia, or modern Anatolia, south of the Aladag mountains.

If, however, these views be accepted regarding the successive invasions of Gaul and Britain, it is tolerably certain from its geographical position that Germany also was traversed by the same races. The Celts very probably were driven out of Germany by the pressure of the Belgæ, just as the Belgæ were driven out by the Germanic tribes, which, in their turn, found their way to the south and to the west, leaving their ancient homes to be occupied by Slavonic tribes.

From these facts we have reason to believe that at the close of the neolithic age Europe, north of the Alps, was inhabited by two distinct races: a small, swarthy, long-headed race, indistinguishable from the Iberian, and a tall, fair, round-headed race, indistinguishable from the Celt. It is also pretty clear that the former is older than the latter. At this point in the enquiry, M. Chantre's work on the Age of Bronze in the valley of the Rhone fills a most important gap, and goes far towards carrying on the story of human progress down to the frontiers of history. His minute study of the antiquities in the valley of the Rhone has offered a sure foundation for discussing the difficult problem as to the mode in which the bronze civilisation was introduced, not merely into Gaul, but into Britain and Northern Germany. This question, which previously had been treated merely, by Lindenschmidt, Worsaae, and others, from a point of view offered by isolated works of art, is now approached from a totally new point of view—namely, that offered by the 'treasures,' as he terms them, or hoards of bronze implements and the groups of articles discovered in ancient 'foundries.' These confirm, beyond all doubt, the view which we advanced in these pages in 1870, that the knowledge of bronze was introduced not by a conquering race who turned out their neolithic predecessors, but through the peaceful channel of commerce, which gradually found its way northwards as far as Norway, and to the west as far as Ireland.

M. Chantre unfortunately omits all reference to the ethnology of France, and in so doing has cut himself off from a question of great historic interest. Our experience of the remains in the principal museums of France leads us to the conclusion that the population was on the whole the same throughout the time when bronze was in use. If any new immigration took place, it was one of cognate races, and not of those so widely separated from each other as Eskimos from Iberian, or Iberian from Celt. This view is rendered very probable by the consideration that we have still the aboriginal inhabitant of neolithic Europe represented by the Iberian stock, as well as their conquerors, the Celtic or cognate Celtic peoples. Had there been a subsequent invasion by a different race in the bronze age, it would undoubtedly have had a better

chance of being preserved and represented in the present population than either of the older less civilised peoples. We do not deny that there were great movements of tribes analogous to those by which the Germanic people found their way southwards and westwards; but we do not believe, on the evidence before us, that there was a greater ethnical difference between them than that presented by Frank as compared with Goth, or Angle as compared with Saxon. The introduction of metal, so valuable for aggressive and defensive purposes, must inevitably have produced great revolutions, and the possessors of new weapons would certainly feel inclined to try them at the expense of their less fortunate neighbours. The relation between neolithic and bronze weapons in actual warfare may be compared to the smooth-bore musket in competition with the rifle; and the same cause which is now distributing the latter weapon over nearly the whole earth, must have tended to spread the knowledge of the use of bronze with comparative swiftness at the close of the neolithic age.

We shall treat the bronze age in Europe in two divisions, taking first of all the area north of the Alps, including France, Germany, Scandinavia, and this country, and then we shall proceed to the examination of the peoples of Italy, Greece, Asia Minor and Egypt, who are most intimately connected with the introduction of bronze into the north.

The habitations of the peoples using bronze north of the Alps were better and more highly finished than the neolithic dwellings, as may be seen by a comparison of the remains of the respective ages in the lakes of Switzerland and Savoy. The most common implements of the bronze folk were axes, wedge-shaped for being let into the handles, or winged for the application of the handle, or with sockets for its reception, and sickles, small, recurved, and intended for cutting off the ears from the corn stalks. They possessed bronze gouges, chisels, hammers, and knives, and consequently their carpentry was of a higher order. Their canoes also were bigger and better formed. The art of weaving was also carried to a higher perfection, although all their tissues were thin and of coarse texture. They wore clothes sewed together as well as coverings of leather, skin, and fur. All their fabrics were composed of linen, and no traces of hemp or of wool have as yet been met with in association with bronze remains in France or Switzerland. Wool, however, was known in Scandinavia in the bronze age, from the discovery near Ribe in Jutland in 1861,* made by MM. Worsaae and Herbst. In a tumulus they discovered three wooden coffins. One of these, 9 feet 8 inches long, and 2 feet 2 inches broad, contained the remains of a body in which all the hard parts had disappeared, leaving the soft parts, and among them especially the brain, turned into adipocere. The brain was that which had undergone least change. The body had been buried in a coarse woollen cloak. A woollen cap covered with small short threads, each one knotted at the end, covered the head, having the appearance of plush. On the legs were the remains of woollen leggings, and the remains of leather in the place occupied by the feet. Underneath the cloak was a woollen shirt, fastened at the waist by a long woollen band which went twice round the body and hung down in front. On the left side of the corpse rested a bronze dagger in a wooden sheath. The ancient warrior had been enveloped in an ox-hide, and in a box on the right-hand side of the body had been placed articles to speed him on his journey—a woollen cap seven inches high, a small comb, and a small simple razor knife. The other two coffins furnished a brooch, a knife and double-pointed awl, a pair of tweezers, a stud, all of bronze, a stud of tin, and a javelin-head of flint, while a child's coffin produced an amber bead and a small bronze bracelet. These interments are referred by Sir John Lubbock to the close of the bronze age, and they establish the important fact that the art of making woollens was practised in Scandinavia at least as early as those times. We would observe that it is only very rarely that woollen fabrics could be preserved. They are utterly destroyed by fire, and they rapidly decay in water; and it is only under those imperfectly known exceptional conditions, in which the body is changed into adipocere, and the bones into phosphate of iron, owing to the presence of salts of iron in the water, that they withstand decay. A second example of the use of woollens in the bronze age is offered by the interment in the Scale House barrow, Rylston, in Yorkshire, described in the recent work of the Rev. Canon Greenwell. The body had been covered from head to foot with cloth, and had been buried in a coffin composed of the trunk of an oak, and had been changed into adipocere.† It does not therefore follow that the manufacture of woollen cloth was not carried on in other

* Lubbock, 'Prehistoric Times,' 2nd edit. p. 45.

† British Barrows, 8vo, 1877, pp. 32 and 374. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

parts of Europe in the bronze age, because it has only been met with under the circumstances above mentioned.

The art of metal working, as proved by the remains associated together in the various places of manufacture, was carried to a high pitch of perfection. Most of the bronzes were cast and the moulds carefully designed; the metal was also tempered by hammering, or engraved with various elaborate patterns, or adorned with repoussé work. Stamps were also employed for impressing thin plates of metal. In all probability the art of casting preceded the tempering, stamping, and engraving; but on the evidence before us there is nothing to show that the first was derived from a different source to, or known in Gaul before, the others. The usual composition of the bronze is one part of tin to nine of copper; but for the purposes of making graving tools and cold chisels they used a larger percentage of tin, amounting sometimes to one-third.

The potter's art was considerably improved, the rude coarse vessels of the neolithic age being replaced by finer articles, intended for daily use, which present an almost endless variety of form. They are symmetrically made and adorned with patterns in right lines and in circles. The highest forms of pottery north of the Alps are met with in the pile-dwellings of the lake of Bourget, where some of the pieces are inlaid with strips of tin, and where one vase represents a group of dancing human figures, while another is ornamented with the meander pattern, so commonly met with in Etruskan, early Greek, Roman, and Lycian art. According to Sir John Lubbock the potter's wheel was unknown; but from the examination of some of the vases it certainly seems to us that the human hand was aided by machinery of some kind. Stamps were used in ornamentation, and tools by which the lines were drawn at equal distances. None of the pottery presents any traces of glaze.

The bronze folk were exceedingly fond of personal decoration; they used bracelets of elaborate patterns, and armlets, and long hairpins with decorated heads of various styles, which were worn in a head-dress so carefully arranged that they took care not to disturb it even in their sleep. The ornamented earthenware head-rests found in Switzerland are analogous to those of wood used by the Abyssinians for supporting the head and preserving the coiffure. They wore rings on their fingers, pendants in their ears, torques round their necks, girdles composed of many pieces of metal fastened with rings and adorned with pendants round their waists, and they fastened their clothes with brooches and highly ornamented buttons and studs.

Their weapons of war consisted for the most part of arrows and clubs, the lance was very commonly used, the small short sword adapted for stabbing rather than for cutting and without any guard, armed many, to which we must add a dagger for use in very close quarters. They had also a battle-axe, that is merely a modification of one of the forms which they found so convenient for cutting wood. At a later period in the bronze age body armour appears in the transalpine regions, consisting of thin plates of hammered bronze, generally ornamented with handsome patterns in lines and circles. Helmets also are met with, and shields; some of the latter in bronze are evidently representations of those formed of wood, studded with bronze nails, since the repoussé ornamentation reproduces the concentric arrangement of the nails in the wooden original.

The tombs of the bronze folk do not present any important characters of difference as compared with neolithic sepultures. Caves, however, were very rarely used for purposes of burial. In the south of England, according to Dr. Thurnam, the tumuli present a different plan, being round instead of long or oval. As a rule their dead were burnt instead of being buried—a change which it is important to notice, since we know with what tenacity all customs are maintained relating to birth, marriage, and death. It seems to have been brought about gradually, since, in some of the tumuli which mark the transition from the neolithic to the bronze age, both modes of disposing of the dead have been employed. It cannot, in our opinion, be used as an argument to imply that the bronze folk were a different race to the stone-users, and that they introduced the metal in the progress of their conquest; it may much more naturally be explained by the gradual introduction of a new fashion brought in along with the other new ideas of the bronze culture. Inhumation still continued to be practised, probably by the lower classes, on account of the greater cost of burning. The ashes of the dead were collected into an urn, placed on the surface on which the funeral pile had stood, generally enclosed in a stone chamber, and afterwards covered with a cairn or tumulus; various articles were placed round the urn, and the tomb was visited from time to time, and feasts held in memory of the dead, after which its height was increased by additional earth or stones. This is proved by

numerous 'lows' in Derbyshire, containing layers of burnt and broken bones of animals used for food, separated from each other by earth or stones. The same fact has been observed by Dr. Thurnam in the barrows of Wiltshire, and by Canon Greenwell in those of Yorkshire. We fully share the opinion of Sir John Lubbock and the greater part of the English archæologists, that Stonehenge is an expression of the religious sentiment of the bronze age, and that it is to be viewed as the Westminster Abbey of that time, around which rest the ashes of the great in the tumuli which cluster thickly on the neighbouring chalk down. The speculation thrown out that it was built by Aurelius Ambrosius and Merlin may be dismissed at once as a fiction worthy of the first novel writer who appeared in Europe, Geoffry of Monmouth. The tombs in the neighbourhood of Stonehenge offer the same evidence to its age, as the metal work and other articles round Westminster Abbey would offer to its date were they explored when Lord Macaulay's New Zealander contemplates the ruins of London.

An intercourse was evidently maintained in the bronze age with widely distant regions, since, omitting for the present all notice of the bronze itself, amber beads derived either from the Baltic or from Italy, and glass beads from the Mediterranean, are distributed over districts far away from the places where amber is found or glass manufactured. Gold ornaments also are met with throughout Transalpine Europe, which may have been made with metal obtained either from Spain, or from the Wicklow mountains in Ireland.

These details give us a picture of the manners, customs, and daily life of the bronze-using peoples north of the Alps. It is a picture of a new civilisation coming in, not destroying that which preceded it, but moulded on its foundations. How it was introduced and whence it was derived are questions which, thanks to the light thrown by M. Chantre and the Count Gozzadini, Dr. Schliemann, and others, we are able to answer with tolerable certainty, by realising the condition of things in the Mediterranean countries at the very beginning of the historic period.

In the earliest records relating to the Mediterranean we find ourselves face to face with a civilisation of a very high and complex kind. Egypt was the great centre of light, at all events for the eastern part of the Mediterranean, on which all eyes were fixed, and it was a mart in which the products of the East and the West met together. The Egyptians are said to have taught the Phœnicians how to make glass, and to have instructed the Greeks in the sciences. Of their knowledge of the arts every museum is eloquent. It is impossible to walk through the Egyptian courts in the national collections in London, or in the Louvre, or in the Vatican, without carrying away a deep impression of their power and their skill. Yet their high position was achieved without the knowledge of steel; they were acquainted with iron, bronze they used extensively, not merely for ornaments but for daggers and axes, the latter being of the simple wedge-shaped type usually considered characteristic of the early bronze civilisation north of the Alps. Flint knives were sometimes used for religious purposes, beautifully fashioned, and flint daggers such as that in the British Museum with a handle ornamented with gold. Pointed splinters of flint also were employed by them for cutting hieroglyphs, a fact which is proved by the discoveries made in their turquoise mines in the Sinaitic peninsula by Mr. Bauerman and others; and since neither bronze nor iron will cut the hard syenite on which the hieroglyphs are generally engraved, it is very probable that all were carved with flint. Steel, however, was known in Egypt in a later period in its history.

The influence of Egypt on the neighbouring peoples must have been enormous, as may be seen from M. Chabas' work on the nations known to the ancient Egyptians, and it was felt at least as far to the west as Sardinia. In an inscription at Karnac M. de Rougé and M. Chabas have shown that Egypt was invaded by a confederation of Libyans, Etruskans, Sardinians, Siculians, Lycians, and Achaians, and was only saved, after a desperate struggle, by the valour of Meneptah I. The allies advanced to the attack by land and by sea, and among their spoils it is interesting to note bronze knives and cuirasses. This happened in the fourteenth or fifteenth century before Christ. It is obvious, therefore, that at that time, and probably for many centuries before, the civilisation of Egypt must have been widely spread, either by commerce or war, among the Mediterranean peoples.*

The simple wedge-shaped axes above mentioned of bronze have also been obtained by Dr. Schliemann from the mound of Hissarlik, in association with a remarkable series of articles, among which we would note more particularly the ornaments composed of thin leaves of gold, resembling in

* Études sur l'Antiquité Historique d'après les Sources Égyptiennes. 8vo. Paris, 1873.

their general form the bronze belts mentioned by M. Chantre from the valley of the Rhone, and pottery in the shape of animals recalling to mind one of the vessels from the pile-dwellings of Bourget. Spindle-whorls abound, adorned with the mysterious pattern of a cross with four equal arms with the ends reflected at right angles, termed *croix gammée* by the French, *fylfot* by English archæologists, and *swastika* by the Buddhists, by whom it is considered sacred. These are now to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. We do not propose to enter into the question as to the connexion of Hissarlik with the Homeric legend; it is sufficient for us to know that on the site on which Troy stood there are traces of an ancient civilisation in which bronze, and in a smaller degree iron, figure largely, and which very possibly may have stood in the same relation to the Greeks as the early Etruskan cities did in Italy to the Romans. Similar bronze axes also have been met with in the island of Termia, in Cyprus, Sicily, and in various spots in Italy from Calabria to the Alps. In Southern Italy bronze daggers have been found so like those of Egypt that M. Mariette believes that they were certainly derived from that country.

The discoveries made from time to time during the last fifteen years in the *terramaras* or inhabited areas in the plains of Lombardy, at Emilia, Reggio, Parma, and Modena, show that Lombardy was inhabited by a race of people using bronze implements and weapons, but not unacquainted with iron.* Their pottery was ornamented with right lines and circles, and a great many of the designs assume the form of a cross. There is also the fylfot ornament as well as the spiral. The same group of articles has also been discovered in the excavations carried on in and around Bologna, with which the name of the Count Gozzadini † will always be associated. From his writings we gather that Bologna has been a centre of population from time immemorial, and the ancient cemeteries around it have furnished treasures of inestimable value from an archæological point of view, which we recommend every one interested in the ancient history of Italy to visit. In the Archiginnasio, or, as it is now called, 'Biblioteca del Comune,' the relics obtained from the old cemeteries, which have been met with between the spot occupied by the present Certosa, or cemetery, and the city, are carefully arranged, The visitor sees numerous bronze urns full of burnt bones, variously ornamented and provided with covers. One of these merits more than passing notice, since it is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing a procession in three zones. Two horsemen and thirteen footmen with couched lances, helmets, and shields, lead the way; then come priests and their attendants with the victims for sacrifice; an ox, over whose head is a bird, and a goat hurried along by the horns, and two mules. The three figures whom we take to represent priests have on their heads broad-brimmed hats similar to those worn by some of the French curés; behind them comes a big dog.

The third zone, which resumes the direction of the first, displays the agricultural pursuits preceding the preparations for the feast: a calf carried on the shoulders of two slaves, a pig drawn by a third, and others following. In the centre of the groups, acting the *point de mire*, appears the idea which inspires the whole. At one end of a couch, *biclinium* or *anaclynteris*, whose arms are adorned with griffins' heads, sits a lyre-player, at the other a performer on the syrinx, each backed by a small boy in the nude. They wear the huge *pileus* before alluded to; and between them hangs another *situla*. Rural episodes on the right—hare-hunting and bird-netting with the *varra*, and on the left a peasant carrying his primitive plough and driving his steers—finish both ends of this third zone. Finally the fourth or lowest is filled with fantastic animals—five-winged chimæras, two quadrupeds, a stag, and so forth.*

This procession is to our mind of very high value, because it is identical in spirit and in many of the details with some of the frescoes in Etruskan tombs. It proves that Count Gozzadini is fully justified in considering the cemetery at the Certosa in which it is found to be really Etruskan.

Both cremation and inhumation were practised, and several groups of skeletons have been preserved, stretched out at length with the *æs rude* or unstamped coin in their hand, wearing necklaces of amber beads, and surrounded by vases. Among the orna-

* Keller, 'Lake Dwellings,' translated by J. E. Lee, p. 305 *et seq.* Longman, 1866. A new edition of this important work has just been published in two large volumes—one of text, the other of plates—enlarged to nearly twice the size of the edition of 1866, and including all the more recent discoveries made in the Swiss and Italian lakes. This collection of lacustrine remains is of extreme interest, and there is no English work which brings more vividly before the eye the extraordinary variety of the weapons, utensils, garments, harness, and even food, of these primæval races. It is as attractive as a museum, and does the greatest credit to the translator, Mr. Lee.

† Op. cit. and Congrès Intern. d'Anthrop. et d'Archéol., pp. 1, 242. Bologna, 1871.

* R. F. Burton, 'Etruscan Bologna,' p. 44. 1876.

ments are gold armlets, bronze harp-shaped fibulæ, amber rings, blue and green glass beads, some plain, and others worked into beautiful patterns in blue, white, green, and yellow. There are unguent pots, also of glass, built up of zigzags of these colours, and alabaster pots and vases identical with those found in Etruskan tombs. There are bronze knives, iron knives, spuds, and horse bits. No less than four groups of cemeteries, containing articles of this kind, have been opened on each side of the road leading from Bologna to the Certosa, and several others have been explored in the district at Villanova and elsewhere. Some of the cinerary urns made of pottery are ornamented with chevrons, triangles, and zigzags, so common in the pottery of the bronze age north of the Alps, as well as with figures of birds, the Greek pattern, the meander, the step, the cross, and the fylfot. Axes of iron and of bronze were met with, the latter being winged. One small axe from Villanova has its edge composed of iron let into the bronze, a fact which shows that at this time the former was more valuable than the latter. There are also tombstones, some plain, and some globular and sculptured with figures, others of a slab-like form so common in our own churchyards, but here ornamented with figures similar to those at the entrance of Etruskan tombs. On one found in the Certosa, the dead is represented as being hurried along to the tomb with a winged genius behind him, an idea repeated over and over again in the modern monuments which make this one of the finest cemeteries in Europe.

The importance of all these discoveries consists not merely in presenting us with many of the articles found in the terramaras, but in the fact that they may be connected with the tombs of Etruria, as, for example, those of Cære, Viterbo, Perugia, Chiusi, Arezzo, Volterra, Orvieto, and others. We quite agree with Count Gozzadini that they belong to the Etruskans, and probably to an early period of their power which he has marked off by the name Palæo-Etruskan. They probably belong to that branch of the race which was driven out of Lombardy by the invasion of the Gauls. Nor are we without evidence that these remains fall within the period of history, if the chronology of Egypt be taken as a standard, since a scarabæus has been met with, bearing, according to M. Chabas, the name of Khoufou, or Cheops, the builder of the Great Pyramid. It is not, however, an original, but a subsequent imitation, and therefore of a later age. Many other traces have been met with in Etruskan tombs elsewhere of an intercourse with Egypt, which go far to confirm the truth of the inscription in the temple of Karnak to which we have drawn the attention of our readers.

The Etruskan power in ancient times extended not merely over Lombardy, but over Tyrol and into Hungary ; and the statement of Livy to that effect is confirmed by the discovery of cemeteries, of which that at Hallstadt, near Salzburg, may be considered the chief, and referable to the same Palæo-Etruskan age as the terramaras and the cemeteries at Bologna. We may therefore infer that in ancient times the Etruskans possessed a dominion of which Tuscany is a mere fragment, and that they were being pushed back at the dawn of history by the invasion of other peoples. They were the great metal-workers of antiquity, and masters of the Tyrrhenian sea, and from their peculiar position in Northern Italy must necessarily have exercised an enormous influence on their transalpine neighbours. They were further most intimately associated with the early Greeks, and to such an extent was the intercourse carried on between them that Greek vases and statues abound in their tombs, and the terra cotta sarcophagi in which rested the ashes of the Etruskan nobles were either modelled by Greek artists or were copies of Greek designs. After an examination of the principal Etruskan collections in Italy, it seems to us extremely probable that there were Greek artists present in the chief Etruskan centres who carried on the business of modelling and designing just as the Italians follow the same kind of calling in plaster casts in this country. The Greek influence, however, is scarcely perceptible in the Etruskan metal-work, which seems to us to have arrived at a higher development in Italy than in any other region except Egypt, and to be distinct from the fictile work.

There is no reason for wonder that the Etruskans should have been pre-eminent among the Mediterranean peoples for their skill in working metal, since they alone possessed within their own limits the two metals of which bronze is composed. Copper is widely distributed, but tin was until lately known only in Saxony and Bohemia, in Spain, in the Wicklow mountains, and in Cornwall. Nor is there evidence that it was worked in ancient times to any great extent, excepting in Cornwall and in Spain. Now it appears from M. Blanchard's discovery, brought before the Anthropological Congress at Buda-Pesth by Professor Capellini, that the extensive mines of Cento

Camerelle, in Monte Valerio, in Tuscany, were worked by the ancient Etruskans for the sake of the tin. The copper mines of Montieri (Mons Æris) are not far distant, and it is very probable that they owe their name to the place having been used in ancient times for the manufacture of bronze. This discovery seems to us of very great value, because it lends weight to the view that a large part of the tin used by the civilised peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean was derived from Tuscany, rather than from countries so remote as Spain and Britain, as they are supposed to have been by most writers. We are therefore now able to see that the tin and copper mines would enable the Etruskans to found a trade with their neighbours, and to arrive at that perfection of metal work for which they are so remarkable. It must have been to them a source of wealth and culture, as the silver mines of Laurium were to the Athenians, and the gold mines to the settlers in California and Australia. It gave them a command over the commerce of the time, somewhat similar to that which we enjoy from the possession of coal and iron.

The exploration of the tombs of Mykenæ by Dr. Schliemann * presents us with the proof that at the close of the bronze age in Greece the style of art was essentially of the same sort as the Palæo-Etruskan, consisting of spirals and of figures of animals, of chevrons and the fylfot ornaments, or cross with the arms bent over at right angles. Gold repoussé work also, similar to that of Hallstadt, Hissarlik, and of the Etruskan tombs, proves that the same sort of arts were spread over the northern regions of the Mediterranean from Italy to Greece and Asia Minor.

Such, then, is the idea which we have to grasp of the civilisation of the Mediterranean area when history began. It was of a high order, but the use of bronze had not as yet been completely superseded by weapons and cutting implements of iron. In other words, it was in that transition stage termed by M. Chantre 'the period of the transition from the bronze to the iron age.' The time when bronze was first introduced into the Mediterranean area is lost in the mists of antiquity, but it took root and gave rise to a metal industry which must have been slowly developed during a long series of years before it could have arrived at that pitch of excellence which it there attained. It however displaced a neolithic civilisation, for in Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy polished stone axes and the traces of the associated manners and customs are met with equally, just as in the region north of the Alps. It is derived from the East beyond all doubt, and cannot be traced further back than the civilisation of Egypt. It may be further observed, that if there be any truth in the legend which derives the Etruskans of Italy from Lydia, they may have introduced its knowledge into Italy, just as the Greeks long after introduced their civilisation and arts into the district round Marseilles, and founded another Greece beyond sea in Italy.

We are now in a position to approach the problem of the introduction of bronze into the region north of the civilised countries of the Mediterranean, which M. Chantre would have done well in treating with the full benefit of the light shed upon it by the labours of Viberg, Lindenschmidt, Sadowsky, and other writers. He prefers, however, to treat it from the purely antiquarian point of view, without giving due weight to the influence of the Etruskans.

The age of bronze is divided by M. Chantre in France and Switzerland into three phases, the first of which is that of 'transition from the stone age to that of bronze,' the second that of 'bronze properly so called,' and the third that of 'the transition from the age of bronze to that of iron.' The first of these is characterised by the association of certain bronze objects with neolithic implements and ornaments, and is termed the Cevennian stage, from the numerous cases of this association of articles in the region of the Cévennes. In the second phase bronze is no longer a rarity, and its importation is made on a large scale, and along with it appear new arts and a higher civilisation. From its great development in the basin of the Rhone it is termed the Rhodanian phase. The third, or that in which iron makes its appearance as a new element, is named the Mœringian, after the celebrated pile-dwelling of Mœringen.

In the first of these divisions bronze appears as a rarity, and generally in the shape of ornaments; in forty-seven tombs in the Cévennes the percentage of bronze articles, as compared with those of stone and bone, is no more than 6·42 per cent., and these are mostly beads and personal ornaments of various kinds, some of which are imitations of those of stone. Pins, bracelets, and rings are more common than knives or axes, while daggers are rare. Amber appears, and glass—a fact of especial importance, because it shows that an article of Egyptian or Phœnician manufacture had found its way into France at this time. The introduction of personal ornaments, and especially of

* Journ. Soc. Antiq. 1876.

glass, before other articles in use in the country where the glass was manufactured, is what might have been anticipated from our contact with races possessed of a lower civilisation than our own. At the present time the natives of Africa prefer articles which minister to their vanity to those of practical use, and glass beads are used as a medium of exchange, and are passed from hand to hand into regions far beyond those into which our weapons and implements penetrate. This period of transition of M. Chantre seems to us to be the necessary result of the intercourse of the inhabitants of France at the close of the neolithic age with the civilised peoples in the Mediterranean, and we take it to be merely the first sign of their influence, subsequently to be felt in 'the age of bronze properly so called.'

M. Chantre classifies in his 'age of bronze properly so called' the deposits of bronze articles which had been manufactured but never used, and which obviously formed the stock of bronze merchants. One of the most important of these, to which he gives the name of 'the treasure of Reallon,' was discovered after a violent storm which devastated a part of the country. The waters of a stream, traversing a little village of that name, had cut deep ravines, and in the earth transported to a little distance the greater part of the antiquities were discovered. These were first of all taken for gold, and then would have been sold for old brass to a pedlar had not the curé told the owners that they had in their hand a veritable treasure for science, for which they would be better paid by archæologists. They ultimately found their way into the museum at St. Germain, together with those which M. Chantre was able to discover subsequently, and they represent altogether no less than 461 specimens. There are knives, sickles, lance-heads, horse-bits, 269 rings, finger-rings, buttons, pendants, and bracelets varying in pattern and workmanship. Some were hollow, and others made of a band of metal; both were ornamented with various patterns in right lines and dots. Some of the stouter of these are precisely of the same pattern and shape as those which we have seen from Germany in the museum at Berlin, and in Rome and Florence from various parts of Italy. With them were several small stone rings, possibly of jade, a bead of amber, and two of blue glass. The position of Reallon is on a route which has been frequented for a long time, leading from the Valley of Durance to that of the Drac; and it was, M. Chantre remarks, probably that taken by travellers coming from primitive Etruria, from whom the inhabitants of the lake dwellings 'received beyond a doubt the knowledge of bronze.' This discovery, then, is of especial importance because it represents the goods of a merchant, selected to suit the market of the North and West. The abundance of personal ornaments in it corresponds with that abundance which has been observed in the sepulchres of the early division of the bronze age. Several other similar discoveries are described by M. Chantre. That of Vaudrevanges, near Sarrelouis, contains, among other things, a sword which is identical with that described by M. le Comte Gozzadini, from Ronzano, in Italy. It contained also several small pendants similar to those found in the same place. From the number of ornaments in these treasures, as compared with those in the sepulchres of the Cevennian age, it seems that the proportions are so close in each as to be practically identical. In the one they amount to 75·02 per cent., in the other they are 79·87. The conclusion which we should draw from this fact is that these articles were *en route* to be sold to those who ultimately deposited them as their chief valuables in the tombs.

The foundries, or deposits of metal with the necessary implements of working it, described by M. Chantre in the Valley of the Rhone, are no less than thiry-nine in number, and of these that of Larnaud, near Lons-le-Saulnier (Jura), may be taken as an example. It consists of no less than 1,485 pieces, including ingots, waste from moulds, implements and ornaments, more or less broken, hooks, cold chisels made of bronze containing a large percentage of tin, and other articles necessary for working bronze. Many of the implements were broken intentionally for the melting-pot. Among the articles a fibula is worthy of especial notice, and on several of the ornaments the sign of the cross is met with, which, according to M. de Mortillet, characterises the close of the age of bronze. In the opinion of the last cited authority, this hoard evidently belongs to the same date as the treasure of Reallon and of the majority of the lake habitations of Bourget. There is, however, this difference between them. At Reallon the pieces are all new and selected; at Larnaud, on the contrary, they are all used or broken, from which we may gather that the former has been the deposit of a merchant, just as the latter has been that of a founder. Numerous foundries similar to these have been found in various parts of Europe. Those of Great Britain have been described by Mr. Evans and others, while recently one at Bologna contained no less than 14,000 pieces.

The deposits of bronze in the treasures and foundries above mentioned are of the very highest value, because they tell us, in an unmistakable manner, the sort of implements, weapons, and ornaments in use at one time. The merchant, of course, would select the articles necessary for his market, and the founder would collect those which had been broken, and his stock would represent also the articles in use at the same time. In one or other of these we meet with forms usually considered to belong to widely different times. The simple wedge-shaped axe, for example, is taken to be of higher antiquity than the axe with wings or the axe with a socket, and repoussé work, the spiral ornament, body armour, helmets, and the like, are referred to different periods in the age of bronze. In these deposits they are seen lying side by side, a fact which shows that they were undoubtedly used at the same time. And when we add further that these so-called later types are met with in the Palæo-Etruskan tombs, we may feel tolerably certain that they were derived from the great metal-workers of Italy. From that centre personal ornaments would naturally find their way first over the Alpine passes, then would follow the merchant with his assorted merchandise, and after him, as M. Chantre justly observes, would come the founder, just as at the present time English artisans have followed English trade far into Africa. M. Chantre does not fully grasp this idea; for while he distinctly allows that the lake-dwellers of Bourget received their knowledge of bronze from Italy, and classifies the treasures and the foundries in the age of bronze *par excellence*, he contradicts himself by stating: 'Jamais on n'a trouvé d'objets étrusques dans un milieu de l'âge du bronze proprement dit: les traces de cette intervention ne se rencontrent que bien postérieurement' (i. 16). The invention of the various types is one thing, and their introduction into transalpine Europe another thing. We fully allow that the simpler were invented before the more complex, but we know of nothing which proves that they were known in the area under consideration before certain elaborate articles of personal ornament.

M. Chantre follows a view started by M. de Mortillet, that bronze may have been introduced from the far East by travelling tinkers, like the gipsies of the present day. In this manner he explains the community of form traceable through local variations in transalpine Europe. Very probably there were travelling tinkers, and an examination of their work shows that they were inspired, not by that art which found its home in the East, but by the Palæo-Etruskan art of Italy and the Tyrol. We should not be in the least surprised at finding an English blacksmith at work in Central Africa or in some lonely island in the Pacific. 'The age of bronze properly so called' of M. Chantre seems to us to indicate merely the period in which a commerce had sprung up, and introduced not merely that metal, but a great deal of the civilisation which accompanied it. The minor local differences between the group of bronze articles found in one country, as compared with those of another, may readily be explained by the view that they are the result of local industry, set up when the value and importance of bronze had been fully recognised; and to this local industry many of the simpler forms may be due.

The lake dwellings in Switzerland, Italy, and France were inhabited from the age of stone down to that of iron, and according to M. Chantre were occupied by two currents of populations, differing in their origin, in their industries, and in the materials they first employed. Throughout Eastern Switzerland the finds present scarcely any articles made of bronze; the implements and weapons are of stone and bone, and the few bronze articles probably arrived by way of exchange. They belong to the age of stone, and to that of transition between stone and bronze. On the borders of the Lake of Geneva it is to some extent the same, but here they present signs of the greater influence of the new metal. In Western Switzerland those of the bronze age, situated close by those of the stone, offer traces of a much higher art than those of the East. The same is the case with the Lake of Geneva. In the Lakes of Annecy and Bourget there is no pile-dwelling of the neolithic age properly so called, but in the middle of rich accumulations of the age of bronze one finds the remains of the preceding period, stone axes, arrows, and the like. This difference he explains by the view that there were two distinct populations in the East and the West, and that the latter were in close communication with the country of their origin; hence their metal work was carried to a high pitch of perfection, and the pottery is also of a more artistic kind. We do not share these views of M. Chantre, and they are not borne out by the illustrations to the last edition of Dr. Keller's work. We think that the difference between Eastern and Western Switzerland is far more likely to be due to the latter being more easily accessible than the former to the influence from Italy, which would certainly find expression in the neighbourhood of the Lakes

of Bourget and Annecy, lying, as they do in the direct road from the pass of Mont Cenis, through which a trade has been carried on with Italy from time immemorial.

We have now to examine the third, the last stage, or that of transition from the age of bronze to that of iron. Just as the former metal succeeded polished stone for weapons and cutting implements, and spread over the whole of transalpine Europe, so was it gradually supplanted by the latter. Iron appears in the deposits of this period under exceptional conditions, and probably as an article of luxury, and its reign did not begin, according to our author, before its employment preponderated over that of bronze. He therefore includes all the pile-dwellings usually assigned to the iron age to that of the transition from bronze, or the Mœringian. The civilisation which accompanied iron flourished in the region of Hallstadt and in the Palæo-Etruskan realm of Italy, and is characterised by the introduction of razors, brooches, and torques. Certain patterns also appear, such as the spiral, the cross, the fylfot, repoussé work also, and bronze helmets, cuirasses, and vases. Figures of animals are also represented. Gold, amber, jet and glass, iron and tin, are used as ornaments. To these characters our author adds annular bracelets, and hollow bracelets with upturned ends, hollow fibulæ and armlets, girdles made of fine leaves of stamped bronze, as well as iron utensils and arms. These views of M. Chantre, of the appearance of different articles and patterns at successive times in the bronze age, seem to us to be founded merely on the fact that these are known to occur in the iron age, and on the *à priori* ground that the most simple articles would be the first to be invented. The associated remains in the foundries like Larnaud, and in treasures like Reallon, show that this sequence does not hold good, a fact which M. Chantre unconsciously allows when he classifies them in one place as belonging to the age of bronze properly so called, and in another place ascribes some of them to the transition stage. Surely there can be no doubt that the objects at Larnaud were in use at the same time, and the only logical conclusion which can be drawn from the discovery of bronze articles of the Palæo-Etruskan type of Hallstadt is that the whole foundry belongs to that age, into which certain archaic types may have passed by the natural process of survival.

Many of the implements and styles characteristic of the Palæo-Etruskan cemeteries of Italy and of the terramaras are met with in the Lake of Bourget and elsewhere. The representations of animals so frequent at Villanova, Bologna, and Hallstadt are found in the lake-dwellings of Gresine and Mœringen, as well as the cross and spiral. M. Chantre also assigns to this age certain thin plates of gold, ornamented with stamped lines and circles. Similar ornamentation to this, we may observe, has been met with in the gold torques of Britain and Ireland; and it recalls to mind the thin gold leaf of some of the Egyptian tombs, as well as of those explored by Dr. Schliemann at Mykenæ. The cross ornament also is frequently seen in ancient British pottery of post-neolithic age in Wales and Derbyshire, as may be seen by a reference to the valuable work on ceramic art published by the late Mr. Waring. Numerous designs and articles lie scattered over France and Germany identical with those of the Palæo-Etruskan tombs. Among the objects distinctively Etruskan found in the far North may be mentioned bronze vase carriages, which form an essential part of the furniture of tombs in Etruria, and the large bronze trumpets, described by Prof. Worsaae, from Scandinavia, which are to be seen hanging on the wall in the great mausoleum at Cære.

It seems to us perfectly clear, from the mode in which bronze occurs in the dwellings and tombs north of the Alps, that bronze was introduced from the South. The glass beads which accompany it are beyond a doubt derived from the Mediterranean area. The bronze age north of the Alps begins, as it might be expected to begin, among a people who were living close to a more highly civilised community, with the importation of beads and other personal ornaments easily transferred from hand to hand. Then bronze weapons and implements of various kinds, such as those represented in the 'treasure' of Reallon, &c., appear, some of the articles being adorned with the spiral patterns and crosses characteristic of the Palæo-Etruskan and Italo-Greek art. These articles are distributed in the dwellings and the tombs of the natives. Eventually more elaborate bronzes appear, all of which can be traced home to the Palæo-Etruskan centre. The influence, indeed, of the art of that mysterious people is felt throughout the whole of the North, and articles of distinctly Etruskan workmanship have been traced on the one hand into the valley of the Danube and of the Rhine to Scandinavia; on the other hand, it can be felt passing over into Gaul, through the Alpine valleys into the Rhone valley, and thence over the whole country. The various highly finished weapons and golden ornaments found in Britain bear testimony

to this influence; and we should be inclined to account for the superior workmanship of some of the Irish bronzes and of the beautiful golden torques by the fact that there were gold mines in the mountains of Wicklow. These articles would naturally be brought for exchange for gold. In the same manner also the finer workmanship of the Scandinavian bronzes might be explained by the view that they were brought for exchange for amber, a substance widely circulated and highly valued by the Etruskans. The routes by which they arrived at Koenigsberg, the present head-quarters of the amber trade, have lately been defined by Dr. Sadowsky in an elaborate work.

When the bronze trade had taken root, we might naturally expect that workers in bronze, or tinkers, would settle down in the centres of population, and establish places where the broken articles might be repaired, or the materials recast. Hence the numerous foundries met with in France, Germany, and Britain.

It is argued by some high authorities, among them our author, that before the Palæo-Etruskan influence was felt, bronze was known in the north. The recent discoveries, in the Mediterranean region, of articles supposed to be peculiar to the bronze age of transalpine Europe, have destroyed the only foundation for this view. The elaborate maps published by M. Chantre of the distribution of bronzes show that the Mediterranean was a centre from which the metal was distributed, just as those published by Mestorf prove the subsequent influence of the Greeks and Romans on the inhabitants of Northern Germany and Scandinavia.* We think it hazardous in the present state of the enquiry to say anything regarding the origin of the bronzes of the Lower Danube or of Russia, but we do not agree with M. Chantre that the spiral ornament is of Slavonic origin. It is much more likely to have been derived from the Palæo-Etruskan race, which was certainly highly civilised before the Slavonic peoples invaded Europe. It is found on the bronze hilts of swords and on personal ornaments, equally in the countries round the Mediterranean, in Britain, Ireland, Germany, and Scandinavia.

M. Chantre follows, and with justice, the views held by most archæologists, that the art of making bronze was not discovered in Europe, but was derived from the East. We do not, however, go with him when he places its original home in the Islands of Banca and Malacca, where tin and copper are to be found side by side. In our present ignorance of the distribution of those metals in Arabia and Central Asia, and of the extent to which they were worked in ancient times, it is a merely idle speculation to assign any one as the probable centre. In the course of time the knowledge of iron spread probably through the same channels of commerce, and from the same quarter, and with its introduction the bronze age, properly so called, of Central and Northern Europe passed away. In the bronze age there were no coins; they appear along with iron, making their way over the whole of Germany, Gaul, and Britain; the earlier ones being Greek coins and their imitations, some Olbian or Athenian, and others those of Philip of Macedon. The introduction of metals into the North and West was, however, not merely due to the Etruskans, but also to the Phœnicians, the great maritime people who probably worked the tin mines of Cornwall and of Spain, and established Cadiz as a convenient centre for their trade with the barbarians of the North. They, however, had no art of their own, and we are unaware of any article distinctly Phœnician which has ever been found in Britain or Northern Germany. They probably manufactured articles from Etruskan designs for the Western market, just as Manchester calico printers employ Japanese patterns for the Japanese markets. It is unnecessary for us to say further regarding the share which these two peoples had in introducing the civilisation of the bronze age among the neolithic peoples, since we have already treated it at length in an article published in this Journal, vol. cxxxii. p. 472.

We have no means of ascertaining the date of the introduction of iron into the transalpine regions, but it certainly took place before the Celts came in contact with the Roman arms, since Polybius describes the Gauls, in B.C. 222, as being armed with soft iron swords similar to those used by the Scots, according to Tacitus, in the battle of the Grampians. When, however, the art of smelting the ore was once known, it would very probably spread with great rapidity, since the ore, unlike that of tin, is very widely distributed, and to be found in almost every country in Europe. The manufacture of iron might readily become a local industry in each district, instead of being dependent, like that of bronze, upon an alloy which must be carefully made, and of which one element, tin, was met with but in few spots—Tuscany, Cornwall, Spain, Bohemia, and Saxony.

* Der Einfluss der klassischen Völker auf den Norden, durch den Handelsverkehr. Von C. F. Wiberg. Aus dem Schwedischen von J. Mestorf.

In closing this review we have to thank M. Chantre for the care with which he has put together the facts relating to the bronze age in the valley of the Rhone, and in Switzerland. He has done for France very much what Mr. Evans has done for the neolithic age in our own country. We look forward also to a similar work from Mr. Evans, of which he has already given us an instalment in the 'Petit Album de l'Age du Bronze en Grande-Bretagne,' but we hope that it will not be so heavy and luxurious as that before us. As archæology progresses, we feel sure that the influence of Etruskan, Phœnician, and Greek, will be more and more recognised in the transalpine bronze civilisation. We take as well-ascertained facts, that while the inhabitants of Asia Minor, of Etruria, of Greece, and of Egypt, were possessed of an elaborate civilisation, Gaul, France, Scandinavia, Britain, and Germany had not emerged from that state known as the neolithic, and that the recent discoveries imply that the age of bronze was due to the spreading of this civilisation from the Etruskan centre northwards and westwards. Our readers will see further from this review that the division into ages of polished stone, bronze, and iron, is merely relative, and does not imply periods, using the term in the historical sense. In the transalpine region the pre-historic times extend far down into the historic period of Greece and Rome. We would advise the archæologists as well as the historians to concentrate their attention on this overlap.

Art. VII.—*A Noble Queen: A Romance of Indian History.* By Meadows Taylor, C.S.I., M.R.A.S., M.R.I.A., &c., Author of 'Secta,' 'Tara,' and other Tales. London: 1878.

Unhappily 'A Noble Queen' is the last of Meadows Taylor's novels, but at least it appears under more favourable circumstances than any of its predecessors in his Indian series. For it will be read by the light of the fascinating autobiography which we reviewed in a recent number.* That autobiography made us intimate with its accomplished author, showing him as one of the most remarkable of the eminent men who have established the British ascendency in India. That he did not arrive at more commanding positions was owing to the comparatively untoward circumstances under which he commenced his career. From first to last he had to resign himself to the consequences and disabilities of not having entered the covenanted service by the official door. So far as he made his way, he made it by his energy and sterling ability, and by the help of the friends his merits had won for him. He was promoted to responsible posts and entrusted with delicate negotiations involving desperate risks, because he proved himself a born leader of men. Within the sphere of his influence—and it was very wide after all—few Englishmen in India have shown themselves more powerful for good, mainly because he had studied the natives and sympathised with them. Amid the incessant routine of his engrossing and distracting avocations, we may consider it extremely fortunate that he turned his attention to literature. For he not only developed genuine literary talent, but he wrote in the fulness of knowledge and the ripeness of practical experience. Our concern now is with the author, not with the politician or soldier; and in more than one respect the 'Noble Queen' is a very extraordinary literary performance. In the pages his daughter added to the autobiography, we are informed of the melancholy circumstances under which it was composed. Colonel Taylor had spent the best of his strength in indefatigable Indian service. Even in his prime he had written his 'Confessions of a Thug,' when crippled by attacks of jungle fever. He came home with a shattered constitution to repose a mind that had been overstrained by its preoccupations. He was suffering under an incurable complaint, which the most sanguine of his physicians merely undertook to alleviate. His overtaxed brain was temporarily affected; it was only by fits and starts that he was able to use his pen; and the novel we are noticing now was the last of his literary efforts. We should have expected that it must have shown signs of his accumulating infirmities and been a melancholy monument of a powerful intellect in decay. In reality we are not flattering his memory when we pronounce it to be worthy of his talents at their best. Thanks to the choice of his maiden subject, nothing he has since written has rivalled, in point of sensation, the startling disclosures of Thuggee. But in picturesque effects and artistic workmanship, we doubt if 'A Noble Queen' is second to any of the books that went before, while the author was educating himself to the last in growing experience and culture.

Whether the book will be very popular is another question, and a question we should

* Edinburgh Review, October 1877.

hesitate to answer in the affirmative. In the first place the historical novel is not much in favour now-a-days; and in the next the great body of the reading public are strangely indifferent to what concerns India. But we are sure that whether it becomes popular or no, it must infallibly be appreciated by thoughtful readers, mainly because it is an Indian historical novel. It is but rarely that we have an unfamiliar subject made attractive by one who has mastered it in its most minute details. It is very difficult to overestimate the amount of information that is conveyed, directly or indirectly, in such a novel as 'A Noble Queen.' And the most plausible objections to the historical romance have no application in this instance. The great masters in that department of fiction—such as Scott in our own country, and Dumas in France, only redeemed the dryness of historical research by dressing the skeleton they had set up in the trappings of their fancy. When they are most eloquently graphic and launch out most brilliantly, you have an uneasy suspicion that they are least to be trusted. It is just the reverse with Meadows Taylor's Indian books. As we have said already, he had passed a lifetime among the people, with a natural capacity for analysing and appreciating their idiosyncrasies. He had mastered their dialects thoroughly; he had made himself so entirely one of themselves, that he could pass muster as a native gentleman at a fancy ball among searching eyes and curious tongues. And the India with which he had so minutely familiarised himself is almost identically the India of the sixteenth century, of whose history he is writing in the 'Noble Queen.' The Norman Saxon England of 'Ivanhoe' had to be evolved out of Scott's studies and imagination. The lively discourse of Cedric's serfs in his forest of Rotherwood carries glaring extravagances on the very face of it. The storming of the Castle of Torquilstone is a brilliant piece of military archæology. But while England has been socially revolutionised, native India may be said to have been standing still. The kingdoms of Beejapoor and Ahmednugger have passed away; but though the races and religions that mingled in their territories may have shifted their landmarks, their manners and mutual relations remain almost unaltered. The prejudices of caste are as inveterate and profound; the suppleness of the shrewd Hindoo, the fire and fanaticism of the warlike followers of the Prophet, the phlegmatic love of independence of the fierce and sturdy aboriginal tribes have scarcely been sensibly modified. The gorgeous state ceremonials of the splendid court of Chand Beebee may be witnessed to-day at Gwalior or Hyderabad; and holy and self-denying men, who aspire to the odour of sanctity, still tread the *turrequt* in the very footprints of Ahmud Ali, the fakeer of Moodgul. Nay, even the practice of warfare remains much the same as at the battle of the Veil or in the sieges of Ahmednugger, although chain armour is little worn to the south of the Indus and the Himalaya, and the guards of the feudatory princes are armed with the breech-loading rifle. There is an eloquent passage in Macaulay's 'Essay on Warren Hastings,' on the vivid realism of the scenes of Indian life as reflected in the sympathetic imagination of Burke. All that Burke had gathered from books had been familiar to Meadows Taylor as an eye-witness. His pictures of the villages and bazaars; of the swarthy labourers toiling in the heat haze in their rice-fields, under the intense glare of a vertical sun; of wild bands of irregular horsemen plodding wearily along the jungle paths; of the noonday rest and the night bivouac; of unwieldy buffaloes wallowing in the swamps; of merry hunting parties throwing the leash to their leopards and flying their falcons among the water-fowl in the tanks—are so many unmistakable photographs that bring the picturesqueness of our Indian possessions home to us.

Even more is that the case, if possible, with the archæology and the magnificent scenery. The ruined city of Beejapoor, the phantom of its former splendour; the almost impregnable hill fort of Juldroog; Ahmednugger, now an English cantonment, were all either in districts administered by Meadows Taylor, or within easy reach of his head-quarters. To conjure them up again for the purposes of his story needed no effort of the memory; they came of themselves in fond reminiscences. In place of gasping out existence in the monotony of the sun-baked plains, it was his happy fortune to have the sphere of his labours in the grand highlands of Central India. On his marches he rode through luxuriant forests, forded the clear and swift-flowing streams that come down in flood after rains in the mountains, and crossed the Ghauts by frowning defiles. We almost smile to observe how often he brings his characters to look down on the tumbling cataracts of the Krishna, evidently a favourite resort of his own. And we can hardly give his readers a more appropriate introduction to his novel than by quoting the opening scene, although it lies in the plains and not in the uplands:—

'It was a fiery day in the end of the month of May 159–, when a small party of horsemen,

evidently weary from long travel, were passing over the plains which lie north of the Krishna river. They carefully avoided village and road tracks, and kept a steady course eastward across the cultivated and uncultivated ground which seemed well known to them. There were no hedges, as the fields are unenclosed, except near the villages; and there were no trees, except distant clumps here and there, which marked the site of a village or hamlet, or perchance a lonely Mussulman shrine or Hindoo temple.

'Nothing could be more dreary or desolate in appearance than the landscape; every green thing had long ago been burnt up; the soil was for the most part black and cracked; and the fields, which had been or were being ploughed, were broken into large clods, over which the tired horses strained with difficulty.

'Beyond the river Krishna, which lay at a few miles' distance to the right hand, was a small cluster of hills, and directly before them a continuation of the range, which seemed to be broken in the middle by a gap; but the hills themselves were continually distorted by the hot wind and mirage, which had effect on everything about them.

'Trees suddenly appeared to start up, which dwindled into bushes as the party approached them; villages, with their walls and roofs of white slaty limestone, rose into seeming palaces, glittering in the sun, and disappeared; lakes of water seemed to gather together, and again vanish under the fierce blasts of the burning wind, which carried with it at times clouds of choking dust. Men and bullocks ploughing were seen for a moment, then rose quivering and mis-shapen into the air, and vanished under an increased blast.

'Now and then the droning song of the ploughmen came upon them in snatches, borne by the wind, and again ceased, and there was no sound except the plaintive whistle of the red plover, as flocks ran swiftly over the ground, the shrill chirrup of grasshoppers, or the wail of the lapwing when it was disturbed and flew away. Occasionally large lizards with red throats raised their heads stupidly as the party passed them, or the small blue-throated species looked pertly from its position on a stone or high clod, puffed out its beautiful azure neck, and whistled a defiant note as it beheld the unusual sight, or darted into the hole or crack in which it lived, and was seen no more.

'Over ploughed fields flocks of crows or white storks, with their beaks wide open, searched among the newly-turned clods for insects, and rose up with harsh cries and flew away before the mirage, and were soon lost to view; or trembling in the hot air took a short flight and settled again. Here and there a small river bed or a brook suggested a pool of water or thread of stream, at which the horses and men could quench their thirst; but they stayed rarely for this, and pursued their way with all the speed, a quick amble, that their horses were capable of.' (Vol. i. pp. 1–3.)

The historical incidents of the novel carry us back for nearly three centuries, for 'the Noble Queen' was the contemporary of our own Elizabeth. In her high courage and her personal attractions, in wisdom, in council, and in capacity for far-sighted resolution, Chand Beebee must have resembled the illustrious Tudor Princess. But their fortunes were very different; for the Indian heroine lived in as stirring and more evil times, and untoward circumstances brought her to an untimely end. Barely a generation before the opening of the story, the Hindoo rulers of the Dekkan had been vanquished by Mohammedan invaders from the north, in a great battle on the banks of the Krishna. Stranger dynasties had seated themselves at Ahmednugger and Beejapoor, and the conquering princes have left their monuments in the stately remains which Meadows Taylor had so often admired, and which he describes in such glowing language. Chand Beebee was a daughter of the reigning house of Ahmednugger, and, by way of sealing the alliance of the families, had been given in marriage to the King of Beejapoor. On her husband's death and the accession of his youthful nephew, the royal widow retained much of her former authority. But troubles had broken out between the allied kingdoms; troops from Ahmednugger were in the field in league with the rebels of Beejapoor, and the queen was harassed by palace intrigues and conspiracies among the leaders in whom she might have trusted. Even had things been more peaceful, she would have found scope for her talents in administering a kingdom that had never been consolidated. Those Beydur tribes who figure so conspicuously in the story had only reluctantly accepted the consequences of their defeat. A savage and primitive race, despotically ruled on the patriarchal system—their chiefs either yielded obedience to the authority of their new sovereigns, or set it at nought, as it best suited them, safe in the inaccessible strongholds of their forests. And to bring difficulties to a climax, the Mogul dynasty of Delhi, jealous of the growing power of these southern kingdoms, and covetous of provinces that were held but loosely, had taken advantage of their dissensions to invade them in force. The story tells of the struggles of Queen Chand Beebee against foreign invasion and domestic treason. Her beauty and her munificence, her patriotism and her sage policy, her feats of gallantry in the field, her heroic defence of Ahmednugger, and the lamentable catastrophe by which she perished, still

live in local song and tradition. Doubtless it was the romance surrounding her memory that tempted Colonel Meadows Taylor to single her out for the subject of his novel. At the same time he assures us in his short preface that he has closely and conscientiously followed history, and indeed the most fervid imagination could scarcely have devised more stirring or strangely diversified incidents.

Queen Chand is the central figure of the history, but she is not the actual heroine of the tale. In his Zóra, Colonel Taylor has done his utmost to surmount the difficulty we adverted to in the unromantic relations of the sexes under the jealous institutions of the East. Zóra is scarcely more than a child, although already budding into precocious womanhood, and she is free as yet to roam about with uncovered face and unveiled figure. She is left the greater liberty of action, that she is the granddaughter of a fakeer, whose sanctity, with the duties it imposes upon him, almost encourages her in setting social prejudices at defiance. The awe and reverence with which he is regarded are the safeguards of his grandchild from insult, and silence malevolent tongues. The fakeer is blind and bowed down with infirmities, and he makes her his deputy in the works of charity and mercy which are the steps of the ladder on which he is climbing to heaven. So that in place of having been cramped and confined in the tainted atmosphere of the zenana, Zóra has all the grace and intelligence of a girl who knows something of the world, and who has had opportunities of looking on life both in its brighter and its more earnest aspects. She is accomplished, too, far beyond her years and apparent station, for she has been the eyes of her blind grandparent, who is a man of extraordinary learning and has familiarised her with more than one foreign tongue; while, as we are given to understand from the first, there is a mystery surrounding the antecedents of the Synd, and his station is not what it seems to be. If Zóra is to win the heart of some chivalrous noble, he need not be afraid of stooping to a *mésalliance*. Her grandfather's story is as genuinely Eastern as their simple habits of life. A physician of marvellous attainments, whose fame had spread far and wide, he had been disfigured and deprived of his eyesight by the brutal caprice of the despot who had honoured him. He withdrew from the world that had maltreated him to live and labour for another, while his spirit had been humbled and made more tolerant under the load of his unmerited sufferings. A devout worshipper of the Prophet, and a firm believer in the Koran, the sentiments the author puts in the mouth of the Synd would do honour to the most liberal-minded of Christian missionaries. Meantime the charity he has taught his grandchild brings to both of them in this world its rich reward. Meadows Taylor showed his skill and talent as a novelist when he made Zóra's childlike good deeds win her the devotion of the wild Beydurs, who saved her in her worst extremity from the fate to which she seems doomed. Equally Oriental with the sharp vicissitudes of fortune which make the banished courtier an outcast and a mendicant, is the meekness with which he resigns himself to the exigencies of his saintly profession. The learned Hakim whom the king had delighted to honour begs for alms as a fakeer from the meanest of the faithful, without a thought of disgrace; it is God and the Prophet who are feeding him by the hands of the votaries who are working out their salvation. And when the turn of the wheel of fortune and the timely disclosure of his identity raise him again above the high station he has fallen from, the fakeer still persists in the practice of his vows of mendicancy. Travelling with Zóra under a gallant escort towards the court, where they are to bask once more in the favour of the sovereign, the pair descend from their luxurious palankins to spread their begging-mats by the doors of the mosques, although they dispense all they gather in second-hand charity.

And it is to Zóra's tender benevolence that she owes not only the attachment of the rough Beydurs, but the lover and husband for whom they save her. Abbas Khan, leader of the small party of flying horsemen whom we saw labouring across the plains of the Dekkan, is brought to the fakeer's lowly dwelling to be nursed. It is but dimly at first that the charms of the childlike face that was bending wistfully over his pallet dawn upon his fevered vision; but by way of showing the veteran author's sympathetic lightness of touch in a description of youth and grace and love, we may transfer his portrait of his heroine, with the passages in which he introduces her:—

'Zóra was apparently about fourteen years old, perhaps somewhat more; but she was tall for her age, and her figure was lithe and supple. She was fair in comparison with ordinary Mussulman women of her country, but not fairer than a light, clear, ruddy brown, betokening health and strength. Her head was small and perfectly shaped, sitting on a graceful neck; and her hair, a glossy black, escaped from under the scarf she wore in a profusion of soft curls, which seemed to wind lovingly about her neck and shoulders. Her

forehead was wide and somewhat low, but smooth and glistening, the eyebrows gently arched and regular ; but it was the eyes that involuntarily attracted every beholder, and with her mobile lips expressed every emotion of her mind. Now they would be fully and tenderly opened, and you would see the large soft dilated pupil of a velvety black, floating, as it were, on a ground of the tenderest violet and azure. A merry arch glance shot from them as they closed almost to a twinkling dot of light. They seemed incapable of anger or petulance, and, indeed, the child's life had as yet been one of little sorrow or excitement of any kind, and her natural disposition was gentle and submissive.

'It was certain that her figure would be strikingly elegant as her age progressed, but as yet there was no indication of form, except a litheness and grace which marked every movement ; and as she stretched forth her hand to minister to the wounded sufferer, her rounded arms, small hands, and taper fingers, gave promise of actual beauty in days to come ; while as she threw back her luxuriant hair, the movement of her neck conveyed an exquisite undulating motion to her whole figure. No one could call the girl beautiful, or her features regular ; they would not have been nearly so charming had they been so ; but her mouth and pearly teeth accorded with all else, and combined to produce a countenance as attractive as it was in reality arch, good-humoured, and interesting. She was very plainly, not to say coarsely, clad ; but the simple muslin scarf, which passing round her body and head fell over her right arm, was worn with a peculiar air and grace, and the petticoat of cotton stuff was, perhaps, fuller and more womanly than her age required.' (Vol. i. pp. 26–28.)

It is a powerful and most graphic picture, that of the group of watchers by the wounded man through the long and weary night. The differences of cast and creed are levelled in the charity of their purpose, and in the common anxiety that is consuming them. There is the tearful Zóra, as we have seen her presented to us, whose heart is touched already, although she is all unconscious of it. There is the venerable Syud, who, withdrawn to his couch, lies muttering half mechanically prayers or spells, when his feeble interest does not forget itself in sleep, and the wild Beydur chief, neither Hindoo nor Moslim, whom the Santon has admitted to that select company on the strength of his own unimpeachable holiness, and who watches the warrior who has won his rude devotion at least as tenderly and anxiously as Zóra.

Abbas Khan is contrasted in character throughout the book with his reckless cousin Osman Beg. They have not a few points of resemblance; but they represent very opposite types of that formidable Moslim chivalry which, till it came in collision with disciplined Europeans, carried all before it from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. Both are of high courage, trained from their childhood to the use of arms, and delighting in the excitement of warfare and forays. But Osman Beg is the representative Oriental warrior, as Europeans are in the habit of conceiving him—and, as we are bound to say, not without plausible presumption—spoiled in the zenana, brought up in self-indulgence, as lustful of money and power as battle and carnage. Osman Beg has intrigued and caballed, until he has fallen into suspicion at the court. But he has friends at court and the art to make the most of them ; and by way of compromise, instead of being disgraced and punished, he is relegated to the lonely fortress of Juldroog, where he has surrounded himself with dissolute retainers, and whence he terrorises the surrounding country. He scoffs at laws, human and divine, and is only kept within bounds by fear of retribution, or by the religion or superstition of his lawless followers. Superstitious himself, he sees his fate in Zóra, when he has yielded to the witchery of her charms and been provoked by the resistance he has met with. As for Abbas Khan, he is as different from his cousin as light from darkness. Too much idealised, perhaps, though the author must know best ; for in reading Meadows Taylor's novels we feel more inclined to learn from than to criticise them, so far at least as all things Indian are concerned. But Abbas Khan has all the chivalry which Scott has embodied in his Saladin of the 'Talisman,' or the late Lord Lytton in his Musa of the siege of Grenada. His worst fault is the hare-brained recklessness of youth ; but with his strong arm and his open hand, he has the gift of attaching warriors to him like women. His noble bearing and his dashing services in the field seem to vouch for the loyalty and courage which are impeached by his jealous backbiters. The 'Noble Queen,' who had adopted him as a son, is still inclined to love him like a mother. When he has a fair hearing, backed up by a fair fight, he wins even the suffrages and applause of those who had been his open enemies. And the gallant Mohammedan warrior, who might well have been the countryman of Sidney, the flower of Christian knighthood, loves Zóra with the soul as much as with the senses ; and hence their love affairs have a Western charm and interest, which possibly detracts in some measure from the Oriental colouring of the novel.

The scenes shift, in the first place, from the frontier fortress of Juldroog to the

stately capital of Beejapoor. Readers of the 'Story of My Life' will remember that both places were familiar to Taylor. Osman Beg had been shelved as governor of Juldroog, and the fortress blended with the rocks on the crest of a precipitous hill which had been made nearly impregnable by art assisting nature. Sulking like a bird of prey in his eyrie, which had so savage and evil a reputation that he found it difficult to lure even dancing girls thither for money, the licentious governor had set his lawless affections on the fair child of the Syud, who had his habitation in the town below. Here we have the picture of the landscape that lay round the base of the rock fort :—

'I have already said that the situation of Juldroog was eminently picturesque and beautiful, but it was beauty of a savage kind. The river Krishna, in the course of ages, in which the great cataract had been formed, had cut its way through a range of rocky hills which continued northwards and southwards, from the brink of the ravine, through which its water flowed. Throughout the ravine, which was about three-quarters of a mile long, its sides were formed of rugged and precipitous rocks, amongst which there was enough foliage to redeem them from entire savageness. Towards the end of the ravine the fort was situated, evidently a portion of the main range, through which the river had cut its way. Looking from the crest of the cataract above, it seemed as if the giant mass of the fort blocked up the narrow ravine altogether ; but at the angle opposed to the river it separated into two branches, one to the north and one to the south. Abbas Khan had crossed over the northern branch, which was comparatively narrow, and at a somewhat steeper incline than the southern, which was more spread out and more full of scattered rocks.

'Both branches united at the end of the island thus formed, and the noble river flowed on unbroken, except by low rocky islands covered with wood. In dry weather the stream was reduced to a comparatively small compass, the cataract was divided into many portions threading through the rocks in their white streams, and disclosing the whole of the wonderful construction of the fall, huge masses of granite rocks crossed by veins and dykes of basalt. From the crest of the cataract to the pool beneath, the measure by level of the descent is four hundred and eight feet in about a quarter of a mile ; and, as I have before attempted to describe, the fury of the descending mass of water when the wide river is in flood, is majestic and wonderful in the extreme ; but the place is so lonely, so entirely out of the way of ordinary travellers, that few, except the people of the country immediately around, know of its existence.' (Vol i. pp. 82–84.)

And beyond the dangerous rapids of the Krishna, a stream that could only be crossed when the water was comparatively low, lay the villages of the Beydurs in the labyrinth of jungles. The Beydurs had been but half subjugated by the Hindoo Rajahs, and they resisted the intrusion of the myrmidons of the Mohammedan authority, though when it pleased them they followed its standards to the field. No man had better opportunities of knowing them than Colonel Taylor, and he had good reason to like and admire them. When he was sent to pacify the troubled principality of Shorapoor, he found them ready to rise in arms against the Englishman who had undertaken to curb their lawless excesses. On his first interview with those wild chieftains, he half won their hearts, and when he left the province after years of residence among them, they would willingly have armed and died in his defence. We may believe that he had his own experiences in his mind in depicting the devotion of their chieftain Runga Naik to the manly and chivalrous Shah Abbas. There is nothing better in his book than the descriptions of the warlike and rugged mountaineers, at once so fierce, so affectionate, and so faithful. Runga Naik and Burma, his second in command, remind one of those rough and ferocious hounds, ready to fly at anyone but their master, though they may crouch to the soft hand of a girl. Runga's coming to the rescue of Zóra is admirably told, when she is a prisoner in the fortress of Osman Beg, and threatened by his rough wooing. The hooting of the owl is heard as the preconcerted signal ; the girl glides out into the darkness through the breach that Oriental negligence has left in the walls of the fort. Her protectors hurry her away to a temporary refuge in the dens of the panthers who kennel in the cliffs over the waterfall ; and thence they stealthily descend through the undercover to the ferry, where they are rowed across the stream by their Beydur clansmen. Even more natural and more picturesque perhaps is her second escape into the Beydur territory, which occurs far later in the story. The lights by which they follow the intricate forest paths under trusty guidance, betray the approach of the party. It is received by armed guards, who hesitate to awaken Burma Naik, whose temper is not to be excited with impunity. Burma is sleeping off last night's debauch, and a most unsightly and disagreeable figure he makes when he is awakened. But their letter of credence from his chief turns the fierce debauchee into the cordial host, who receives the refugees with a delicate *empressement* which leaves nothing to desire.

In the meantime the principal personages of the story have left the forests round Juldroog for the royal city of Beejapoor. The ruins of the palaces and sacred buildings that owed their origin to the taste and munificence of the Mohammedan princes are reconstructed for us in all their pristine magnificence. The city is repeopled with its bustling life, and the trains of mounted warriors blazing in jewels and splendid armour are threading their way among the busy crowds along the narrow thoroughfares. We glance into the gay bazaars, and see the glorious vegetation of the gardens enveloping the columns and façades. 'Beyond was the busy city and its countless objects, with the smoke rising up from its countless fires and covering it as with a thin veil of blue mist. Palaces, mansions, bazaars, mosques, temples, with their spires, domes, and temples, were intermingled with the terraced roofs of the houses, and showed no break in the continuity of the streets and suburbs, leading the eye onwards to the fort itself, which terminated the view, for here the chief interest of the great panorama centred, and the noblest buildings seemed clustered together.'

Zóra and her grandfather, travelling under the escort of her lover, Abbas Khan, have met the Noble Queen herself, issuing forth with her suite on a grand hunting party.

'There is a portrait of the Queen still, I hope, in existence at Beejapoor, taken before her husband's death by some Persian artist at the Court. It is a profile, exquisitely painted in body colour, with none of the stiffness which usually accompanies Oriental pictures. The features are regular and very beautiful; the eyes large, of a soft brown, with long dark eyelashes, the eyebrows arched. The mouth is very sweet and gentle in expression, and bears a slight smile; but there is a decided tone of firmness about the full round chin and graceful throat; and the forehead, though not high, has a breadth and power which must have been very remarkable. Altogether the Queen's is one of those faces which, once seen, are never forgotten; and the complexion is fair, with a faint tinge of carnation through the cheeks, which makes it almost European. Could Titian but have painted the face, it would have been one of the most perfect and interesting in the world. Her acknowledged beauty, her talent, and her sweet disposition, rendered her a popular favourite; and though local parties at Beejapoor were often seriously divided, all accepted her regency with enthusiasm.' (Vol. i. pp. 227, 228.)

Then come the spirited episodes of the royal chase, when the leopard was slipped on the trail of the antelopes, and the falcon unhooded to follow the floriken.

'They could see the leopard distinctly making its way down the slope, taking advantage of every inequality of ground, of small bushes, of ant-hills, and even of tufts of grass; creeping softly from one to another, and crouching to the ground if the deer showed the slightest symptoms of alarm. Once a huge black buck, the monarch of the herd, rose from the ground where he had been lying, stretched himself lazily, and ran playfully after some young fawns who had dared to approach him; and the leopard seemed to understand this, for it lay as if dead among some grass of very much its own colour. Presently it looked up, and saw the buck grazing with its head turned away; and a few more moves were made, the leopard crouching whenever there was a chance of being seen.' (Vol. i. p. 214.)

Abbas Khan comes half as a culprit to exculpate himself from false accusations of assassination and cowardice. Great bodies of Abyssinian mercenaries have been enrolled in the armies of Beejapoor, and by slaying one of their leaders in a frontier skirmish he had provoked the enmity of his Abyssinian comrades. He is cited to plead his own cause in full durbar, which gives opportunity for painting the gorgeous costumes of one of these grand military ceremonials of state. We have the pillared hall with the robed nobles and armed warriors; the lines of the richly caparisoned elephants; the mailed squadrons of horse; the serried masses of infantry; the corps of the Beydur irregulars in their rough suits of close-fitting leather, contrasting with the pomp and splendour of the rest. The fiery Abbas Khan pleads his cause with frank and impulsive eloquence; but he has no idea of resting his defence on the smoothness of his ready tongue. The ordeal by battle was in full force among the Indian Mohammedans, as it lingered still among the Christian chivalry, and it is to that he makes his final appeal. Under his gay garments of cloth of gold and his flowing petticoat-like trousers he wears a light chain suit of Milan mail, while the links of a twisted chain are wound among the folds of his turban. A flexible Toledo blade hangs from his brocaded scarf, for at that time the Beejapoor people were trading habitually with the Portuguese merchants of Goa. Allah defends the right; Shah Abbas slays the formidable champion of the Abyssinians after a hand-to-hand fight on horseback, and with Oriental impulsiveness the countrymen of the fallen man acclaim the prowess of the youthful conqueror, and the decree that advances him to be their general on the spot.

'A Noble Queen' presents the East to us—the country of startling contrasts and vicissitudes, the paradise of adventurers in every career. Always trembling on the brink of a fall, the aspirant may be raised of a sudden to a dizzy height. Abbas Khan had no doubt been brought up at the court; he was the son of a trusted and distinguished officer, and had besides been the cherished favourite of the Queen. But his gallant vindication of himself from a charge of cowardice not only results in acquittal and promotion, but actually makes him commander of an army in a very critical moment. Independently of his extreme youth he is the last man to have merited the post, for he has had the reputation of pushing courage to foolhardiness and recklessly risking the lives of his followers. Of a sudden, however he has attained to a station as much beyond his years as his services; he is the man whom her Majesty has delighted to honour, and might aspire to the hand of any woman in the realm. But he has set his affections on the fair Zóra, which, so far as he is concerned, is extremely natural, considering her attractions, and his gratitude, and his warm blood. In reality, however, although Zóra is but the daughter of a disgraced court physician who has turned fakeer, there is no thought of a *mésalliance* when he is inclined to offer himself formally to her. Zóra, who passed her childhood in a cottage on the banks of the Krishna, lending her services as a ministering angel to the humblest of the townsfolk and peasants—Zóra, who had come to the court of Beejapoor, begging her way with her blind grandfather as a humble suppliant for protection and justice, is already the darling of the Queen and the petted favourite of the court. The Queen is become her mother rather than her friend, and it is she who draws from the shrinking and blushing maiden the first spoken confession of her love. The incident is very prettily told, and the delicacy and warm sympathy which pervade it are proofs the more of Meadows Taylor's artistic versatility, showing a sensibility that is singularly engaging in an author who was closing a long career.

'The child was too truthful to be a coquette, and she could not resist the appeal. Lying in the Queen's arms, and sobbing with excitement, she told all, from the night of the watch to the scene of the trial, and how she thought Meeah would never leave her. "And many have asked Abba to give me away" (and she thought of the Rajah's poor secretary with a smile), "even the great and rich; but I refused, and Abba did not press me. O mother, I love Meeah! I do love him! Is it unmaidenly? Is it wrong? Often I have thought it was, and longed to put on the green dress and take its vows, but Abba always prevented me. Now do as thou wilt with me."

'"It is enough, child," returned the Queen, stroking her soft round cheek and kissing her forehead. "Enough for thee, and for those who love thee; and may the Lord bless thee, my darling!"' (Vol. iii. p. 78.)

But Zóra has a right to the *entrée* of the palace in virtue of her grandfather's growing sanctity. Step by step the venerable fakeer has been ascending the *turrequt* or path of salvation, taking degree after degree by popular acclamation and reverence. The eloquence of the holy Syud has moved the masses who gathered to hear him in the mosques and the market-places. On one occasion, when praying in a mosque on a festival day in presence of the prince and a crowd of worshippers, the spirit had descended on him irresistibly, and he had asked permission to address the assembly.

'As the old man took his place on the upper step of the pulpit, clad in his green dress, and, leaning on his staff, stretched out his arms, a murmur came from the assembly which cheered and excited him; and with a short text on the love of God, his words poured forth in a stream, not in the soft Persian he had adopted of late, but in the rugged Dekhan tongue—which had little of ornament or hyperbole in it—which became a torrent of alternate entreaty, reproach, and assurance, the like of which had never been heard before then by any. There were no sophisms, no mysteries, no display of profound erudition, incomprehensible except to a few; but there was instead instruction on the true Turreequt, the true path of salvation. He pleaded humility before God; charity, pity, and love to God and man; absence of any spiritual arrogance, which was but too prevalent, and of self-conceit and display. He spoke of the softer graces of habitual piety, of truth to man and to God, and of sobriety, patience, and endurance; tenderness in home duties and abroad; in short, attention to all the godly precepts of the book of God's messenger, who had inspired it, as he believed, and enjoined constant thought of the day of judgment, and the trial then of all profession.' (Vol. ii. pp. 246–247.)

The voice of the faithful is the voice of Allah. The cry arises from all parts of the vast assemblage, 'A saint! a saint! a miracle hath been done, for such words were never heard;' and the prince, swept away in the general excitement, makes himself the mouthpiece of the universal sentiment. The wandering fakeer of Juldroog is proclaimed a saint and a Wallee on the spot, and the prince solemnly salutes him by the new title, and makes him drink of the sacred chalice that is filled with the sherbet of salva-

tion. Henceforth the holy man is recognised as the superior of secular generals and statesmen. Sanctified by the popular spirit of religion, which, though it may be fanatical, is at least earnest and sincere, and strong in the blind adoration of his admirers, he is raised above the reach of intrigues, or even of the royal caprice. Nor has he his reward merely in a foretaste on the earth of the exalted rank he is to hold in the heavens. He is munificently gifted with rich domains, so that even in a temporal point of view the hand of his heiress becomes very well worth the winning.

But it is not only in the honours they pay to the most holy of their own faith, that we see, as Colonel Taylor represents it, the genuine religion of the Moslim of that period. Running parallel to the main plot, and occasionally intertwining itself with it, we have the historical story of the Christian missionaries of Moodgul. The conduct of one of them, Dom Diego de Fonseca, belies all the teachings of the founder of his religion. He is the adventurous cavalier who has taken orders from ambition. He has all the qualities with all the vices of a bold and aspiring soldier of fortune. Baffled in his attempts on the affections of the beautiful sister of his colleague, the revengeful libertine seeks to hand Francis d'Almeida over to the mercies of the Inquisition. Lustful, unscrupulous, and avaricious, escaping from the sentence and dungeons of the Inquisition, he flies to the Mogul armies from the condemnation of his Church, and half redeems an unholy life by the death of a gallant soldier. But if Dom Diego's conduct has been a scandal and a stumbling-block in the eyes and the path of heretics and heathen, the influence of his baneful example is counteracted by the piety of D'Almeida. D'Almeida's courage is as great, and of a far loftier order. His meekness and long-suffering are only equalled by his constancy and calm resolution. He is the living evidence of the beauties of the Christian creed. He has so entirely won the hearts of his flock that they will listen to neither charges nor calumnies against him, but run to arms to protect him. His native deacon makes the pilgrimage to Goa to bear witness in his favour before the terrible Holy Office. The good old governor of Moodgul has learned to respect him, and saves him from the machinations of the familiars of the Inquisition by sending him to Beejapoor under simulated arrest; and there he is received into the favour of the queen, having long before formed a firm friendship with the holy Syud, whom he had met at Juldroog.

Even after the lovers have reached the court, and when Abbas Khan has vindicated himself from the charges that weighed upon him, their troubles are by no means over. Zóra has to go through a formidable ordeal at the trial of the traitor Osman Beg, who had once held her in his power, and who loves her the more passionately for his disappointments. It is a characteristic episode of Eastern justice as administered in open assembly. It is true that the evidence against Osman is overwhelming, and his condemnation seems to be a foregone conclusion. Besides the testimony of credible witnesses who had either been his accomplices, or with whom he had attempted to tamper, there are irresistible *pièces de conviction* in his own handwriting. So inevitable does his fate appear to be that the headsman has repaired to the place of execution, where he holds himself in readiness. The *scharfrichter* of Beejapoor is an enthusiast and artist in his profession, and regards the refinements of his office from the æsthetic and religious points of view. He resents Shah Abbas having saved him a labour by killing in single combat the sturdy Abyssian bravo who had attempted the life of the young noble. He exhibits his sword of office to the bystanders, and claims their intelligent appreciation of its beauties. '"Can anything be more beautiful than this?" and rising, he drew from its scabbard a broad-bladed sword, rather broader at the point than at the hilt, with a point nearly square, with some, to him, strange-looking letters upon it, which he believed to be a charm. The motto, indeed, ran—"Inter arma silent leges,"—and the sword had been forged in Germany.' He is sure that the weapon will have its work to do that day, for he has had a special intimation from the head of the police. But he remembers of a sudden that there may be an evil eye among the onlookers, and he insists upon hurriedly dismissing them in the meantime. Moreover, he would be left to his prayers and meditations. For as the Italian assassin carries a cross with his stiletto, and as the Thug never casts the fatal handkerchief without breathing a devout entreaty to Bhowanee, so the public executioner was a pious man, and he bends his head humbly in preparatory prayer when he hears the call of the muezzin from the neighbouring minarets.

This once, however, he is doomed to disappointment, and Osman Beg, to the misfortune of his country, is indebted for his justly-forfeited life to the intercession of the cousin whose death he had plotted. Nowhere except in the East, the land of

what seems most improbable, could a cirminal so shameless and so dangerous have escaped. The king has entered the hall of audience and taken his seat on the royal throne. The hall is crowded with the rows of nobles and courtiers, rising rank over rank, and the criminal is brought forward to the bar. He is proved guilty of public treason; of scheming the murder of the queen and the death of his cousin Abbas Khan; of the abduction of Zóra, who is standing near the throne, and whose charms have disposed the audience against him. His own servants and accomplices, on protection being assured to them, have turned against the fallen man. Zóra herself sets forth the story of her outrages with a timid but firm serenity that carries irresistible conviction of its truth. Osman Beg has to hear how he had engaged a gang of Dacoits to seize upon her, and he cannot deny the fact. But he is supported by his natural audacity and the fatalism of his creed. If he is doomed, he is doomed; and he takes a pride in defying the power of the throne and the indignant feelings of the vast assemblage, until one is inclined to admire him, ruffian as he is. More eager for revenge than for his life and honour, he too demands the combat. Fired by Zóra's charms and demeanour, each youth among the martial nobility would gladly come forward as her champion, although Abbas Khan claims precedence even against his cousin. But the combat cannot be permitted to Osman Beg. His is no case of mere suspicion in a matter which Heaven only can decide; his guilt is clear, and the stains on his character make him unworthy the swords of men of honour. He would be handed over by acclamation to the expectant executioner, when Abbas Khan first interposes, and then the king. For the sake of his gallant and generous cousin; in consideration of his father who has done good service, he will be spared the indignity of an ignominious death. His sentence is commuted to banishment and an involuntary pilgrimage to Mecca. Even then, in the very moment of his escape, his audacity does not desert him. He claims to carry Zóra with him as his wife, on the strength of a mock marriage he had attempted when she was in his fort of Juldroog. Even that claim, all baseless as it seems and proves to be, is fairly sifted by Mohammedan justice. If Osman Beg were really married to the girl, his she must be. But the decision is given promptly against him, and the baffled traitor and libertine withdraws. We have dwelt upon the scene of the trial, because it is equally graphic and suggestive; while Osman Beg, repulsive as his character is, strikes us as one of the most powerful and natural figures in the novel. We fear that men of his unscrupulous stamp were far more frequent in Indian history than gallant and gentle cavaliers like Abbas Khan, or than veterans such as Dilwar Khan, the good governor of Moodgul. They were adventurers like Osman Beg who led those conquering squadrons of foreign horse who overran the fertile plains of Hindoostan, and who made the misery of the inhabitants before British rule had been established in the country.

The actual novel may be said to come to a close with the death of the venerable Syud, and the marriage of his granddaughter. The obstacles that had separated Zóra and her lover were not altogether cleared away by the discomfiture of Osman Beg. Abbas Khan was entangled by an old standing engagement to the rich but ill-favoured and ill-tempered heiress of one of the most distinguished of his Abyssinian generals. Fortunately the young lady's father, an intimate of Abbas Khan's soldier uncle, looks at the matter like a man of sense, sees his ugly daughter with impartial eyes, and is persuaded that the match must end in misery. He conspires with his old comrade to help Abbas Khan to the happiness he has set his heart upon, and gives excellent advice as to the management of the negotiations which are to defeat the intentions of the ladies of his household. He advises that advantage should be taken of the covetous disposition of his wife, and Colonel Taylor has described, with much humour, how the Lady Fyzun's domestic parsimony made her easy-going husband miserable in what ought to have been a comfortable home. The payment of a handsome sum by way of solace for the breach of engagement leaves all parties tolerably well satisfied.

The rest of the book is nearly pure history. The interest is chiefly concentrated in Queen Chand's defence of the city of Ahmednugger against the armies of Delhi through two protracted sieges. Those unfamiliar with Indian warfare towards the close of the sixteenth century will be surprised to learn how conspicuous a part was played by artillery and engineering corps on either side. It is true that the field-pieces and guns of position were not very formidable; but it was the science and courage of the engineers that decided the fate of the city. Working up to the walls by sap, mines were pushed under the fortifications to be met by the countermines which were less successful. But the explosions in the first instance proved a comparative failure, and there is a brilliant account of the sanguinary repulse of the attempt to storm an

impracticable breach. The assault was led by the daring renegade, Dom Diego de Fonseca, to the booming of the imperial kettle-drums and the salvoes of the siege artillery.

'All through the Moghul trenches the silence was almost oppressive. The muezzin's call to prayer was proclaimed like that in the fort, and for a brief space only a distant hum from the town and camp could be heard. As Maria stood on the steps of the great bastion she could hear flies buzzing about her, the birds chirruping in the trees near her, and even the lowing and bleating of the cattle and sheep which were feeding in the sheltered ditch of the fortress. The sun shone through the thunderous air with a fierce, hot glare over all, and the plains and glacis were quivering in the trembling light. . . . Suddenly on the crest of one of the trenches beyond, a tall, powerful figure, dressed in European costume, stood forth, waving a naked sword, which flashed in the sun; while with the other hand he removed a plumed morion from his head, and made a courteous salute to the fort. He wore a bright corslet of steel, with gauntlets, and a buff coat and boots, richly embroidered. In his left hand he carried a stout stick, but no shield or other defence whatever. For an instant there was a shout of "Shabash! Shabash Feringi!" and, instantly, a crowd of men scrambled over the trenches, and, as he pointed to the breach, followed him. And these, some hundreds in number, Europeans and native volunteers, formed the forlorn hope. Again, others came on in denser array, Arabs, Pathans, Afghans, Rajpoots, dressed in yellow tunics; and other tribes, many singing their war-song, others shouting their national war-cries, armed with matchlocks, sword, shield, and spear, flashing in the afternoon sun, which poured its hot rays on all. It was now somewhat past four in the afternoon, and the sultry heat of the day had become almost sickening, when a slight breeze from the west waved the banners of the advancing host, and slightly displaced the cloud of dust which had arisen over them. It was a glorious, awe-inspiring spectacle truly; but the defenders blenched not from it; every man grasped his weapon more firmly, and stood at his post prepared for the worst, should it come. On the far side of the ditch, along the crest of the counterscarp and covered way, clouds of skirmishers spread themselves, pouring their shot upon the defences; but the fire had little effect, and gradually slackened.' (Vol. iii. pp. 197–199.)

The city was lost at last by foul treachery, and the queen murdered in an onslaught of misguided mutineers, who repented the deed almost as soon as it was perpetrated. The gallant and loyal Abbas Khan was saved from sharing the fate of his mistress by being on duty at another part of the fortifications. He has the satisfaction of so far revenging her, when his traitor cousin, Osman Beg, falls at last under his sword; and he escapes again at the storming of the place by the lucky accident of having been struck senseless in an explosion. He regains his consciousness to find himself a prisoner, but is treated by the generous conqueror with the respect which his gallantry has gained him. He is dismissed in all honour with his wife and treasure, is gratefully welcomed by Queen Chand's nephew at Beejapoor, and is appointed to replace old Dilwar Khan in the viceroyalty of Moodgul. So we leave him living in dignity and happiness, with his bride in the very spot where they had made each other's acquaintance, and where she had saved the life which has since been consecrated to her.

We would gladly have spared space to some of the minor female characters who impress us as being among the most original sketches in the story, such as Máma Luteefu, the professional agent for the arrangement of marriages and less reputable negotiations, with her confidante and servant, Shireen-bee; Zuffra-bee, the cook of Osman Beg, who manages to preserve her self-respect and independence in the disorderly household of the governor, and who takes the liberties of an old and useful servant with her overbearing master; and above all the Lady Keysama, the shrewish wife of the Beydur chieftain, who succeeded in henpecking the fierce husband whose word was law in the tribe, and whose name was the terror of his neighbours. The book in fact, with the other works of the author, gives the most vivid and truthful pictures we know of the social and political conditions of Central India, of its scenery, its institutions, and the manners and customs of the men of various races and religions who make up its picturesque and motley population. But perhaps its chief value lies in the light in which it presents our Indian fellow-subjects to the ignorance or prejudices of the average Englishman. We are told that they have their noble qualities as well as their vices and their faults; that the influences of differences of colour and blood, even of religious and political institutions, are far more superficial than we are inclined to fancy; and, in short, we are taught invaluable lessons of humanity by one who was an experienced politician as well as a philanthropist.

Art. VIII.—1. *The War Ships of Europe.* By Chief Engineer King, U.S.N. Revised and corrected throughout, with ad-

ditional Notes, by an English Naval Architect. Portsmouth : 1878.

2. *A Manual of Naval Architecture.* By W. H. White, Assistant Constructor, Royal Navy, &c. London : 1877.
3. *Almanach für Sr. Maj. Kriegs-Marine.* Pola : 1877.
4. *L'Anneé Maritime, Revue des Evénements &c. dans les Marines Française et Etrangères.* Paris : 1877.
5. *Les Navires de Guerre les plus récents.* Par M. Marchal, Ingénieur des Constructions Navales. Paris : 1876.
6. *Die Marine, eine gemeinfassliche Darstellung des gesammten Seewesens, &c.* Von W. Rudolf Brommy, Contre-Admiral, und H. von Littrow, Fregatten-Capitän. Dritte Auflage von F. von Kronenfels. Wien (published in parts in 1877 and 1878).

For nearly ten years military reorganisation has been the all but engrossing occupation of most continental governments. The work—the origin of which we may perhaps in the majority of cases refer to the events of the year 1866—received a fresh impulse from the results of the war between France and Germany in 1870–71. It has been pursued with more or less energy from the Tagus to the Neva, from Italy to the Scandinavian kingdoms. Nor have we ourselves abstained from engaging in the pursuit. The British army, not less than those of our continental neighbours, has undergone a process of remodelling of a character so sweeping that several of the features of the ancient system have entirely disappeared. But not only in the camp and on the parade-ground has the work been carried on; the arsenal and the dockyard have been the scene of labours as incessant and as energetic. In some respects, indeed, the work of the naval administrator has been more remarkable than that of his colleague of the military department. Armies have been reformed or reconstructed, it is true; but whilst every navy with any previous history has been submitted to fundamental alterations in its constitution, some have almost been created within the period adverted to. If the vast expansion of the armies of the Continent has rendered necessary a close examination into the condition of our military force and endeavours to increase its efficiency, no arguments are needed to show that the formation of a correct estimate of our naval strength, and, if requisite, a determination to bring it up to its proper level, are even more imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the empire and the present state of public affairs.

We hope in this article to exhibit as clearly as the subject will permit the true condition of the maritime force of the country. In doing so we intend to rely upon facts which have been culled from no half inaccessible or hidden official sources, but from published works within easy reach of every person who cares to make inquiry into the matter, and of an authority which we venture to think all will concede to be so high as to be unimpeachable and above suspicion. Whilst in England we have been deeply occupied in examinations of the military systems of foreign nations and in adopting such portions of them as appeared likely to improve our own service, foreigners have been even more eager in their investigation of naval matters and attempts to add to whatever naval force they may have happened to possess. The British navy has thus found a host of independent and thoroughly disinterested critics. This circumstance enables us to place above this article an array of books containing critical descriptions of the navies of the world. But one of them, and that a treatise on an eminently technical subject, is from the pen of an Englishman. It is not our purpose to criticise the above-named works; we must not, however, pass them by without a word of notice, as it is to them that we owe most of the *data* on which the information that this article is intended to convey is founded.

Mr. White's 'Manual of Naval Architecture' illustrates admirably the position which the science, of which it attempts to give a comprehensive summary, has attained in the estimation of that large body of people who, interested in nautical affairs generally, are not especially concerned with questions of naval design. The book will be found to be remarkably clear by those whose previous training has not specially fitted them for the consideration of the recondite problems which the naval architect has to confront in these days. A perusal of it will cause many to make allowances for the difficulties with which the designers of the modern ship of war have to contend, and to realise the extraordinary and honourable success which has attended their efforts. But beyond this the work is a striking monument of the vast changes which have taken place in a comparatively short time in maritime affairs, and which, having revolutionised naval architecture, have proportionately affected the whole range of naval tactics and the art of ocean warfare. In a chapter (No. IX.) on 'The Structural Strength of Ships,' and in another on 'Materials for Ship-building,' Mr. White has summarised some of the results of this great revolution.

Into 'the wonderful progress of the last half century have been crowded the development of ocean steam navigation, the introduction of iron sea-going ships, and the use of armoured war-ships.' 'Wood ships have been in use from time immemorial; iron ships for sea-going purposes have not yet completed the first half century of their construction; steel ships are of a still more recent date. Already wooden ships are superseded to a very large extent by iron, and many persons believe that before another half-century has passed iron will have given place to steel. . . . . Quite recently, both in France and in this country, considerable progress has been made in the manufacture of mild steel well adapted for ship-building, and the two first vessels built wholly of such steel are now in process of construction for the Royal Navy.' Mr. King* is of opinion that two corvettes built in 1874 'were the last wooden war-vessels that will probably ever be added to the British navy.' In 1850 four-fifths of the British mercantile steamers were of wood. 'During 1875 a tonnage of 179,000 was added to British steam shipping, and 176,000 tons were iron-built.' Nor is it otherwise in the Royal Navy. In 1860 the proportion of wood-built ships to iron was, expressed in tonnage, as twelve to one. 'At the present quite three-fourths of our ironclads, including all the ships added to our navy during the last ten years, have iron hulls; and it is a significant fact, that not a single wood ship is now being constructed for the navy.'

The great revolution in construction has been followed by, or has caused, others not much less sweeping in armament and equipment. As Admiral Bromny and Commander von Littrow say,† 'the innovations in armament in their reaction on naval architecture have continually increased the difficulty of the problems put to constructors of guns.' The publication of the book from which we have made this quotation is a thing worthy of note. The increasing attention paid in all sections of Germany to naval affairs has occasioned a considerable demand for works on such subjects; and a new edition of the work before us, suitable to non-professional readers as well as to those who follow the sea, and containing accounts of the latest condition of the navies of the world, has been brought out to meet it. A very large portion of it is taken up with descriptions of our own ships of war. The 'Année Maritime' contains an extensive and well-selected collection of naval statistics of every country which has any pretension to the possession of a fleet. Of all the works included in our list none is more valuable or more interesting than Chief-Engineer King's volume on 'The War Ships of Europe.' That officer was sent from America in 1875 by the Secretary of the United States Navy to make full inquiry into the various types of vessels employed in European services, their efficiency and mode of construction, and the means at the disposal of the powers whose flags they bore of equipping and maintaining them. His report has now been edited by an English naval architect, and republished here. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this very opportune production. It is a careful and impartial examination of our own effective fleet and those of foreign nations by a highly competent inquirer, working under a full sense of the responsibility laid upon him as an officer charged with a duty of great interest to his own country. Its value has been considerably increased by the notes of an editor evidently as well qualified as the original author to pass an opinion upon the subjects with which it makes us acquainted. From our account of these several books it will be seen that we have within our reach ample means, from a comparison of the estimates of several independent foreign observers, of forming a correct appreciation of the naval strength of this country.

In order to fully understand the condition at which the navy has at present arrived, it is necessary that we should take some note of the great revolution in naval affairs to which we have before alluded. Without doing so it will be impossible to see how much has been done, or how much was left undone in the attempts of previous years to insure the maritime defence of the empire. Down to a date even subsequent to the close of the Crimean War, the ships of the line, the vessels expressly intended to take part in battles, and the frigates of the world, differed but little in the essentials of their design from the vessels of the same description which sailed under the orders of Blake or of Van Tromp. Save for the important item of the propelling machinery, Sir William Martin's fleet in the Mediterranean in 1861 resembled the force that Nelson led at Trafalgar as much as the latter did the fleets of the Duke of York or of the other admirals of Charles II. These types seemed destined to enjoy a long continuance of their hitherto undisputed pre-eminence as the best forms of vessels of war. The system of armament, as well as of construction, remained to a great extent the

* War Ships, &c., p. 89.
† Die Marine, p. 167.

same that it had long been. A large number of guns was arranged in rows upon the broadside, a numerical superiority in pieces being held to give the combatant which possessed it the advantage in an engagement. Defensive arrangements against artillery fire were as little thought of in the fleets of twenty years ago as those of two hundred years farther back. Before the end of the Crimean War a few vessels, not inappropriately called 'floating batteries,' had taken part in the operations against Kinburn. They were built upon a suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon III. The experiment, then tried for the first time in modern warfare, was not considered in England to have been very successful. A great authority, Sir Howard Douglas, said: 'If there were no casualties on board the floating batteries, this can only be taken as a proof of bad gunnery on the part of the Russian artillerymen.'* Though we had built several 'batteries,' resembling those used at Kinburn, yet the beginning of the revolution cannot well be dated back farther than 1859. In an article of the July number of this Review in that year on the 'State of the Navy' we ourselves remarked that 'the idea has arisen that vessels are required to be cased in plate armour—huge floating batteries propelled by steam, probably without rigging, but capable of supporting the fire of a whole fleet, and of crushing down everything before them.' And we added that 'we are inclined to think that, although our distant cruisers must be mixed ships, yet for warfare in the Channel or within a hundred leagues of the coast of Europe iron steam batteries without sails will supersede ships of the line.' This appeared about nineteen years ago, but the writer of those lines has survived to see in the construction of such vessels as the 'Devastation' or the 'Inflexible' for European service, and of the 'Shah' or the 'Shannon' for employment in remote seas, a curiously exact fulfilment of his prediction. The 'Gloire,' the first sea-going ironclad, was launched in France and was soon followed (in 1860) by the 'Warrior' and her sister-ship the 'Black Prince,' vessels which carried 68-pounders, and were partially covered with armour of the then considered sufficient thickness of four and a half inches. It will not be necessary to follow the various steps which the innovations in construction led the naval architects of this and other countries to take. It is sufficient for our purpose to state that the changes from that day to the present time have been nearly incessant.

* Naval Gunnery, ed. 1860, p. 396.

New designs and new methods of construction rendered necessary the introduction of a novel system of artillery. When ironclads were first produced, the heaviest naval gun was the 68-pounder. Sir Howard Douglas gives the armament of the 'Victoria,' the ship which flew the Admiralty flag at the Spithead review in the summer of 1867, as sixty-two 8-inch (hollow shot) guns, fifty-eight 32-pounders, and *one* 68-pounder, weighing four tons and three-quarters. The charges for the latter were that known as the 'full' of twelve pounds of powder, and the 'distant' of sixteen. The effectual work of such a gun Sir Howard estimated at 102,000 foot-*pounds*. The Austrian 'Marine Almanach' gives that of the 12½-inch French gun of the present day as over 9,000 foot-*tons*. This may give some idea of the immense advance which has been made both in the size and the power of naval ordnance. There has, of course, been a concurrent reduction in the number of the pieces carried. The 'Victoria,' less than a dozen years ago, carried, as we have seen, one hundred and twenty-one guns; Admiral Hornby's flagship, the 'Alexandra,' carries twelve; but of them ten weigh eighteen, and two twenty-five tons. These enormous weapons have required an entirely new system of mounting to be devised for them. The difficulties in carrying the monster ordnance of the present day upon the broadside appeared at first insuperable; but the iron carriages and slides—the invention of Captain Scott—have rendered it possible to mount even guns of twenty-five tons, so that they can fire upon the beam. The mechanical contrivances with which these carriages are provided permit not only of their being moved more easily and rapidly than the far lighter weapons of earlier days, but of their being kept under more perfect control during heavy weather by even a smaller number of men. Of the very largest the loading can now be carried on by the use of hydraulic machinery, as in the 'Téméraire.' By this means rapidity of fire is increased, and the exposure of the guns' crews to an enemy's small arms much diminished.

The complete change which has been wrought both in the ships and in their armament has occasioned a series of alterations in dockyards and arsenals of commensurate extent. Dry docks and basins which admitted a 'Duke of Wellington,' displacing six thousand tons, were manifestly unable to receive such enormous masses as the 'Minotaur,' with a displacement of more than ten thousand, and a length nearly twice as great. New works of an extensive character had to be undertaken both in our home and colo-

nial dockyards. The old method of producing guns by the process of casting having given way to the plan of constructing them of steel and wrought iron compelled a thorough renovation of the 'plant' of the great artillery arsenals. The weapons themselves and their projectiles were more costly than former ones, both from their immensely increased size and the new method of manufacture, and also from the greater exactness which was demanded in the work of constructing them.

But it is not in *matériel* alone that the naval service of every country has been fundamentally changed. The more elaborate constructions and more precise arms of the present period have rendered necessary a more instructed body, both of officers and seamen, to handle them or direct their movements. The new forces at the disposal of the naval powers could no longer be used with effect had the ancient and long dominant system of tactics not been remodelled. The plan which so long obtained in the British service of picking up men when they happened to be wanted hopelessly broke down on more than one occasion, as similar plans have done in America and other countries. Here a system of continuous service was introduced about five-and-twenty years ago, and the first attempt at retaining permanently in the service a large body of well-trained seamen was then made. It has slowly but completely replaced the older haphazard system, or rather no-system. So great has the change been in this particular that it may interest our readers to be informed how a captain manned his ship even less than twenty years ago. When appointed to the command he repaired to the port at which she was, and, having reported himself to the commander-in-chief, proceeded to commission his ship, which he did by 'hoisting the pendant,' a ceremony of which the solemnity has even yet not become altogether obsolete. He then had a large number of bills printed, stating that 'petty officers and seamen were wanted for H.M.S. ——, Captain So-and-so.' Occasionally some facetious remarks likely to encourage volunteering were added. If the captain was a popular officer, men offered themselves freely; if not, or if there had been a brisk demand about the time of his appointment, his ship remained without a crew for a long time. The First Lord of the Admiralty—the present Lord Hampton—stated in Parliament in February 1859, that 'many of the finest ships in the navy recently commissioned had remained in harbour four and even six months before they completed their crews.' A public-house was selected as a '*rendezvous*,' as it was called, at which men were invited to present themselves for entry in the ship newly commissioned. An officer spent there a great part of the day using the same sort of persuasion to induce seamen to join his ship as a sergeant of the army does to get recruits. Of the men who did enrol themselves many were not seamen at all, and many others had no naval training. They came on board many in rags, and the majority without uniform. For days after a ship was put into commission, it was no uncommon sight to see the decks filled with men in civilian garb; even that post of honour, a station on the foretopgallant yard, has been filled with men who had parted with their seamen's costume during their run on shore, and who ascended to the masthead in felt hats and shooting-coats. The captain could depend on his detachment of marines being sent to him as soon as he could receive them, and upon an inconsiderable number of boys from the training-brigs and guard-ships, but upon no others except a small party of seamen-gunners from the 'Excellent' or 'Cambridge.' The latter formed a *corps d'élite*, and their conduct and attainments left little to be desired. But their numbers were absurdly inadequate to the requirements of the service. 'Sir Thomas Maitland [the present Earl of Lauderdale, and then captain of H.M.S. 'Excellent'], in a letter addressed in April, 1859, to Sir John Pakington, then First Lord of the Admiralty, observed that the number of guns actually on board ship at that time was about 5,000, so that under the existing establishment of captains of guns we could only make sure of 300 of them being effectually used in action.'* The gunner, and in large ships one commissioned officer, were the only officers who had had any but the scantiest artillery training. Gunnery instructors, who now form part of the complement of every ship, were unknown. The junior officers on first joining came direct from school or from home, and had received no professional instruction whatever.

Now, when a captain puts a ship in commission, he finds that orders have in all probability preceded him to the port to which he goes, to send not only a detachment of marines and another of boys to his ship, but that a large 'draft' of seamen-gunners from the gunnery-ship, another of stokers and artificers from the steam reserve guard-ship, and a third—perhaps completing his crew—of petty officers and seamen from the port admiral's flagship, have been held in readiness to proceed to his vessel as soon

* Sir H. Douglas, 'Naval Gunnery,' p. 18.

as he wishes to have them. All will come on board clad in uniform and with a regulation kit complete. Almost every man amongst them will have been trained in the service from boyhood, and will have been continuously under discipline and instruction, and many will have graduated, as it were, by having passed an examination, which entitles them to increased pay and the designation of 'trained men.' Instead of thirty seamen-gunners to perhaps forty guns, there will probably be about fifty to but fourteen guns. The guns mounted on all the ironclads in the British navy put together do not amount to a fourth of the number specified by Sir Thomas Maitland in his letter above quoted from, whilst the number of trained men to work them has become several times as numerous.

All the officers will have had at least some preliminary training. The examination which each has to pass before being qualified for lieutenant's commission of itself requires a previous period of instruction of several months' duration. In addition to this it has been customary for several years past to cause lieutenants, before being appointed to sea-going ships, to undergo what is called a 'short course' of drill on board a gunnery-ship, which, added to their previous instruction, should make them, if not perfect artillerists, at least thoroughly competent to command a division of guns. They will be supported and assisted in the labour of training their men and making their ship an efficient man-of-war by a body of instructors who have been specially selected for their knowledge and natural aptitude from amongst the seamen-gunners in general, who have themselves been chosen from the other sailors of the fleet by a by no means lax system of selection.

The true result of all these changes can only be appreciated after making up an account of the actual forces at our disposal, comparing them with those of other nations, who have experienced the same necessity for introducing innovations, and inquiring into what it is which would be expected of our navy in war, and how far it is able to perform it.

'The effective force of the British navy,' says Mr. King, 'may now be divided into ships for great naval battles, ships for coast defence, and unarmoured cruising vessels. There are so many different types that it is quite impossible to classify them according to any former standard. The present collective fleet, as presented in the "Navy List," consists of nearly four hundred vessels of all kinds. This includes those building, but does not include one hundred and thirty-four laid up and employed in permanent harbour service, which are never likely to be sent to sea. . . . It is to the production of the most powerful sea-going fighting ships that the resources of the navy are first directed; ships sufficiently armoured to resist projectiles of any ordinary kind; sufficiently armed to silence forts or to meet the enemy under any conditions proffered; sufficiently fast to choose the time and place to fight; and sufficiently buoyant to carry coal and stores into any ocean.'

Of this class Mr. King gives a list of eighteen, arranged in the order of their power, and having at their head the 'Inflexible.' The first seven on the list are turret-ships. With the exception of the last—the 'Monarch'—all carry guns of at least 35 tons, and hers are 25 tons. And, except in the same vessel, the water-line thickness of the armour is never less than 12 inches; in two it is 18 inches, and in one varies from 16 to 24.

In the next division Mr. King places eleven 'broadside ships of the first class,' beginning with the 'Alexandra,' only a year in commission, and closing with the 'Penelope.' In the only respect in which it has been possible to try them these vessels have justified their claim to be accounted 'sea-going,' as each and all of them have performed no small amount of ocean cruising. With but two exceptions—the 'Bellerophon' and 'Penelope,' in which it is put at 5 and 6—the armour at the water-line of these ships varies from 6 to 8 and even to 12 inches. Two carry 35-ton guns, two 18-ton guns, and all the rest 12-ton. After these vessels we find in Mr. King's list three 'armour-belted cruisers,' all of which have 12-ton and 18-ton guns. He next inserts what he calls 'Breast-work Monitors,' an inaccurate description, as he includes in it the 'Scorpion' and the 'Wivern' (better known in former days as the 'Confederate rams' built at Birkenhead), which have not breast-works, and the 'Viper' and the 'Vixen,' which in no way resemble monitors. As we have, before reaching this division, been dealing only with vessels fit to keep the sea, we may properly leave it for the minute and pass on to the class designated 'Iron Broadside Ships of the Old Type.' In this we find three huge vessels of the five-masted 'Minotaur' type, the 'Achilles,' nearly as large, and the two earliest iron-built armoured ships, the 'Warrior' and 'Black Prince.' The plating of all these vessels is 4½ or 5 inches thick, and at least six of them are armed with 12-ton guns. It is not easy to keep account of the changes which have frequently to be made in the arming of our fighting ships, so that we feel a certain diffidence in correcting Mr.

King's statement of the ordnance carried by the remaining vessels in this class. He puts it as consisting solely of 6½-ton guns. But we have reason to know that in the 'Valiant,' at all events, guns of 9 tons were mounted some years ago. The 'Marine-Almanach' also (p. 62) assigns to each one of the four vessels below the 'Black Prince' at least two weapons of the heavier weight, and the totals given in that publication agree exactly with those which we find in the 'Année Maritime' (pp. 131–5). Of the foregoing thirty-one vessels all but two —the 'Shannon' and the 'Penelope'—are of above 6,000 tons displacement.

The class to which Mr. King in his appendix has given, as we have seen, inexactly, the designation of 'Breast-work Monitors,' includes, as he himself states in the text of his work, rams and gunboats of very different design. We believe it would be right to place together the whole of the vessels which he does if we apply to them the appellation of 'coast-defence vessels.' This does not appear in our own official 'Navy List,' but it is a recognised term in many foreign services, is given by Germans to the ships in question (*Küstenvertheidigungs-Fahrzeuge*),* and is occasionally made use of by Mr. King himself. The category is made to comprise ships of very different pattern—for instance, our earliest iron turret-ship, 'Prince Albert,' the 'Scorpion' and 'Wivern,' intended originally for cruising vessels, the ram 'Hotspur,' the armoured gunboats 'Vixen' and 'Viper,' and breast-work monitors of recent construction. Counting three of the latter class, of which two are in Bombay harbour and one at Melbourne in Australia, the whole number amounts to fifteen. But two carry guns of only 6½ tons weight, and two those of 12; all the remainder have either the 25-ton or the 18-ton gun mounted on board, and the majority are thickly plated. Every craft included in the above divisions, being built of iron, may be credited with the full advantages which the mere use of that material in the construction of the hull of itself gives as a protection against the incendiary effect of hostile shells. All to a great extent share the superiority which belongs to vessels whose unarmoured parts are protected by a more or less minute subdivision into water-tight compartments; and many of them, e.g. the ten newer turret-ships—enjoy the security which is due to being constructed on the cellular system.

The list of armoured vessels is closed with an enumeration of the 'Wooden Broadside Ships of the Old Type,' of which Mr. King gives the names of fourteen. Of these a large proportion no longer find a place amongst the efficient vessels of the service, ten being put with the receiving hulks and coal depôts in that division of the 'Navy List' which is headed 'Harbour Service.' Nevertheless some are actually in commission. Admiral Hornby, at the present moment, has two of them, the 'Pallas' and 'Research,' under his orders in the Levant. The two just mentioned were not 'make-shifts' converted out of unarmoured ships, but were deliberately constructed of wood when the practice of plating was in its infancy. Taking the whole number of those which Mr. King gives, and omitting the ten relegated to harbour service, it will be seen that our armoured force is composed of fifty-one vessels. Of these, including the Coast-guard or First Reserve ships, twenty-three were in commission at the beginning of the present year. With few exceptions, the others are either perfectly ready for the pendant, or can be made so in a short time. The recently published navy estimates show that of twelve ships not yet completed, five —one of which, the 'Orion,' has been lately purchased—are to be finished during the year. If we take note of the two new vessels, the 'Superb' and 'Belleisle,' just brought into the service, from the builders of whom they had originally been ordered by the Turkish Government, and of the 'Independencia,' there is reason to believe that within the course of a few months we might put more than forty armoured ships of the several classes into commission, all of which, save two or three, would have hulls as sound and efficient as on the day on which they were first afloat.

A mere numerical statement of the ships on the 'Navy List' conveys but an imperfect idea of their real force, and, in order to show more clearly what these vessels really are, it will be proper to give a short description of some of the more important representatives of our fighting fleet. The ships of the modern classes are infinitely more various than were the liners and frigates of old; and to place merely the numbers included in one navy against those of another would be to set up altogether fallacious test of their respective powers. 'The modern man-of war,' we learn from Mr. King, 'is much more than an armoured steamer; she is a great engine of destruction, clad with heavy armour, provided with huge guns, which are operated upon by machinery, driven by powerful engines, and fitted with machines for purposes of all kinds. Year

* See 'Die Marine,' p. 241; 'Marine-Almanach,' p. 63.

by year the thickness of armour and weight of naval artillery have gone on increasing together. Mechanical appliances have more and more replaced manual labour, and at the same time the forms of ships have been adapted to the work they have to do and to the conditions under which they must act.'

That the 'Inflexible' has departed from existing types more widely than any war ship yet designed can hardly be disputed. So much attention has of late been directed to this remarkable vessel, in consequence of the doubts publicly cast upon her stability if injured in action in a way in which it was contended that she was liable to be, that the public has had unusual opportunities of learning the design upon which she is built. In other ironclads, except those of the 'Warrior' type, a belt of armour either surrounds the vessel so as to enclose the water-line and the gun deck within its protection, or it is confined within narrow limits at the water-line, and extended upwards over a small space amidships to form a protected casemate in which a few heavy guns are mounted. In both designs the object is the same, and it would be twofold—to protect the hull near the water-line from penetration, and the guns and their crews from the effects of an enemy's fire. In the 'Inflexible' the lengthened belt running all round the hull has been abandoned, and the armour is confined to the central portion described by the architect, Mr. Barnaby, as 'a floating castle, 110 feet long and 75 feet wide, rising ten feet out of water, and having above that again two round turrets, planted diagonally at its opposite corners.' Attached to this armoured castle, but completely submerged, there is a hull of ordinary form. An unarmoured structure lies above the submerged part both before and abaft the central citadel.

The committee appointed by the Admiralty to investigate this subject report that the greater portion of the part under water is isolated from the superstructure, and its buoyancy is secured against artillery fire by a shot-proof deck, placed several feet below the water-line. The water itself is thus made to do the duty of defensive armour, and, by a combination of horizontal plating in the deck, and of immersion, the practical impregnability of the fore and after divisions is insured. The portions of the hull which rise above this, being unplated and thus liable to penetration even by common shells, are not on that account altogether unprotected. In their case the protection may be said to assume the form of innate practical indestructibility. The phrase should not be misunderstood. This practical indestructibility consists in an almost certain immunity from destruction in any probable circumstances of a naval action. Over the shot-proof deck, a little above the level of the water, is a second deck, and the intermediate space is divided into compartments. Next the ship's sides the compartments are filled with cork, so that mere penetration by shot would not greatly impair floating power, and 'inside this again are compartments 2 feet wide, filled with layers of canvas and oakum.' That is, 'shot-hole stopping mats' (such as are supplied to Her Majesty's ships for use in staunching wounds to the hull caused by artillery fire or impact of a ram bow, and which have to be placed where the damage is done) are, in the 'Inflexible,' kept *in situ*, and thus are sure to be at hand when required. It is held that the number of cells filled with cork is so great that it is scarcely possible that a large portion of them can be neutralised by shells which will probably traverse and burst beyond most of them, thus merely piercing a hole and not blowing out the enclosed buoyant material. The height of the guns above water when the ship is immersed to what is termed the 'fighting line,' is eleven feet; so that a gun-platform of considerable elevation is obtained, and one of the greatest tactical defects of the turret system—difficulty of using guns with effect from the lee side, or that inclined towards the enemy—is remedied. The ordnance, we learn from Mr. King, is 'carried and worked on the new and remarkable hydraulic system which has hitherto only been tried in the fore turret of the "Thunderer."' He also tells us that 'as it is quite possible that the "Inflexible" will be armed with weapons even more tremendous than the 80-ton guns, this has been held in view in designing the ship; and, by a slight modification, it will be possible to mount in each of her turrets a pair of 160-ton guns.'

Next in rank to the 'Inflexible' come the ships of the 'Devastation' class. This ship and her sister, the 'Thunderer,' closely resemble each other in general features, and are not very dissimilar from the 'Dreadnaught,' 'a modified and improved "Devastation," on a larger scale.' The latter, intended originally to carry 25-ton guns, is now armed with those of 35 tons; and the 'Thunderer' carries two of the last-named weight in one of her turrets, and two of 38 tons in the other. The turrets are plated with armour of 12 and 14 inches thickness, and the breast-work above which they are raised with that of 10 and 12 inches thick. These vessels have on many occasions proved that they possess sea-going qualities of a

high order; and the 'Devastation' has been cruising for about five years. Her captain, after a long cruise, reported that she was 'perfectly seaworthy, wholesome, and comfortable for the men and officers.' In shape and appearance these extraordinary craft differ from the 'Victories' and 'Marlboroughs' of former days to an astonishing degree; and the difference may be equally observed in their internal arrangements. Thus, in the 'Thunderer,' the 'motive power of the ship is steam, and she contains in all twenty-eight steam engines and nine boilers.' Of these two pairs are employed to propel the ship, and the others for subsidiary purposes, such as turning the turrets, working the hydraulic gun machinery, hoisting shot and shell, working capstans, weighing anchors, pumping, &c.

In spite of the heavy armament, thick plating, and proved seaworthiness of the turret-ships of the class just described, the broadside system has not been displaced by it. On the contrary, it 'has proved tenacious of life, and fairly holds its own against the turrets.' As a result of his experience during the War of Secession, a distinguished American officer gave it as his opinion that the proper plan of arming ships was by combining the turret and the broadside armaments. This has been done to a certain extent in the 'Téméraire.' That ship carries on her upper deck two fixed turrets, in which are mounted 25-ton guns, revolving on platforms, and arranged to fire over the top of the armour, and be lowered under its protection after having been fired or whilst being loaded. The broadside guns of the ship are of eighteen and twenty-five tons weight, and are mounted in an armoured battery on the main deck, which is divided into two portions by a transverse bulkhead 'to localise the effect of shells exploding between decks;' in the foremost portion of this, arranged so as to fire right ahead, the two heavier guns are placed. In the 'Alexandra,' the present flag-ship in the Sea of Marmora, in which the broadside system is said to have reached 'a hitherto unknown perfection,' there are two central batteries, one above the other, from which a complete 'all-round' fire can be obtained. This is similar in principle to the plan upon which the ships of the 'Audacious' class were designed; but a great advance has been made since the construction of the latter. The upper 'deck casemate contains two 25-ton guns to fire ahead, and two of 18 tons to fire astern, all of which are capable of being trained upon the broadside.' In the lower battery—divided athwart ships as in that of the 'Téméraire'—there are eight of the lighter nature of the above-mentioned guns, two of which, in the foremost division, can be fired ahead. This vessel, though a broadside ship, can thus bring to bear upon an enemy a heavy bow fire, a still heavier fire abeam, and a not inconsiderable weight of metal astern. Both of these vessels have masts, the 'Alexandra' three and the 'Téméraire' two. The 'brig rig' of the latter has probably never been applied to so strange a purpose as the equipment of this powerful ironclad, associated as it is with many a naval officer's recollections of the dainty craft which formed no inconsiderable portion of our squadrons even since the Crimean War.

But in armoured ship design we meet with a still more recent innovation in the occurrence of such types as those represented by the 'Shannon,' at present in the Mediterranean, and the 'Nelson' and the 'Northampton,' preparing for the pendant. They are styled 'armour-belted,' and are specially intended for distant cruising. The idea did not originate in this country, but in Russia, where a vessel protected on this system, the 'Duke of Edinburgh,' was built four or five years ago. A description of the plating in the 'Shannon' will give a sufficient explanation of the mode in which the armour is applied. It 'is limited to a belt extending round the vessel at the water-line, which is not tapered towards the bow as usual, but ends abruptly 60 feet short of it at an armoured bulkhead, 9 inches thick, extending across the vessel at this point.' Before this bulkhead the armour takes the form of a submerged deck 3 inches in thickness, sloping towards the stem. The transverse partition rises to a height of 20 feet above the water-line, and has a kind of *épaulement*, or flank defence, at either side, within which are carried two heavy guns for bow fire. In other respects the ship is unarmoured, and the broadside guns are unprotected and are carried on the upper deck as in an ordinary corvette. In the other two vessels the plan is somewhat similar; but they are of greater size, and, the guns being mounted on the main deck, more nearly resemble the old frigates. In addition to these they carry also upon the covered deck guns, both forward and abaft, protected by an *épaulement* arrangement somewhat resembling that on the forecastle of the 'Shannon.' It will not be necessary to describe in detail the remaining classes of armoured ships belonging to our fighting force. The designations of many of them will convey a sufficient idea of the purposes which they are intended to fulfil. The accounts above given will, we hope, make

clear to our readers what the qualities are with which the naval architect of the present day tries to endow a man-of-war constructed to take part in a battle.

We have now to give a general summary of our effective strength in these powerful components of a navy, and compare the result with that at the disposal of foreign governments. By carefully examining the list of ships ready, or that will be soon made so, we arrive at the conclusion that, omitting all the wooden ironclads except the 'Pallas' and 'Research,' the turret ships 'Scorpion' and 'Wivern'* and the 'Vixen' and 'Viper,' we might within the space of a few weeks have at sea or stationed to protect important ports the following vessels: Five turret and thirteen broadside ships of the first class; three belted cruisers; eleven turret-ships of different design; ten broadside ships of the old type; two wooden central battery cruisers. We have expunged from the list of the navy in the above estimate several ships with both iron and wooden hulls, which would certainly be considered effective in most foreign services.

The longest list of French ironclads with which we have met is that given in 'Die Marine' (pp. 589-90), and which, including all vessels—even the 'Gloire,' the first of armoured ships—those building, those of the obsolete type, and four gun-boats of less than 300 tons displacement, amounts to sixty. Of these not less than thirty-five, more than one half, are of wood, and twenty-five, or not far short of half, were built previous to 1866—i.e. more than twelve years ago—and, in the rapid progress made in war-ship construction within that time, may not unreasonably be considered as being scarcely up to the level of the majority of the vessels built here and elsewhere more recently. In the list of our iron-hulled ships in the same work (p. 586) only eleven are carried back to the same date. That ships of a type and date which in England would probably be considered antiquated, are still deemed worthy of a place in the list of efficients in France, the fact that, according to the 'Année Maritime' (p. 119), the Mediterranean squadron consisted of five *cuirassés de premier rang*, and two *cuirassés de deuxième rang*, all of wood, and of which one only is of more recent date than 1865, would seem to establish. Of the insufficiency of this material to meet the demands on fighting vessels of the present day the French constructors are of course fully aware, as is proved by all the ships lately launched and those at present on the stocks being of iron, or, as Mr. White has told us, of steel. Now, if we applied to the French list the same process of elimination, in the case of old or wooden ships, that we did to our own, the effective totals would show an important disparity. Against what appears to us a fair computation, about fifty-one British vessels afloat or building, we should have to set off certainly less than half the number of French ships with iron hulls and of modern date.*

With what we have said of our own heavy fighting ships we may compare a French account of one of the largest and newest vessels built in France. In the construction of this vessel—the 'Redoubtable'—we find in Mr. King's volume, 'Steel has been employed for the frames, beams, deck-plating, bulkheads, plating behind the armour, and the inner bottom.'

'Of all the French ships launched in 1876, the "Redoubtable," an armoured ship with a central battery, is unquestionably the most powerful. Begun in August 1873, from plans by M. de Bussy, this vessal of the first rate was launched at L'Orient on September 18, 1876. She measures 330 feet in length, 64½ feet beam, and 43 feet in hold. Her displacement is 8,796 tons. The double-bottom system has been adopted, and steel enters largely into her construction; the side of the hull only is of thin iron; the decks are shell-proof. Two half-turrets, projecting beyond the ship's sides, and each armed with two guns, allow of fire ahead and astern. No ship has yet been covered with armour of such resistance as hers. The engines and boilers are protected by iron sides of 13¾ inches, and the battery by plates of 9½ inches. . . . . The fore part is armed with a gigantic spur of wrought iron weighing thirty tons. . . . The engines, manufactured at Creusot, can develop an effective horse-power of 6,000, and propel the ship at a speed of 14 knots. . . . The artillery of the "Redoubtable" consists of four guns of 27 c.m. bore (21¾ tons weight) in the battery, two of same size in the turret on deck, and two, also 27 c.m., chase-guns, forward and aft, under the topgallant, forecastle, and poop. There are also four 14 c.m. guns (weight 52¼ cwt.) on the broadside on the quarter-deck.' ('Année Maritime,' p. 175.)

Leaving such ships as the 'Inflexible' and 'Thunderer' out of the question, we see that the broadside ship 'Alexandra' carries, as against the eight 22-ton guns of the 'Redoubtable,' two 25-ton guns and ten 18-ton, and has 12-inch armour at the water-line and 8-inch on the batteries, and has actually attained a speed of 15 knots.

* This ship, however, is at this moment reported as fitting for the pendant.

* We have excepted, of course, the small French vessels and gunboats, as we have our own 'Scorpion' and 'Vixen' classes.

The rapid progress of the German navy, a progress which was sketched in this Journal not long ago,* and the recent date of the most important vessels constructed for it, render it worthy of a prominent place amongst foreign fleets. In a list of twenty-four armoured vessels given in 'Die Marine' (pp. 584–5), but two are noted as being wood-built, and but the same number as of more remote construction than 1866. The 'König Wilhelm,' originally built in England for the Sultan's Government, is still the largest on the list, her displacement being slightly in excess of the 'Alexandra.' Against the 12-inch plating and 15-knot speed of the latter she can show only 8-inch as her thickest armour, and 14¾ knots as her highest speed. Her armament is made up of eighteen 13-ton and five 9-ton Krupp guns. Her greater length and single screw must render her manœuvring powers inferior to those of the 'Alexandra.' The most important ships flying the German flag are undoubtedly the 'Kaiser' and 'Deutschland,' built on the Thames and launched in 1874. They are 285 feet long, being in that respect the same as the 'Téméraire,' and their beam is nearly equal to hers. The displacement tonnage of the English ship, however, is 14 per cent. greater. Her structural arrangements also render her much more secure against under-water injury. The German vessels seem to have no fore-and-aft partition dividing the great central compartments, the size of which, if filled with water, is enough to endanger the safety of most ships. In the 'Téméraire,' the 'engine and boiler rooms are divided in two, as in other recent twin-screw ships, by a longitudinal bulkhead, for the purpose of limiting the entry of water in case of injury from rams or torpedoes.' The ordnance† mounted on board the 'Deutschland' and her sister ironclad consists of eight 17½-ton Krupps and one 9-ton; the 'Téméraire,' as we have seen, carries four 25-ton guns and four 18-ton.

The statistics of the German armoured navy which we have before us differ materially. Mr. King gives a list of thirteen vessels, the 'Année Maritime' of eleven. In both cases the armoured gunboats of small size are omitted. Brommy and Littrow, on the other hand, show a tabulated statement of sixteen larger craft and eight gunboats. On their list, however, there are three, said to be building, which have not yet had names given to them; and though there is a discrepancy between the names given by those authors and those which we find in the American report, we shall probably not be far wrong in taking thirteen as the correct number, and in considering the three unnamed vessels as not sufficiently advanced to permit of their being at sea before a year or two has elapsed. Of this number the 'Hansa' and 'Prinz Adalbert' are noted as wood-built, and the latter was launched prior to 1866. The heaviest gun carried by four of the above thirteen ships is the 21 centimètre piece of 9 tons.

The possession of the heaviest guns yet put on board ship, or indeed yet produced, gives to the navy of Italy a special importance at a time when prodigious weapons and extraordinary thickness of plating are essential features of man-of-war efficiency. The work of reorganising her army has not caused Italy to neglect her navy. 'The changes and improvements in all branches of administration and industry,' says the Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, 'force themselves on the observation of any one acquainted with Italian ports and cities in past years. The spirit of advancement and progress is seen to advance in the reconstruction of the navy.' Of the seventeen armoured ships belonging to it, which the latest list we have seen gives as the total, two, the 'Italia' and 'Lepanto,' are hardly begun, and cannot well be ready for sea in less than two years; a third, the 'Dandolo,' is still unfinished, but is not far off completion. After this vessel and her already finished and tried sister, the 'Duilio,' the heaviest Italian ironclads are four of wood, of which the oldest was launched in 1869 and the newest in 1873. Two carry one 25-ton Armstrong gun, and six 18-ton guns apiece; and two, six of the latter and two of 12 tons each. Their thickest plating, we find from Mr. King's list, is 6 inches, and maximum speed 10 knots. The 'Affondatore,' a turret-ship built in 1869, though at present, we believe, in commission, and attached to the permanent squadron, in size, plating, and armament is not very much the superior of our own 'Scorpion' and 'Wivern,' which we have hesitated to admit to a place amongst our available force. Eight of the remaining vessels, in no case carrying heavier ordnance than that of 12 tons, are more than fifteen years old, and have a speed, in some instances, as low as 8 knots. The 'Duilio' is one of the most formidable vessels yet designed, and is the most formidable of all which have yet been to sea. She is longer and narrower than the 'Inflexible,' and her displacement is about 500 tons less.

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 295: 'Growth of the German Naval Power.'

† King (p. 156) says the 26 c.m. gun weighs 'about 22 tons,' and the 22 c.m. 'about 18 tons.' The weights we give in the text are from the semi-official 'Marine-Almanach,' p. 33.

Her hull is built of iron and steel on the cellular system. The armour of the central portion is 22 inches, that of the English vessel is 24 inches in the thickest plates; the Italian ship's turrets are covered with 19-inch armour, the 'Inflexible's' with solid plates of 18 inches, and an inner plate of 1 inch. The 100-ton guns of the 'Duilio' fire projectiles of 2,000 and 2,500 pounds weight. The 81-ton gun's projectiles weigh 1,700 pounds. The greatest energy developed by the Italian gun was 33,000 foot-tons,* the greatest by the English weapon 30,000.† M. Marchal, the eminent French naval architect, whose criticisms of our armoured ships have in general been sufficiently unfavourable to lead to a 'national error'—akin to the 'personal error' of astronomical observers—being imputed to him, in his estimate of the ships of war of the world, gives to the 'Inflexible' a figure of merit of 100, and to the 'Duilio' 92 only.

The authors of the 'Année Maritime' remark, 'that if we were to judge the Austrian navy by its effective *matériel* only we should have to rank it amongst the minor powers. But the compactness of its organisation, and especially the attainments of its officers and the discipline of its crews, award it a superior rank.' The work of naval improvement has proceeded in that country as briskly as amongst its neighbours. The authorities have, says Mr. King, 'paid dearly for the error of building wooden armoured ships.' Of a total of eleven which appears in the semi-official 'Almanach' (p. 81)—two small Danube monitors being left out of consideration—five are of timber, and three of a date anterior to 1866. The Imperial constructors have, however, taken the remarkable step of rebuilding several of these wooden hulls and replacing the perishable material with iron. The success of this experiment—for which a certain official apology has been put forward—has not yet been established. The most important ship is the 'Tegethoff,' still returned as building. She is to have a central divided battery, somewhat like the 'Téméraire's,' which is to project over the sides of the vessel. Mr. Reed spoke of her in 1876 as 'a very powerful ship indeed, with armour of apparently about 13 to 14 inches thick, and with a concentrated battery of six 11-inch Krupp guns, each weighing, I presume, about 27 tons.' M. Marchal has a high opinion of the 'Tegethoff,' and places her immediately above both the 'Alexandra' and the 'Téméraire' in his list of fighting ships. The 'Custozza,' the ship next in rank to the 'Tegethoff,' is armed with 17½-ton Krupp guns, and has 9¼-inch for her thickest water-line armour. She is placed by M. Marchal below the French ships 'Friedland' and 'Océan,' above which he ranks the English 'Sultan,' 'Hercules,' and 'Nelson.'

Spain has not sufficiently recovered from the effects of years of internal disorder to render it worth while to take minute notice of her navy of eleven ironclads, with which she is nominally credited; four are building, four of those finished are of wood, and two were launched more than twelve years ago. Of Turkey of course it is needless to speak. Still there remains Russia to be considered. Not one amongst the leading fleets of the world presents so many difficulties in the way of forming a correct estimate of its real efficiency. We cannot, in its case, do as we might in the case of the United States, eliminate the whole armoured force as obsolete or unfit for service at sea; nor can we seriously consider the whole of its long list as really valuable in a naval war. No country has exhibited a greater originality in war-ship design than Russia; the circular ships and the belted cruisers are in general attributed to the invention of her constructors; and, except in the case of the 'Peter the Great,' and a few less important vessels, her ironclad force seems chiefly intended for defensive warfare. She has, on the whole, adopted what we may term the 'Baltic system,' which Sweden, Norway, and Denmark have alike adhered to. Her navy list is, in fighting ships, principally filled with those of a moderately powerful character, which are somewhat numerous, but they are almost exclusively destined for employment in the neighbourhood of her own shores. The 'Sevastopol' and 'Petropaulovsk,' built of wood anterior to 1866, and carrying guns of 9 tons, and armour of 3½ and 4½ inches, can hardly claim to be excused from the sentence which in our own service has been passed upon vessels of the 'Caledonia' type. Even the belted cruisers, of which there are two, do not carry heavier ordnance than that just mentioned, whilst our 'Shannon' is armed with pieces of twice the weight. The 'Peter the Great' undoubtedly is the most formidable of all the vessels that fly the ensign of the Czar. She and the 'Minin' are, says Chief-Engineer King, 'the only two vessels on the list which approach the modern standard of efficiency.' We are also told by him that the former's 'horse-power and speed are represented to be equal, and her armour and battery superior to those of the "Devastation,"' which ship in design and size she closely approaches. Her guns are

* War Ships, p. 179.
† Times, May 29, 1872.

40-tons weight, against the English vessels of 35; and probably on that account M. Marchal places her above both that turret-ship and the 'Thunderer.'

We have been induced to make the foregoing lengthened review of the armoured fleets of Europe, in order that it might be made to appear what our actual and our relative strength is. The grand total of all the armour-plated ships built for the European navies amounts in the aggregate to about a million tons, nearly one-third of which had been for the British service, counting to January 1876. Since that date, by purchase, we have added considerably to our own strength, and have concurrently reduced the foreign total. The result of our comparison may be shortly stated to be that we think it could be easily shown that, for serious engagements (using the old phrase, to take a place in the 'line of battle'), we have ready or nearly ready a fleet of powerful, admirably constructed, and *recently designed* vessels, to which the most careful selection from all the squadrons on both sides of the Atlantic could not produce a superior. We have credited all sides alike with a similar condition of efficiency in that important element of a fighting ship's value—boiler power. But it is quite fair to assume that in no navy in the world are the boilers of ships in so fair a state as in our own; in none have so many been replaced, and in none have more care and more money been expended in renewing those time has rendered inefficient. Let this factor enter into our calculation, and we believe the truth of the position we advance can be still more convincingly demonstrated.

Looking at the naval forces of the world, it is easy to see that in war we have to face three contingencies—the necessity of fighting powerful squadrons in combined actions, of guarding our coasts, and of protecting our sea-borne commerce. The examination of our own and other fleets will have shown us how far we are provided with the *matériel* answering to the first demand. To us it seems established that, so long as we maintain our present relative position, our line-of-battle fleets will remain as completely masters of the seas as they did after the culmination of our triumphs amid the glories of Trafalgar. For this essential point in a great naval policy we have at least provided. There are, of course, other questions connected with it which are far from unimportant, such as the professional knowledge of our officers, the discipline of the crews, the efficiency of our naval artillery, and the tactical expertness of our chiefs. These, we fear, cannot receive such cheering answers; but still even here we have vastly improved and continue improving still; and it is not so much that in any one of them we are inferior to other nations, as that we have scarcely attained the level which the powerful creations of our architects placed at our disposal have rendered necessary and fitting.

The result of these facts is that, if we should be engaged in a naval war, offensive attempts against our coasts on a great scale are not likely to be attempted. A squadron of such ships, as we could without much difficulty equip, closing the mouth of the Mediterranean or the outlets from the Ægean, another the Baltic, and a third riding in the English Channel, would, under almost every imaginable combination of circumstances, place us in a position to defy any extensive threatening of our shores. Isolated attempts against them may possibly be made; and to provide against them will be the duty of the force detailed for coast defence. As far as we have been able to judge from the experience of modern wars —wars made, that is, within the second half of the present century—the weaker of two maritime combatants withdraws his heavier vessels within the shelter of his fortresses. Each of the opposing sides may, as in the Adriatic in 1866, at first and before the shock of battle has supplied a test, be disinclined to admit its inferiority to the enemy. An accidental encounter, or one undertaken to allay the jealousies and suspicions of allies, may thus be brought on; but on the whole we may repose confidence in the view that in a war with England the enemy's line-of-battle ships would be found covered by his fortress' guns.

This imposes a new duty upon our fleet if we are to capture or destroy that of our enemy, as the aim should be, and not merely neutralise it till the conclusion of the struggle. Such an operation as the reduction of a considerable maritime fortress is one which the recent progress of the art of war has intensely complicated. New weapons have been placed by science in the hands of the defence, against which the assailants have had but little chance of experimenting in actual conflict, and indeed few opportunities of devising counteracting agencies. The method of attacking powerful fortifications with ships has scarcely been approached, even in theory, since the great changes in the conditions of naval warfare. If tactical questions in general have not been sufficiently attended to, this has been almost entirely neglected; and if we have to undertake such an operation it will be the crucial test of modern naval power. We are not likely

again to see ignorance carried so far as it was by the defenders of Sebastopol, who, in their complaisance, at a single blow destroyed their fleet and permanently injured their harbour, and saved that trouble to their enemy. Nor do we expect to see the rash experiment of October 24, 1854, repeated, when a squadron, then composed of wooden ships, went in to draw the fire of tremendous land batteries. So, until this phase of naval tactics receives more earnest attention than has hitherto been devoted to it, nothing but a series of successes on land will effect the permanent diminution of the naval strength of an enemy whose harbours are strongly fortified by art or by nature.

This will induce the necessity of engaging in another class of operations which, if not so glorious, are at all events as trying as any which can occupy a navy. These are the military blockade of ports in which an enemy's fighting ships have taken refuge. Numbers of light cruisers are best adapted to the purpose of maintaining a commercial blockade, as activity rather than fighting power is what is wanted. But to shut up securely the heavy squadrons of the foe we must station outside their anchorage forces which must be superior to them. The escape of a fleet from a weakly blockaded port would, in all probability, have consequences important beyond proportion to the strength of the released ships. They would, for some time at least, be free to operate in rear of our blockading squadrons; supplies would be at their mercy; and the cruisers, closing commercial harbours on the neighbouring coasts, would be driven away. This aspect, which a campaign, if protracted, is not unlikely to assume, shows us that the number of line-of-battle ships sufficient to give us the command of the sea is not of itself enough to enable us to maintain it long, so that the possession of a merely equal number to that which our enemies can equip must, to be permanently useful, be capable of continuous reinforcement.

The defence of our own shores will not be entirely provided for by sweeping from the high seas opposing fleets. To leave them without a specially constituted guard would be to tempt the enemy to make every effort to harass us by isolated attacks. The great forts which form a line of defence round many of our Government ports might, and probably would, prove formidable enough to keep off any but a large fleet. But there is more than one rich commercial town upon the eastern coast, on which an enterprising enemy might well risk an attack. Defective mobility has, up to the present time, proved an inherent characteristic of coast-defence vessels, which must be thickly armoured, heavily armed, and capable of being manœuvred in shallow water. This renders it necessary that each point to be protected should never be without its own defensive force. But from this too the stronger navy derives still greater strength. Combination might array against us seagoing fleets nearly as powerful as our own; the difference of a few degrees of latitude and longitude in the scenes of naval engagements on the ocean may bring no great strain upon the tenacity of a maritime alliance in opposition to us, but which one among the confederates will send from his own shores his monitors and gunboats to shield the harbours of an ally? In this respect a future contest would find us opposed, not to the forces of combined powers, but to individual members of the alliance only. Our strength in purely defensive vessels is not inconsiderable. Of ironclads the number incapable of other service is not large, but in this there is a manifest advantage. But those which we do possess may be seconded by an array of small iron gunboats, carrying each a heavy gun on Mr. Rendel's system, to which no other power can show anything approaching an equal force. The German armoured gunboats of the 'Wespe' class, displacing, as they do, 1,000 tons, and drawing nearly 10 feet of water (3.1 *mètres*), with an estimated speed of 1 knot less than our 'Cyclops' and her sisters, can only be considered inferior to the latter, and a squadron of them would, in flexibility, fall below one composed of such craft as our 'Comet' when manœuvring amid the shoals and narrows so common on the seaboard. Including those to which names have not yet been allotted, eight of these gunboats, ready or building, appear upon the German Navy List.

Interference with the sea-borne commerce of an enemy must, for this country, be always one of those two-edged weapons of offence which are liable to wound the wielder's hand. The direction in which its employment would be likely to inflict most damage upon an opponent would lie in the commercial blockade of his chief places of import. Yet the effect of blockade upon the general course of a war, now that land communication is so perfect, would be infinitely less than it has been in any previous war. As was pointed out in this Journal in October, 1876, 'the blockade even of great inlets like the Elbe, the Weser, or the Seine, would simply have the effect of turning the course of trade to the Scheldt or the Maes.' The one war in which, since the introduction of steam, the system of blockade has been

tried upon a great scale is that between the Northern and Southern States of America. Yet, in that case, land communication between the blockaded country and neutral states being practically non-existent, the numerical strength found necessary for the blockading squadrons was enormous. Heavy ships fit for the line of battle are not very useful for blockading mercantile ports; and in this fact we may perceive that another important element of maritime power lies within our reach. The bulk of the American squadrons was composed of steamers hired or purchased from the mercantile marine. The total number of steam vessels under the British flag being about equal to two-thirds of the whole steam shipping of the world, we should have at our disposal the means of selecting such a blockading fleet as has never yet been seen.

The protection of our own trade is in general regarded as one of the most pressing duties which the navy would be called upon to perform during war. There can be no doubt, dependent as the country has become upon imports from abroad for its subsistence, that no more important service could be imposed upon our naval forces. The wide extent of our ocean commerce in itself involves excessive vulnerability. We have, in consequence, demanded of our constructors that they should supply us with a class of vessel fitted for this kind of work. The number of cruisers which have been turned out may be regarded as large, since Mr. King divides them 'into seven or eight classes or types.' In his opinion, 'the first essential element of power in an unarmoured cruising man-of-war of the present day is speed, which should be sufficient to enable her to overtake or escape from any vessel on the ocean, as circumstances may require.' Even of those of older date, in which, according to him, we have been followed by the French naval architects even in their defects, he asserts that 'they are faster than the cruising ships of any other navy; besides which they are reputed to be excellent sea boats, and fast under sail, and they are armed with rifled guns, some of which are of heavy calibre.' Two things, independently of the efficiency of the war navy, have tended greatly to diminish the dangers to our ocean trade since we were last engaged in a war with a Western Power. The immense increase in our steam shipping, and the gradual transfer to it of the foreign commerce which formerly employed so vast a fleet of sailing vessels, have considerably lessened the liability of merchantmen to capture. The 'Alabama's' depredations were almost exclusively upon sailing ships, and it was the flag which flew over vessels of that description which she and her one or two consorts are said to have driven from the seas. The different fate which befell scores of steam blockade runners, deliberately trying to burst through the lines of United States men-of-war which on the arcs of several concentric circles crowded the access to the southern seaports, shows what the improved ocean steamers produced in increasing numbers in this country may hope for in a future war. Nor can it be doubted that the agreement into which we and other European states have entered by the declaration of Paris has secured our sea-borne commerce from many of the dangers to which in former wars it lay exposed. That portion of it which may not be transferred to neutral flags will have nothing to fear from privateers. When our naval officers and the mercantile world are fully aware of the real effect of the Declaration, it will be as popular as a couple of years ago it seemed to be the reverse. Prize-money, which may be hoped for from the capture of defenceless merchant-ships, fell but in scanty portions to the crews of the great fleets which fought on 'the first of June,' at the Nile, or at Trafalgar. Whilst the privateersman and the independent cruiser grew wealthy on the spoils of war, the majority of his Majesty's officers and men were worn out with watching Villeneuve or Gantheaume; and their hard-won captures were divided into too many 'shares' to form of themselves an adequate reward for the hardships and risks of a long blockade. 'It is by the operations of war, properly so called, that naval war must be carried on.'* The duty of protecting commerce by the navy will therefore be principally confined to keeping open the great ocean highways, and to preserving freedom of access to the coaling stations which stud them. Strongly fortified as many of these are, they are not likely to fall into the hands of an enemy who is not powerful upon the sea.

The present aspect of foreign affairs has, without doubt, made it more than usually interesting to investigate the question—In what way can a great naval power best wage war against a military power having no ships at sea, and a limited extent of coast? The difficulty of answering this question is increased when we are considering the case of possible war with an empire which has no mercantile marine, but little maritime trade, and whose coasts, limited in extent, are in some parts of the year inaccessible from ice. From what precedes it will be seen that we

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' No. 296, p. 188.

hold it to be highly improbable that our existing fleet will ever be called to fight a general naval action, because there is no fleet in existence in a condition to meet it on the high seas, and it would require a very extraordinary and improbable hostile combination to array such a fleet against us. In this respect the change in our naval tactics is as complete as the change in the build of our vessels and the size of our guns. For similar reasons we hold any serious attempt to attack and invade these islands, or any British possessions, from the sea as wholly chimerical. As far as the necessities of defence are concerned we feel perfectly secure. But to carry on war with effect we require the navy to be available for offensive operations; and in this respect, too, we have considerable advantages. In addition to the power of blockade, we have the means of choosing our point of attack wherever it suits us, and the greater the circumference of the enemy's dominions, the greater is the difficulty of protecting them. In the case of war with Russia, our operations might extend or alternate from Finland or the Neva to Archangel or to Vladivostock, as well as in the Black Sea, as they did in 1855. But here the changes we have described in the structure and force of the British fleet ought to produce far more considerable results than was possible in the Crimean War. There are probably but few fortifications in existence which could sustain the fire of our largest modern guns, even from a distance which would leave the ship in security, and there are not many guns mounted in foreign batteries which would be formidable to ironclad ships.* Either these enormous armaments are comparatively useless, or the conditions of naval warfare and especially of naval sieges are totally changed. On land, we believe, there is no example of a siege battery brought into the field at all comparable in power to the naval batteries of our ships. Indeed, the thing is impossible, for neither the ordnance nor the ammunition could be transported to the scene of action. A ship alone supplies the means of moving such guns and placing them in any position where she can float. No doubt, if the work attacked were provided with superior weight of guns, and the ships were within range, the attack must fail. But a very large proportion of the old artillery mounted in the coast defences of foreign countries would prove quite ineffective against the heavy guns of our ships and against the ships themselves. We have found that to be the case at Gibraltar and Malta, and have renewed the whole armament of those fortresses at a vast expense. How many states of the Continent have done the same on their far more extensive works of defence? Wherever a great superiority of metal exists on the part of the assailant, and the assailing vessels are protected by armour, we incline to think that the attack ought to succeed. Of course, the moment the enemy's fire is overmastered, the point is gained. This, it appears to us, is the problem which the modern navy would have to solve in the event of this country being engaged in offensive operations; and we see no reason to doubt that the same energy, science, and skill which have been manifested in the reconstruction and armament of the British Navy in time of peace would be displayed in the effective use of these great resources in time of war.

* The Chief of the United States' Engineers says, in a remarkable passage quoted by Captain Cyprian Bridge in a lecture delivered at the R.E. Institute:—

'The parapets and traverses of earth and sand must be three or even four times as thick and massive as they were to resist the armament of fifteen years ago. Where the parapets of earth were ten feet in thickness, now they must be forty feet. Guns that were formerly dragged with ease by fifteen or twenty men, and placed in position overnight, are now supplanted by armaments of such huge masses that they cannot be lifted without hydraulic power, and before such works could be improvised the enemy in his ironclads will have accomplished all he desired.'

Art. IX.—*Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1878.

Lord Melbourne had no claim to ancient lineage or illustrious descent. The founder of the family was Matthew Lamb, the second son of a prosperous solicitor at Southwell, in Nottinghamshire, who died in 1735, leaving a considerable property divided between his two sons. In 1740 Matthew had the good fortune to espouse Charlotte Coke, sister and heiress presumptive of her brother, who had been one of old Mr. Lamb's principal clients. A large estate acquired by Peniston, the brother of the Southwell solicitor, in the profession of a conveyancer, was settled in strict entail upon his two nephews. George Coke dying unmarried at an early age, the estates of Melbourne and Melton Mowbray came into the possession of his sister, Mrs. Lamb, with remainder to her son Peniston. Matthew himself, who had increased his large fortune by successful practice at the bar, entered Parliament, was created a baronet, and purchased the fine

estate of Brocket in Hertfordshire from the representatives of Sir Thomas Winnington. Sir Matthew died at the age of sixty-four, leaving property to the amount of half a million. Within a year his elder brother, Robert, who had risen in the Church to be Bishop of Peterborough, also departed this life, bequeathing his property to his nephew, the youthful baronet. Thus, by a series of improbable accidents, more like the plot of a bad novel than the occurrences of real life, the grandson of a country attorney became a great landed proprietor and one of the wealthiest gentlemen in England.

At the age of twenty-four Sir Peniston married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a beautiful girl, who soon took a foremost place among the brilliant women of that day. But she was more than a woman of fashion: she was clever, ambitious, and adroit, notwithstanding that Horace Walpole, in a well-known anecdote, seems to represent her as a fool:—'Lady Melbourne was standing before the fire, and adjusting her feathers in the glass; says she, "Lord! they say the stocks will blow up—that will be very comical." '* Sir Peniston's marriage was soon followed by his elevation to the Irish peerage by the title of Baron Melbourne of Kilmore, in the county of Cavan.

The future Prime Minister, like his fortunate grandsire, was a second son. He was born in 1779, nine years after his elder brother Peniston, and at an early age seems to have been destined for the profession of the law, on which the fortunes of his family had been raised. He was educated at Eton, and entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn in his nineteenth year while he was resident at Cambridge. His academical career was distinguished by his obtaining the declamation prize. But he turned away from mathematics with dislike, while he evinced at this early age the predilection, which he retained through life, for a study almost equally dry and barren—the theological controversies of the early fathers. He took his degree and quitted the university in 1799; but before engaging in the study of the law William Lamb was, by his mother's desire, received as a pupil into the house of Professor Millar, of Glasgow, with a high recommendation for ability and promise from the Duke of Bedford and Lord Lauderdale. He attended the professor's lectures on history and law for two successive winters, at the same time studying metaphysics under Mylne, and taking a conspicuous part in the discussions of the Collegiate Debating Club. In 1804, when he was twenty-five years of age, William Lamb was called to the bar; but the period between his leaving Scotland and assumption of the robe had not been altogether devoted to the study of law. Society must needs present attractions to the gay and handsome son of a woman of fashion; and many of those precious hours which are passed by future judges and chancellors in the dingy offices of pleaders and conveyancers were squandered by our student at Carlton House and other places very different from the austere seclusion of the temple. In other respects, however, he qualified himself punctually for his profession: he ate the prescribed number of term dinners at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time he was called to the bar. Choosing the Northern Circuit, he attended the Lancashire sessions, and by the favour of Mr. Scarlett obtained one of those complimentary briefs which are usually given to young barristers of good connexions. Encouraged by such unexpected success, Lamb declared his intention of being a regular attendant at the sessions. But he came no more, and never again put on wig and gown. Within a few weeks his elder brother, Peniston, died unmarried, and William Lamb, in his twenty-sixth year, became heir to a peerage and a great estate.

The loss of his first-born son at an age when, from the congeniality of taste and temper, the relation of parent and child had ripened into mutual confidence and friendship, was a blow from which Lord Melbourne never recovered. He had reached the confines of old age with little or no experience of the vicissitudes of fortune, and now he was suddenly bereft of the heir, the friend, and counsellor, in whom all his worldly hopes and interests had long been concentrated. Lady Melbourne, on the other hand, was reconciled to a dispensation which brought forward her favourite child from the comparative obscurity of a younger son to the near prospect of a peerage and a great estate. The old lord, though not insensible to the brilliant qualities of William, could never promote him to the place in his confidence and affections which Peniston had occupied. Lord Melbourne showed this feeling, indeed, in a marked and characteristic way. Though a wealthy and liberal man in money matters, he refused to continue to William the allowance which he had thought suitable to his eldest son. Peniston had received from his father 5,000*l.* a year; William's allowance was fixed at 2,000*l.* Nor could all the remonstrances and entreaties of Lady Melbourne change this resolution. The allowance of 2,000*l.* a year, however, could hardly be considered nig-

* Letters, vol. v. p. 63, Cunningham's ed.

gardly for a young unmarried man, whatever his father's rent-roll may have been. In other respects, if not in this particular, Lord Melbourne did all which his son could reasonably expect. He was released from the necessity of following his profession; a seat in Parliament was procured for him, and his father's houses both in town and country were his home. His marriage with Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, soon followed.

By this connexion with a great Whig family Mr. Lamb entered Parliament as a prominent member of the Opposition. He was returned at the commencement of the session of 1806, and took his seat a few days after the death of Mr. Pitt had terminated the long exile of the Whigs from place and power. But the new Cabinet found their return to office beset with difficulties and dangers. Like the fatal Ministry of 1784, the Ministry of 1806 was founded on a coalition. Mr. Fox, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Erskine, and Lord Howick found themselves associated with Lord Grenville, who, up to a recent period, had been the principal colleague of the late Minister; with Lord Sidmouth, who had been his creature; with Lord Ellenborough, the Tory Chief Justice, and with Mr. Windham, who had renounced Whig principles when the old Opposition had identified themselves with the principles of the French Revolution. The country, wasted by a disastrous and lingering war, had no heart for domestic politics, and failed to welcome, in the heterogeneous combination which succeeded the powerful and coherent rule of the departed Minister, a return of the old English party to power. While the country was indifferent the Court hardly cared to disguise its hostility to the new Government, which was again indirectly assailed and discredited by and through the connexions of the Tory placemen, who filled every department of the public service. The great name of Mr. Fox was the chief support of the administration; but even the lustre of that name had been dimmed by time and political adversity. With a diminished following Mr. Fox had, for some time past, relaxed a vain struggle against power, and had more and more withdrawn to the lettered ease which was more congenial to the tastes of his advancing years than the turmoil of opposition. Yet, reluctant as he was to be drawn from his retirement, Mr. Fox did not hesitate at the call of duty to resume, after an interval of twenty-two years, the foremost place in public life. But it was too late. His life was drawing to its close. In the spring of the year some warning symptoms appeared, and these were accelerated by the cares of office and the exhausting duties which attach to the leader of the House of Commons. He was forced to give up attending in Parliament before the end of the session, and on September 7, a few months after the death of his great rival, the remains of Mr. Fox were carried to the grave.

With the view of strengthening their position, the Government dissolved Parliament in the autumn of 1806, and on the assembling of the newly elected House in December Mr. Lamb was chosen to move the Address. He seems to have discharged this task pretty much as it is usually performed. We do not, indeed, call to mind one instance in which a parliamentary reputation has been founded on an occasion such as this, when the genius of the orator is confined within measured lines. The Grenville Ministry fell to pieces within a year of its formation. Having no root in Parliament or in the country, after lingering about twelve months it fell before an insult which the king was advised he could put upon it with impunity and success.

The new Minister was Mr. Perceval, a *Nisi Prius* barrister with a second-rate practice, who had been a law officer in the Addington Administration. Perceval was a sharp fall from Pitt, and a considerable decline even from Addington; but an appointment which in these days would have been greeted with a shout of derision from one end of the United Kingdom to the other, was received in 1807 with perfect indifference, and Mr. Perceval might have remained Prime Minister until the great Revival of 1830, had not his career been cut short by the hand of a fanatic. The occasion upon which the Grenville Ministry had been turned out was the demand by the king that they would not only abandon a certain measure for the partial relief of Roman Catholic disabilities, but that they would give him a written undertaking never again to mention the Catholic question—a pledge which his Majesty well knew that no Whig statesman, no man of honour, could for a moment entertain. There was no need to exact such a pledge from Mr. Perceval and Lord Eldon, the staunch, uncompromising foes of religious liberty. But it is not to the credit of Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, who held very different sentiments, that they gave their support to an administration founded on the principle of exclusion.

As soon as the new Ministry had taken their seats, Mr. Brand moved, in reference to the recent event, a declaratory resolution that it is contrary to the duty of constitutional ministers to restrain themselves by

any pledge from offering such advice to the Crown as they may think necessary for the public service. Mr. Lamb seconded the motion in a speech which his biographer describes as resembling 'a paragraph or two in a letter from Verax to the editor of the "Times" when everybody is out of town.' The short and imperfect note of which the reporting of that day consisted hardly justifies this contemptuous opinion; but it is not improbable that in dealing with such a self-evident proposition a young man should indulge in constitutional platitudes very little to the taste of the House of Commons. However, the speech seems to have attracted no attention, although the motion was supported by a considerable minority. Mr. Lamb addressed the House occasionally during subsequent sessions, and sometimes not without approbation; but on the whole he failed to establish a place in that fastidious assembly; and at the dissolution of 1812, having sat in Parliament six years, he was content to retire, whether from weariness or despair, or both. Domestic troubles, too, had by this time come upon him. The bright promise of his marriage had not been fulfilled. We need not dwell upon the aberrations which made the name of Lady Caroline Lamb painfully notorious. The sole offspring of this unfortunate union, the heir to a hitherto fortunate race, was hopelessly imbecile both in mind and body. The world of fashion and pleasure could offer little consolation to a man of Mr. Lamb's tastes and talents for the loss of domestic peace, and failure in public life. He found in literature the resource which neither fashion nor politics could supply. His reading, which appears to have been hitherto scanty, now extended to branches of knowledge not within the range of ordinary research. His favourite study, strangely enough for a man of his education and habits, was religious controversy and the works of the old fathers. Like other thoughtful men, Lamb was probably not so happily formed as to be able to find refuge from doubt in dogmatism, but neither is it to be supposed that he sought in the wranglings of mediæval priests and logicians a solution of the great mystery of life. It was a matter of taste, like the fancy for old china or dried beetles.

After an interval of four years Mr. Lamb re-entered the House of Commons as member for the close borough of Portarlington, and in the following year for Peterborough, which had been long represented by his grandfather and uncle. He joined the party of what in these days would be called the advanced Liberals, headed by Lord Althorp. The Opposition had for some years been nominally led by Mr. Ponsonby, a sensible and upright man, but without the peculiar qualities of a party leader. The consequence had been that the Whigs, under his direction, had fallen into the disorganisation which is the tendency of a defeated party. Yet, on the death of Mr. Ponsonby in 1817, it was not found easy to replace him. If breadth of knowledge and oratorical power were the principal qualifications for the post, there was one man who must have been elected by acclamation. That man was Brougham. But Brougham was, by the general consent of the party, pronounced unfit to be its chief, and the choice fell upon Mr. Tierney, a gentleman with no political connexion and no commanding ability, but possessed of a ready tongue and handy in debate. But it is no disparagement to Mr. Tierney that he failed to consolidate the scattered remnants of the Liberal party. The times were out of joint. In 1817 the prospects of the party seemed hopeless. Ten years had passed since the dispersion of the Ministry of 'The Talents;' Perceval had been succeeded by Lord Liverpool, the son of Mr. Jenkinson, the gentleman through whose secret agency the Court had for many years managed the party called the King's Friends, which had undermined so many administrations. For his services in this capacity Jenkinson had been rewarded by an earldom, to which his son succeeded in 1808. Lord Liverpool, before his elevation to the head of the Government, had held high office under Addington, Pitt, and Perceval. Though never a distinguished statesman, and without any pretension to oratory, Lord Liverpool was a sensible man, with a good knowledge of public business, and especially of commercial affairs. Under his auspices the Government jogged on for some years.

At the close of the great war in 1815, there were some ominous movements. The artificial prosperity caused by the war having collapsed, there was great distress throughout the country, and under the pressure of want the people eagerly listened to the teachers who told them that the Government was contrived for the benefit of the few and the oppression of the many. Yet these doctrines would have had little effect had they not been founded in some measure upon fact. It would be a gross exaggeration to compare the state of England in 1816 with that of France in 1789, but the grievances of the English people differed less in kind than in degree from those of the French nation. There was no forced labour in this country; the upper classes were not avowedly exempt from the public burdens;

nor were the higher offices in the public service exclusively appropriated to those classes. But the Poor Law, which in its conception was just and generous, was so worked as to keep the agricultural population virtually in a state of bondage; taxation weighed unfairly on the labouring people, and their daily bread was taxed for the benefit of the landlords and farmers. Tyrannical laws stifled the free expression of public opinion, and prerogative judges punished with exemplary rigour any man who ventured to complain. All this had been submitted to with dogged patience by a people sunk in ignorance, and against whom all the avenues to knowledge were strictly closed. But at length the cruelty and stupidity of this system became exposed, and a wild cry for reform burst from the great centres of population. A pamphlet in favour of parliamentary reform, written by Mr. Hobhouse, member for Westminster, with so much point and spirit as to be attributed by Canning, whom it attacked, to Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of 'Junius,' was voted by the House of Commons a false, scandalous, and seditious libel; and Mr. Hobhouse, being committed to Newgate on his admission of the authorship, became the hero of the hour. Sir Francis Burdett, the colleague of Mr. Hobhouse in the representation of Westminster, was soon after tried and convicted on an *ex officio* information for a seditious libel in the form of a letter reprobating the Manchester massacre. At the ensuing general election, Burdett and Hobhouse, who had the courage to call themselves Radical Reformers, were again returned for Westminster, the Whig candidate, Mr. George Lamb, though he received the support of the Tories, being defeated by a large majority. The Whigs, as a party, had never supported extensive plans of parliamentary reform. Lord Althorp, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Lambton were far in advance of the party upon this question, and the popular suffrage recommended by the members for Westminster was considered too wild and extravagant for serious consideration.

While the people out of doors were eagerly demanding a reform in the representation as the first step towards better government, the question excited so little interest in Parliament that a moderate proposal by a member so prominent as Mr. Lambton hardly gave rise to a languid debate in a thin House; while Mr. Hobhouse's motion for household suffrage, which was far more in accordance with public opinion, was so little regarded that the Government were content to leave the member for Westminster to be answered by his friend Mr. Lamb. The author of these volumes is of opinion that the Opposition were justified in neglecting this question while public opinion was immature. We venture, however, to doubt whether the argument in favour of parliamentary inaction was so 'plain and unanswerable' (vol. i. p. 165) as Mr. Torrens imagines. No member of the Liberal party who bestowed a thought upon this matter in 1821 could fail to see that the representative system must be remodelled upon lines more or less broad before the country could be governed on the principles he approved, and we cannot think the party acted wisely in leaving this vital question to the uncertain growth of public opinion without any guidance or encouragement. Meanwhile the Tory Government itself was undergoing a gradual process of reform. The two members of the Cabinet who, from their genius and knowledge, were most conspicuous, entertained liberal views upon questions of religious freedom and commercial policy. Many of the Whigs, especially the younger members eager for Catholic emancipation, and firm believers in the doctrines of Adam Smith and the school of economists, drew towards Canning and Huskisson. Mr. Lamb was one who, in the opinion of the stricter members of the party, was thus led astray; and when the death of Lord Londonderry left the undisputed ascendency to Canning, Lamb was invited by Lord Liverpool to join the administration. It is a notable proof of Lamb's failure in the House of Commons that Canning and Huskisson, with every disposition to serve him, could obtain for him the offer of only a subordinate place in the Ministry. A man who had reached the age of five-and-forty, the heir to a great estate, and supported by a wide political connexion, might fairly have aspired to the Cabinet after nearly twenty years of parliamentary experience. But such an idea seems not to have occurred to himself or to his friends. Lamb, however, declined the offer.

Mr. Torrens gives abundant extracts from Lamb's speeches in the House of Commons. But the printed report of a speech is a very imperfect criterion of its success. Some of the finest oratorical compositions, such as the speeches of Burke and Macaulay, have been far less effective than speeches which will hardly bear the test of print. Mr. Fox used to say that a speech which read well was a bad speech. Himself the most powerful debater that ever addressed the House of Commons, nearly all the force and fire of his eloquence disappear in the process of translation to paper. The stately and splen-

did declamation of Pitt, in like manner, shrinks into tameness and verbosity. We know, indeed, of only two instances in which the report conveys some idea of the speech. The beautiful language of Mr. Canning is hardly less pleasant to read than it was to hear, and the nervous idiomatic English which carries Mr. Bright's eloquence home to the hearts and understandings of his audience is fairly reflected in print. Mr. Lamb's speeches read as well as Mr. Pitt's or Mr. Windham's; they are well-finished, sensible essays, but they were not suited to the House of Commons. It must, however, be observed that the House of Commons of 1824 was a very different assembly from the House of Commons of 1878. The county representation remains substantially the same. It was then, as now, almost exclusively in the hands of the land-owners. The close boroughs of the unreformed Parliament were also, for the most part, appendages to the estates of the great landed proprietors. A few of these seats were rented by men of wealth and by lawyers on their preferment, who had no other access to the House of Commons, but the boroughs were chiefly occupied by connexions of the great territorial lords. The prevailing belief that the close boroughs afforded peculiar facilities for the introduction to public life of young men of promise has very little foundation. Clever young men without family or fortune were regarded as political adventurers who were to be kept out of Parliament rather than brought in, and in the rare instances when a candidate of this class was brought in it was more with a view to the advancement of the private interests of his patron than on public grounds. The sessions of the unreformed Parliament were short, the questions were few, and the debates were generally confined to the leading members of the two recognised parties. A high standard of speaking was thus maintained, and it rarely happened that a man wanting in station or culture ventured to address the fastidious and exclusive audience. We need not dwell on the changes which half a century has produced. The great assembly still attracts, as it ever must attract, the highest order of ability; and its foremost members may, at this day, compare with the most distinguished of their predecessors. But its composition is radically altered. The enfranchisement of the urban constituencies has transferred the balance of power from the territorial to the popular side, and instead of a select chamber we have a congress in which every interest and every opinion can find a voice. The business of the reformed Parliament has been doubled, and its session is prolonged nearly in the same proportion. A crowd of debaters, urged by ambitious and exacting constituencies, compete for the Speaker's eye; and a style savouring of the platform and the town council, which would not have been tolerated in the unreformed House, is accepted as a convenient medium for the discussion of the many important matters which occupy the attention of the regenerated Legislature. The House of Commons, being now thrown open to everybody, does, in fact, comprise many more of the class indiscriminately stigmatised as political adventurers than it ever did under the close system; but we must admit that the tests of scholarship and taste are less regarded by the free elector than they were by the arbitrary patron.

At the general election of 1826 some of the leading Whigs lost their seats in consequence of their support of the Catholic claims. Lamb was forced to retire from the representation of the county of Hertford, and an attempt to find refuge in the borough was defeated by the superior address and courage of Mr. Thomas Duncombe. In the following year the retirement of Lord Liverpool offered Canning the opportunity, which he promptly seized, of becoming Prime Minister. The old Tory members of the Government, headed by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel, refused to serve under him. To repair this formidable defection, Mr. Canning had recourse to the Opposition; and some of its principal members, undeterred by the failure of former coalitions, consented to join him. But the uncompromising Whigs, like the staunch Tories, refused to be parties to this questionable connexion. The vehemence of Brougham, who was the contriver of this combination, carried with him Lord Lansdowne, Lord Holland, and Tierney; but Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lambton, Hobhouse, and the heirs of the houses of Bedford and of Fitzwilliam stood aloof. William Lamb, whose attachment to the Liberal party had been always somewhat loose, was won over by the blandishments of Canning, and accepted the important office of Secretary for Ireland. Canning died in the autumn of 1827, and the Coalition Government fell to pieces under the feeble hands of his successor before the end of the year. A few months of office were hardly sufficient to test Mr. Lamb's capacity for administration; but these volumes contain abundant evidence of his assiduity in endeavouring to comprehend those mysterious questions

which have perplexed so many Englishmen who have set themselves to the study of Irish politics.

We now approach the time when the long and weary reign of Toryism was drawing to its close. In the year 1828 the last Tory Minister in the person of the Duke of Wellington assumed the direction of affairs. It was reserved for its most illustrious member to put an end to the great party which had governed England, almost without interruption, for nearly half a century. A true patriot, though a bad statesman, the Duke of Wellington, in 1829, surrendered unconditionally to the Catholics rather than risk another rising in Ireland; but in 1830 he failed to see that the choice was between reform and revolution. The famous eulogy on the House of Commons with which the Prime Minister opened the first Parliament of the new reign, and his determination to resist every change, not only sealed the fate of his own government, but rendered it impossible ever again to construct a government on the old Tory lines. Nearly half a century has passed away since the fall of the Duke of Wellington's administration; and during that time, with short intervals amounting in the aggregate to no more than ten or twelve years, the Liberal party has been in power. And during those intermittent periods when the party was out of office Liberal principles can hardly be said to have suffered any interruption. Sir Robert Peel's Government repealed the Corn Laws, and established free trade on an extended basis. Lord Derby carried a large extension of the suffrage; and the present Administration, though comparatively inactive, is at least not reactionary.

The more moderate section of Canning's Administration consented to remain in office under the Duke of Wellington; and Lamb, after some hesitation, took the same course. The Whig members of the late Government, Lords Lansdowne and Carlisle, Spring Rice, and Mackintosh, retired; and in joining his political fortunes with such men as Huskisson, Grant, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Dudley, who, however distinguished, had never belonged to the Whig connexion, Lamb took a step which showed little regard for party ties. Lamb was, in fact, the only nominal Whig who held office under the Duke; even those members of the Government who were in no sense Whigs, but had Liberal inclinations, soon found it impossible to serve under a chief who would tolerate no political free thinking. An occasion soon arose. A wretched little borough had been convicted of bribery, and the Cabinet determined to extend the constituency instead of disfranchising it. An amendment having been moved to transfer the franchise from the delinquent borough to the great town of Birmingham, it was supported by Huskisson and his friends. The result was, though not until after some humiliating negotiation, that Huskisson resigned; he was followed by every member of the Liberal section of the Ministry, and their places were filled from the rank and file of the Tory party. Two eventful years succeeded. In 1829 Catholic emancipation, which had so long been denied to reason and justice, was hastily conceded to menace and violence. In 1830 the French Revolution precipitated the question of parliamentary reform. The Duke's Administration survived their declaration against reform about a fortnight, and before the end of the year Lord Grey was at the head of a Liberal Government founded on the broad basis of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. In this, the most important administration of modern times, Lord Melbourne was appointed to the most responsible department. The Home Office, though its chief ranks first among the Secretaries of State, is not often coveted by Ministers of the highest mark. It is generally best filled by a country gentleman of good sense, with a sufficient aptitude for business; but in 1830 the country was in a state of disorder and tumult. The middle classes had organised associations for the purpose of reform; while the labouring population were lifting their hand against capital and property. The pent-up grievances of long years had suddenly broken forth, and a false step on the part of Government might have caused an insurrection. In these circumstances Lord Grey selected for the Minister, to whose sagacity and prudence the safety of the nation was more immediately to be entrusted, a gentleman who had had little experience of office, and whose reputation was rather that of a man of fashion than a statesman. But Lord Grey's experience had taught him that good sense was a quality far more valuable in a Minister than genius or eloquence. The history of this country affords examples of men of a high capacity for legislation, and great power of argument, who have utterly failed when a practical question had to be decided, and have shown a want of judgment or discretion when some point of conduct was involved. Lord Melbourne had no pretension to eloquence, nor was he ever distinguished as a legislator; but if a prompt decision had to be taken or a difficulty had to be met, there was no man whose judgment was more ready or more sound. Lord Melbourne's first act as Home Secretary was to assert the

ascendency of the law, and to put down attempts to obtain the redress of grievances by violent or illegal means. It soon became known that a great measure of parliamentary reform was in preparation, and the public discontent was for the time allayed by this understanding. The lines of the Bill were drawn by a committee of the Cabinet; but Lords Melbourne, Brougham, and Althorp, together with Lord John Russell, to whom the high honour of introducing it had been assigned, were consulted in every stage of its progress. Upon the vital point of the qualification of the new constituency, Melbourne wisely said, 'I am for a low figure. Unless we have a large basis to work upon, we shall do nothing.' Lord Grey was of the same opinion, as were Lord Brougham, Graham, and Lord John. We need not dwell on the fortunes of the Reform Bill. Lord Melbourne never pretended to be an ardent reformer like some of his colleagues; but he saw that the question did not admit of a half measure; and that, if touched at all, it must be dealt with fully, broadly, and finally. Some members of the Cabinet, like many of their friends in Parliament and the country, recoiled, half frightened, from the magnitude of the change which was proposed; but Lord Melbourne never faltered in his adherence to the bold and sagacious policy which the time and the subject required. The temper of the nation was inflamed to a pitch which it had not reached at any former crisis of its history—not at the Reformation, not at the great Rebellion, and certainly not at the Revolution of 1688. If the chiefs of the Government, daunted by the storm of opposition which they encountered, or disheartened by the hesitation of some of their immediate allies and supporters, had fallen back upon a policy of compromise and concession, a fearful convulsion would have followed. The choice lay between the Reform Bill and revolution.

The policy of the Irish Government at this period may be cited as an example of the mischief which brilliant talents, uncontrolled by judgment and discretion, can accomplish. The Irish people, though cordially assenting to reform, were not so vehement in the cause as their English and Scotch compatriots. They had griefs of their own which they preferred to the common grievances of the United Kingdom. They complained that they were treated more as a dependency than as an integral part of the empire, that their affairs had been neglected, and that the British Government were incapable of understanding their wants. There was some exaggeration in these complaints, but they were not groundless. The difficulty which English statesmen had found in dealing with Irish troubles was to distinguish cause from effect. They put down disorder by the strong hand of the law, and took no heed of the wrong which had led to the disorder. Melbourne, on taking the chief office in the Irish Government, had taken pains to enquire into the causes of Irish discontent, and had planned a series of measures which at least acknowledged the existence of wrongs and the right to redress. He put himself in frank communication with the popular leaders, and thus obtained an insight into Irish views which none of his predecessors had acquired. But after the brief interval during which Lord F. L. Gower held the office, Lord Melbourne was succeeded as Chief Secretary by a man far his superior indeed in parliamentary power, but the man least of all fitted for such a post, the impetuous and headstrong Stanley. The plans of conciliation and redress which Lamb had prepared or meditated were thrown aside; and without consulting the Lord-Lieutenant or the Cabinet, the new Chief Secretary brought forward a bill for disarming the Irish people. Lord Althorp, the leading Minister in the Commons, described it as 'one of the most tyrannical measures' he had ever heard proposed; and Lord Melbourne was so indignant that he appealed to Lord Grey against the violent and unprovoked proceedings of their subordinate. The bill was indeed deprived of its obnoxious clauses in its passage through Parliament, but the Government sustained much damage in the process. The great family connexion of Stanley, combined with his unrivalled power of debate, rendered him far too formidable to be got rid of, or even controlled; and he continued, notwithstanding the hints he had received, to govern Ireland according to the traditionary maxims of the Tory underlings in his office, by whose congenial advice, when he condescended to take advice, he was chiefly guided. The result of a year of such government as this was to render civil government nearly impossible. Lord Anglesey, the Viceroy, writing to an Irish nobleman at the beginning of 1832, described the country 'as all but in a state of rebellion,' and he officially informed the secretary that he could not undertake to maintain order in Ireland without an additional force of twenty thousand troops. At no period since 1798 was Ireland worse governed than when the late Lord Derby held the office of Irish Secretary. The government of Earl Grey, after carrying through Parliament, against unparalleled difficulties,

the greatest work of legislation which had been attempted since 1688, was nearly wrecked upon an Irish question. The state of the Irish Church was so scandalous that a reforming administration was bound to deal with it. The overgrown establishment was accordingly reduced by lopping off several of the bishopries and archbishopries with which it was overdone. This was so reasonable that it met with little opposition in the reformed Parliament; but when the question arose as to the appropriation of the surplus funds, a serious difficulty arose. It was found that men who had revolutionised the House of Commons and were prepared to swamp the House of Lords hesitated to apply to secular purposes a few thousand pounds which the Church did not want, and ought never to have possessed. That such men as Stanley and Graham should have regarded this as a vital question is hardly intelligible to a generation of Liberals who have witnessed the abolition of the Irish Church and the confiscation of its revenues. But Stanley and Graham left the Government rather than consent to the sacrilegious appropriation of Church property to purposes of education. They were accompanied by Lord Ripon, the late Prime Minister, a hybrid Whig, and by the Duke of Richmond, a Tory of the school of Eldon, who had joined the Reform Ministry, not from faith, but from rage against the party which had betrayed the Protestant cause by conceding Catholic emancipation. This breach in the Government had been hardly repaired when it had to encounter the shock of another Irish question. The policy of coercion pursued by the late Irish Secretary had brought the country into such a state that it had become necessary for the protection of life and property that the Coercion Act should be renewed for a limited period. It was proposed, however, with the consent of the Lord-Lieutenant, that some of the most oppressive provisions of the old Act should be given up. An intimation to this effect had been imprudently made by Mr. Littleton, the new secretary, to O'Connell; but when the subject came again before the Cabinet, Lord Grey, who had been persuaded by Stanley that 'Ireland must be taught to fear before she could be taught to love,' insisted on retaining one obnoxious clause which his principal colleagues had agreed to give up. The whole story connected with this transaction has been already told in former numbers of this Journal; and we need now only remind our readers that the result of this unfortunate misunderstanding was the resignation of Lord Grey.

We have now arrived at a critical period in the public life of Lord Melbourne. It would have been an ignominious end for the great Ministry of Reform to have fallen to pieces from internal dissension, when the country was expecting, and Parliament was prepared to carry, measures of the utmost importance. The venerable chief himself, though compelled by circumstances to retire, would hardly have discharged his duty had he quitted the Government without designating his successor. His choice, indeed, was limited. Mr. Stanley, who had been named by Lord Melbourne, in a remarkable conversation which he is said to have had with Mr. Disraeli, as the next Prime Minister, had separated himself from the political fortunes of the Whigs. Sir James Graham was gone also. Lord Althorp had resigned, and the Chancellor, who in ability and varied knowledge far exceeded all his colleagues, if not all his contemporaries, was out of the question. The choice was therefore narrowed almost by necessity to Lord Melbourne. The king, however, thought this a favourable opportunity for uniting the two great parties, and combining in his councils the most capable men in Parliament. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr. Stanley were mentioned by His Majesty as the principal persons with whom Lord Grey's successor was desired to place himself in communication. If such a plan had been feasible, no man was more fitted to carry it into effect than Lord Melbourne. His attachment to Whig principles, as we have seen, was not very strict; and he adhered to the Liberal party less from taste and sympathy than from a sagacious perception that the country must in future be governed by liberal ideas. An alliance with the leaders of the Tory party so soon after the passing of the Reform Bill must have proved more fatal to the Whigs than the coalition of 1784. It would have been considered throughout the land as a betrayal of the Reformers, and would have ruined the best of all causes by throwing it back into the hands of the violent party which had for years kept it in disrepute. Lord Melbourne, though not an ardent reformer, was a man of honour and a man of sense, and in neither capacity could he feel justified on the morrow of the Reform Act, with a decided party majority at his command, in placing himself at the head of a Ministry of compromise. In a long and not very well drawn paper, he explained to the king the reasons which rendered it impossible for him to be instrumental in carrying out His Majesty's wishes. In fact, the answer to the king's commission was contained in a single paragraph of Lord Melbourne's reply.

'The distinguished individuals enumerated by your Majesty, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Stanley, have all and each of them recently expressed not only general want of confidence in your Majesty's Government, but the strongest objections, founded upon principle, to measures of great importance either introduced into Parliament, or adopted by virtue of your Majesty's prerogative; to the bill for the better collection of tithes in Ireland, and to the commission for an inquiry into the state of religion in that country. Both these measures, particularly the last, Viscount Melbourne considers vital and essential in the present state of public feeling and opinion. Would it be then fair in Viscount Melbourne to offer to these distinguished individuals the appearance of a negotiation in which Viscount Melbourne would have everything to demand and nothing to concede?'

These reasons were unanswerable, and left the king no choice but to send for the Duke of Wellington, or to allow Lord Melbourne to form his own administration. The former alternative was hopeless; and in a few days His Majesty gave his assent to a Cabinet of sixteen members exclusively composed of members of the Liberal party, and comprising every man of note in that wide connexion. It was in point of numbers the largest administration that had ever been formed, and it was the first administration free from any infusion of the Tory element which had been formed since the Revolution. The Premier himself, indeed, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Grant had held office under the Duke of Wellington, but they had long since been separated from the councils of the Opposition. The rest of the Cabinet, with the exception perhaps of Sir John Hobhouse, who would have been described as a Radical, were pure Whigs. With a government thus constituted, and supported by a majority of nearly two-thirds of the House of Commons, a long and prosperous career of administration might have been anticipated. But among all the uncertainties of human affairs there is nothing more uncertain than the tenure of an English Ministry. For a time everything went smoothly. The prorogation of Parliament a few days after the change of Government gave the new Ministers the advantage of the recess to prepare their measures. Meantime a policy of conciliation was adopted towards Ireland. The Coercion Bill was passed without the obnoxious clauses which Lord Grey thought so indispensable; a Catholic barrister, who was likewise a prominent member of the popular party, was named law officer. The first vacant garter was given to the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the English Catholics. The Irish agitators, instead of being prosecuted, were consulted on public affairs; and with a view of bringing Irish business more immediately under his notice, the Premier had appointed his brother-in-law, Lord Duncannon, to the Home Office. Parliament was prorogued on August 15, and on November 10 Lord Althorp was removed from the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from the lead of the House of Commons, by the death of his father, Lord Spencer. The loss of a colleague who, from his position, was hardly of less importance than the Premier, and who had personally enjoyed in an extraordinary degree the confidence of Parliament and the country, was no doubt serious, and might have been fatal had it been produced by a political cause. But resulting as it did from an event which had been long foreseen, neither Lord Althorp's removal from the House of Commons, nor the resignation of his place in the Cabinet which followed, were irreparable losses. There was no insurmountable difficulty in finding a successor to Lord Althorp, and more than one eligible candidate was in fact named. It is true that, while giving His Majesty the option of forming new arrangements, Lord Melbourne expressed his confidence in the stability of the administration, and his readiness to submit proposals for filling up the vacancies occasioned by circumstances beyond his control; and on the termination of the audience Lord Melbourne was under the impression that no change of Ministry was contemplated. But the king would not, or was not permitted to, let the opportunity slip. The next day he placed in the Minister's hands a paper, the purport of which could not be misunderstood. It simply stated that His Majesty was informed that the loss of Lord Althorp would deprive the Ministry of the confidence of the Lower House, and as they were already in that condition as regarded the House of Peers, it had become necessary to place the conduct of affairs in other hands. This dismissal was aggravated, rather than softened, in the estimation of Lord Melbourne by the offer to himself of an earldom and the garter. He briefly declined these honours; but indignant as he was, the loyalty of his nature prompted him to remonstrate with his ill-advised sovereign on the rash step which His Majesty was about to take. He pointed out that there was not the smallest foundation for supposing that the Government was likely to lose the confidence of the House of Commons, or that a dissolution would materially alter the balance of parties. The king was deaf to all these reasons, and closed the interview by saying that he had made up his mind to

send for the Duke of Wellington. The only member of the late Government immediately accessible was Lord Lyndhurst, and with him the duke put himself in communication. A messenger was despatched in search of Sir Robert Peel, who was travelling on the Continent, but nobody knew where. These facts sufficiently disprove (an opinion expressed by Lord Palmerston) that the whole thing had been preconcerted between the Court and the Tory leaders. In fact there had never been a Ministry, if Ministry it could be called, which took office under such circumstances. Lord Lyndhurst accepted the Great Seal, and the duke united in his person the offices of First Lord of the Treasury and the three Secretaries of State. Every other appointment was postponed until the arrival of Sir Robert Peel, for whom the duke provisionally held office. Thus it happened that for a considerable period several of the great offices of State were held by one person, and the public service was conducted during this interval without any responsible head to many of the departments. This unseemly and unconstitutional state of things was caused by the indecent impatience of the Court to get rid of the Whigs, for, according to all precedent, the outgoing Ministry should have retained office until their successors were appointed.

The dismissal of the Ministry did not give rise to that burst of popular indignation which some had hoped and anticipated. By the more ardent reformers it was attributed to a want of zeal and energy on the part of the late Premier; and the querulous murmurs of the party were drowned in the vociferous assertions of the Tories—or the Conservatives as they now called themselves—that a reaction had set in. In a certain sense this was true. It was impossible that the public mind could have been kept at the point of tension which it had attained in 1831–2; but though excitement had subsided, and the volatile elements of popularity which swelled the clamour for reform had evaporated, there remained a large majority of the nation for reform, although not agreed as to measures. In answering an address from his friends at home, Lord Melbourne said:—

'You are all doubtless aware that a controversy has lately been carried on between men of great eminence and weight in the country upon the subject of the progress of reformation, whether it should be slow or fast, whether much or little should be proposed in the next session of Parliament. I can only say for myself, that—I know not whether it should have been considered much, or whether it should have been considered little—I should have been for bringing forward as much as was sufficient, as much as would have remedied the most pressing evils, as much as could have been digested and matured, as much as under the circumstances it could be considered safe, prudent, and practicable to effect.'

And a few days later, in replying to an address from Derby, he adverted to

'the causes of the late events. You will not consider me as employing the language of complaint and discontent, but rather that of friendly admonition and advice, if I enumerate amongst them the want of confidence which has often been expressed in quarters from which we expected support,—the strong condemnation which has been pronounced upon some of our measures, which I conceive to have been absolutely necessary,—the violent and subversive opinions which have been declared, and particularly the bitter hostility and ulterior designs against the Established Church, which have been openly avowed by several classes and bodies of the Dissenters. When I mention this last opinion, I beg leave to say that I do not condemn those who conscientiously entertain it. It is not my opinion; but I mention it now with reference to its actual effect upon the course of public affairs. These sentiments and this conduct occasioned great alarm in high and powerful quarters; they terrified the timid, they repelled from us the wavering, they rallied men around the institutions which they conceived to be attacked, and they gave life, spirit, and courage to our political adversaries, who, you will recollect, after all, form a very large and powerful party in this country—a party powerful in number, powerful in property, powerful in rank and station, and allow me to add, a party of a very decided, tenacious, unyielding, and uncompromising character.'

Sir Robert Peel, on arriving in London, found himself so far committed during his absence, that he had no option but to undertake the charge which the ill-advised action of the Court had forced upon him. He applied in the first instance to Mr. Stanley and Sir James Graham for assistance, but these eminent persons would have nothing to do with his desperate adventure. There was then no alternative but to seek for colleagues in the old Tory party, and it was, therefore, with a Cabinet of the Addington and Perceval type, that the Conservative chief appealed to the country. The dissolution of Parliament took place on December 30. In a few days the contest was decided. The Liberals made a strong effort to stem the tide of reaction, and they were not unsuccessful; but the Conservatives, though beaten, had shown that they were still formidable opponents. Fighting under every disadvantage, they nevertheless dealt

a weighty blow to the reformers. From a commanding majority of two-thirds of the House of Commons, the Liberals were reduced to a margin of some five-and-twenty or thirty. Such a result, though decisive for the moment, was not very encouraging for the future; and it seemed probable that a powerful and united minority, supported by the Court, and inured to office, would ere long prevail over a heterogeneous assemblage of various political creeds, hastily organised, and without experienced leaders. We need not dwell on the well-known details of Sir Robert Peel's short Administration. Though beaten by a majority of seven on the division for the Speakership, it was not until April 7, when Lord John Russell's motion to appropriate the surplus funds of the Church of Ireland was carried by a majority of twenty-seven, that Sir Robert Peel was satisfied that the contest could no longer be continued. On the following day he resigned, and the king sent for Lords Grey, Lansdowne, and Melbourne. He recurred to his favourite proposal of a coalition; but on being distinctly told that such an arrangement was impossible, His Majesty decided, after some hesitation, on once more placing himself unreservedly in the hands of Lord Melbourne. It was not without hesitation and misgiving that Melbourne undertook the task. Lord Grey was immovable in his determination to decline official responsibility in any form. But, with one notable exception, the new Ministry was composed of the same members as the Ministry of the preceding July, omitting Lord Spencer, who had retired from public life, Mr. Abercromby, who was Speaker, and Lord Mulgrave, who became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

We are wholly unable to understand why Lord Wellesley was not invited to resume the viceroyalty. It was true that Wellesley in a letter to the Premier, contrary to the opinion expressed in a former official despatch, with a view of propitiating the popular leaders, had recommended the omission of certain clauses in the Coercion Bill. The purport of this letter had been rashly communicated to O'Connell by the Chief Secretary. The consequence was the resignation of Lord Althorp and Lord Grey. But it was not the confidential letter of the viceroy which led to this result. Nor was Lord Wellesley justly chargeable with instability of purpose in this matter. It was at the instance of Mr. Littleton and Lord Brougham that he modified his views as to the necessity of the obnoxious clauses in the Coercion Bill. On the same day, June 19, he received letters from his secretary and the Chancellor in the same sense. Lord Brougham's letter is before us, and we quote the part of it which relates to this affair. The passages in italics are underscored in the original:—

'One thing I do very seriously request your best consideration of. Can't we *do* Ireland with the Coercion Bill without the *Meetings Clauses?* The real use and pith of the Bill is the Insurrection part—sunrise and sunset, &c. Then if we get that through, and even in a more efficient form, if we can propose anything more efficient, we shall surely get all we can want. Now I *know* that Dan O'C. will *support* such a reduced bill, and even heartily, and that he will be gained over thereby, and cease to trouble. Pray do well consider this, *and, without saying I asked you so to do,* write to Lord M. your full opinion. I will answer for it pacifying Ireland, and placing you on a pinnacle.'

On June 30, a week after Lord Wellesley's letter had been read to the Cabinet, Lord Melbourne writes to him:—

'I greatly condemn myself that, through indolence and negligence, I did not keep your Excellency better informed of the actual state of feeling here. It is impossible for any man, however great his natural penetration and his experience, to conjecture how opinions are tending and passions working in another country.'

More to the same effect follows. On August 23, after his accession to the premiership, Lord Melbourne writes to the viceroy in reference to the Irish measures for the ensuing session:—

'I cannot help expressing sincerely the expectation I entertain of the material assistance which will be afforded by the application of your Excellency's powerful and comprehensive understanding to a subject in every way worthy of it. If you can devise the means of solving this problem, you will achieve a great labour and acquire great glory; and you will not suspect me of flattery, when I say that in my conscience I believe there is no man alive more equal to such a work, and more capable of effecting it, than your Excellency.'

In pursuance of instructions thus conveyed, Lord Wellesley, in concert with Lord Duncannon, the Home Secretary, Mr. Littleton, the Irish Chancellor, and the law officers, framed a series of measures, some of which passed into law, and formed the basis in no small degree of Melbourne's reputation as a statesman; and yet, on his return to power within a year after these transactions, Lord Melbourne made no offer of the viceroyalty to Lord Wellesley, assigning as his reason that 'Lord Wellesley wrote an imprudent letter to Lord Grey on June 21, 1834, and that from that moment he [Lord Melbourne] had resolved that, upon the recon-

struction of the government of Ireland, there should be a general sweep.' In justice to the memory of a great man who was most unworthily treated, we deem it right to record these facts, which certainly do not redound to the credit of Lord Melbourne.

One member of the late Cabinet was by common consent excluded. In genius, learning, eloquence, it was agreed that none of the Ministry, able and accomplished as many of them were, could stand a moment's comparison with their rejected colleague. But it was felt impossible that the Great Seal should be again entrusted to Lord Brougham. In the Prime Minister's own words, 'if left out, he would indeed be dangerous; but if taken in, he would simply be destructive. We may have little chance of being able to go on without him; but to go on with him would be impossible.' No disgraceful imputation rested on the name of the late Chancellor; but his faults, arising from excessive energy and activity of mind, were incompatible with the discretion and reserve demanded from a Minister of the Crown. While freely interfering with the business of other departments, Lord Brougham seldom consulted the Cabinet or the head of the Government about his own measures; and both in public and private indulged in a license of speech which sometimes seriously embarrassed the Government and exposed himself to ridicule and contempt. During the recent recess of Parliament the Chancellor had gone about the country attending public dinners and meetings, and making speeches to which his friends and the friends of the Government listened with pain and mortification. The indecorous freedom with which he had used the king's name at some of these motley gatherings had been so much resented by His Majesty, that for this reason alone it was hardly possible that the Great Seal should be restored to the hands of Lord Brougham. Mr. Torrens gives an amusing account of the interview in which the Prime Minister broke this unexpected intelligence to his old friend. After many professions on both sides by which neither was deceived, Brougham was pacified by the assurance that if he was not to have the Great Seal, no other Chancellor was to be appointed; and at length he appears to have been even reconciled to his exclusion from office by the prospect of assuming the part of patron of the Government and arbiter of its fate, until the day came when he should return to office with greater power than before. But that day never came. At an age when little past his prime, and in the full vigour of his faculties, Lord Brougham's official career was closed, nor did he ever again take a ruling part in public life. But he had already done enough to establish an enduring fame. Without disparaging the services of Wilberforce, Clarkson, or Pitt, Brougham did more than any of his predecessors or contemporaries to abolish the slave-trade. He was the first reformer of the law on a great and comprehensive scale. He did more for the education of the people than any man before or since. With all his eccentricities, Lord Brougham was ever true to his principles. He retained or recovered the esteem if not the confidence of Lord Grey; and even Lord Melbourne, though he would not sit in the same Cabinet with him, and had to bear the full brunt of his attacks in the House of Lords, continued to regard him as a private friend, and gave him the last proof of confidence and affection by naming him as one of his executors.

The omission of Lord Brougham was not the only difficulty with which the Minister had to deal in the reconstruction of his government. The English constituencies were so nearly balanced, that a majority in the Commons could not be counted on without the support of the Irish Catholic party; and the Irish party required an earnest of Whig sincerity in the admission to office of some of their number. O'Connell himself expected, and it seems had been taught to expect, the appointment of Attorney-General for Ireland. But an official connexion with the Irish agitators would alienate from the Ministry at least as many of the English adherents as they would gain from the Catholic party. Lord Lansdowne mentions, in a letter to Mr. Torrens many years after, that Mr. Thomas Grenville, one of his oldest friends, refused to go to Lansdowne House, lest he should incur the risk of meeting O'Connell. A similar feeling had influenced Sir James Graham in separating himself from the Liberal party. It became necessary, therefore, to inform O'Connell that his expectations could not be realised. By the tact and discretion of Mr. Ellice, who undertook this delicate mission, the great agitator was appeased, and at a meeting which soon after took place at Lichfield House between some members of the Government and the Irish leaders, an understanding was arrived at by which the support of the latter was conciliated. On his first appearance in the House of Lords after the formation of the Government, the Prime Minister was sharply questioned as to the nature of the compact by which the alliance of a gentleman pledged to the repeal of the Union and to the subversion of the House of Lords had been obtained. Lord Mel-

bourne shortly replied to these enquiries that he did not agree with Mr. O'Connell's views, that he did not know whether he was to be supported by that gentleman or not, and that he made no terms with him whatever. All this was of course literally true; but shortly after O'Connell with his sons and his following crossed the floor and took their seats on the ministerial benches, which they continued to occupy during the existence of the Melbourne Administration.

When the parliamentary difficulties attending the formation of the Ministry had been surmounted, there remained the hostility of the Court. The king did not affect to conceal his disappointment and annoyance at having to take back the Ministers whom he had so unceremoniously dismissed a few months before, and this feeling found vent in language which it was difficult for men of spirit to endure. He frequently abused the Ministers who had occasion to take his pleasure, and he swore at Lord Gosford on his appointment as Governor-General of Canada. Having taken it into his head that Russia was going to make war on this country, he insisted on the militia being embodied, and made a violent speech at the Privy Council when his assent was formally required to a reduction of the militia staff upon which the Government had determined. Lord Melbourne was sometimes much angered at these ebullitions, but his good sense put up with them, though he never sought to conciliate the king by yielding a point to his whims or prejudices. The opposition of the House of Lords gave the Ministry far more trouble than the animosity of the Court. Under the guidance of Lord Lyndhurst, the peers set themselves to oppose and thwart every measure of importance proposed by the Government. The Irish Tithe Bill, which remedied the most flagrant abuses of the Church, and embodied the principle of appropriation, was rejected without discrimination. The bill for extending to the municipal bodies the principle of reform which had been applied to Parliament, and which had passed the Commons with the concurrence of Sir Robert Peel, was mutilated in its essential parts. The crack-brained Wetherell was allowed to argue at the bar of the House for twelve hours, and witnesses were admitted to prove that close elections and irresponsible aldermen were best fitted for the purposes of local government and the administration of corporate revenues. The bill was modified in accordance with these views, and Lord Lyndhurst succeeded in carrying his amendments by large majorities. When the reckless peer was remonstrated with on his conduct, and reminded that his coadjutor in the Lower House had agreed to the main provisions of the Bill, he replied: 'Peel! what is Peel to me? Damn Peel!' Great indignation was manifested at these proceedings, and loud demands arose from every part of the country for the reform or abolition of an assembly which seemed bent on obstructing the progress of reform, and setting at nought the will of the popular branch of the Legislature. The Prime Minister, with a wise regard to the safety of constitutional government, sought to allay these heats, and by his influence and authority he persuaded his party to adopt moderate counsels. The Tories, on the other hand, became alarmed, and the result was a compromise by which a substantial measure of municipal reform was at length secured.

Thus far the exulting anticipations of the Tories and the despondent apprehensions of the Liberals, as to the duration of the Ministry, had not been realised. Though still beset with difficulties, the Government was improving its position; and this result was owing to the firmness and skill with which they had trodden the thorny path of progress and reform. Not the least of the difficulties they had to contend with was the pressure of the ardent reformers, who insisted on a more rapid progress and a more radical reform than the Ministry were disposed to attempt. But the policy of Lord Durham and his followers would not only have been impracticable in a nearly balanced state of parties, but, by alienating from the Government a large and respectable section of moderate opinions, would have stopped the course of reform, and restored the Tories to power for an indefinite period. The conservative bias of the English people, though sometimes suspended, has always returned after a season of change; and the success of a ministry in modern times is measured by their observation of these varying moods. It was well for the fortunes of Reform at this critical period, that they were guided by a statesman of cool and cautious temperament. The sensible and reflecting members of the Opposition, who were gradually departing from the obsolete doctrines of their party, felt that the institutions of the country were not seriously imperilled by a moderate concession to the necessities of the times; and even the sincere believers in democratic principles, though they sometimes railed and fretted at the Whigs, were not blind to the obvious dangers to the cause of a precipitate course of action. Thus the Government gradually gained strength, and before they had been a year in office their majority in the Com-

mons had increased, and the Lords were more disposed to listen to reason.

A minor perplexity, but one which nevertheless gave the Premier much trouble, was the appointment of a Chancellor. The Great Seal could not be perpetually in commission. Lord Brougham had hitherto given his powerful support to the Ministry, in the confident belief that his return to office was only a question of time, but the objections to him were still considered insuperable; and among the Whig lawyers of sufficient eminence for the post, there was none who could compete with the great orator who was to be set aside. The Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell, however, preferred his claim, and was with difficulty satisfied by a peerage for his wife and the promise of future preferment. Bickersteth was strongly recommended by Sir John Hobhouse and other members of the Cabinet, but an unlucky phrase disclosed the shallowness of his pretensions. In a conversation with Lord Melbourne, who pointed out the difficulty which a man untried in Parliament would have to encounter, the chancery lawyer is reported to have said that '*he* did not consider Brougham a very formidable antagonist.' 'I do,' was the dry response, and Mr. Bickersteth's chance of holding the Great Seal was at an end. At length the plunge was made, and Sir Christopher Pepys, the Master of the Rolls, whose professional qualifications were unexceptionable, was promoted to the woolsack; and, in deference to the opinions of his colleague, Mr. Bickersteth was appointed Master of the Rolls, with a peerage. Lord Melbourne's opinion of the new law lord was fully justified. It was soon admitted that Lord Langdale must be added to the long list of clever and promising men who, in Parliament, have proved utter failures. The Chancellor, on the other hand, fulfilled the hopes if not the expectations of his colleagues. Lord Cottenham's great authority as an Equity judge was sustained by the prudence and good sense of his conduct in the House of Lords. 'Plunkett asked the Premier how he got on with his new Chancellor. "Oh, capitally; I'm like a man who has broken for good with a termagant mistress, and married the best of cooks."' But the indignation of Brougham was now to be encountered, and it burst in a storm upon the head of the Prime Minister. Charges of treachery and falsehood were wildly flung at the most generous and candid of public men. They were repelled with scorn, and an angry correspondence ensued. A public explosion of wrath was fully expected from one whose impulses knew no restraint. But this scandal was happily averted; before Parliament assembled, the fury of the wronged and disappointed statesman sank into deep dejection. He did not take his place in the House of Lords during the session, nor could all the taunts of the Tory press draw him from his seclusion. But the anger of great men is seldom permanent. Melbourne and Brougham gradually resumed their intercourse; and after a lapse of years the friends agreed to destroy the correspondence which contained the record of a breach which had been long since repaired.

The position of the Ministry was materially strengthened during the session of 1836. A well-contrived Budget inspired confidence in their administrative capacity; and the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers from fourpence to a penny was justly regarded as an important measure of economical and social reform. The Irish Tithe Bill was again brought forward, but again failed in consequence of the continued refusal of the Lords to agree to the appropriation clause. The Irish Corporation Bill, framed on the lines of the English Act, and passed through the House of Commons by a majority of eighty-six, was likewise defeated. It was clear, however, that the Lords must ultimately be worsted in this conflict with the reformed branch of the Legislature; and the patience of the Government deprived them of the sympathy which they sought in defending what they called their independence from the dictation of the Lower House.

We now come to an affair in which a foul attempt was made to ruin the Ministry in the person of its chief. Among the private friends of Lord Melbourne was a beautiful and gifted woman, one of three brilliant sisters who inherited in no common degree the genius of their grandfather, Sheridan, and the loveliness of his wife. Caroline Sheridan had early in life married Mr. Norton, a younger son of Lord Grantley, and a gentleman of whom the least that can be said is that he proved unworthy of such a partner. Disagreements soon arose between the ill-assorted pair, and Lord Melbourne's good offices had more than once been used to prevent a rupture. The husband had gratefully accepted the appointment of police magistrate from Lord Melbourne when Home Secretary. Norton, who had neither the will nor the art to conciliate his wife, attributed her aversion to a preference for others, and instituted private enquiries with a view of getting up evidence of misconduct against his wife. These attempts upon her honour having failed, it

occurred to him, or more probably it was suggested to him, that he might make out a case against his benefactor. The intimacy between the parties was notorious. Mr. Norton was needy, and possibly the Prime Minister might give a large sum to avoid the scandal of a public trial; or, in the event of a verdict for the plaintiff, the damages would be assessed at a considerable amount. No overture towards compromise having been made, an action was hazarded, and came on for trial in June 1836. The evidence was conclusive, if the witnesses were believed; but the witnesses were a set of wretches ready to swear anything for which they were paid, and the jury returned a verdict for the defendant without a moment's hesitation. At that time the evidence of the parties to a suit was not admissible, but Lord Melbourne instructed his counsel to deny the charge 'on his honour as a peer.' In a letter to Mrs. Norton he says: 'You know that what is alleged (if it be alleged) is utterly false, and what is false can rarely be made to appear true.' These statements, though conclusive, are unnecessary. Unless the existence of a friendship between a young woman and a man old enough to be her father raises a presumption of criminal intimacy, there was not a particle of foundation for the charge. Lord Melbourne, however, suffered deeply both in body and mind from this abominable business; not, certainly, on his own account, but for the sake of the injured lady, and in a minor degree for the character and fortunes of the Government. He even went so far as to tender his resignation; but the king, though his hatred of the Government was unabated, manfully rejected it, with a generous expression of his contempt for a story which he doubted not had its origin in factious rancour. It is needless to say that the heads of the party gave no countenance to these slanders. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, with characteristic magnanimity, assured Melbourne that he would take no part in a new combination founded on his retirement under such circumstances. The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Wynford thought it necessary to disavow any participation in these proceedings.

We pass over the remaining year and a half of King William's reign, and come to that period which we regard as the most shining part of Lord Melbourne's public career. The demise of the Crown dispersed the intrigues and factions which had infested the Court during the late reign. Her Majesty, succeeding to the throne in early youth, reposed an ingenuous confidence in her experienced Minister, and learned from him the first lessons of her high vocation. Lord Melbourne, with a mixed sense of paternal and loyal duty which belonged to an English gentleman under such peculiar circumstances, undertook the office of Her Majesty's private secretary, and was thus in constant attendance upon her person. The queen condescended to express in warm terms her gratitude for such service, and the Duke of Wellington, in his place in Parliament some years afterwards, bore generous testimony to the same effect.

'I am willing to admit that the noble viscount has rendered the greatest possible service to Her Majesty. I happen to know that it is Her Majesty's opinion that the noble viscount has rendered Her Majesty the greatest possible service, making her acquainted with the mode and policy of the Government of this country, initiating her into the laws and spirit of the constitution, independently of the performance of his duty as the servant of Her Majesty's crown; teaching her, in short, to preside over the destinies of this great country.' (Speech, August 24, 1841.)

At the general election consequent on the demise of the Crown the Liberals were in a minority, as they have frequently since been, in the English constituencies, but the difference was more than made up by the Scotch and Irish vote. The Scotch have, on the whole, been ever faithful to the party of progress, and the Irish had not as yet been sufficiently favoured by a Liberal policy to be ungrateful. According to the table of the duration of ministries since the Reform Act, the Melbourne Government, having lasted three years, was in its decline, and though it had vitality enough to last many years longer, it did not gain strength. In the session of 1838 the long-protracted question of the Irish tithe was settled, according to the usual fashion of party conflicts, by compromise. Ireland had been kept in a state of chronic rebellion for several years on account of the tithe system. The appropriation of the surplus property of the Church, which the Liberal party insisted upon, had been the chief obstacle to an equitable commutation, and at length, by abandoning what was little more than the theoretic assertion of a principle, the Whigs were permitted by the House of Lords to relieve the Catholic tenantry from a direct contribution to the support of an heretical Church. A substantial grievance was thus redressed, and Ireland was pacified for a time. The Ministry hitherto had been fairly prosperous. Their fortunes now began to decline. Their Indian policy was a mistake, and turned out a disastrous failure. Ireland relapsed into disorder under the feeble and hesitating rule

of Lord Normanby. The occasional vacancies in the House of Commons were mostly filled up by Conservatives, and at length, in 1839, upon an important colonial measure —the suspension of the Legislative Assembly of Jamaica—the ministerial majority was reduced to five. Melbourne, always too ready to be relieved from the irksome responsibility of office, thereupon tendered his resignation, and recommended the queen to send for the Duke of Wellington. The duke recommended Peel, who undertook the duty, but his attempt was defeated by a miscarriage which involved it in public ridicule. There was no difficulty about secretaries of state and presidents of departments; but when he came to the ladies of the bedchamber, the new Minister found himself confronted with a formidable difficulty. The young queen was unwilling to part with her friends, and her Conservative Minister did not think himself safe while the wives and daughters of Whig lords surrounded Her Majesty's person. The retiring Ministers advised the queen to be firm, and, taking upon themselves the responsibility of that advice, they resumed their offices. In his speech on that occasion, Lord Melbourne said:—

'I resigned my office, not because I was abandoned—no, I will not use that harsh expression—by those who usually supported me, but because there had arisen among them a certain amount of doubt, which led me to suppose that I could not any longer conduct the Government either with honour to myself or with advantage to the country; and I now frankly declare, that I resume office solely because I will not abandon my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, when demands are made on her with which she ought not to comply—demands which are inconsistent with her sense of honour, and which, if acquiesced in now, would establish a precedent which would render her liable during the remainder of her reign to all the variations of party politics, and would make her domestic life one continued scene of discomfort and unhappiness.'

Sir Robert Peel incurred some discredit by his conduct in this transaction, and we cannot but think that he acted more like a formalist than a statesman or a man of the world in so tenaciously insisting upon a punctilio which was not a point of political honour. But he was probably apprehensive of a serious addition to the difficulties which he would have to encounter from the Court of a young female sovereign filled by ladies belonging to the Opposition families. Be that as it may, the question was finally settled by the good sense and firmness of Lord Melbourne. Since that time the arrangements of the queen's Court have not been disturbed by a change of Ministry. The principal office of the Mistress of the Robes alone has been usually held by a peeress of very high rank nominated by the Minister of the day.

The second restoration of Lord Melbourne was immediately followed by two measures of the highest order of legislation. The establishment of the penny post marks an era in the progress of the nation, and the grant of a small sum for public education was the commencement of a great and righteous policy, which it has been reserved to the present generation to consummate.

We pass over several important passages in Lord Melbourne's political biography, until we come to the most interesting event of his public life. The marriages of the kings and queens of England had in former times been matters of purely diplomatic negotiation; but a more genial age was willing that domestic happiness should be preferred to state considerations, even in a royal alliance. Still the choice of Her Majesty was confined to a narrow circle, and the selection of a fitting partner was a matter in which the interest of her people, as well as her own domestic happiness, was concerned. There were many reasons which might have made her Minister reluctant to advise an immediate change in the queen's condition. Her Majesty was still very young, and it might be desirable that she should acquire an independent experience of the duties of a constitutional sovereign before she yielded to the influence which her consort might justly claim, and would probably possess. Her choice must necessarily fall upon a foreign prince unacquainted with the laws and manners, and probably even with the language, of the country. The position of a prince consort with no recognised place in public life was one which might be galling to a man of spirit. It was not to be expected, nor was it desirable, that there should be a second Prince George of Denmark. On the other hand the interference of a stranger so highly placed in the contested arena of English politics might lead to grave complications. There was yet another consideration which must have had weight (though not, of course, for personal reasons) with Lord Melbourne in determining this delicate question. As the authority of a parent yields to that of a husband, so must the peculiar influence which the age and loyal attachment of her chief counsellor had gained over the queen be diminished, if it should not entirely cease, at her marriage. But a regard for the direct succession to the crown, and still more for the queen's domes-

tic happiness, outweighed all other considerations. Many conferences took place between Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, and the King of the Belgians, her Majesty's trusted kinsman, on this subject, and the result was that Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg was invited to Windsor. The young prince, who was born in the same year as Her Majesty, possessed all the graces of mind and person which were fitted to engage the affections of an accomplished and warmhearted girl. The prince had not been in England many weeks before it became known that he was the fortunate object of Her Majesty's choice. The suit had proceeded with the simplicity of private life, and for that reason no royal alliance had ever so much engaged the hearty sympathy and goodwill of the English people as the marriage of their young queen. We can point at nothing more honourable to English politicians than the cordial co-operation of the two great men who respectively stood at the head of the ruling parties in the State in promoting the welfare and happiness of the sovereign. The Duke of Wellington felt that the queen was safe in the hands of Lord Melbourne, and Lord Melbourne was content in knowing that if the vicissitudes of life should remove him from power, the Duke of Wellington would succeed him as Her Majesty's trusted friend and counsellor. The ability of the Prince Consort, and his aptitude for business, greatly lessened the responsibility of Lord Melbourne's successor; but to the last hour of his life the illustrious duke retained the affectionate respect and confidence of the queen.

The Melbourne Administration came to an end in 1841. It had never recovered strength since its virtual defeat on the Jamaica Bill. In the Budget of 1841, the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to announce a deficit of a million and a half. This alone would have been damaging to any Government; but its fate was sealed by the financial devices for covering the loss. The proposal to lower the duties on foreign sugar and timber, together with the reduction of the import duty on corn, alarmed the whole of the agricultural interest and a great part of the commercial interest of the country. The alteration of the sugar duties was rejected by a majority of thirty-six; and as the Ministry did not resign, a vote of want of confidence was moved by Sir Robert Peel and carried by a majority of one. The Government, still confident in the justice and wisdom of their policy, resolved to appeal to the country. The issue was Free Trade or Protection; and the reformed constituencies decided for the maintenance of Protection. Lord Melbourne and his colleagues, however, awaited the formal declaration of the verdict in Parliament. It was immediately pronounced in the direct form of an amendment to the Address. The majority against Ministers in the Lords was seventy-two, in the Commons ninety-one.

The queen was much affected on taking leave of her faithful friend and Minister. He was not himself unmoved; but his only care was lest the change might occasion trouble and uneasiness to Her Majesty. The queen has herself recorded his parting words: 'For four years,' he said, 'I have seen you every day. But it is so different now to what it would have been in 1839; the prince understands everything so well.'

It has been said that there are two happy days in a statesman's life—the day on which he takes office, and the day on which he leaves it. But it was with reluctance that Melbourne accepted the great position to which circumstances had raised him, and yet it was not altogether with a sense of relief that he retired from power. An experience of seven years had habituated him to office, and a happy constitution had in a great degree exempted him from its harassing care. His home was vacant; he had his friends and his books, but these hardly filled up the void of public life. For some time after his resignation he took an active part in the business of Parliament; but subsequently his duties as the leader of his party in the Upper House were but irregularly performed. In the autumn of 1842 a slight shock of paralysis interrupted the robust health he had hitherto enjoyed. He recovered from the immediate attack, but the vital energy was impaired; he gradually sank into a weak and despondent state, and in 1848, at seventy years of age, he calmly passed away.

It would be idle to claim for Lord Melbourne a place in the first rank of English statesmen. He cannot bear comparison with such ministers as Walpole, or Chatham, or Pitt, or Canning. He had neither the authority nor the stately eloquence of his predecessor, Earl Grey; neither the parliamentary talents nor the administrative ability of his successor, Sir Robert Peel. But he had qualities more rare and hardly less valuable than oratorical powers or administrative skill. With great knowledge of mankind he combined perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. With high courage and a fine sense of political honour, he knew when to be firm, and when to give way. His tact and good humour carried many a point which a more earnest zeal would have lost. He was frank to a fault;

but the bluntness which would have been offensive in a man less happily bred was so blended with wit, humour, and amenity in Lord Melbourne, that none of his sayings, however keen, were known to wound the feelings of any human being. He was a statesman without guile or any taint of official affectation, and he had a shrewd perception of human nature which is rarely found in an office-bred politician. His reading was various, and extended to subjects not often comprehended in literary pursuits. He was one of the best classical scholars of his day, and on one occasion translated offhand, for Canning's information, a Greek epigram quoted by Lord Wellesley. Habitually indolent, he was supposed to be negligent of business. He was indeed careless of the routine of office; but in dealing with public matters his sagacity seldom failed to discriminate between matters which were important or practicable, and questions which it was premature or dangerous to touch. The review of Lord Melbourne's administration is the province of history; but it is a sufficient refutation of the vulgar charge of listlessness and inactivity which was so loudly reiterated against its chief to name his principal measures. The English and Scotch and Irish Municipal Reform Acts; the Irish Tithe Act; the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues Act; the Rural Police; the Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths; the Union of the Canadas; the Penny Post; the Reduction of the Stamp on Newspapers, were all carried in six years with one House of Parliament hostile, and the other affording but a doubtful and precarious support. In fact, at no period within the last half-century have so many great questions been settled within the same space of time.

We offer high praise to Mr. Torrens in saying that his book, in our estimation, is not unworthy of its subject. Biography is not the strong point of English literature; we have never been able to approach the ease and grace of the French *mémoires;* and, truth to say, our biographical style inclines to the solemn, the heavy, and the panegyrical. Mr. Torrens avoids these errors; his book reads pleasantly; he treats his subject like a man of the world, and his hero is not a paragon of perfection. But we must notice some faults. The style is sometimes artificial, and the art is not of the best school. We object to the coinage of such compounds as 'common-sensical' and 'unhelpmate;' and the term 'bijou' in the description of a gentleman's house savours too much of auctioneer's English to be admitted into a work of this character. There are a good many blunders, also, which a little more care would have prevented. Mr. Torrens speaks of the queen 'taking the oaths prescribed by law' at her accession. The sovereign takes no oath but the coronation oath. The document signed in council is the declaration for the maintenance of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and nothing else. He mentions 'Charles Ellis, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothsay,' as one of the class-fellows of William Lamb at Eton. Mr. Ellis was heir to the ancient barony of Howard de Walden. Mrs. Damer, the accomplished daughter of General Conway, was not married to the son of Lord Dorchester, whose family name is Carleton: the title of Mr. Damer's family is Portarlington. The name of the gentleman who quarrelled with Mr. Macaulay was Wallace, not 'Wallis.' These are small specks, but still they are blemishes disfiguring to a book which we hope is destined to an enduring place in literature. We must, moreover, take exception to the mode in which Mr. Torrens quotes 'Hobhouse.' The late Lord Broughton was a regular and copious diarist, and during his later years he made a selection from his journals, in five volumes, which he called 'Recollections of a Long Life.' Lord Broughton's representatives consider themselves precluded by the terms of his lordship's will from publishing these valuable and interesting papers, at least for the present; but in a review of these 'Recollections' recently published in this Journal, we were permitted to make extracts from the volumes thus privately printed. We have reason to believe that no further authority to make public any portion of these memoirs has been granted, and that very few persons have had access to the work. The quotations used by Mr. Torrens are taken entirely from the notice published by ourselves, and it would have obviated some misunderstanding if he had publicly acknowledged the source from which they are taken. We have now finished the ungrateful task of censure, and it remains only to commend these volumes to all who take an interest in one of England's foremost statesmen and noblest sons.

Art. X.—1. *Papers presented to Parliament on the Eastern Question, February and March*, 1878.

2. *A Selection from the Writings of Viscount Strangford on Political, Geographical, and Social Subjects. Occasional Notes on Turkey. Chaos, &c.* 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1869.

The events of the last three months have

fulfilled and surpassed the hopes and the fears of both parties in the great controversy which has for some time past ravaged the East, divided England, and distracted Europe. But momentous as these events are, they do not materially differ from the results which had been anticipated by those who are attentive to the political causes and changes operating in the world, and most of them were long ago indicated in these pages. Let us briefly recapitulate the course of them. It might be foreseen, and it was foreseen, as a consequence of the Franco-German war, that Russia would obtain from Germany, in return for the valuable support she had afforded to her in that struggle under the guise of neutrality, entire liberty of action to renew her attack upon Turkey and her advance in the East when it suited her. The Western alliance, which had dictated the peace of Paris in 1856, was paralysed by the defeat of France, and the treaties which had guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire had lost their sanction. Immediate proof of this fact was given by the peremptory repudiation by Russia of an important article in that compact. As early as 1875 Prince Bismarck distinctly avowed that if Russia was preparing to execute her designs in the East, he should do nothing to oppose her. In the early spring of 1876 it was reported to the British Government that Russia had begun her preparations for a campaign—troops were moved southwards, stores of war were accumulated, even clothes and provisions were prepared: it seemed not improbable that the rupture would take place in the following summer. But the Russian agents required time to charge and fire the mine. Russia had no *casus belli* at all against Turkey, and Turkey was still supposed to have behind her the support of European treaties. By a series of skilful and unscrupulous artifices the sympathies of Europe were alienated from the Porte; insurrections were organised by foreign emissaries, which were repressed with sanguinary rigour; war was declared by Servia, in which large bodies of Russian volunteers took the leading part, and though Turkey was victorious in that campaign, she was deprived of the fruits of her victory; even in England a successful appeal was made to popular feeling, and all the arts of agitation were put in motion by men who, consciously or unconsciously, made themselves the direct instruments of Russian policy. The result of these occurrences was the Conference at Constantinople—an abortive attempt to obtain from the Porte, by the advice of Europe, concessions of sovereignty over its European subjects, scarcely less absolute than those which have been exacted from it by a victorious army. It may now be said that the Porte would have done better to accept the proposals of the Conference; but what State, with a shade of self-respect, having a powerful fleet and army, will submit, without striking a blow, to conditions similar to those which may be imposed on it by defeat? The rulers of the Ottoman Empire resolved, like soldiers, to brave the contest which they knew to be inevitable, being aware that their strength by sea and land was greater than it had ever been before, or was likely ever to be again.

Nor were their expectations altogether unfounded. Those who imagined that the occupation of Bulgaria was a task to be accomplished by a few Belgian policemen—those who believed that a Russian army would march to Constantinople within six weeks from the passage of the Danube, were signally mistaken. We asserted, on the contrary, that the conquest of this territory, in presence of the Turkish fleets and armies, would prove one of the greatest and most costly operations of modern war. It proved to be so. We need not repeat the critical analysis of the Russian operations of 1877 which appeared in our last number: suffice it to say, that in spite of the omissions, jealousies, and perhaps treachery, of some of the Turkish generals, the Russian army was more than once placed in positions which might have been fatal in presence of a readier antagonist; that the Czar was compelled to bring his whole reserves into the field; that he himself lingered for months at headquarters, the reluctant witness of successive defeats; that in the whole campaign Russia never took an important fortress in Europe by siege or won a battle in the field. The entrenched camp at Plevna, having been vainly attacked on several occasions, was at last reduced by investment and famine; and the summer and autumn campaigns cost Russia at least 100,000 men. We have heard the loss estimated at more than double that number.

But this war, like all wars, ended by exhaustion. After the surrender of Plevna and of a large detachment of the Turkish army in the Balkans, Turkey was in a position analogous to that of France in 1870 after the capitulations of Sedan and Metz. The empire was, in fact, defenceless—its power of resistance was at an end. The passage of the Balkans by the Russians under Gourko was a gallant struggle against natural impediments, and after the losses sustained by the Turkish forces they ceased to hold the field. Nothing remained but a

oose, though not unskilful, retreat to the southern coast or on the capital, and ere long the Cossack watered his horse on the shores of the Ægean and the Propontis. Those shores have witnessed the revolutions and wars of three thousand years. Their very names take us back to the voyage of the Argonauts and the siege of Troy. No spot on the globe is invested with such traditions of glory and crime, of human suffering and of empire. But in all these memorable events none are likely to exercise a more important influence on the history of mankind than those which have passed rapidly before our own eyes. If the results of this war were merely to be regarded as a territorial conquest or a change in the government of the Christian subjects of Turkey, they would be of comparatively small importance, though even then we should not view them with indifference. But its effects are immeasurably greater. It has shaken or destroyed the independence of an empire which extends from the Danube to the Euphrates and the Nile, from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean ; it has annihilated the faith in treaties concluded between all the great Powers of Europe ; and it has caused a perturbation in the relations of the great Powers, and even in their internal policy, the consequences of which can as yet be but faintly discerned. It is a common remark at the present time that the Ottoman Empire was perishing, or has perished, by decay, degeneracy, and internal weakness, and that it is impossible to arrest the progress of its dissolution. But as a matter of fact the active cause of the overthrow of Turkey is foreign aggression. If the Porte had been secure from the powerful enemy who attacked it by internal intrigues and external violence, there is no reason to suppose that it was doomed to speedy destruction, and under a better sovereign and wiser ministers its administration might have improved. As it was, the enfeebled empire showed itself still capable of a stubborn resistance to one of the first military powers in Europe.

The hope may indeed be entertained that in the great evolution of the scheme of human history, under the guidance of a Power which 'shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will,' changes which cost the present generation so dear may contribute to the future welfare of suffering nations. But our limited range of vision does not extend so far. We see that this war has consigned at least half a million of our fellow-creatures to misery, ruin, agony, and death. We see that it was prompted by ambitious motives and wrought by detestable means. It is a triumph of force over law, of duplicity over faith and honour. We cannot forgive the crimes and follies which have brought incalculable calamities on the very countries they professed to benefit, even though they be crimes applauded by the virtuous and follies shared by the wise. Every bad passion has been let loose. Religion has been made the pretext of massacre and outrage. Countless victims have fallen on the battle-field ; more, and of either sex and every age, have perished in indiscriminate slaughter. It has been a war of barbarians—a war of extermination—unparalleled in this age, and only to be compared to the contests which followed the dissolution of the Roman Empire or the struggles of the Middle Ages. But this too might have been foreseen, and was foreseen.

We yield to none in our abhorrence of war. It is a sentiment which grows on us with age and with the progress of reason, of political experience, and of compassion for mankind. But we are the less able to conceive on what principle those who are the loudest advocates of peace at any price have been the most strenuous supporters of the authors of this atrocious contest. For ourselves, we desired to prevent the war ; when it had begun, we desired to end it. Our own conception of the claims of justice and humanity includes in it all races, creeds, and governments. God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. We hesitate to deny the rights of humanity to the cannibals on the Congo River ; and when those rights are violated by a Power laying claim to Christianity and civilisation, the infamy recoils on the politic contrivers and the accomplished strategists by whom the work has been executed.

As far as this country is concerned, war is even more repugnant to our pursuits and our policy than it is to those of any other nation. We have in our vast maritime commerce and our scattered dependencies given large and numerous hostages to fortune. We have nothing to gain by war, and our object in maintaining large forces by sea and land is purely negative and defensive ; that is, they are designed to avert greater evils and to protect us against them. A generation which engages in war takes upon itself an enormous amount of suffering, expense, waste, and responsibility, from which no return can be expected, except that of warding off the perils of the future. But that, and the maintenance and defence of public law and justice, may be a duty of the first obligation, which we owe to ourselves as well as to posterity ; and all experience has shown that to hold back from a just and necessary war, or to allow rights

to be invaded with impunity, is to open the door to worse evils and more disastrous conflicts. It is only by a vigorous use of armed force on the side of law and justice that the crimes of national rapine and aggression can be averted and peace itself preserved. Nothing can be more inconsistent than the cry for peace at any price in the mouth of those who are undermining the authority of the public law of Europe. Peace between nations means the substitution of right for might, and of written engagements for armed battalions. But written engagements can only be maintained by those who are prepared to uphold and defend them. This is the true meaning of the old maxim, 'Si vis pacem, para bellum.' Those politicians who weaken the sanctions of peace are precisely the men who are preparing wars and causes of war, only to be terminated when the exhausted world reverts to the salutary control of public law.

In the autumn of 1870, during the progress of the Franco-German war, it was said by a distinguished contributor to these pages that 'a new law of nations is gradually taking hold of the mind, and coming to sway the practice, of the world—a law which recognises independence, which frowns upon aggression, which favours the pacific, not the bloody, settlement of disputes, which aims at permanent and not temporary adjustment; above all, which recognises as a tribunal of paramount authority the general judgment of civilised mankind;' and he added that 'the enthronement of this idea of Public Right as the governing idea of European policy would be the greatest triumph of our time.' * These certainly are our principles, and we have never for a moment deviated from them; but if we compare them with the recent course of events, we derive small comfort from the contrast. We see independence crushed, aggression triumphant, disputes settled by an unparalleled effusion of blood, the general judgment of civilised mankind defied and derided, and the idea of Public Right contemptuously overthrown; and, what is more extraordinary than all the rest, these results applauded by men who had heretofore professed the most opposite opinions. Holding fast as we do to these convictions, and keenly alive to the evils of war, it appears to us to be ungenerous and unjust to our political opponents to impute to them, or any of them, a wicked and absurd desire to inflict this curse upon the country. No man in his senses can deliberately desire to bring about so deplorable a result, or, as the phrase is, 'to drag us into war.' On the contrary, the main object of every rational statesman must be to avert it. The question is, how can it most effectually be averted? Men differ, not as to the object, but as to the means of attaining it. To us it seems that the truest and best friends of peace are those who maintain that the faith of treaties, the existence of nations, and the order of the world, shall not be attacked with impunity.

No one can doubt that the invasion of the Ottoman Empire was the deliberate act and intention of Russia, that no other State desired it, and that but for her it would not have taken place. It was, therefore, on her part a direct and unprovoked violation and defiance of the most solemn treaty engagements existing in Europe—treaties made, not with Turkey or for Turkey alone, but with all the great Powers. No treaties could be more binding than those of 1856. Even the neutral States participated in them; and when they were partially repudiated by Russia in 1871, the principal clauses were re-enacted with her concurrence, under Mr. Gladstone's administration, with the addition of a strangely worded declaration 'that it is an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, or modify the stipulations thereof, unless with the consent of the contracting Powers by means of an amicable arrangement.' The Treaty of Paris, indeed, contrasts singularly with the terms now exacted from the Ottoman Empire, for Russia was not asked for a farthing of war expenses or any considerable cession of territory. The insolent violation of these solemn engagements, and the open breach of the European concert in Eastern affairs which they were designed to establish, afford, therefore, a painful but effectual demonstration that no reliance can now be placed on such instruments, and that they are broken with impunity. We make it the boast of this country that we adhere with strict fidelity to our public engagements. But what is the value of engagements which one party is resolved to uphold and another party to violate? They are mere deceptions; they had better not exist at all if they are not binding on all alike. Europe, we were told, was to meet in conference to settle the affairs of the East. Another treaty or convention would be framed by the diplomatists. Would it be more binding or more lasting than the Treaty of Paris? Would it not serve rather to limit our rights than to protect our interests? In a word, a blow has been struck by Russia in this war at all public faith and all international law. As long as a powerful empire

* Edinburgh Review, vol. cxxxii. p. 304.

dares to act in open defiance of its engagements, and Europe submits to her pretensions, all engagements with her are worthless and impossible. That was the policy of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that was the reason that peace with him was impossible. Europe at length rose against the enemy and contemner of public law, and crushed him. The authority of public law was restored by the Congress of Vienna, and maintained without any gross infraction of it for forty years. Since that time fresh acts of violence have been successfully perpetrated; and in this, the last quarter of the nineteenth century, we have fallen back into a state of anarchy, in which the independence, the freedom, and the territorial rights of nations are defended by force alone. A melancholy result! but one which proves that there never was a time when it was more indispensably necessary to stand armed amongst the nations of the earth, and to rely on a firm policy for the defence of peace and justice.

It is quite true that the treaties of 1856, renewed in 1871, did not give to the Porte an unconditional claim on the Great Powers to interfere by force of arms to protect it from aggression. This is the view which has been acted upon, not only by Great Britain, but by all the States of Europe. Turkey has committed many glaring offences, and if any such claim ever existed, she might be held to have forfeited it. They therefore resolved that the authority of the Porte over its European provinces was not to be defended against Russia by their arms; still less are they now prepared to take up arms to restore it. But this is a very narrow view of the question. The Treaty of Paris was not only a treaty of peace with Turkey, conferring certain rights on Turkey; it was pre-eminently a treaty between all the Great Powers, imposing reciprocal obligations on each of them. The guarantee of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire did not necessarily involve the defence of that Empire against revolution or aggression, but it certainly contained a positive engagement between the Christian Powers, mutually given and accepted, that no one of them should separately attack the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It was intended to substitute the united action of the European States in the affairs of the East for the separate action of Russia, because it was notorious that the separate action of Russia in those countries meant domination and conquest. This is the all-important compact which Russia has violated; this was the engagement she contracted as the price of peace in 1856, not with Turkey, but with England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Italy.

The effects of this breach of treaty on our own interests might be pointed out in a variety of ways. Let us take for one example its financial consequences. The capitalists of Europe, and especially the British public, were induced, in the years following the Crimean war, to lend a very large sum, said to amount to two hundred millions sterling, to the Porte. The investment was not a wise one; but why was it made? Not because the British public had implicit faith in the undeveloped resources of Turkey or in the good faith of the Turkish pashas, but because *they believed in the treaty of* 1856. They believed that the territory of Turkey would not be invaded, that the provinces and the tributes, by which the revenue of the Empire was raised, would not be torn from her, and that the independence of the State would not be ruined, as it has now been, politically and financially. The conditions on which these loans were made have manifestly been totally changed by this war, and changed not by the act of Turkey but of Russia. It was said, early in this business, that the British bondholder would be one of those to pay the price of it; and the result has shown that the remark was not unfounded.

The exaction of a war tribute far exceeding in amount the expenses of a campaign * is a practice revived from antiquity by Napoleon when he sought, after Jena, to crush and annihilate the Prussian monarchy. This has always been regarded as one of his worst actions, and it served in some degree as a precedent for Prince Bismarck's requisition of five milliards from France in 1871. But to impose an exorbitant indemnity upon a State which notoriously cannot discharge it, is an abuse of the rights of conquest, and it may have the gravest political and financial consequences. Russia has named a fabulous sum as the amount she claims from Turkey; the larger portion of this sum is commuted into territorial acquisitions, so that it ends in a mere act of conquest; but about forty millions sterling remain, which are to be paid or not paid in some manner hereafter to be determined. It is evident that the addition of such a claim to the national debt of Turkey, to be enforced at will by a powerful creditor, is a direct injury to the existing creditors of the Empire, and in fact appropriates what was already pledged to them. But the political consequences

* Russia estimates the war expenses of one campaign at nine hundred millions of roubles, or 130 millions sterling; but this is a manifest extravagance.

are still more serious. The acknowledgment of a debt, so overwhelming that it cannot be paid, obviously places the debtor entirely and absolutely at the mercy of the creditor. He can claim a control over the financial administration of the debtor ; over his receipts ; over his system of taxation ; over the persons employed in the government ; and, in the last resort, he can foreclose and by some sudden act of seizure extinguish the very existence of his obligee. We do not suppose that Russia expects to extract forty millions sterling from the Porte in cash ; but she expects to obtain its equivalent in territory or in influence. In fact, this indemnity, which cannot be paid, is the seal of her ascendency, and it therefore interests the rest of Europe in the highest degree to determine whether Russia was justified in exacting anything beyond a part of the actual expenses of the campaign, which must be far below the sum named.

Treaties are not exclusively matters of political and international interest. They affect financial interests ; they affect trade ; they affect the internal government of foreign nations. At this moment, a large share of the commercial depression which prevails throughout the world, the discouragement of mercantile enterprise, the pressure on the industrial classes of England, Germany, and America, is due to the uncertainty thrown over all the intercourse of mankind and to the onerous and excessive expenditure on preparations for war. There are parts, and important parts, of Europe in which these evils threaten at no distant period to give rise to revolutionary movements, and it is not improbable that one of the causes which bind the Cabinet of Berlin to that of St. Petersburg is the apprehension excited by the progress of socialism in Germany. So intricate and entangled are the bearings of every particular event on the general welfare of mankind, that the consequences of these acts of aggression and violence are not confined to Bulgaria which is devastated, or to Turkey which is ruined, but they extend to the broken fabric of European polity and to the domestic interests of every part of the earth.

But enough of the past. It is not our intention to examine in detail the mistakes which have been committed, or the evils that might have been averted. In politics the motto is '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*' The business of statesmen is to deal with facts as they are : they cannot divine the consequences of events that have never happened, nor can they shape their course by remote contingencies. One act of this great drama is over, but it is only the first act. We must take the situation as it now is, and we can only attempt to define the present, and to look forward a little way into the future. 'Not Heaven itself upon the Past has power,' and the events of every day are the starting-point of the morrow. As far as the power of Turkey over its European provinces is concerned, it must be regarded as at an end. The work of destruction of the late administration of those countries is complete. They are in the occupation of a powerful foreign army, and the future form of government in them is wholly undetermined, except in so far as it ceases to be Turkish.

But although this is an indisputable fact, it is a narrow view of the question to suppose, as is very commonly the case, that the conquest of these provinces puts an end to the Ottoman Empire. Bulgaria, Roumelia, and the adjacent lands include about one-fifth of the population of Turkey : in point of territorial area much less than one-fifth of the Empire. Turkey had already lost Roumania, Servia, and Greece, considerable portions of her European possessions ; but as these provinces were disaffected, and the Christians were exempted from military service, it was chiefly as sources of revenue that they were of value to Turkey. Bulgaria had a much larger Moslem population, and the Danubian fortresses and the line of the Balkans were of military importance to the defence of the capital. If these provinces could now be raised into a neutral and independent State, forming an efficient barrier between the Russian frontier and Constantinople, and if Turkey could be insured against Russian invasions at the price of her European territory, we are not sure that she would not gain by the change. After the blow which has been struck at the heart of the Ottoman possessions in Europe, it may be doubted whether the retention of sporadic provinces in Albania, Thessaly, Bosnia and the Herzegovina, united to the centre of the Empire by mere military roads, at the mercy of foreign States, would be of any advantage to Turkey. These fragments would soon drop off from the shattered trunk, and the attempt to maintain the authority of the Moslem in provinces surrounded by Christian States would prevent the consolidation of an independent kingdom in those countries, without materially benefiting the Porte itself. They would, in fact, be used as outposts of Russia, as Montenegro and Servia have been in the last war. If Turkey is to exist at all as an independent power, it is in her Asiatic dominions that she must concentrate her remaining strength.

For what remains? An empire which in point of extent and position is one of the finest in the world, and which might, under a competent government, hold its place among all nations. It includes, in Asia Minor, a country scarcely inferior in size to France, with magnificent harbours fringed by the noblest islands of the Levant—Crete, Cyprus, Rhodes, Mitylene, and many more—and capable of supporting tenfold its present population. It extends to the frontier of Persia by the valley of the Euphrates and the pashalik of Bagdad. The iron road which must ere long connect Southern Asia with Southern Europe, and which will probably become in the next century one of the most important lines of traffic in the world, will pass through the heart of these territories and restore them to activity and life. Civilisation will return to some of its old channels, and the most neglected portion of the old world will again become one of the most important tracts of the modern globe. Again, this Empire covers the whole of Syria, from the plains of Aleppo and Damascus to the walls of Jerusalem. Arabia belongs to it down to the Persian Gulf, and Egypt, Tripoli, and Tunis are its dependencies. If territory and extended dominion constituted an empire, the Ottoman power would still be supreme. These countries are united for the most part by a common faith, laws, and manners, and the population is still distinguished by endurance and hardihood in war. But it will be said, and said with truth, that the modern government of the Porte has shown itself to be incapable of developing the resources of these magnificent possessions. If these visions of the future are to be realised, it must be under a system of administration very different from that which has weighed upon them for centuries. What has the future in store for them? To ourselves in England, the future fate of those countries is of far more importance than the autonomy of Bulgarian peasants or the frontier line of Roumelia. To consider the Eastern question at all, it must be considered as a whole: to restrict it to the narrow proportions of a very barbarous fragment of Europe is to lose sight of its true bearings altogether.

But whether it be in Europe or in Asia, one principle ought to pervade all that we say and do on these questions: namely, that we desire to promote and maintain the independence and self-government, as far as they are attainable, of the populations of these countries. And we urge this principle the more willingly, as we believe that, whatever differences may have existed amongst us, here or elsewhere, as to the causes and consequences of the Russo-Turkish war, there is a complete unanimity of opinion between all sections of political parties, and between men actuated by very different motives and sentiments, on this cardinal point. Russia has broken the military power of Turkey, and overthrown her authority in the European provinces of her empire. But neither in those provinces nor in the far wider dominions of Asiatic Turkey is it to be borne by this country or by Europe that Russia should substitute her own ascendency, her own system of government, her own dominion, for that which she has destroyed or shaken.

That is the danger, and it may come to pass in more ways than one. We never supposed that there was any immediate probability of general war, as long as a contest was going on between Russia and Turkey, from which all the other European Powers were resolved to stand aloof. The real danger lay in the conditions of peace, and in the consequences of that peace. It is not to be imagined that Russia aims at an indefinite extension of her direct authority over the enormous territories we have named. It would be impossible for her to exercise it. But by reducing Turkey to the condition of a vassal state—by representing herself as the protectress and ally of the Sultan—by the maintenance in power of the most corrupt elements of the Divan—by the proscription of the men who have given proofs of patriotism and energy, Russia may gradually absorb the most important elements of the Ottoman Power. Hitherto, and as long as the Porte had reason to rely on the ancient alliance and support of this country and its other allies, its dominions lay like a barrier against the aggression of Russia, and its resources might be directed against the northern antagonist. But from the moment that Turkey is reduced to become the submissive ally of Russia, all these elements of political power may be turned against our interests. The situation resembles that of Europe after Tilsit, where, by a sudden revolution, Alexander I. became the ally of Napoleon, embraced his conqueror, and shut his ports against his friends.

Nor can this result surprise us. If Europe and this country stood aloof when the Ottoman Empire was in the sorest need of our support, the Porte has no alternative but to throw itself into the arms of Russia. That is the inevitable result of the policy which the Government and the nation thought fit to adopt. But having adopted the policy of neutrality in this crisis, it is idle to complain of the consequences to which it inevitably leads. We blame no one,

though we ourselves entertain grave doubts of the wisdom of this course. But it is the course which commended itself to the nation, to Parliament, and to the Ministry. Henceforward we have only to deal with its results.

It is evident that either as the creditor of Turkey, or as a victorious enemy, or as a patron and friend, Russia has acquired the power of controlling the acts of the Divan, not only in Europe but throughout its dominions; and in this indirect form the ascendency of Russia will be felt in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. Nor let it be supposed that because these provinces are remote, the influence of the Northern Cabinet will be less active. Religious enthusiasm is one of the mainsprings of Russian policy. There are Christians, and Christians of the orthodox faith, throughout the East, and the position of the Greek Church in Jerusalem has long been an object of especial interest at St. Petersburg. That very question was the origin of the Crimean war. So in Egypt. We certainly do not apprehend that Russia will make an attempt to seize the Suez Canal. But the Ottoman Empire is the suzerain of Egypt; the concession of the Suez Canal remounts to the Porte; and the Porte, whether acting independently or moved by foreign influence, has an undoubted territorial jurisdiction over it.

Much has been said for the last hundred years of the 'integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire.' The words have been inserted in twenty treaties, and have survived their original meaning. The loss of the integrity of its dominions is not fatal to any Power. Turkey has lost many provinces. France lost the integrity of her dominions when Alsace and Lorraine were wrested from her. Austria lost her Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; the Netherlands lost Belgium; Russia herself lost a part of Bessarabia, which she is now seeking to recover, with very little regard to the rights of her own Roumanian ally. But it is otherwise with the loss of independence. A State may be reduced in territory, and survive it; but a State which ceases to be mistress of its own actions and sovereign in its own dominions ceases to be a State at all. Her policy is absorbed in that of a dominant Power. Her very armies and fleets may be used by that Power against the nations and interests to which that State, when independent, was most closely allied. That would be the calamitous result if Turkey were reduced to the condition of a State protected by Russia, and if no elements of independence sprang up to maintain their ground against foreign domination. Under such a treaty of subjection the Ottoman Empire might be reduced to a condition analogous to that of the Mogul Empire and its dependencies under the British rule in India, and the native armies would be converted into forces to be wielded at will by the paramount Power. The remote situation of Hindostan deprives that country of all political influence over the relations of foreign States, and the possession of that Empire by England does not threaten the security of any other nation. But that would not be the case with the dominions of Turkey. Her capital is a seat of empire, commanding two seas, and her provinces in Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt must always be of the most vital importance to the military, naval, and commercial interests of all civilised nations. The maintenance of an independent and non-aggressive Power in those countries is of the utmost importance to the world. The government and policy of Russia rest upon four great principles, which are radically opposed to all liberal ideas. Her internal government is absolute and autocratic, protected by a jealous and arbitrary system of police —no man's personal liberty is secure. Her mainstay is an enormous army, now based on the system of universal military conscription, which she extends over all the countries in which she has sway. Her ecclesiastical policy is one of supreme intolerance; she persecutes the Latin Church in Poland, the Lutheran Church in the Baltic provinces, the Jews everywhere. No minister of another faith can even enter the Russian dominions without the express permission of the Emperor.* Her commercial policy is one of strict prohibition. We have never been able to understand on what grounds English Liberals of an advanced type have been eager to ally themselves with a Power which is the avowed champion of absolute government, universal military conscription, clerical intolerance, and commercial prohibition. Such is, however, the fact. For ourselves, more faithful to Liberal principles, we regard these four conditions of government as the worst evils that afflict mankind.

Are these Russian principles of government to be applied to Turkey? Turkey

* A curious instance of this intolerance occurred just before the late war. The Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar wanted to proceed to Odessa to confirm the children of British subjects residing there; but the necessary *visa* of his passport was peremptorily refused, although the British Ambassador at Constantinople personally exerted himself to obtain it. General Ignatieff said he had not the power to grant the *visa* necessary to enter Russia to a foreign clergyman.

has no police and a feeble administration. Turkey exempts her whole Christian population from military service. Turkey is absolutely tolerant of all churches and creeds, and leaves each body of believers to manage their own spiritual affairs, and to multiply schools and missions as they please. Turkey, lastly, is the freest commercial country in the world ; for though she unwisely imposes an export duty on her own produce, she leaves the import trade all but free. Moreover, the rights of the subjects of foreign Christian States in Turkey are protected by capitulations and by courts of justice of their own. We ourselves have consular courts at Constantinople and Alexandria, with an appeal to the Queen in Council at home. These rights and privileges are absolutely incompatible with the extension of Russian ascendency over the Ottoman Empire. When people speak of the Ottoman Empire as a thing of the past, they forget the very large concessions and liberties which our own subjects and those of other countries have enjoyed for centuries in the Sultan's dominions. And whatever be the future fate of those dominions, we can never allow those privileges, which are so favourable to our faith, to our administration of justice, and to our trade, to be placed under the control of an arbitrary and rival power.

The more we examine the preliminary treaty signed on February 19 at San Stefano, the more we are amazed at the monstrous concessions it exacts and the still more monstrous results to which it would inevitably lead. We do not mean that we are astonished at the overthrow of Turkish authority in these provinces, for Turkey had no voice in the matter, and being utterly defeated she had to submit to the law of the conqueror. But even conquerors have hitherto held in some respect the interests and obligations of other states, the rights of private property, and the law of nations. Russia has respected nothing that stood in the way of her own aggrandisement, and she has framed a treaty which is a barefaced declaration of her own undisguised and undivided supremacy. These conditions were but imperfectly understood by the British public until the publication of Lord Salisbury's despatch.

The first two articles relate to Montenegro, whose independence is recognised by the Porte. Events have already shown that Montenegro is virtually a dependency of Russia, flanking the Dalmatian provinces of Austria, and abutting on the Adriatic. Considerable additions are made to the Montenegrin territory, on which we shall only remark that, whatever be the claims of these Black Mountaineers to independence, they are the last persons on whom any rights of sovereignty or government should be conferred beyond the range of their own hills.

Servia also acquires the recognition of her independence and an addition of territory torn from Roumelia and including the fortress of Nisch—the reward, it must be said, of the basest treachery and ingratitude ; for the policy of the Porte to Servia, under the influence of the Great Powers, was pacific, forbearing, and conciliatory. The fourth article of the treaty provides that the Mussulman landowners in the ceded districts, but not residing in the Principality, *may preserve their estates by farming and administering them by others.* On what principle any cession of territory can interfere with the right of private property in the soil, we are at a loss to conceive. What would have been said if a clause had been introduced into the Franco-German Treaty of 1871, ' Frenchmen may preserve their estates in Alsace and Lorraine by farming and administering them by others '?

By the fifth article the Porte recognises the independence of Roumania, which will have a right (*qui fera valoir ses droits*) to an indemnity to be settled hereafter. An indemnity to Roumania for what she gains ! We should have thought an indemnity was due to the Porte *from* Roumania for the tribute, which is surrendered. It should be observed that the treaty was concluded without the knowledge or concurrence of the Roumanian Government, and that some of its provisions are highly injurious to her interests and offensive to her honour, being direct breaches of the conditions on which the Roumanian State was constituted by Europe. So much has Roumania gained by placing herself in hostility to Turkey, and lending her territory and her army, to promote the advance of Russian aggression.

The sixth article of the treaty relates to what is termed Bulgaria by the authors of it. But the extent to which this ' geographical expression ' is carried cannot be understood or believed without reference to the map which accompanies the treaty. It includes not only the whole province north of the Balkans and the entire coast of the Black Sea, from the mouths of the Danube to Hakim Tabiasi in the latitude of Adrianople (comprising therefore the harbours of Varna, Bourgas, and Sizepoli), but it embraces very nearly the whole of Roumelia, and the coast of the Ægean Sea from Kavala (inclusive) to Salonica (not inclusive). It then trends to the west, swallowing the

whole of Thrace to the head waters of the Drina in the chain of mountains which separates the plains of Roumelia from the Adriatic. Nothing, in fact, remains but the Albanian mountain tract as a boundary to the west, and Thessaly and Epirus to the south, which are no doubt destined eventually to be annexed to the Hellenic kingdom, though with small advantage, we fear, to that State. Turkey retains the country between Constantinople and Adrianople and the Vilayet of Salonica; but the frontier runs within five or six miles of that important city, and even the Turkish railroads are intersected by this Bulgarian delimitation. This frontier is to be traced out by a Russo-Turkish Commission before the military evacuation of the territory.

The form of government provided for the new principality equally bears the stamp of Russian ascendency. It is not to be determined by the European Powers, but by what the Russians are pleased to call the 'popular election' of a prince or ruler, confirmed by the Porte with the assent of the Powers. In the present state of the country, under a Russian occupation, what would such an election be like? The office is not hereditary, but the election is to be repeated on every vacancy, like the election of the kings of Poland. Meanwhile, the future administrative system of the province is to be elaborated by an Assembly of Bulgarian Notables at Philippopolis, *under the superintendence* of a Russian commissary, and *in the presence of* an Ottoman commissary (mark the distinction). The introduction of the new *régime* and its control are to be entrusted for two years to a Russian commissary. At the end of the first year the other Powers of Europe are to be allowed, if necessary, to send delegates to assist in the work.

All provisions for the military defence of the country are swept away by the destruction of the fortresses and the withdrawal of the Ottoman troops. The territory is to be occupied by 50,000 Russian troops for two years, at the expense of the province, after which a local militia is to be established for the maintenance of order. A tribute is reserved to the Porte from the province, but that is the sole recognition of her sovereignty; and if it be not paid she has obviously no means of enforcing payment.

Bosnia and the Herzegovina are to obtain the privileges which were recommended by the Conference of Constantinople, and the concessions made to the Cretans in 1868 are to be scrupulously observed. Russia obtains a large accession of territory in Armenia, including the port of Batoum and the fortresses of Ardahan, Kars, and Bayazid; the Porte engages to secure reforms and ameliorations *to the Armenians* (the term is general, not local).

The indemnities of war exacted by the nineteenth article amount to 1,410,000,000 roubles, a sum equal to or exceeding the five milliards of francs drawn by Germany from one of the richest countries of the world. Of this sum about four-fifths are to be liquidated by the cession of territory to the Russian Empire. The payment of the remainder is to be settled by an agreement between the victor and the vanquished.

The twenty-fourth article, on the navigation of the Straits and the right of blockade, really stipulates nothing that was not already settled by the Treaty of Paris and the Declaration of Paris. Russia seems merely to have sought to disentangle herself from a common European engagement on these points.

Passing over some articles of secondary importance, this brief analysis suffices to show to demonstration that the whole treaty is conceived in the purest Russian spirit. There is in it no consideration for a vanquished enemy; none for the populations thus suddenly transferred to a new and as yet uncertain administration under Russian commissaries; none for the plighted faith of the Czar at Livadia and elsewhere, of which it was the fashion in England, out of courtesy, to speak with respect; none whatever for the treaty obligations and common interests existing between Russia and the other Powers of Europe, or for the rights of those Powers, notwithstanding the positive assurance which Count Orloff was instructed to give in 1856 to the assembled Powers, upon the honour of the Czar, that it was his firm intention to adhere to the engagements there contracted by him, as the price of peace.

We think that no one can read, now or hereafter, the dispassionate record of these transactions without arriving at the conclusion that a more open defiance of truth, fair dealing, and public law has never been ventured upon by any European Power. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg must have had an extraordinary reliance on the apathy and weakness of Europe, or on the secret support of some members of the European family, to suppose that she could recast at her own pleasure and for her own purposes the whole map of the East. We still hope that she will be undeceived. At any rate, before such a treaty as this could be accepted and adopted as part of the public law of Europe, displacing and reversing other engagements of an earlier date, it must not

only be communicated to the Great Powers, but controlled and revised by their representatives in all that appears to them to affect the general interests of the world. Russia may claim the exercise of her belligerent rights, but as a belligerent she stands alone, and can only defend what she has seized and exacted by force of arms. The demand of the British Government that the whole treaty should be submitted to the deliberations of the Congress was no more than a demand that a legal title should be given to such portions of the Russian demands as reason and justice approve.

Russia is in military possession of almost all the provinces of European Turkey. Her armies are encamped on the Ægean and on the Sea of Marmora. Her outposts are within half a day's march of the walls of Constantinople and of the lines of Bulair. No resistance whatever could be offered to her complete occupation of the whole territory from within ; no check exists upon her operations save what might come from without. Thessaly and Albania, Bosnia and the Herzegovina, are not within her line of operation ; but they are cut off from the Turkish seat of empire and harassed by roving bands of insurgents. Prince Bismarck has invented, in his cynical joviality, an expression that describes the situation, '*Beati possidentes;*' but he can hardly be said to have added anything to the Christian beatitudes, for this is but a classical or canonical version of the old strain—

> 'That he may take who has the power,
> And he may keep who can.'

Military occupation by a victorious army is not held by modern and civilised nations to warrant any interference with the established authorities of the country occupied, still less with private property or the rights of non-combatant inhabitants. These principles were laid down very formally by Russia herself in the protocols of the Conference of Brussels, held a short time ago at her request for the purpose of limiting the evils of war. But, if we are not greatly misinformed, the Russian generals and agents have used their military power to overthrow entirely the existing administration of the territory, to reorganise it on Russian principles and by Russian agents, to seize and appropriate private property, and to drive out the inhabitants who do not profess the Christian faith. As for law, we presume that martial law exclusively prevails, which the Duke of Wellington once defined to be 'the will of the commanding officer.' Had these provinces been formally ceded and annexed to the Russian Empire, she could not have proceeded otherwise. The intention to liberate them from Turkish law and authority, and to constitute them hereafter as an independent principality, does not justify any such measures on the part of Russia ; for that is an arrangement which clearly concerns the other Powers of Europe, and more especially the neighbouring States. Russia has on former occasions temporarily occupied Turkish territory, but she did not on that account proceed to Russianise the country, or to render it untenable by the native inhabitants, whose only crime is that they profess the Moslem faith and live under Moslem law.

It is a ridiculous piece of ignorance to suppose that these inhabitants are mainly Turks, in the proper sense of the word. They are rather men of Slavonian or Greek race whose families embraced Islamism after the conquest. Mr. Finlay, a very impartial witness, tells us that more than a million Greeks apostatised in the fifteenth century, and large numbers of the neighbouring races followed their example. Are the descendants of these families to be exterminated for the conversion of their forefathers ? If so, we can only say that since the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscoes from Spain, Europe has not witnessed a more abominable action ; and it is aggravated in this case by the fact that Russia has no lawful authority in the territory which they have dwelt in for centuries, and by every rule of public law the non-combatant population, whatever be its religious faith, is entitled to the protection of an army of occupation.

This being the actual state of affairs, we learned without surprise, and we must add without regret, that the proposed Congress or Conference had failed, for we could anticipate from it no beneficial results, until the bases on which it was to act were clearly defined by Europe and accepted by Russia. Otherwise Russia would have arrived at the Congress with a treaty of peace in her hand, by which she would allege that the Sultan at least is bound, and no doubt the Sultan is doubly bound, by the fact that he has ratified the treaty, and the still stronger fact that his dominions are in the occupation of the other party to this contract, and that Constantinople and the forts on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles could be seized in twelve hours. The parties are therefore precisely in the situation of Shylock and Antonio when they came before the tribunal at Venice. Russia claims her bond. The comparison might be carried a step further ; for although Russia has acquired by victory the right to cut off a province or two from the Ottoman Empire, she has not the right to 'contrive against the very life' of

that State and to annihilate its independence. There Europe and the interests of Europe intervene.

The British and the Austrian governments intimated that they require the bases of the future negotiations to be defined before they enter the Congress at all. They also intimated that they should recognise no treaty between Russia and the Porte affecting the provisions of the general treaties of 1856 and 1871, until all the articles of the new engagement have been submitted to the Congress for consideration. All admit and desire that important and beneficial changes may be, and must be, made in those instruments. No one desires to perpetuate them in their present form. But we take our stand upon the principle that the changes, which the operation of time and events has brought about, must be sanctioned by the concerted action and agreement of Europe. The problem is how to maintain and enforce that principle. It is ill talking between a fu' man and a fasting—between an armed man and men extremely anxious to avoid the use of arms. But the very existence of the authority of public right depends on the issue.

The value and authority of the deliberative meetings of the Powers of Europe are much diminished by the acknowledgment that in such meetings the majority does not bind the minority, and that it is competent to any Power to renounce the authority of the Congress by withdrawing from it altogether. When the Emperor Napoleon III. proposed a Congress in 1863 to consider the questions then pending in Europe, he obtained from the continental Courts a reluctant assent to his proposal, and it might be contended that several of the wars which have since afflicted the world would possibly have been averted by previous deliberations in common. The British Government thought otherwise, and Lord John Russell expressed, with an energy which was thought to savour of tartness, the opinion that such a meeting was more likely to lead to war than to consolidate the peace of Europe. In a despatch dated November 25, 1863, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs discussed the question :—

'Is a general Congress of European States likely to furnish a peaceful solution of the various matters in dispute?

'There appears to Her Majesty's Government to be one main consideration which must lead them to their conclusion. After the war which desolated Germany from 1619 to 1649, and after the successive wars which afflicted the Continent of Europe from 1793 to 1815, it was possible to distribute territories and to define rights by a Congress, because the nations of Europe were tired of the slaughter and exhausted by the burdens of war, and because the Powers who met in Congress had, by the circumstances of the time, the means of carrying their decisions and arrangements into effect. But at the present moment, after a continuance of long peace, no Power is willing to give up any territory to which it has a title by treaty or a claim by possession.'

And after considering the particular case then pending in Europe, Lord Russell added :—

'If the mere expression of opinions and wishes would accomplish no positive results, it appears certain that the deliberations of a Congress would consist of demands and pretensions put forward by some and resisted by others ; and there being no supreme authority in such an assembly to enforce the decisions of the majority, the Congress would probably separate leaving many of its members on worse terms than they had been when they met.'

This honest opinion wounded the Emperor Napoleon, who had great pretensions to settle the affairs of Europe ; but it was in substance sound, and may be read with advantage at the present day. Perhaps the same results, as far as they are likely to conduce to the interests of peace, may be obtained by negotiations between the Courts of Europe. We certainly do not desire to see a repetition of the Conference of Constantinople, which was obviously a mere blind to assist the designs of Russia.

As to the objects the Ministers and representatives of Great Britain have in view in these negotiations, they are simple, for in the first place they are entirely disinterested. We desire nothing so much as to escape from the necessity of adding an inch of territory or a single tribe of people to the dominions of the Queen. We wish to see other States, be they small or great, in possession of independence and of as good a government as they can produce from the elements contained in them. We wish to prevent them from preying on each other, and infringing upon our own rights in foreign countries. But that is the extent of our own policy. The direct interests of England may be said to commence at the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus ; for it is a matter of comparative indifference to ourselves what rule prevails west of that line, provided it be peaceful, orderly, liberal, and humane. But to Austria this part of the question is vital, because the whole of her eastern frontier would be encompassed by a formidable neighbour, instead of an inoffensive one. Russia would become to Austria what Turkey was two hundred years ago, when Hun-

gary was conquered and Vienna besieged. If, therefore, we desire to have the support of Austria on those maritime and Asiatic interests to which we are especially sensible, we should give to Austria a cordial support on those territorial arrangements which are essential to her security and even to her existence.

The power of Turkey in the European provinces being overthrown, and Turkey being manifestly incapable of defending those possessions from Russia, the obvious solution, in the interest of those provinces and of Europe, is to create in them as large and strong a State as possible. Such a State, if it can exist at all, should place itself in intimate relations, for the purposes of trade, lines of communication, and defence, with Austria and Turkey. The population is broken up into five or six different races or creeds—Roumanians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Moslem, and Jews—bound together by no real nationality, though each race has a passionate patriotism of its own, opposed to the patriotism of the community. The result of parcelling out these territories into small states or principalities would be to perpetuate discord ; religious and local jealousies and hatreds would foment incessant quarrels ; each of them would be incapable of defence ; and no large measure of public utility could ever be carried into effect. The two principal factors in the problem are Roumania and Greece.

Roumania has shown in the late contest more military force and political energy than we gave her credit for. She afforded to Russia valuable support in the hour of peril, and she has manfully resisted the attempt of Russia to wrest from her the fragment of Bessarabia which was secured to her by the Treaty of Paris and by an express engagement of Russia herself made in the course of last year. Upon the maintenance of this condition the control of the navigation of the Lower Danube depends. Although therefore the policy of Roumania to Turkey, which had certainly done her no wrong, was extremely selfish and discreditable, she is the most important of the fragments into which European Turkey is dissolved. The independence and freedom of Roumania are therefore essential to the freedom and independence of the Danube, and of all territories south of the Danube. It is the interest of Europe as well as of Austria to support it resolutely, and we now see reason to rejoice that a prince of the Hohenzollern family reigns at Bucharest.

The late Viscount Strangford was of all Englishmen the man best acquainted with the true condition of European Turkey. His 'Occasional Notes on Turkey,' first published in the 'Pall Mall Gazette' in 1867 and 1868, and republished in two volumes by Lady Strangford in 1869, are to this day the most instructive work in existence on this subject, and ought now to be read by every one who cares to take the trouble to understand it. His views were prophetic, because they were just and true : it is seldonr the opinions of any political writer are so strikingly confirmed ten years afterwards by the course of events. Lord Strangford may be said to have discovered the Bulgarians. He described them as five millions of industrious and docile people, contented to live under the authority of the Porte, resisting the attempts of Panslavist agitators to plunge them into revolution ; more anxious to be relieved from the petty tyranny of the Greek agents of the Divan than from the authority of the Sultan ; asking for one concession only, the separation of their Church from the control of the Greek Patriarch, which they shortly afterwards obtained ; and looking forward to the gradual progress of peaceful reformation. A distinguished Bulgarian, who signs himself 'Ivanowitch,' addressed Lord Strangford in the same language :—

'We do not desire anything beyond that amount of temporal autonomy which is necessarily involved in such religious autonomy as the Porte accords to each community. Deliverance from the Greeks, direct communication with the central government, the right of electing our national clergy by our own people, the use of our own language in the Church services, and its cultivation in schools, *constitute the whole of the Bulgarian demand.* As for the rest we are content to rely on the interest which the Porte finds in the gradual introduction of reforms. Fidelity to the Government seems to us the only just return for its preservation and guardianship of our nationality, for the Bulgarians fully comprehend that the wreck of the empire would simply throw them headlong into the gulf of Russism.' (Occasional Notes, vol. i. p. 226.)

This language may surprise those who imagined that the Bulgarians were an oppressed people, breathing destruction to the Moslem, and awaiting with impatience the arrival of their Russian deliverers. It was, according to this witness, just the reverse. The Turkish Government was their best protector against the rising tide of Panslavism. For, as the same writer went on to say, 'Russia has no desire to see a numerous 'Slavonic community rise into a nation at her side, stamped with features and character other than those of Czarism.' In truth, at the present moment, when the authority of the Porte has been destroyed, we believe that of

all the nations of Europe Russia is the most hostile to the creation of a free and independent Bulgarian State. She desires to see these provinces weak, divided, and dependent on herself, or swayed by her intrigues.

Lord Strangford, who was disposed to look upon the Bulgarians with especial favour, said of them :—

'As for the Bulgarians, whether they remain yet awhile under Turkish rule or free themselves from it in our time, as they must ultimately do sooner or later, it is in them alone that one can see any really hopeful prospect, on taking a broad general view of the future of these countries. This is afforded by their numerical preponderance ; their utter primitiveness which has learnt nothing and has nothing to unlearn ; their industry and thrift, their obstinacy, and their sobriety of character.' (Chaos, vol. i. p. 21.)

To these considerations might be added others of a less favourable character. The bulk of the population is not only extremely ignorant, but, when excited, sanguinary and ferocious. One of the arguments used by Russia in support of a prolonged occupation of the country is, that the withdrawal of her troops would be the signal for anarchy and bloodshed ; and this is not improbable, unless some other mode be found of maintaining order. The Bulgarians will not rebel against any authority armed with respectable powers.

Two difficulties of the first magnitude stand, therefore, in the path of those whose generous and liberal designs aim at the constitution of a new and independent State in Bulgaria. The first is the total absence of the elements of political government in a community of five millions of men, chiefly peasants, who have lived in 'utter primitiveness' for four centuries under an absolute rule, and whose own experience is limited to the affairs of their church and their village. To which must be added the want of capital, roads, and military organisation. The second difficulty is that the Power nearest to the country, and at present occupying it with her armies, regards this population entirely with a view to her own political objects. Russia has never shown the slightest perception of the principle that a governing state is morally bound to consider before all things the interests and welfare of the governed. She has a fixed central policy of her own, which is that of Russian aggrandisement and power ; and to this principle every other consideration of humanity and duty must give way. It is true that these provinces, some of which already enjoy a far larger amount of freedom than Russia, as is the case in Servia and Roumania, are not insensible to their danger, and even (as we have just seen) the Bulgarians are aware of it. They know that they have been made the tools of a great Power ; they are anxious not to be made her slaves. Even now we see with pleasure that there are some manifestations of popular resistance and national spirit. They certainly none of them wish to fall under the iron yoke of Russia : better far the feeble and nominal suzerainty of the Porte. But if they are to be free, they must be united. They must lay aside their petty jealousies and differences in presence of a great danger and for a common cause. The more Europe can succeed in combining them under one government, or uniting them by some sort of federation for common defence, the more chance they will have of escaping national annihilation. Yet we confess that if Russia chooses to crush them for her own purposes, that chance is but a small one, unless they are defended by some powerful neighbour or by the combined will of Europe.

There is, however, another element in this complicated question which, to Western Europe, is of much greater interest than the Slavonian population of the Balkan peninsula. In intelligence, in energy, in education, in commercial enterprise, in maritime skill, incomparably the first people of Eastern Europe are the Greeks. We know not how much of the pure Hellenic blood has descended to the modern Greeks with the territory and the language of their immortal forerunners ; but the present inhabitants of Greece have certainly inherited something of their genius and some of their vices, though, as of old, it is possible that by their genius their vices may be overborne. Between them and the Slavonians no union whatever is possible : even their common faith, instead of binding them together, severs them. The whole Greek population of the East probably does not exceed seven millions. Of these about one million and a half belong to the Greek kingdom. For it is not under the sceptre of King Otho or King George that we must look for the power of the Greeks ; nor do we suppose that the addition of some thousand square miles of rugged territory in the north would add much to the welfare of the kingdom. The Greek influence is much more subtle and penetrating. Within a very short period of the conquest in the fifteenth century the Greeks acquired, under one form or another, a very large share in the administration of the Ottoman Empire. Down to our own day there was not a lazy and illiterate pasha of a Turk who had not some sharp-witted Greek behind him to pull the wires. The

collection of the revenue, the management of business, and a thousand other affairs were really in the hands of Greeks—everything, indeed, except the administration of justice, which is in Turkey an affair of religion, and the command of the troops. It is notorious that for more than two centuries the great officers of the Phanar were inferior to no authority in Turkey in real power, and that these Phanariotes were quite equal to any of their Mohammedan masters in the arts of tyranny and corruption. The hand of the Greeks lay quite as heavy on their Christian fellow-subjects as the hand of the Moslem, and they were more feared because they were far more acute. In Southern Bulgaria the Greek population, though less numerous than the Slavonian, had all the springs of government in its hands. In Asia Minor it is supposed that there are about three millions of Greeks. The Isles of the Archipelago are, of course, pure Greek, and some of them, as, for example, Samos, have long enjoyed a complete autonomy under a Christian prince. And, as we well know, the Greek race has thrown out its commercial colonies in the last half-century all over the earth ; Marseilles, Paris, London, Manchester, Calcutta, Melbourne, have all their great Greek houses, as keen in the pursuit of gain, as national, and as intelligent as the Hebrews themselves. The collective resources and capacity of the Greek race scattered abroad must now be extremely large, though many members of it care as little for the Court of Athens as the Jews do for the banks of the Jordan.

It is therefore natural that the question should suggest itself to English statesmen, what part the Greeks are to play in the reconstitution of Eastern Europe. If Servia is to be rewarded for her double treachery, and Montenegro for her ferocity, and Roumania for her ambition, what is to fall to the share of Greece, which has wisely, though reluctantly, abstained from taking part in the fray? No act of the British Government has given more satisfaction to all parties in this country than the demand that Greece should be admitted to the Congress, if it had taken place, and it was at once understood that her interests would obtain the support of this country.

When the Russians began their attack on Turkey in the last century, their first design was to use the Greeks as a means of disintegrating the Empire. Catherine sent troops under the Orloffs to land in Maina, and a fleet from the Baltic to fight the battle of Tchesmè; and on many subsequent occasions Russia favoured every manifestation of Greek independence. But in every instance, down to the very last insurrection in Crete in 1867, she first encouraged the Greeks and then abandoned them. Her object was to weaken Turkey, not to strengthen Greece. The Greeks found out by long experience that the support of Russia is a treacherous protection ; and as they advanced in culture they discovered that the very spirit of their nationality was radically opposed to that of Russia, for its very essence was, and is, the love of freedom. The Greeks have done many unwise things since they achieved their independence. They have left many wise things undone. But they have shown in all these struggles the true spirit of a free people. For this reason the Emperor Nicholas declared that the last thing he would endure would be a restored Greek Empire. For the same reason the Greek cause has no ordinary claim on the sympathy of the people of England.

The numerical inferiority of the Greeks is not an insurmountable obstacle to their playing a great part in the future affairs of the East. England herself has never equalled in population the nations which have been her rivals, nor has the colossal magnitude of Russia enabled her as yet to impart one useful invention, one fertile principle, one great intellectual work to mankind. The Greeks, like the English, have a maritime position, commercial enterprise, great intelligence, the love of freedom, the power of scattering their activity over distant lands, a European language, and an illustrious descent ; unhappily they have hitherto shown themselves to be deficient in high moral principle, the love of truth, and disinterested patriotism. We admire many of their qualities, but we cannot be insensible to the defects which have materially checked their national progress ; and our confidence in their success is diminished by our experience of their conduct. It may, however, safely be said that they will obtain the full support and sympathy of England in the measure of their deserts.

If, as it would seem to be the case, the time has arrived when the Ottoman Power shall cease to be the paramount authority in the provinces of Europe, which it has occupied for four centuries, it is perfectly true that a much better form of government may be established there, but it is equally true that a form of government may arise equally corrupt, more arbitrary, and far more dangerous to the world. The Eastern Question really means simply this—what is to take the place of an Empire which is no longer able to defend itself from foreign aggression or to maintain its own authority over the disaffected portion of its subjects?

To that question we have as yet heard no intelligible answer, except from St. Petersburg ; and the policy of Russia means the absorption, under one pretext or another, of all the elements of civil and religious liberty, indigenous to these provinces, and the extension of her own iron rule. We know not if the lethargy of Europe at the present time will allow her designs to be carried into effect, and we certainly see no sufficient reason that it should be thrown on this country alone and exclusively to oppose them ; but it may easily be foreseen that the next generation, and perhaps the present generation, will have cause to deplore a revolution brought about by such means, and that the sinister prediction of Napoleon at St. Helena, that ere the close of this century continental Europe would be Russian or Republican, may yet be fulfilled.

It is not our intention, nor is it competent to us at the present time, to discuss the policy and conduct of the British Government with reference to these transactions. At the time at which we write the materials necessary to form a correct judgment are not in our possession, and the debates which have just taken place in Parliament have sufficiently disclosed the views taken by different sections of the Opposition. We can only deal with what is known to us, and no doubt the present state of affairs and the uncertain, if not menacing, attitude of Russia, place the country, as is acknowledged by the message from the Crown calling out the Reserve, in an emergency of the utmost gravity. But even if the opportunity served to enter upon the discussion of these questions, we should decline to entertain them in a party spirit. They are essentially national questions, involving in the first degree the honour and security of the Empire, and in our judgment all personal controversies and even party objects dwindle into insignificance beside them. Whether the Government be right or wrong in what has been done (and we think their policy has been at times mischievously ambiguous and vacillating), it must be borne in mind that our antagonist at this moment is not this or that minister, but foreign ministers and a foreign Empire. Great evil has been done by the belief, entertained abroad, that in presence of a great crisis it is possible to split the House of Commons and the country into jarring factions which will paralyse the action of the Ministers of the Crown. In truth that is not so. Our apprehension is rather that if war be forced upon us, which we still hope and most ardently desire to avoid, the current of opinion may run for some time too strongly in that direction, and lead the nation to overrate it strength.

As far as the interests of the Liberal party are concerned, although, no doubt, war and the passions and interests engendered by war are injurious to their prospects and at variance with a policy of economy and peace, yet the time will come when the burdens and grievances of war tend to bring about a salutary reaction, and if the Tories are justly chargeable with a greater readiness to spend money and engage in hostilities, they must one day pay the penalty. This Journal published in 1808 a celebrated article, the joint production of Mr. Brougham and Mr. Jeffrey, the real fathers of our confraternity, who held peace ' to be the keystone of our edifice,' in which, notwithstanding the contrary views of Lord Grey and some of the disciples of Mr. Fox, they ardently supported the cause of Spanish independence and of resistance to the intolerable aggressions of France ; and experience proved that it was a serious error on the part of the opposition of that day to lay itself open, however unjustly, to the charge of advocating an anti-national and unpatriotic policy. The effects of it were felt long after the close of the war, although, no doubt, in the conduct of the war, there were many gross mistakes which merited the severest criticism and censure. We earnestly hope and believe that no such course will now be pursued. The language of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington has been, throughout these occurrences, in the highest degree guarded and moderate. Not one word has fallen from them which could embarrass the executive Government ; and although they dissent from some of the resolutions which have been taken, they have said and done nothing to weaken the action of the country. It were well if some of the fretful and feeble members of the Lower House, who seem to think that diplomacy and war are matters to be conducted by a popular assembly, would imitate the example of their recognised chiefs.

But it is not on the Opposition, or on the Liberal party, but on the ministry itself of Lord Beaconsfield, that these discussions have thus far produced the most serious consequences. There a division of opinion has arisen, not in the rank and file of the army (though they have shown symptoms of insubordination), but in the Cabinet ; and the result has been that Lord Beaconsfield has lost two of the ablest of his colleagues, whose place he is manifestly unable to supply by any real addition to his strength from without.

Lord Carnarvon, who was the first to begin that disintegration of the Government which is apt to take place in the fourth year of an administration, had shown great assiduity and administrative ability at the Colonial Office ; he left golden opinions there, and we do not know that he can be fairly charged with the *damnosa hereditas* of a Cape war or a Victorian *coup d'état ;* but his high-minded and conscientious temperament had not unfrequently proved embarrassing to his ministerial colleagues, and after the language he thought fit to hold to the Cape merchants he ought at once to have quitted the Government. Lord Derby, who has more recently followed in the same track, is a far greater loss to the Administration ; for not only did he bring to his office a vast capacity for work, a singularly calm judgment, and an earnest desire of promoting the peace of the world, but he had, what is far more difficult to replace, a large amount of the confidence of the country, not confined to his own political supporters. He is known to be free from the prejudices and narrowness of the Tory party ; and he is believed to possess that stability of character, based on principle, which the nation does not ascribe in an equal degree to all the members of the Cabinet. It is true that his peculiar quality of looking at questions on every side, and weighing the comparative advantages or evils of conflicting lines of action—which might be termed, for want of a better word, his political scepticism—tends to irresolution, and probably renders him unwilling to assume the responsibility of guiding the country through a great emergency of negotiation or war.

The fact remains that Lord Beaconsfield's Administration has been seriously weakened by the secession of two Secretaries of State ; that the Premier himself makes it no secret that he feels the effect of advancing years, and now takes but little part in debate ; that few rising men of conspicuous ability have appeared in the junior ranks of the Conservative party in either House of Parliament ; that it has become necessary to put second-rate men into first-rate places ; and that, although the numerical strength of the Tory party may not be weakened, either in the House of Commons or even in the country, the Government itself is notably enfeebled. The Administration has in part been reconstructed and recast within the last few weeks, but without, as far as we can discover, any real increase of power. The Opposition will regain the ground it had lost, from the moment that it displays more wisdom, coherence, and patriotism than its antagonists. These things deserve attention and excite reflection. For the time may not be distant when the utmost prudence, experience, and energy will be required to direct our course aright, and to maintain the dignity of the Crown and the rights of the Empire in the councils, not only of this country, but of Europe.

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ART. I.—*A Selection from the Wellesley Despatches, Treaties, and other Papers of the Marquess Wellesley, K.G., during his Government of India.* Edited by SIDNEY J. OWEN, M.A. Oxford. 1877.

THE selection from the Wellesley Despatches made by Mr. Sidney Owen, and lately published, promises to be a very useful contribution to the general knowledge of the history of India. In interest and importance the period of Lord Wellesley's administration takes a place even higher than that signalised by the first acquisition of Bengal. It marks the change from the position which the English occupied in the first instance through mere force of circumstances, as a fragment of the Mogul Empire, to that which they now hold of paramount sovereigns of the country. This great revolution was the work of Lord Wellesley, achieved notwithstanding the fears and remonstrances of his agents in India, and often in direct opposition to the wishes and instructions of his employers at home. It may be said without exaggeration that the British India of the present day, as to extent, political supremacy, and internal administration, is his creation. Some of his successors, notably Lord Hastings and Lord Dalhousie, added to the structure, but it was erected in all essential points by the original architect. How this great work was accomplished—of the clearness of view, the foresight, judgment, industry, and resolution which the Governor-General brought to his task—the Wellesley Despatches are an imperishable record. Unfortunately they have long been out of print, and Mr. Owen has undertaken a very useful office in this timely publication. No mere extracts or selections can indeed do full justice to the indefatigable industry, truly said to be a note of genius, which is so conspicuously shown in the original records. Still, for the majority of readers, one large volume will no doubt be found a more manageable book than five. And we have nothing but praise to give for the judgment and method with which Mr. Owen's selection has been made.

Richard Colley Wesley, afterwards Marquess Wellesley, was grandson of Richard Colley, first Baron Mornington, who was descended from a Staffordshire family which settled in Meath and Kildare in the time of Henry VIII., and in the female line from the De Wellesleys, a very ancient Anglo-Irish family. Mr. Colley assumed the name of Wesley on succeeding to the estates of his first cousin once removed, a Mr. Garret Wesley, the direct representative of the De Wellesleys, for the Norman prefix appears to have been dropped about the end of the fifteenth century, and by the beginning of the eighteenth the name had become contracted to Wesley. Mr. Richard Colley, who changed his name and took the Wesley estates in 1728, was raised to the peerage of Ireland in 1746 as Baron Wesley. He was succeeded by his son Garret, who was created Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington in 1760. The future Marquess Wellesley, his eldest son, was born in the same year. Sent at an early age to Eton, the young Viscount Wellesley was distinguished mainly for his skill in Latin versification, an accomplishment which he retained to his latest age. The gallery

of eminent Etonians which graces the Provosts' lodge contains an excellent portrait of him, painted by Romney soon after he left school ; the face is one of singular beauty. Going up to Christchurch when nineteen, he gained the Latin verse prize in his second year, but succeeding to the peerage on his father's death in 1781, just as he had attained his majority, he did not stay long enough at Oxford to take his degree. Two years later young Lord Mornington was made a Knight of St. Patrick, on the first institution of that Order, and soon afterwards a Privy Councillor for Ireland. In the same year he made his first speech in the Irish House of Lords in favour of the removal of the Irish Catholic disabilities. In the following year he entered the English House of Commons, sitting first as member for Beeralston, in South Devon, a village disfranchised by the Reform Act, afterwards for Saltash and Windsor. A peer, a scholar, and an intimate friend of Pitt, who was nearly of the same age, his claims to office were soon recognised, and in 1786 he became a Lord of the Treasury. In 1789 he opposed in the Irish Parliament the notorious address on the Regency Bill, and was one of twenty-three peers who recorded a protest, which was probably written by himself. In 1793 he was appointed one of the Commissioners for the Board of Control, first created by Pitt's India Bill of 1784, a measure which virtually transferred effective control over the government of India to the Cabinet.

In the position of a Junior Commissioner it is not probable that Lord Mornington took any large share in the business of the department to which he belonged, but there is reason to believe he already gave particular attention to the affairs of India, for a carefully prepared abstract of Indian history in his handwriting, which has been found among his papers, would appear to have been written at this time ; and probably few Governors-General have gone to India better acquainted with the previous condition of that country. Meanwhile, however, he took a conspicuous part in the general business of Parliament, leading the debate in the beginning of the session of 1794 on the French war, which had broken out the previous year, and in 1797 a suitable opportunity occurred for advancing him to a far higher post than he had yet filled. In 1792, on the return from India of Lord Cornwallis, who had succeeded Warren Hastings, the first Governor-General of Bengal, as he was then styled, Sir John Shore, a civil servant of the Company, had been raised to the office. Circumstances, which need not be detailed here, determined the Government to supersede him by some person of rank unconnected with the Company's service, and the appointment was eventually offered to and accepted by Lord Mornington, who was thereupon raised to the peerage of Great Britain with the title of Baron Wellesley. He sailed for India from Portsmouth in November 1797, being then in his thirty-seventh year, the youngest man, save Lord Dalhousie, who has ever filled this high office. With the exception of his youngest brother, Henry Wellesley, then twenty-four years old, who accompanied him as private secretary, he took no followers with him, declaring that he would look to the Indian services for his staff, and be guided in his selection wholly by considerations of personal merit.

The position of the English in India at this time was that of the most powerful, but by no means the paramount, power. Lord Cornwallis had indeed lately asserted the superiority of British arms in a very decided manner in the third war with Mysore, when he laid siege to Seringapatam, and extorted peace before the walls of that city from the truculent ruler of the country. But the war with Tippoo had been forced on Lord Cornwallis against his will, and his general policy aimed at maintaining a balance of power and dealing with the different native states on a footing of perfect equality. This policy, indeed, was not only prescribed by the Government in England on their agents in India, but was specifically laid down in an Act of Parliament as the only legal condition of the Company's Indian establishments. The original basis of the Company, it need hardly be said, was entirely mercantile. The object for which the Company was founded, and for which their stock was subscribed, was commerce, and the essence of their business was that a part of their capital should be sent out to India every year, either in hard cash or in the form of European goods suited to the Indian market, there to be invested in the various commodities of the East, and sent home in the Company's ships to be disposed of in the London market. The various establishments, civil and military, which, in process of time, came to be formed under the Company's flag, were therefore still regarded merely as a means to the end of more conveniently extending the Company's trade and helping the Company's factors to make advantageous investments. Such being the aims and views of the Court of Directors, they saw with dismay these investments year after year intercepted from their legitimate purpose, and

applied to the payment of troops and the cost of military operations ; and that, while individuals enriched themselves in the process, each step in advance of the Company's flag added to the cost of conducting the administration, and reduced the dividends on India stock. It was with a view of arresting this distraction of the Company's factors and merchants, as their civil servants were then called, from their legitimate duties, and to put a stop to the irregularities and demoralisation of the public services which had attended all previous extensions of the Company's possessions, that a clause was introduced into the Act of 1784, and repeated in that of 1793, which made it illegal for the Company's government in India to wage war or even to make treaties with the native powers, without the sanction of the Court of Directors, except in self-defence. Such a restriction could not, however, be enforced, or at any rate the saving limitation easily permitted its evasion. In a country which was a prey to different factions contending for the spoils offered to the adventurous, where all legal sanctions had disappeared, where right went with might, and where no stable political system had as yet arisen out of the ruins of the Mogul Empire, peace depended less on the English occupants of the country than on the forbearance of their neighbours ; while as to the limitation that war, if undertaken at all, must be defensive war, a vigorous offensive will in war be almost always the safest form of defence. A case for annexation may be pleaded on the same grounds. You take his territories from a worsted adversary, not from a desire to possess his country, but merely to deprive him of the power of again attacking you. The districts which Lord Cornwallis took from Sultan Tippoo at the conclusion of the Mysore war in 1792 were unquestionably acquired on these grounds, and with the exception of these acquisitions in the South of India—the result of a war most reluctantly entered upon—no considerable addition had been made to the British possessions since the first great acquisition of Bengal, which came on the Company and their servants as a surprise. The Company's troops, indeed, garrisoned the Carnatic, as well as the territories of the Nawab of Oudh, which then comprised the greater part of the region now known as the North-West Provinces. But the Madras army, which occupied the former, had been raised to overcome the French, and detachments from the Bengal army had been moved up into Oudh at the request of the ruler of the country, to protect him against his neighbours. When, therefore, Lord Mornington sailed for India, the cost of these garrisons was paid by the rulers, whose right to govern the countries in question was founded on the protection of British bayonets ; but in our dealings with the other native powers their independence and political equality with ourselves were taken for granted. Nor on a superficial view did it appear that this condition of things was likely to be disturbed, and the retiring Governor-General and his masters at home appear to have thought that a state of political equilibrium and finality had been arrived at. The rival power of the French in India had been overcome. The Sultan of Mysore had been worsted and effectually weakened. In all other parts of the country our relations were peaceful and friendly, and it might seem as if at last an era of peace was about to dawn on the English in India, and that the new Governor-General would be able to devote his attention to the retrenchment of the military establishments, and to the furtherance of the great object, as it was esteemed by his employers, of improving and increasing the Company's investment.

But before Lord Wellesley—as by anticipation we may call him—reached India, the shadow of coming events had already begun to darken the prospect. On touching at the Cape he met there a homeward-bound ship, with the despatches of the Indian Government for the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors. These he took upon himself to open, and the despatches, with which he forwards them to England, illustrate at once his diligence, his energy, and the mastery he had already obtained over the complicated conditions of Indian politics. In these despatches is struck the key-note of the policy he had evidently from the first resolved upon. The requirements of the law and the instructions of my employers, he said, involve that the political equilibrium should be left undisturbed as it was established by the Treaty of Seringapatam in 1792—a balance of power, non-interference with the affairs of other states, universal peace and goodwill. By all means let us act up strictly to these conditions. But then this balance is liable to constant disturbance from other causes than those over which we have control. There is no such thing as permanency among the native states of India. Some are growing stronger, others weaker ; and already the status established by the settlement of 1792 has undergone change. It is not a question, therefore, of maintaining things as they were, but of restoring them to the old condition. This involves action on our part. In order

to preserve peace throughout India, and respect for international law, we must take positive action, and make our own influence paramount at every native court. This state must be propped up, that weakened and rendered innocuous for mischief; treaties must be made with all of them to determine the course of their policy in favour of alliance with the English, and prevent combinations between one native power and another, tending to disturb the general peace of the country. Such was the policy which Lord Wellesley conceived from the outset, to which he addressed himself consistently throughout his term of office, and to establish which he applied his whole energies and the resources of his Government. How completely that object was achieved, and the momentous change it effected in the politics of British India, we shall now endeavour briefly to describe.

But the first aspect of his administration presented to the new Governor-General was very different from that which is now associated with the traditions of the energetic and imperious ruler, who was shortly to find and appreciate the most devoted service and unquestioning obedience from every class of public servant under his orders. His first confidential report to the President of the Board of Control, written a few days after his arrival at Calcutta, gives a forcible picture of the disjointed and ill-assorted elements which made up the Government. Sir John Shore, who succeeded Lord Cornwallis as Governor-General, had shown himself too facile in disposition, and unable to keep himself sufficiently above the level of the service from which he had risen, and the government, more especially when after his departure it devolved on the local commander-in-chief, had resolved itself into a scramble for patronage among the councillors, incompetent men, ignorant of affairs, and bent only on jobbing places for their friends and followers. According to the Governor-General, a sort of official anarchy reigned at Calcutta throughout the Civil Service. The condition of the army was still more unsatisfactory. The European officers of the Company's service had been for long in a state of almost open mutiny, his want of firmness in dealing with which had led to the recall of Sir John Shore; and although the outbreak had been partially checked by the promulgation of the new military regulations, committees for the representation of their supposed grievances were appointed by the Company's officers without attempt at concealment. Those of the King's service professed to disregard the Company's Government altogether, and to recognise only the authority of their Commander-in-Chief, who in turn held himself bound only by the instructions of the King's Government at home. At Madras things were even worse; since the departure of the last Governor, Lord Hobart, the Government there had degenerated into a sort of debating society, the leading performer being the Civil Secretary to the Board, a man of strong prejudice and violent temper, and the foremost of, what Lord Wellesley termed the faction there, which opposed itself to the legitimate authority of the Governor-General. Two things Lord Wellesley asked to be done at once—the substitution, for the incompetent members of his council, of men on whom he could depend, and the concentration of authority in the supreme Government. The personal matter was soon arranged to his satisfaction, and the gentlemen of unblemished character and respectable abilities who, on the Governor-General's nomination, were in due course appointed to be his colleagues, while occupying themselves with such details of the civil administration as were assigned to them, afforded him leisure to apply himself to the various diplomatic and military combinations with which his term of government was crowded. And the sort of relations at once established between Lord Wellesley and his council is illustrated by the fact that throughout the term of his administration all important orders were issued in the name of the Governor-General alone, without even the pretence of consulting his council, although the law then, as now, required that every act of the Government should be the act of the Governor-General in Council. The officers of the Company's army, on finding what sort of a man they had to deal with in the new Governor-General, at once reverted to a proper state of discipline; after Lord Wellesley's arrival nothing more was heard of the scandalous military committees. The difficulty with the subordinate governments Lord Wellesley also speedily overcame by his own force of character, although it must be added that a complete reform on this head still remains to be carried out. The strict letter of the law gives indeed, and gave then, to the supreme Government entire control over the proceedings of the subordinate Governments, and requires their implicit obedience in all things; but this relation has been much modified in practice by the traditionary mode of conducting business, and, in fact, the degree of official discipline which it is found practicable to maintain will always be very much a matter of personal character. With a strong man like Lord

Wellesley or Lord Dalhousie, the evil of the nominal independence which the subordinate Governments sometimes endeavour to set up is reduced to a minimum. But when the reins of government fall into weaker hands these false relations come prominently to light. Orders are evaded or only half obeyed; information which should be given is withheld, and the public money is spent without authority. In Lord Wellesley's case, as we have said, the incipient rebellion was soon put down. Almost the first communication received from Calcutta by the new Governor of Madras, Lord Clive—son of the victor of Plassey—who arrived in India a few weeks after Lord Wellesley, was a letter from the latter laying down the relations which he intended to establish between himself and all authorities subject to his orders, in terms so clear, yet courteously worded, that Lord Clive at once enlisted himself on the side of law and discipline, and henceforward the Governor-General found himself as implicitly obeyed in the South of India as in the presidency under his immediate orders. The nature of the conquest is amusingly illustrated by a passage in one of Lord Clive's letters. Shortly after his arrival at Calcutta, and in view of the coming hostilities with Mysore, the Governor-General had sent the 33rd Regiment, commanded by his brother, the future Duke of Wellington, from Calcutta to Madras, and on the arrival of the regiment Lord Clive writes: 'I cannot express to your lordship the satisfaction I feel in the arrival of Colonel Wellesley. I find him so easy in his manners and friendly in his communications that I cannot doubt but that the more I have the opportunity of cultivating his intimacy, the more I shall rejoice at the presence of a person so nearly connected with your lordship, and so entirely possessed of your views and intentions.' Making all allowance for the change which the meaning of some words has undergone since that time, it will be readily understood that the Governor who derived such satisfaction from the easy manners and friendly communications of a young colonel of nine-and-twenty, albeit the Governor-General's brother, must have already been quite broken in. And the head of the Madras Government having thus completely yielded to the ascendency of the Governor-General's strong will, all opposition to the authority of the latter from that time disappeared in all branches of the Indian administration.

The first great move made by the Governor-General in Indian politics was the subversion of French influence at the Court of the Nizam. This stroke was planned while he was at the Cape of Good Hope. Among the agents selected to carry it out was Captain (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, a man of great ability and energy, one of the first among the numerous Indian officials to enter a training for high politics in the school which Lord Wellesley soon formed, to come under the strong personal influence he exerted upon all those around him, and to give that enthusiastic service which the Governor-General had the gift of eliciting from all who came under his influence. Although the French had been deprived of all their possessions in India, French adventurers swarmed in all the native courts, and held high commands in the various native armies. Among these was a large force in the service of the Nizam, a standing menace to the English, but, fortunately for us, equally dangerous to its nominal master. Imperfectly disciplined and irregularly paid, the French corps, at Hyderabad, under M. Raymond, was now in a state of chronic mutiny; and the Nizam, who clung steadily to his English alliance as the only means of securing himself from the attacks of his neighbours, the Mahrattas, gladly accepted the proposal of the Governor-General to substitute a contingent from the Company's army for the turbulent body of which the Nizam and its officers were equally in dread. A force was accordingly assembled and marched to Hyderabad, and Malcolm, who was employed under the commandant, executed his commission with equal skill and courage; the mutinous troops were overawed by his spirited demonstration and address, and suffered themselves to be disbanded without attempting a struggle with the English force which had accompanied him to Hyderabad. The French officers, glad to be relieved from their dangerous situation, were received with courtesy in the English camp, and were eventually provided with passages to their native country. From that time Hyderabad has been permanently garrisoned by a portion of the Indian army, the troops stationed there being still known as the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force, while certain districts were eventually ceded to the Company to cover the expense of occupation. Thus Lord Wellesley was able to augment the Company's army without any cost, while the Nizam, secured henceforward from the attacks of enemies without, and from treason and rebellion within, has known no troubles save those produced by the misgovernment which until within the last few years has been the chronic condition of his kingdom. The treaty made on this occasion provided for a permanent alliance be-

tween the Nizam and the Company, and placed his troops and the Subsidiary Force at the Governor-General's disposal in the great wars which soon followed.

The first of these was the fourth and last war with Mysore, which ended in the capture of Seringapatam and the final overthrow of that power. Hardly had the Governor-General landed in Calcutta, when news reached him that the Sultan Tippoo was in active correspondence with the French, and had invited them to send an expedition from the Mauritius for the subversion, in concert with himself, of the British power in India. Almost at the same time came tidings of the French expedition to Egypt; everything seemed possible to Bonaparte. It is true that soon after the news of the French landing in Egypt came that of the destruction by Nelson of the French fleet in Aboukir Bay; but we have Napoleon's own assurance that with this defeat he had by no means given up the idea of invading India, which for many years continued to be with him a favourite scheme. At any rate the alarm felt in India was fully shared by the Home Government, and the prompt measures of the Governor-General were fully sanctioned by the instructions which afterwards reached him.

The Sultan of Mysore had been the hereditary and most formidable enemy encountered by the English in India. Two wars had been waged with Tippoo's father with less than equal success, and there were officers still serving in the prime of life who had languished for years in Mysore dungeons, captives in one of the most disastrous and disgraceful campaigns ever fought by British troops. The third war with Mysore, conducted by Lord Cornwallis in person, had retrieved these disgraces and disasters; Tippoo had been forced to sue for terms before the walls of his capital, averting further disaster by the cession of a large portion of his kingdom. But a few years of peace had enabled him to accumulate treasure and strengthen his army, perhaps to forget the lesson he had been taught. Of his inextinguishable hatred to the English there was no question, nor of his readiness to renew the struggle if a French alliance should offer the chance of doing so with success. Lord Wellesley therefore determined to anticipate the danger, and, demanding explanations of Tippoo's negotiations with our enemies, ordered the immediate mobilisation of the Madras army. The panic which this order produced among the authorities at Fort St. George, who were at first disposed to remonstrate with and even resist the Governor-General's instructions, sufficiently justifies the position taken up by Lord Wellesley in the matter. To mobilise our army, said the Madras officials, is to call down the wrath of Tippoo; to place our troops in the field will take several months, during which we shall invite an invasion of our defenceless territories. To this Lord Wellesley might well retort, that if the Madras Presidency was really in this defenceless state, that was a sufficient reason for immediate reform of its military establishments; and if Tippoo, notwithstanding treaties to the contrary, was ready to attack us because we thought proper to move our troops from one station to another, it was evident that our relations with him should be placed on a different footing. Either he must give guarantees for friendly conduct, or be rendered powerless for mischief. To put an end to the remonstrances and purposeless attitude of the Madras officials, Lord Wellesley proceeded to that Presidency, and in his presence all opposition and vacillation disappeared. He succeeded in inspiring all those with whom he came in contact with his own energy and firmness; the leading spirit of 'the faction' became so active and loyal an agent as to win the Governor-General's warmest praises; Lord Clive, whose temporary suspension in his government was managed with such delicacy as to create a warm friendship between him and Lord Wellesley, threw himself heart and soul into the business; and in a few weeks an army equipped on a scale such as had never been seen before in India was placed in the field, and Tippoo vouchsafing us only such explanations of his conduct as increased the insult offered to the British Government, the orders were finally given for the invasion of Mysore, and to carry on the war in such a way as should make an effectual end of the difficulty which had made war necessary. And in no respect did Lord Wellesley display his genius for ruling more remarkably than in his conduct on this occasion. So long as the question of peace or war was in suspense, and before the army had actually taken the field, he assumed himself the active and direct control of business. But so soon as the final step was taken, war actually declared, and the army on the march beyond the frontier, the Governor-General, having first communicated to the Commander-in-Chief at length his own views of the case, and the specific conditions to be observed, the terms of peace to be insisted on, and the general objects which must in any case be realised, in all other respects left the general on the spot complete latitude and discretion as to the manner of carrying out the military op-

erations. Lord Wellesley from the beginning had evidently taken the measure of the capacity of the Commander-in-Chief, a gallant but mediocre soldier, almost overcome by the sense of responsibility, yet he carefully abstained from all interference. Self-restraint of this sort is an uncommon virtue in able men, who, seeing that they can do things themselves better than their agents, are under a constant temptation to interfere; but the confidence which Lord Wellesley reposed in his generals, the ungrudging support he gave them when they did their best, although it might be opposed to his own judgment, and the praise which he lavished on good service, explain in great measure the success which attended his military operations. On this occasion the war was brought to a conclusion almost dramatic in its completeness. For, although Tippoo's conduct of the defence was unrelieved by any sign of military genius, or even skill, he yet offered sufficient resistance to impart to the campaign a flavour of hard fighting; the fortified capital was strong enough to demand the application of all the skill available for besieging it, and the courage of British soldiers to storm the breach when made. And finally Tippoo himself was killed in the assault, appropriately led by the gallant Baird, who, when a youth, had undergone the hardship of a long imprisonment by a barbarous captor in this very fortress.

The successful termination of this, the most brilliant feat as yet achieved by British arms in India, obtained the unqualified approbation of the English Government, whose instructions Lord Wellesley had anticipated in undertaking it; and his conduct in respect of this transaction has never found a detractor save in the historian Mill, who, in a laboured argument, endeavours to prove that Lord Wellesley deliberately picked a quarrel with an inoffensive prince, and, driving him to arms in desperation, deprived him of throne and life. This much may indeed be conceded to Mr. Mill, that the making war on this particular occasion was the act of Lord Wellesley. If he had left Tippoo alone, hostilities might possibly have been temporarily averted, for the success of the English in Egypt deprived the French alliance of the advantages which it may have presented at first to the too credulous prince. The condition of an armed truce between the English and Tippoo might therefore have been preserved for a time. And it may be said of almost every native state which has come under British rule at different times, that if you shut your eyes to affronts, if you are ready to overlook breaches of neutrality, to treat native princes as not responsible for their actions, and to abstain from war until you are actually attacked, most of our Indian wars would not have happened precisely when they did. But Tippoo had given us a *casus belli* by his overtures to the French, and it would have been culpable weakness on the part of the Governor-General to throw away a fair opportunity of releasing the Company from a position which had become intolerable. It may perhaps be objected that we are laying down a higher standard for Indian politics than is recognised in Europe. Between continental nations evil intentions are not held to justify active retaliation. We did not go to war with Russia in 1854 because she was planning the dismemberment of Turkey, but because her army had crossed the Pruth. There is usually, although not always, some specific act of hostility committed before the other side is deemed to be justified in proceeding to active retaliation. But from Tippoo's antecedents it was as certain as anything could be which had not actually happened that he would take the first favourable opportunity to attack the nation against which he was animated with feelings of the bitterest hatred, and Lord Wellesley would have done less than his duty if he had failed to avail himself of a reasonable excuse for putting a check on Tippoo's power to do mischief.

We have dealt with this case of the conquest of Mysore at length, because the same sort of defence may be set up for the other great annexations made by Lord Wellesley, which have been called much more in question, and because it illustrates the fact, which from the first underlay the position of the English in India, that the existence of native states in contact with our dominions is only possible on condition of their surrendering all claim to regulate, or even interfere in, the general political government of the peninsula. The balance of power which the Acts of Parliament we have referred to contemplated as the object to be aimed at —that is, the maintenance of relations between native states and the British Government in India on terms of equality—was, from the nature of the case, impossible. We may indeed, if we please, conceive a policy to be attempted under which the English, while renouncing all claim to interfere in the politics of the country, should have remained within the districts already possessed by them, keeping up a force sufficient for their own protection. But it is hardly profitable to pursue seriously such a speculation. It would be difficult to realise

the state of anarchy which would have befallen the rest of India if the English from the beginning of the present century had adopted such an attitude. This much at least is certain, that the fertile lands cultivated under the protection of British bayonets would soon have become an irresistible attraction to the plundering hordes seeking for the food and booty which the devastated lands in the rest of the peninsula would no longer have afforded, and that the English would have been subjected to a constant and irritating defensive warfare to keep these invaders at bay. The persistence for any length of time in so fatuous a policy would have been from the nature of the case impossible. But to Lord Wellesley belongs the great merit of being the first to see this distinctly, and of having had the courage to carry out opinions which were in advance of the age.

Mysore at the conqueror's feet, it remained to dispose of the conquest. At first the choice seemed to lie between complete annexation and the continuance of the late king's family on the throne. Lord Wellesley discovered a third and happier course. Tippoo's father, the first Sultan of Mysore, was an adventurer who, from being a corporal of horse, had carved his way to the throne. The claim to a crown unsurped was held to be forfeited by deceit and treason, and the infant heir to the ancient line of dispossessed Hindoo monarchs was brought out of the obscurity and poverty in which Tippoo had immured him, and placed on the throne of the State, now shorn of a large part of the usurper's conquests, which were divided between the British and their ally, the Nizam ; while, to secure the loyalty of the State for the future, the restored chief was entrusted with only its civil government, and henceforth occupied the same sort of position as one of the mediatised princes of the German Empire. The rest of the history of Mysore may be told in a few words. The child thus raised from a hovel to a throne possessed none of the qualities for ruling well, and at last the misgovernment of the province became so scandalous that the Government of India, acting on authority contained in the treaty made by Lord Wellesley, took the government out of his hands. The Rajah died in 1868, having previously, in default of heirs, adopted a distant relative, then a child. Her Majesty's Government has recognised the adoption, and so soon as the young man shall attain his majority he will be replaced in possession of the civil administration of the country.

The next great annexation carried out by Lord Wellesley was effected in a more peaceful way. The English in the south of India, although occupying the country with their troops, did not govern it themselves, but only garrisoned it on behalf of the Nawab, the descendant of the claimant to power—a power usurped from the rightful authority—whom we had succeeded in establishing as ruler of the Carnatic in the war of the last century, in opposition to the rival candidate set up by the French. Oriental government, it has been said, is pure despotism tempered by assassination. In countries where the Mohammedan law of marriage obtains, there will always be plenty of rival claimants to the throne, ready to take advantage of any unpopularity manifested towards the actual possessor of power for the time being. But the Nawab thus holding his seat secure under the protection of his all-powerful friends, even this guarantee for tolerable government was wanting, and the condition of the Carnatic, for which we were morally responsible, had become scandalous beyond endurance, and Lord Wellesley took the first opportunity of terminating it. On the capture of Seringapatam there was found in the palace a cipher correspondence between the Nawab and Tippoo, showing that the former as well as his son had not only furnished the Sultan with good wishes for the result of his struggle, but information on matters relating to the military preparations of the English. There was nothing surprising in this ; to keep a door open for joining your enemies, in case fortune should go against your friends, is a recognised practice in Indian diplomacy, and the Nawab would have been above instead of below the level of his time if he had not taken steps to keep in with both sides in the coming struggle. But, in the recent state of his relations with the English, the pretext for action was a fair one, and Lord Wellesley determined to act upon it. The Nawab dying at this time, his son was taxed with this guilty correspondence, and informed that his succession to the throne could be recognised only on condition of his agreement to a fresh treaty, whereby the entire civil and military administration of the country should be vested in the Company, a handsome provision being reserved for his own support. The young prince, acting under the influence of the gang of Europeans about him, who had the strongest interest in maintaining the existing maladministration, refused to consent ; whereupon the Governor-General, publicly stigmatising him as being only the reputed son of his father, set him aside in favour of his cousin, who readily signed

what was termed a treaty, but was in reality a deed of abdication, and the government of the Carnatic passed into the hands of the English. This large cession, with the districts acquired at the partition of Mysore, make up in effect the existing Madras Presidency, and the Company now became sovereigns of a country as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and containing a population which now exceeds thirty millions.

Another great annexation followed soon afterwards. The government of Oudh, like that of the Deccan, had undergone the inevitable decay which attends oriental monarchies maintained in such conditions of extraneous support. The first ruler was a great officer of the court of Delhi, who took advantage of the break-up of the Mogul Empire to make himself independent, and, like the Nizam of Hyderabad, he continued to bear his court title of Vizir, although it had ceased to connote the functions of such an office. The present occupant of the palace had been placed there by Sir John Shore in the room of his profligate nephew, pensioned off as hopelessly incorrigible. But the political circumstances of the Carnatic and Oudh were very different. His territories surrounded by British districts, or those of our ally the Nizam, and garrisoned by the Company's army, the unfitness to govern of the worthless Nawab of the Carnatic at worst resulted in the misgovernment of his people. But Oudh was a frontier kingdom, adjacent to the Mahratta Empire, whose well-equipped armies lay quartered along the border. Moreover, the powerful monarch of a kingdom beyond the Indus was threatening at this time to repeat the often accomplished invasion of India from the west. The first shock of such an invasion would fall on Oudh, and the defence of that country was an integral part of the defence of the Company's territories. Oudh was occupied by the Company's forces, but, according to Lord Wellesley's views, in insufficient strength, and the Nawab was urged to supply funds to meet the cost of the needful increase. This could only be done by disbanding a portion of his own troops, an undisciplined rabble, useless for defence, and, as the Nawab admitted, a terror to himself. The correspondence on this subject, conducted on one side with the inconsistency and dilatoriness habitual to native courts under such circumstances, and with ever-increasing peremptoriness on the other, soon resolved itself into a demand on the Governor-General's part that the Nawab should either reform his government, and disband his mutinous troops, or allow the English to undertake the government on his behalf; and after a long negotiation the Nawab at last, under extreme pressure, ceded about two-thirds of his kingdom, retaining the portion which was henceforth and is still known as the province of Oudh. This cession made no change in the distribution of the Bengal army, which had long garrisoned the Nawab's country, their cantonments extending as far west as Futtehghur, but it made an enormous extension of the civil administration of the Company. No act of Lord Wellesley has been more severely criticised than this acquisition, and his proceedings in carrying it out were, it must be admitted, of a very high-handed sort. The truth seems to be that in its relations with the Nawabs of the Carnatic and Oudh, the Government of British India now found itself to be in a false position, rapidly becoming intolerable, the result of the unscrupulous engagements which the Company's servants of a previous generation had entered into when undertaking to support these worthless princes on their thrones, regardless or heedless of the evil consequences that must follow from such an unholy alliance. In view of the shocking misgovernment and oppression that followed from our giving to these dissolute tyrants what was in effect absolute security from the consequences of their misgovernment, the situation was one that could not be continued for an indefinite period, and Lord Wellesley was the first to perceive the necessity for establishing at all costs a new condition throughout these provinces, in which the nominal and real authority should be combined in one. All that can be fairly said against his policy is, that, instead of distinctly asserting the principle, he effected his object somewhat indirectly by pressing treaty obligations to their extreme conclusions. A good deal of sympathy was expressed at the time and afterwards for the dispossessed rulers, and no doubt the sorrows of princes affect us more vividly than the sufferings of humbler people. It is not only the sentimental who feel this; sober men will be found ready to sacrifice their fortunes and lives in the cause of a monarch whom they know to be worthless and ungrateful. But this is because they feel that it is not only the fortune of the king which is at stake, but that the interests of the nation are bound up in maintaining the sanctions which govern the national polity. No interests of this high standard were involved in the present cases. To the peasantry, who made up the mass of the population affected, a change of rulers was a matter of almost perfect indifference, so long as they were relieved from oppression

and allowed to cultivate their lands in peace. The only sufferers were the princes and their families, and the gang of court minions who fattened on the general disorder ; and Lord Wellesley might assert without fear of contradiction that the change of masters was in this case an almost wholly unalloyed benefit to the vast majority of the people concerned. It is true that persons can be found nowadays to argue that the people of India are happier under native than English rule, and to lay bare with impartial candour the most obvious blemish in our system of government, its levelling and unsympathetic nature. This defect of the English rule of India, if it may be freely admitted, is however one that could not have been foreseen. At that time the conspicuous feature in the change, which obscured all minor points of difference, was the substitution of peace and protection for horrible misrule and oppression. Moreover, it is important to observe, when English is contrasted with native rule, that such a thing as native rule pure and simple is no longer to be found in any part of India. The so-called independent princes of India in reality conduct their governments under constant supervision, well knowing that all their proceedings are closely watched by critics who have both the will and the power to take exception to any acts of misrule, while even unconsciously the form of administration which obtains throughout British India must necessarily have had an important influence on the mode of government in all the subject states. To give those states credit for the general good order and spirit of mildness which now regulate the relations of the governors towards the governed, and to attribute such results to the inherent qualities of indigenous statesmen, is about as reasonable as it is for certain philosophers to cite the blameless moral lives of the apostles of a religion of humanity or the worship of nature, as proving that such a religion would suffice for the wants and weaknesses of erring humanity in general, altogether ignoring, as these sages do, the fact that society is moral only just so much as it is impregnated with the real spirit of Christianity.

Simultaneously with this great extension of the British dominions, the character and spirit of the Indian services underwent a remarkable change. Some twenty years previously, indeed, the English had undertaken the direct administration of the province of Bengal, but trade and commerce had continued to hold the first place in public attention, and the most important and lucrative offices were those connected with the Company's mercantile operations. But now a new career was opened to the civil servants in Madras, and in Bengal too young men were transferred from keeping ledgers to administer the ceded provinces in the North-West. Serving under a chief quick to recognise and reward merit, and catching from him something of his own high spirit, the various officials throughout the country from this time entered on a new phase of existence. The Indian Civil Service, as it is now, the most able, industrious, and high-minded body of officials which any country has ever produced, may be said to date from this period. Meanwhile the army, flushed with its success in the Mysore war, and its ill-discipline—an ill-discipline which, if inexcusable, is yet to be accounted for by the neglect it had received—eradicated, partly by the commanding character of the new Governor-General, who was now made Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief of the King's as well as the Company's forces, and partly by the reasonable concession of the new regulations lately introduced, the effect, it should be explained, of Lord Cornwallis's representations—the army, thus restored to a healthy condition, now found a fresh field of employment in the expedition despatched by the Governor-General to co-operate with the force sent from England to drive the French out of Egypt. The troops assembled for this expedition were originally destined for the capture of the Mauritius, which afforded a shelter whence the enemy's frigates and privateers sallied forth to cut off the Company's merchantmen, and contained the only port into which they could retire to refit. But the scheme was thwarted by the perverseness of the admiral on the Indian station, who took advantage of his independence of the Company's government to withhold his necessary co-operation ; and the capture of this island, which was essential for the safety of the English traffic in the Indian seas, was deferred till a much later period of the long war. While the troops composing the expedition were still assembled at Trincomalee in Ceylon, instructions reached the Governor-General from England to despatch a force to co-operate with the army proceeding from England to attack the French in Egypt, and he at once diverted the armament to this purpose. The expedition, made up to about 7,000 men by additions from Bombay and the Cape, and provided with every necessary that the forethought and energy of the Governor-General could command, was placed under the command of General Baird. Sailing up the Red Sea to Cosseir, and crossing the desert, it arrived in excellent condition on

the banks of the Nile—too late, however, to join in the campaign, for the French had already capitulated. But when the difficulty is considered of navigating the Red Sea in sailing vessels, and how little was known at that time of the scene of operations, the transport of Indian sepoys to take part in the great struggle against Napoleon in so distant a part of the world was a remarkable illustration of the vigour with which the Governor-General wielded the resources at his disposal.

With this exception, the space of three years and a half which followed the conquest of Mysore was a time of unbroken peace, devoted to the labour of extending an organised government over the territories whose annexations we have described. Of the different measures of civil administration which marked this busy period, only two can here be mentioned.

1. Up to this time the Governor-General in Council had exercised the functions of the final Court of Appeal from all the district tribunals. In his first letter to the President of the Board of Control, Lord Wellesley speaks of the burden which this duty imposed on the head of the Government, but expressed a doubt lest the dignity of the Governor-General's office should be impaired if the functions of this high tribunal were delegated to other persons. But a short experience of the working of the system, and the constantly increasing pressure of public business, satisfied him of the necessity for making other arrangements, and he accordingly created the separate Court of Appeal, composed of civilian judges, appointment to which constituted henceforth one of the prizes of the service, and which has within the last few years been fused with the Supreme Court of Calcutta into the present High Court of Judicature.

2. The extension of the duties falling to the Company's civil servants brought into prominence their defective education. Sent out to India at an age little more than that now fixed for admission to public schools, the only special training they ever received before entering the service was a little book-keeping. The heavy responsibilities placed on them from early boyhood furnished, no doubt, an admirable education in the practical business of life ; but in the absence of any methodical instruction in the subject in the first instance, the Company's servants of all classes, with a few brilliant exceptions, continued to be deplorably ignorant in knowledge of the language of the people among whom their lives were spent. The barbarous misspelling of Indian words, which runs through the public records of this date, is alone sufficient evidence on the point. Lord Wellesley, exposing the defects of this state of things in an exhaustive minute, proceeded to provide a remedy by establishing the College of Fort William for the training of the young civil servants of all the presidencies in the Oriental languages and in the principles of law. Well-paid chairs were established in each branch, to invite learned men from Europe and Asia ; liberal rewards were offered for diligence and proficiency ; and public disputations were held among the students in the vernacular languages, presided over by the Governor-General in person, when honours were distributed to the most deserving with every circumstance of ceremony. Of the value, indeed necessity, of such an institution there could be no doubt, although, perhaps, it was established on too magnificent a scale ; but the Court of Directors could not brook the imputation which it conveyed on their mode of administering patronage, and sent out peremptory orders for the abolition of the college. In consequence of Lord Wellesley's remonstrances it was eventually maintained, but on a very reduced scale. A few years later the Court of Directors set up the College at Haileybury for the training of their civil servants before proceeding to India ; but the advantages which its establishment might have conferred were to a great extent nullified by the low standard of qualification enforced, so that every director's nominee sent there, no matter how dull or idle, could hardly fail to get through. The directors were eventually punished for their selfishness and want of public spirit in this matter by the loss of all their patronage.

The spacious and imposing Government House at Calcutta was built by Lord Wellesley, and was not the least useful of his works ; and although, having regard to the limited numbers of the European community for whose receptions it was provided, the design may have appeared almost too extensive at the time, it is not at all too large or commodious for existing requirements. There may be worse ways of spending money than providing the chief magistrate of a great empire with a suitable residence ; yet, if Lord Wellesley had not had the courage to build one, it is doubtful if any of his successors would have done so. Even now, when the Viceroy leaves Calcutta for the Himalayas, he changes a palace for what, until within the last few months, was little better than a barn. So long as visits to the Himalayas were simply in the way of occasional retreats, to which the Governor-General retired alone, the absence of state did

not much signify ; but now that he spends half the year there, accompanied by his council and all the public departments, and that princes and dignitaries from all parts of India seek him out there to do homage, the general simplicity, not to say squalor, of the arrangements presented to view—the Viceroy occupying a cottage in the style of a second-rate seaside lodging, the staff stowed away in adjacent huts, and the public departments scattered over the mountain-side in dark, ill-ventilated barns—is the reverse of impressive ; while excessive waste of time and inconvenience result from conducting public business under such circumstances. It is understood that some reform in these respects is now impending, and it will not come at all too soon.

The magnificence and state with which Lord Wellesley surrounded himself, and the formality he introduced into his household, set off as they were by his commanding abilities and the brilliant events of his administration, all tended to increase his popularity with the European community, as did also his reserve and imperious manner, tempered as they were by his great kindness and consideration for those about him. Two incidents tended to raise this feeling still further. The army of Seringapatam pressed on his acceptance, as a memorial of the capture, an ornament of great value, made of precious stones selected from Tippoo's store of jewellery. Lord Wellesley declined the gift in gracious terms, on the ground that he was precluded by his duty from taking it. The star was then made over by the army to the Court of Directors, under whose authority the Governor-General accepted it. The Court of Directors, with the sanction of the Crown, proposed to set aside a hundred thousand pounds from the prize taken at Seringapatam, as a donation to him ; the Governor-General protested in the strongest terms. It would have the appearance of depriving the army of part of their prize for the purpose of enriching him, and would place him in a most invidious and degrading position towards the army. The Prime Minister, to whom the protest was addressed, withdrew the proposal, and subsequently the Court of Directors settled on Lord Wellesley a pension of 5,000*l.* a year for a term of twenty years.

But while Lord Wellesley was thus in appearance at the summit of success, exercising unquestioned the powers which his genius had so largely increased, extending the Company's possessions, and building up the agency of a devoted and enthusiastic public service, in reality he was consumed with vexation at what he deemed to be the personal slight put on him at home, and at the opposition and hostility manifested by the Court of Directors. The soldier who had been most distinguished at the capture of Seringapatam, a feat the Governor-General was by no means disposed to undervalue, and who had been recommended by him in the warmest terms to the favour of the Crown, had been entirely unrewarded ; nor was it until some years after his exploit that the gallant Baird was knighted for another feat of arms. The services of General Harris, the Commander-in-Chief, remained unnoticed for twenty years, till recognised by a tardy peerage. But still greater was the slight, as Lord Wellesley deemed it, put upon himself in his advancement by a step in the Irish peerage. He was overcome with mortification, he wrote to a friend at home ; the indignity had lowered him in the eyes of the Indian community, and driven him to a sick bed ; he should know neither health nor happiness until this outrage had been repaired by his appointment to an English marquisate. Lord Wellesley's fine character contained many blemishes, not the least being the vanity which compelled him to stoop so low as thus to express annoyance at what he deemed the inadequate appreciation of his services. This outburst produced a long and affectionate remonstrance from Pitt, justifying his action in the matter. Lord Wellesley's previous elevation to the English peerage must be accepted as in a measure discounting by anticipation his Indian services. To give him three more steps in the English peerage would have been a scale of promotion certainly very unusual. The intrinsic difference between an English and an Irish marquisate was insignificant ; and the Irish marquisate was proposed instead of an English earldom, which was at first thought of, because the minister was led from many quarters to believe that the former would be preferred. The unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament, conveyed in marked terms of approbation, would alone have placed him on grounds of distinction on which few public servants have ever stood. After all, the minister forcibly continued, the manner in which a reward is given for services, and that in which it is received, determine its value in the eyes of the public much more than its own specific value. But true though this may be, yet, considering the lavish way in which Pitt had scattered peerages among his followers for mere political services, the argument came from him with a bad grace.

But besides the personal slight, as he chose to consider it, the relations between

the Court of Directors and Lord Wellesley had first ceased to be cordial, and then became in a degree hostile and embittered. And here a significant difference may be noticed between the careers of two Governor-Generals, which in other respects presented many points of resemblance. Lord Dalhousie's rule in India, like that of Lord Wellesley, was illustrated by brilliant achievements and large annexations. Lord Dalhousie, like Lord Wellesley, conceived and acted on the deliberate policy of augmenting the British possessions in India on every legitimate occasion, each deeming the public good to be more important than sentimental considerations in favour of a few worthless individuals. Each had in a remarkable degree the gift of judging men and selecting fit agents for the execution of his measures, while the expansion of British rule during his term of government gave Lord Dalhousie as well as Lord Wellesley the means of rewarding magnificently the good services of those under him. Each impressed his own strong will on every branch of the administration, and each commanded the most implicit obedience and loyal co-operation from all classes of public servants. But while Lord Dalhousie, imperious only to those under him, was always respectful and deferential in bearing to his masters in England, Lord Wellesley's haughty spirit constantly chafed under the bonds of official obedience to the Court of Directors, and in his correspondence with the Ministry he made no attempt to hide his contempt for the former and their views, and hardly concealed it in his letters to themselves. And while Lord Dalhousie, with Scotch caution, was careful to bestow a portion of his patronage on the friends of those in power at home, so that every son or nephew of a director was sure of promotion to at least the full extent of his deserts, Lord Wellesley had more than once to remonstrate against the encroachments of the Court on his rights in their presentations to offices in India. The two were indeed situated very differently in this respect. In Lord Dalhousie's time, precedent and practice had come to require that the authorities at home should confine their patronage to first appointments, leaving all subsequent promotions to be made by the Government on the spot; but Lord Wellesley was repeatedly called on to resist the nefarious jobbing of the Court, who insisted on nominating to some of the highest offices men whom the Governor-General had already denounced as incompetent and unfit for employment of any sort. The result of these differences in the character of the men, and of the circumstances in which they were placed, was that while Lord Dalhousie, deferential and respectful to the Court, had his own way in everything, and reigned absolute master of India, Lord Wellesley was thwarted in what he deemed to be some of the most important points of his policy, and overruled in personal matters in a way to deeply wound his pride; till at last, after he had been less than four years in India, he was driven to resign his office. In the formal announcement he assigns the state of his health as a reason for this step, and that the general pacification of India had now been accomplished; but in a letter to Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister, he states his grievances against the Court in full. Amongst these were, the direct appointment by the Court of incompetent and improper persons to important offices, thus in effect cancelling appointments made by himself; the disapproval of the appointment of his youngest brother to be Governor of the North-West Provinces, whose services, however, had been given gratuitously; the disallowance of various salaries sanctioned by the Governor-General, notably that which he had granted to his brother Arthur while superintending the affairs of Mysore; this act, as implying a censure of nepotism, wounded the Governor-General in his tenderest point; finally the treatment Lord Clive, the Governor of Madras, had received, in the removal of the Chief Secretary of that Presidency from his post, a step which Lord Clive regarded as so great an indignity as thereon to resign his office. This official, Mr. Webbe, had been regarded by Lord Wellesley with some animosity on his first arrival in India, as he justly believed him to be the person whose influence inspired what he then termed the Madras faction to cavil at his instructions. But as the two men came to understand each other this feeling of antagonism was soon replaced by mutual respect, and from no one did Lord Wellesley receive more hearty and useful aid during the preparations for the Mysore war. Mr. Webbe's whole public life, said the Governor-General, had marked him as the implacable, indefatigable, and irresistible foe of the corrupt system of intrigue and peculation which had long pervaded the service at Fort St. George. His own example had become a model of imitation to the younger branches at Madras, and the public disgrace of such a man was to favour the growth of ignorance and vice. His removal would be a severe blow to the Government, but the direct appointment from home to the most confidential office in the Presidency 'comprised every degree of personal in-

dignity that could be offered to Lord Clive and myself, and the result had been to drive that honest, diligent, prudent, and able public servant ' from India. ' I will not,' he added, ' separate my character from that of Lord Clive on this painful occasion.'

It is interesting to observe that the two principles in dispute between the Governor-General and the Home Government have been settled in different ways. ' If I am unfit,' said Lord Wellesley, ' to be entrusted with the power of augmenting salaries in cases where I deem such an augmentation to be necessary or expedient, I am equally unfit for any branch of trust which I hold.' Nevertheless this power has been withdrawn absolutely from the Government in India, and without implying any loss of confidence in that authority, or any sensible inconvenience. The rule that no new office shall be created in India, nor the salary of any existing office increased, without the sanction first obtained of the home authorities, works without any practical inconvenience, and is amply justified by the consideration that the means of forming a judgment on such proposals can always be furnished to the authorities at home, where the case can be discussed without personal bias. On the other hand, the principle which Lord Wellesley contended for, that the Home Government should abstain from interference in the disposal of appointments, has been absolutely established. Save in the case of a few of the highest offices in India, specially reserved by Act of Parliament, the whole of the enormous patronage of India is vested solely in the local Governments, who are responsible for the efficiency of all branches of the administration.

The real cause for the estrangement of the Court of Directors from the Governor-General was that he had interfered with two of their dearest interests. He had appointed military officers to military offices of responsibility, one as military auditor, another as military secretary, offices which had usually been held by civilians, and which the Court contended could legally only be so held. And according to the letter of the law the Court was right. Until within the last few years every civil engineer in the service of the Indian Government, every university man teaching in the Government colleges, was illegally appointed. But so long as the appointments in question were not worth holding by a civilian, the illegality was winked at ; it was only when valuable offices had to be filled that the Act of Parliament was brought up. But in Lord Wellesley's time almost all offices were valuable ; the salaries given bore in many cases no sort of ratio to the importance of the duty, and such offices as the paymastership of pensions were among the most lucrative in the service. The civil servants in those days were more directly connected with the directors than even in after years, and to interfere with their claims was to incur the certain hostility of the Court. The resentment felt by that body at the creation of the College of Fort William has already been referred to.

Another measure of Lord Wellesley which the Court deeply resented was aimed at their trade. By law the Compay had a monopoly of the trade to India, but their ships were insufficient to carry all the commodities offered for transport, and Lord Wellesley took upon himself to grant licenses to private traders and shippers to take up ships for the transport of cargo to England. The measure in no way injured or even affected the interests of the Company, all of whose ships continued to receive cargoes to the full extent of their capacity ; but the Court saw in this a first step towards the abolition of the Company's monopoly, which might be used against them by powerful interests at home. Their fears were shared by the English shipbuilders, because the ships thus employed were built in India, and the Governor-General's proceedings were assailed at the India House in language, the reports of which reaching his ears tended more than anything else to increase the feeling of ill-will which now animated both sides. Lord Wellesley's remonstrance to the Prime Minister produced, however, the desired effect ; Lord Castlereagh, who had lately succeeded to the Board of Control, put his veto on a violent despatch which the India House had proposed to send to India, and substituted one, which the directors were induced to approve, in which, while former causes of disagreement were referred to, his great services were recognised in adequate terms, and he was asked to continue in office for another year, ' to perfect the retrenchments of which their affairs in India were now susceptible consequent on the pacification of the country, and to make arrangements, under the instructions which he would soon receive, for the progressive liquidation of the Indian debt.' This despatch crossed one from Lord Wellesley, announcing that, in consequence of the critical state of affairs in the Mahratta Empire, he had determined to defer his retirement until he had assured the pacification of India ; but the receipt of this conciliatory letter, and the assurance of support from the King's Government, acted as a timely cordial for the Governor-General's wounded

spirit. His remaining term of office, however, instead of being devoted to the reduction of expenditure and the liquidation of debt, was occupied in dealing with the greatest crisis in which the English had ever been involved since they first set foot there, and which ended in the complete transformation of the political condition of India.

The great Mahratta Empire, which had risen on the ruins of the Mogul dynasty, had overspread, either by direct conquest or by an elastic claim to tribute, all that part of India which did not belong to the English or was not under their protection, and of all the calamities undergone by that afflicted country the supremacy of the Mahrattas has probably been the greatest. The Mogul emperors were often cruel, and their courts were uniformly the scene of treachery and intrigue; but many of them were, at any rate as to culture and education, above the level of their surroundings, and some of them showed a real desire to benefit the condition of the people over whom they ruled. Their wars were for the most part undertaken against rebels and usurpers, to keep what they had got; and India in their time enjoyed frequent periods of peace and prosperity, during which the monarchs found leisure to adorn their capitals with the splendid monuments which still attest their taste and splendour. The Mahrattas were essentially barbarians, whose armies were a rabble, and their cities a mere congeries of squalid huts; the track of their conquering path was marked by burning houses and desolated fields; under their rule the state of India suffered a marked decline, and the ravages they committed are still apparent in wasted plains and ruined cities. The political structure of the Mahratta Empire, rapidly created, rapidly underwent the usual course of degeneracy. Founded by the craft and enterprise of one man, the Prime Minister in the third generation usurped the reins of government; the royal family was relegated to obscurity; and the Peishwa, as the minister was termed, succeeded in making his rank hereditary, and became the recognised head of the empire. On this revolution followed soon the usual disintegration which is the fate of absolute monarchies in the East; the first step being that the different provincial commanders, to whom are assigned the revenues of the provinces which they occupy as payment for their troops, establish their independence of the central government. In the case of the Mahrattas these different states now formed a confederacy, the members of which, although ready to unite for overrunning any other part of India, were engaged in constant wars among themselves. The chief of these were: 1. Scindia, whose territories extended from the Deccan to the Himalaya, including the imperial city of Delhi, which carried with it the possession of the Mogul emperor, who, although a blinded captive and treated with ignominy, was yet regarded with a sort of veneration strangely contrasting with the actual treatment he received. 2. Holkar, ruler of Malwa. 3. The ruler of Berar, whose possessions, including the present province of Cuttack, extended to the Bay of Bengal. 4. The ruler of Baroda, known as the Guicwar, occupying a part of Guzerat. These chieftains owed a nominal allegiance to the Peishwa, whose own territories comprised, to speak roughly, the country now known as the Bombay Presidency. All were men of low extraction, whose fathers had risen to power in a time of general anarchy by mere force of courage and intrigue. Some twenty years before this time the English and Mahrattas had gone to war, which had an indecisive issue, but which left little bad feeling on either side, and since then the two powers had remained on friendly terms. The Mahrattas had even co-operated with us in the first war against Tippoo, and a treaty had been made for securing their co-operation in the second, the terms of which however were evaded. And indeed the Peishwa was too fully occupied in endeavouring to maintain himself at the head of the confederacy to be able to take any longer an active share in foreign politics. Seeing his condition, the Governor-General pressed his good offices, proposing a friendly treaty, the purport of which should be to maintain the Peishwa secure on his throne by means of a subsidiary British force, and the security now enjoyed by the Nizam from dangers both within and without was cited as showing the advantage that would accrue from such an arrangement. The Peishwa, however, remained deaf to these proposals, till driven at last to seek the help of the English under stress of revolution. Scindia and Holkar, rivals for the first place in the Mahratta Empire, were contending for the right of occupying the Peishwa's capital, and defending, or in other words controlling, his person. The Peishwa declared himself in favour of Scindia, but Holkar coming down with a large army, a battle was fought between the two chieftains, in which Holkar was victorious, and the Peishwa, dreading the consequences of falling into his power, fled from Poona and sought an asylum in British territory. The authorities at Bombay, who had received Lord Wellesley's instructions for

dealing with such a contingency, now again pressed the scheme of a subsidiary British force on the Peishwa, who, seeing in this the only means of recovering his dominions, now readily embraced the proposal, and the famous Treaty of Bassein was executed, whereby the British Government covenanted to place a subsidiary force at the Peishwa's capital for his protection, to pay the cost of which certain territories were ceded to the Company. This treaty concluded, the regiments designated to form the first relief of the new garrison were told off to march to Poona and replace the Peishwa on his throne, and Lord Wellesley reported to the Home Government that by this act of diplomacy the peace of India and the pervading influence of the English throughout the peninsula would now be effectually secured. Only one independent state had remained in India after the downfall of Tippoo, and the head of this power was henceforward to be maintained on his throne by British bayonets, the English, his firm friends, protecting him against his rebellious feudatories.

And at first it seemed as if the great measure would be carried out peacefully, for Holkar, who had been left in possession of the field, retreated suddenly on the approach of the English troops, who reached Poona just in time to prevent him from burning and plundering it. But the defeated Scindia halted his army at a short distance from the Mahratta capital, and awaiting the arrival of the Berar Rajah, who now began to march towards him, remained sulkily watching the position. Lord Wellesley could not at first think that these two chieftains really intended hostilities. The Peishwa, as the head of the Mahratta confederation, had an undoubted right to make a treaty with the English by which the independence and possessions of the other Mahratta princes were not touched. But the treaty put an end to all prospect of their aggrandisement at the Peishwa's expense, and the vexation occasioned to them by it was no more than might reasonably have been expected. Lord Wellesley however for some time was sanguine that the affair would end peacefully. But as soon as the prospect of war forced itself on his attention, his mind conceived a scheme of operations as remarkable for its boldness as for the completeness with which it was actually carried out, and for the benefit which accrued from it to the people of India. He determined, if Scindia and the Berar Rajah should continue in their hostile attitude, to attack them at all points, and to extend the British possessions over the whole theatre of the war. Of the soundness of this strategy there can be no question. In European warfare the safest plan will usually be to concentrate your forces, and to overpower the enemy by superior strength at some vital point. But in India, where, from the difficulty of moving European troops and their heavy baggage with celerity, it may often be difficult to close with the adversary, especially if he be a Mahratta, whose strength lies in his numerous cavalry, an attack on a variety of points is the readiest plan, since it tends to bewilder and prevent him from attempting any offensive combinations in reply. And in the present case the nature of the war involved that it should be carried out by a number of what were in effect independent campaigns, the armies operating in which were separated from each other by many hundreds of miles, advancing from different bases, and communication between which occupied many days. Five principal campaigns were accordingly prescribed. On the extreme East a column from Bengal was to invade and occupy the maritime province of Orissa, belonging to the kingdom of Berar. On the extreme West Scindia's possessions in Guzerat were to be conquered by a force operating from Bombay, the Guicwar meanwhile remaining friendly, and having already executed a treaty with us, which secured his possessions by a subsidiary force. Bundelcund, which, although already ceded by the Peishwa, had yet to be taken possession of, was to be occupied by a force setting out from Allahabad. The Commander-in-Chief in Bengal advancing from Cawnpoor, was to attack the armies of Scindia, which, drilled and commanded by French officers, occupied the upper part of the Doab, holding possession of Delhi and Agra and the provinces immediately surrounding the capitals of the Moguls. Lastly, a force detached from the Madras army, supplemented by the garrison stationed at Hyderabad, was to attack the main armies of Scindia and the Berar Rajah, which still remained in hostile attitude on the borders of the Peishwa's dominions, threatening Poona. The combination was thus on a great scale, and the manner of giving effect to it was illustrated by the exhibition of all the Governor-General's great qualities for command. Naturally and during the greater part of his life an indolent man, Lord Wellesley thoughout his Indian administration displayed an extraordinary degree of industry. No trouble was too great; in correspondence with the authorities at home it seemed as if he would bear them down by bulk of words alone. The despatch in which he defends his foundation of the College of Fort William contains a hundred and forty-

one paragraphs. A single despatch on Mahratta affairs occupies two hundred closely printed octavo pages. On this occasion he brought even a higher ability and a greater energy than he had hitherto exhibited to the mastery of the crisis, and all that capacity for taking trouble which has always distinguished the masters in the art of war, and which is a notable attribute of real genius. And of these labours his despatches remain an imperishable record. Each of the persons concerned in carrying out the great combination, the governors of the subordinate presidencies, the diplomatic agents at the different native courts, and the commanders of the various armies—each receives his definite instructions providing for every conceivable contingency—instructions which, while explaining beyond possibility of misconception the Governor-General's plans and intentions, yet give to each commander abundant latitude to act according to the exigency in which he may find himself placed. Above all, while thus minutely prescribing the lines of political action, Lord Wellesley is careful to abstain from interference with the purely military operations of his generals, in this, as in so many other ways, exhibiting his great capacity for ruling, and affording an example worthy of imitation by English statesmen for all time. These orders given, and the whole resources of the State applied to second the efforts of the generals and keep their armies supplied, the Governor-General calmly awaited the issue of his combinations. His busy pen, we may add, was wielded by a staff of the ablest of the young civil servants, whom, with characteristic penetration, he had collected into what was termed the Governor-General's Office, all of whom, trained in the best school India has ever afforded, rose afterwards to distinction, and all of whom ever after retained the feelings of affectionate admiration they then imbibed for their imperious but kind and magnanimous master. Far into the night, on one memorable occasion, these young scribes plied their pens, Lord Wellesley pacing the room, dictating to each in turn the last series of the despatches on which the great issue depended; then, when the work was done, he dismissed them to the banquet set out in an adjacent hall, where the enthusiastic youngsters, one of whom was himself destined to be Governor-General hereafter, sat till late morning toasting the king and the country and the generals and the army, and above all their glorious chief.

Of the different operations now planned, by far the most important were the two to be undertaken in the Doab and the Deccan. And circumstances had singularly favoured the Governor-General in the agents at his disposal for carrying them out. The Commander-in-Chief of the Bengal Army, General Lake, who had lately succeeded to the office, although past middle age, was still as remarkable for his vigour of body as for his personal courage; and while a good deal imbued with the pedantry of his profession, and a stickler for the eccentricities in dress which, if only ridiculous in colder climates, were often death-bearing in India, was extraordinarily popular with both officers and men. Of the other commander it is sufficient to say that he was Major-General Wellesley. It must always remain a nice point how far the Governor-General's patronage of his brother was due to personal regard, and how far to his having anticipated the discovery of his brother's genius; but the presence of the conqueror of Assye on the scene was in fact entirely accidental. When first Lord Wellesley formed the design of an expedition to the Mauritius, he appointed his brother to the command of it, and Colonel Wellesley was occupied for some months at Trincomalee, in Ceylon, in the organisation of the transport service. Eventually, as has been stated, the destination of this force was changed from the Mauritius to Egypt, and Wellesley was superseded in the command by General Baird. The Governor-General gave as his reason for this supersession the augmentation of the force, and the consequent necessity for placing an officer of higher rank in command, for his brother was still only a colonel; but it seems probable that he also wished to make Baird some amends for a previous slight. Baird, it may be remembered, led the storm of Seringapatam, and in ordinary course was entitled to succeed to the post of governor of the fortress on its capture. But General Harris, acting on a request sent him by Baird the evening after the assault, that he and his stormers might be relieved —meaning, no doubt, temporary relief only —had sent Colonel Wellesley into the fortress to take permanent charge of it, a supersession which Baird bitterly resented. When the expedition to Egypt was talked about, Baird, who continued to brood over what he considered, and with apparent reason, to be the ill-treatment he had received, went to Calcutta and sought an interview with the Governor-General, and it was probably in consequence of the gallant veteran's representations of the injustice done him on that occasion that the Governor-General now in turn superseded his brother in his favour, appointing the latter to continue attached to the expedition as second in com-

mand. Wellesley, like a good soldier, cheerfully applied himself to pushing on the business of the expedition, but was attacked with fever just as it was about to start from Bombay, and so was left behind. Writing to his brother Henry, who had lately surrendered his appointment as private secretary, and returned to England, he laments the case as 'the most unfortunate' for himself

'in every way that could have occurred. I was at the top of the tree in this country; the governments of Fort St. George and Bombay, which I had served, placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received from both strong and repeated marks of their approbation. . . But this supersession has ruined all my prospects. . . . My supersession must have been occasioned either by my own misconduct, or by an alteration of the sentiments of the Governor-General. I have not been guilty of robbery or murder, and he has certainly changed his mind; but the world, which is always good-natured towards those whose affairs do not exactly prosper, will not, or rather does not, fail to suspect that both, or worse, have been the occasion of my being banished, like General Kray, to my estate in Hungary. I did not look, and did not wish, for the appointment which was given me, and I say that it would probably have been more proper to have given it to somebody else; but when it was given to me, it would have been fair to allow me to hold it till I did something to deserve to lose it.'

This letter, written by a man who was hereafter to become the foremost person in Europe, is, we think, now one of extraordinary interest; while, to say nothing of the obvious moral to be drawn from it, it shows in a strong light the relations between the Governor-General and his brothers, and the awe with which he was then regarded by them; for it is evident that Lord Wellesley had not thought it necessary to vouchsafe Colonel Wellesley any private explanation of his motives in the matter. As it happened, this was the turning point in Arthur Wellesley's career. Left behind at Bombay, he reverted to his substantive appointment as Resident of Mysore, and when, in a few months later, affairs in the Mahratta country became threatening, he was ordered to take command of the field force assembled on the frontier. The choice was amply justified by his antecedents, for, shortly after the conquest of Mysore, Colonel Wellesley had gained great credit when sent into these districts to put down a rather formidable rebellion got up by one Dhoondhia. This worthy, a noted cut-throat and robber, who had been imprisoned by Tippoo, took advantage of the storm of Seringapatam to escape, and, setting up again on his own account under the modest title of the King of the Two Worlds, soon collected a gathering of freebooters, who, in the then distracted state of India, were always forthcoming on the chance of plunder. He was surprised at last by Colonel Wellesley, after a great deal of forced marching, and killed, and his gang broken up, and Colonel Wellesley gained a reputation not only for his skill and energy in effecting his mission, but also for the remarkable way in which, a young officer of a British regiment, but lately arrived in India and ignorant of the language, he succeeded in gaining the confidence of the people in whose country his operations were conducted. This popularity stood him in good stead in the campaign he was now entering on, enabling him to secure abundant supplies for his army in a season of scarcity. Wellesley, who had not long before been promoted to Major-General in a general brevet, commanded the force which reinstated the Peishwa at Poona, by his rapid advance saving that city from being sacked by Holkar; and with his detachment, supplemented by the subsidiary force from Hyderabad, he now stood confronting the allied armies of Scindia and the Rajah of Berar; and to him, as being immediately opposed to the ruling chieftains themselves and their principal armies, the Governor-General committed the full powers of supreme arbitrament between peace and war. He was to endeavour to gain a peaceful solution of the difficulty if possible; the other British armies were to await the news of his declaring war before commencing hostilities. General Wellesley, under these instructions, made a reasonable proposal to the confederated leaders. Both sides should retire the same distance within their respective territories. To these demands uncertain replies were returned. It has never been clear what was the distinct purpose the Mahratta leaders had in view. It is very probable that they had no definite aim, but that their attitude was an ebullition of ill-temper. General Wellesley, however, was determined that the negotiation should not be protracted until the termination of the rainy season, when the fall of the rivers would render them fordable for the Mahratta cavalry, in which arm they had a great superiority; and, pressing for a definite reply, he at last received the counter-proposition that he should retire several hundred miles, leaving them where they were. Hereupon he recalled the English envoy from their camp, and declared war. On the news of this reaching the other English commanders, the invasion of the Mahratta territories began at all points according to the prearranged plan.

The Mahrattas, having thus drifted into war, displayed in the conduct of it neither skill nor energy. In earlier days their horsemen would have swarmed over the country, cutting off supplies and trying to wear out their more slowly moving antagonists. But their trust was now in the battalions of infantry, drilled by French adventurers in imitation of the English Sepoys, and in the numerous artillery they had lately organised, and the armies opposed to General Wellesley, instead of dispersing, kept together, but practising no other tactics than to elude their opponent, who, after first carrying by assault the important fortress of Ahmednuggur, went in pursuit of them. The heat was great, the difficulty of obtaining supplies considerable, and for a few weeks General Wellesley could not succeed in closing with them ; but on the evening of September 23, 1803, a day ever memorable in Indian annals, he came upon their united armies, drawn up in front of the village of Assye. Colonel Stephenson's column from Hyderabad, which formed the larger half of his command, was still a day's march off, having been detached to head the enemy from taking a certain route, and he had with him only about 4,500 men, including two weak battalions of British infantry, the 74th and 78th Regiments, and the 19th Light Dragoons. The enemy had about 10,000 disciplined infantry in line, with a hundred guns, besides irregular troops and a swarm of between 30,000 and 40,000 cavalry. But obeying the instinct which in India will seldom be wrong, always to attack the enemy when and where you find him, and apprehensive that if he waited for Stephenson's arrival next morning the Mahrattas would make off during the night, General Wellesley ordered an immediate advance. The Mahratta guns were well served, and made such havoc among the draught bullocks as immediately disabled the English artillery, and the infantry advanced across the bare plain under the full fire of the Mahratta batteries, the brunt of it falling on the advanced piquets of Sepoys on the right of the line and the 74th Regiment immediately in their rear ; and never has British infantry shown greater resolution than did the 74th in this desperate fight. Eleven officers of the regiment were killed on the field, and four hundred men, or about two-thirds of its strength, were killed or wounded, almost all by artillery fire ; but the small remnant continued to advance, and admirably supported by the Sepoy battalions, who suffered heavily and showed great resolution, carried the enemy's position. A rally was attempted, which was defeated by the cavalry, and at last the enemy broke and fled, leaving almost all their guns on the field. The cavalry, which had got into action early and had been severely handled, was too much broken to pursue. Altogether the English loss was nearly 1,600 out of about 4,500 engaged ; the general had two horses killed under him. More than a hundred of the enemy's guns were taken, and their army was rendered unfit for further enterprise during the rest of the campaign. One point, however, came out very strongly from the battle of Assye, that Indian warfare had entered on a new phase. The time had gone by when a handful of Sepoys, led by European officers, could put to flight vast armies of Indians, suffering themselves scarcely any loss. Victory might still be purchased under great disparity of numbers, but the cost must be proportionate. The native powers had learned to use our arts. It is certain that Lord Wellesley did not anticipate the hard fighting and heavy loss which distinguished this Mahratta war, and, had General Wellesley foreseen the critical nature of the battle, he would probably have waited the arrival of Stephenson's reinforcement. And with a less resolute commander the issue of the day might have been different. The same thing may, however, be said regarding most of our great Indian battles ; we have always underrated the fighting power of the enemy, as notably in the case of the Sikhs till undeceived in the Sutlej war, and there again the fate of India hung in the balance, and defeat meant ruin.

The army under General Lake, destined to operate in the north of India, contained what would now be deemed an unduly small proportion of foot to horse. He had with him three regiments of British cavalry, and only one battalion of British infantry, the 76th Foot, to supplement his native troops, consisting of five regiments of cavalry and eleven battalions of Sepoys, the whole organised in three divisions, with forty-three field guns of sorts. Altogether this army contained about 10,500 fighting men, but it is estimated that these were attended by nearly 100,000 camp followers. It took the field early in August, at almost the hottest season of the year, and when Europeans, after the long summer and sultry rains, are generally most liable to sickness and least able to endure fatigue, but the whole force animated nevertheless with the highest spirits. This part of Scindia's dominions was entrusted to the administration of General Perron, the French commander of the army of occupation. On August 29, three days after receiving news of the outbreak of war,

Lake crossed the frontier at Alighur, and, driving off the enemy who showed in his front, found himself before that place. The fort of Alighur, erected by Perron, had a bastion traced on the approved principles of the day ; it was surrounded by a deep wet ditch, rendering escalade impossible. The army was unprovided with a siege train, nor was the delay which a regular attack would involve to be thought of. Yet to advance, leaving this strong place with a large garrison in rear, was a dangerous alternative. A way out of the difficulty however presented itself. A narrow causeway ran across the ditch, leading through some outworks into the fort. This had probably not yet been blocked up, and offered the chance of capture by a *coup de main*. An assault was made on the morning of September 4. The battery which covered the causeway being first carried, the troops made their way along the circuitous passage, exposed in their advance to a heavy fire from the surrounding works, and, blowing open in succession two gates which blocked the way, with a field gun dragged up for the purpose, gained at last the main rampart and carried it by storm. The brunt of this gallant action was borne by the 76th, who led the assault, and lost five officers killed out of a total of six who fell on the occasion. This brilliant feat of arms established the prestige of the invading army ; M. Perron came into camp and gave himself up, and Lake advanced up the Doab, meeting with no resistance except from the Mahratta cavalry, till he came within sight of the imperial city of Delhi. There, almost on the same ground as was half a century later the scene of the first battle between the mutinous Bengal army and the handful of British troops opposed to them, Scindia's army was drawn up to meet him, with M. Bourquin, who had succeeded Perron, in the chief command. The Mahratta force comprised sixteen battalions of infantry, so that in this branch the disparity was not great ; but the British advance was made in face of a very heavy artillery fire causing great loss, the brunt of which was again borne by the 76th. The victory however was complete. The enemy, their position carried at the point of the bayonet, fled in rout, leaving nearly seventy guns on the field ; the remaining French officers came in and gave themselves up, and General Lake, encountering no further opposition, occupied the capital of the Moguls, to find the aged Emperor, the same who had granted the government of Bengal to Clive thirty years before, and who had since been barbarously blinded, living a poverty-stricken prisoner in his palace. Probably no event of the war more enhanced the reputation of the English, than that the care of the Emperor's person should have devolved on them, while, with the change of masters, the aged monarch obtained a partial restoration of his grandeur. The English general paid him all the respect which the traditionary feeling of the country required, and Lord Wellesley, addressing him by letter in the complimentary language of which he was a master, congratulated him on gaining his liberty. Mill finds fault with the Governor-General for not restoring to the Emperor some part of his dominions ; but the imperial family had long lost the art of governing, and unless maintained by British bayonets, the pageant of a revived empire would surely have been short-lived. In settling a handsome pension on the Emperor and his descendants, which enabled them to occupy the great palace with some degree of magnificence, and placing the territory round Delhi under his control, subject to the supervision of British officials, and directing that the Emperor should be treated with extraordinary respect, the Governor-General seems to have done the utmost that was practicable under the circumstances. For many years afterwards, it may be mentioned, the Company stamped all their coinage in his name, and until the great rebellion the titular Emperor was treated with extreme, not to say extravagant respect, by all classes of British officials.

Leaving a small garrison in Delhi, Lake now marched down the right bank of the Jumna, to lay siege to the fortress of Agra. The enemy were driven off from the position they occupied before the walls in a smart skirmish, in which the General was careful to spare his handful of Europeans, and after a few days the garrison, awed by his successes, capitulated. While these operations were going on, another large Mahratta force, under a Frenchman named Dudernaig, consisting of fifteen battalions of foot with a powerful artillery, was approaching from the southward. The Mahrattas, indeed, had throughout shown a complete want of military ability, for had the different armies which Lake encountered and overcame in detail been concentrated in the first instance, his small force must have been quite unequal to the task. But an enemy in India may always be credited with making blunders, and if Indian warfare had been conducted on principles of caution, we should never have conquered the country. Dudernaig, following the example set by his brother officers, soon came into the British camp, but his army took up a threatening

position a few miles north-west of Agra, whither Lake, after taking that place, proceeded to attack them, and completely defeated them at Laswaree, taking more than seventy guns and effectually breaking up the army as an organised force. But the battle was the most severe which Lake had yet fought, and again the brunt of it fell on the gallant 76th, a large proportion of the remnant of that regiment being killed or wounded. The cavalry were also severely engaged; one of the two generals of division was killed, the general's son was wounded, and his own horse killed under him.

The Mahrattas had now been completely driven out of the great plain of Northern India, while simultaneously the expeditions to Cuttack, Bundelcund, and Guzerat had effected the complete subjugation of these countries with comparatively small loss; and now news arrived from General Wellesley that the enemy had sued for and been granted terms of peace. Immediately after the battle of Assye commissioners arrived in General Wellesley's camp to propose negotiations. These, however, with characteristic want of sense and honesty, they protracted from day to day on various pleas, while the general, taking one strong place after another, came one afternoon upon the enemy on the plains of Argaum, in Berar, and attacked and again completely defeated them. Compared with the battles of previous Indian wars, Argaum was a severe one, although not so desperate or critical as Assye, but it was illustrated by one remarkable incident. 'The troops,' says the general in his official report, 'conducted themselves with their usual bravery,' a commendation which, from a remark in the private letter which followed the despatch, might be thought ironical. 'What do you think,' he says, 'of nearly three entire battalions, who behaved so admirably in the battle of Assye, being broke and running off when the cannonade commenced at Argaum, which was not to be compared to that of Assye? Luckily I happened to be at no great distance from them, and I was able to rally them and establish the battle. If I had not been there, I am convinced we should have lost the day.'

Scindia and the Berar Rajah were now utterly dispirited, and, granting the powers to their commissioners which they had before withheld, sued for peace without further dissimulation, and separate treaties were executed with them by General Wellesley on behalf of his brother, containing almost precisely the same terms which the Governor-General had laid down at the outset of the war as being the objects to be sought for. The Rajah of Berar ceded Orissa, thus giving the Company a continuous coast line between Bengal and Madras, and also certain districts in the West of India, now known as Berar Proper, which were made over to the Nizam; he engaged never to employ any Frenchmen in his service, and to break off entirely from the Mahratta confederacy. By the treaty with Scindia the English retained all the conquests made by General Lake in the North of India, which, together with the cessions previously obtained from the Nawab of Oudh, make up the territory still improperly called the North-West Provinces, the great plain watered by the Ganges and its tributaries, the home of the finest races in India, the Hindustani-speaking people who furnish the bulk of our army, the most advanced and civilised part of the peninsula. Some districts in the West of India also furnished a nucleus of what is now the Bombay Presidency. A clause was of course included in the treaty excluding Frenchmen from his country, and Scindia further agreed to accept Lord Wellesley's favourite panacea for peace, of a subsidiary force of English troops. On the other hand, in the view that his power and authority should not be unduly weakened with respect to his rival Holkar, Ahmednuggur and several other strong places which had been taken during the war were restored to him. It was an illustration of the vanity of attempting to control Indian politics from England, at a time when letters from India took a year to answer, that, just after these treaties were concluded, despatches were received from the Court of Directors deprecating the policy of active interference with Mahratta affairs involved in the Treaty of Bassein, and urging that the treaty should be cancelled, and the Peishwa abandoned to his own resources. And when the news of these great events reached England, the results were but coldly acknowledged: the directors, and even the Ministry, still clung to the idea of a policy of neutrality, and keeping within our own frontiers until attacked. For the immediate consequence of these successes had been the absorption of the Company's investment to provide for the expenses of the war, which also of course more than absorbed in the first instance the increase of revenue derived from the extension of dominion, and the Company had not yet thoroughly realised their conversion through force of circumstances from traders into monarchs, and still sighed after their trade balances. The approbation of the Ministry also was of a very qualified nature, and Lord Wellesley's friends in the Cabinet

were much exercised in their desire to support him against the rancorous hostility of the Court of Directors, without committing themselves to distinct approval of his measures of annexation. Their sentiments were embodied in a long and very carefully written minute by Lord Castlereagh, in which, while the decided opinion is expressed that no contravention had been committed of the Act of Parliament which prohibited aggressive hostilities by the Government of India against native states, inasmuch as the late war had been distinctly brought about by the threatening attitude of the Mahratta chieftains, a strong recommendation is added against annexation or active interference in Mahratta affairs, and for maintaining a purely defensive attitude within the Company's territories. These instructions, however, reached India after the treaties of peace had already been concluded with those powers, and were valueless except as a record of opinion formed on an incomplete and imperfect knowledge of the facts. An exhaustive and convincing refutation of the argument contained in Lord Castlereagh's minute was supplied in a memorandum by Major-General Wellesley — whose moderation and forbearance in dealing with his Indian opponents were as conspicuous as his genius in conquering them in the field— lately published in the supplementary Wellington Despatches, and which will be found also in Mr. Sidney Owen's volume. But whatever might be the view entertained on the merits of the policy which led to the war, there could be but one opinion as to the manner in which it had been brought to a successful conclusion, and a generous recognition of this was not withheld, although delayed for some time by the political crisis which ended in the return of Mr. Pitt to office. General Lake was raised to the peerage ; General Wellesley received an extra riband of the Bath, in those days a considerable distinction ; Lord Clive, whose cordial co-operation in all measures of his administration has been warmly eulogised by the Governor-General, was raised to an earldom ; some special mark of the King's favour for the Governor-General himself was reserved only till the settlement of the affairs of India should be concluded on the new basis established by the peace. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted at the same time to the Governor-General, the Governors, the generals, and the army, for their services in the war. Similar votes were passed by the Courts of Directors and Proprietors of the Company, a reservation, however, being added in the separate vote to the Governor-General that, in the absence of definite information on those points, a judgment was withheld on the origin and policy of the war, and Lord Wellesley accordingly declined to publish the resolution in India. To have made known these sentiments of his masters, he said in reply, would have been to cast doubt and unstability on every arrangement which had been made, to expose to hazard the permanency of all treaties of peace which had just been concluded, and to throw the politics of the country into confusion.

Meanwhile, in India itself, as post after post during the war brought news from different parts of the country of the victories which followed each other in almost daily succession, now a great battle won, now a strong fort carried by assault, now a great territory conquered, and as successive issues of extraordinary Gazettes announced these brilliant exploits, with the acknowledgments and thanks of the Governor-General conveyed in generous and appreciative, if somewhat stilted language, the enthusiasm of the European community and the public services rose to the highest pitch, while the great statesman whose guiding hand had directed the splendid combinations that had been so completely accomplished, became the object of their unbounded admiration. Even General Lake began unconsciously to imitate the Governor-General's mode of writing, and to make blundering attempts to reproduce his ornate style. Nothing indeed shows the degree of Lord Wellesley's influence in a more striking light than the respectful affection which the old general, so rough to others, displays in every line of his correspondence with his considerate but imperious chief ; and when on one occasion General Lake ventures to put forward an opinion of his own on a point not immediately within his cognisance, the Governor-General, although perfectly courteous, rejoins in such terms as bring the old general to his feet at once. Nor was it merely glory on which the services were fed. The large augmentations of the army had brought great promotion to the military. The administration of the conquered countries still further extended the demand for civil officers. The British India which we know now dates from this time. Except in the direction of Burmah and the Punjab, our frontier has extended but little since then ; the principal military cantonments are many of them the same as those in which the troops of Lake and Wellesley settled down for the summer after their campaign. The native army in Lord Wellesley's time was actually larger than it is at the present day. The number of European

troops serving in India was almost as great as at any time afterwards until the mutiny, fifty years later. The force which was deemed necessary to maintain the balance of power proved also large enough to maintain peace throughout the country when English supremacy had been established.

And it seemed as if the time for lasting peace had now arrived, and that a condition of equilibrium in Indian politics had at last been established. The power of the two great disturbers of the public peace had been effectually subdued. The south of India was in that state of profound repose which has never been disturbed since the capture of Seringapatam ; the Peishwa and the Nizam were satisfied to enjoy possession of their dominions under British protection ; and the whole energy of the Government was in course of application to the settlement of our new possessions, when suddenly the general peace was disturbed from an unexpected quarter. Holkar alone of the Mahratta chiefs had been unaffected by the war. Jealousy of his old rival Scindia had kept him from joining the combination against the English, and during the war he had remained in a state of sulky isolation from both sides. Yet now, when the superiority of the British had been so completely exhibited, and their armies were set at liberty for any further operations, Holkar, with that whimsical perverseness which is characteristic of Indian statesmen—if such a name can be given to the holders of power —suddenly provoked hostilities by pillaging the country of our ally the Rajpoot Prince of Jeypoor, to rescue whom from Mahratta oppression had been one of the objects of the war, and sending an insulting letter of menace to General Lake. The hot season was advancing, and the English army, fatigued by its long-continued exertions, sorely needed repose ; but Lord Wellesley ordered that this outbreak should at once be suppressed, and Lake moved towards Central India to beat up Holkar's camp. The latter however constantly retired, and Lake at last decided to withdraw his army into summer quarters, and accordingly, leaving a force of five native battalions with some levies of native cavalry, under Colonel Monson, to watch Holkar's proceedings and hold him in check, marched back with the rest of his troops to Agra, the European troops suffering heavy losses from the intense heat on the way. This arrangement was opposed to the wish of the Governor-General, who thought that any force left to act independently at a distance from support should contain a nucleus of Europeans ; but Lake was averse to further exposure of British troops at this season. The event justified Lord Wellesley's judgment. Colonel Monson, who had led the 76th throughout the campaign, and greatly distinguished himself by his personal gallantry at the capture of Alighur and on many other occasions, was yet deficient in the resolution and decision needed for an independent commander, while his arrangements for supplies were altogether insufficient. First he advanced considerably beyond the point at which he had been left by the Commander-in-Chief, in expectation of meeting with a force which was operating from the south. Disappointed in getting no tidings of this force, he received news that Holkar with a large army was in front of him. Under this condition two courses were open— the one to continue his advance towards the British stations in the Deccan, driving back the enemy, if he should venture to bar the way ; the other to take up a position in one of the neighbouring towns, and await relief. Monson, however, after some days spent in vacillating tactics, decided to fall back, a course never pursued by British troops in the East without disaster. The whole country rose upon him ; the native mounted levies went over to the enemy ; the petty chieftains through whose lands the line of retreat lay closed the gates of their forts against the retiring force ; supplies failed ; the rivers, now swollen by the rains, were crossed only after great delay and difficulty, under harassing attacks from the enemy, who gained audacity as the English force lost heart and solidity. For some time discipline was maintained, and the enemy venturing to approach too close, the retreating force more than once turned and repulsed them with spirit ; but as provisions failed, and the guns and baggage had to be abandoned, and the small band of European officers dwindled away, the retreat became a rout ; and eventually, on the fifty-fifth day after the fatal retreat began, the remnant of the force reached Agra, a disorderly and scattered band of fugitives, without any remains of military coherence or organisation. The Governor-General on hearing the news magnanimously refrained from blaming the Commander-in-Chief for his faulty dispositions, or Monson, whose gallantry had never been more conspicuous than during this unhappy retreat ; but contented himself with urging the immediate adoption of vigorous measures to retrieve the disaster, and Lake now took the field with all his available troops. But by this time Holkar was at the head of a large army. India swarmed with soldiers who had been thrown out of employment by the peace and the reduction of

the armies of the other Mahratta powers. These flocked to Holkar's standard, while guns seemed to rise out of the earth. And this blow to the English arms, the magnitude of which was not diminished by rumour, agitated the whole of India. Scindia and the Rajah of Berar began to hope for the recovery of their ceded possessions; the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, a Jat prince on the south of the Jumna, who had little to expect from the success of those scourges of India, and who had displayed at first extreme satisfaction at being relieved from Mahratta domination, gave signs of hostility. It was all important to suppress Holkar at once.

His army had advanced from Central India as if he intended an irruption into the Doab, but on Lake advancing he retired up the right bank of the Jumna, and, plundering the venerable city of Muttra, continued his march towards Delhi, hoping to surprise it and possess himself of the Emperor's person. The small garrison of this great city however made a gallant defence, and Holkar, obliged on the approach of Lake's force to raise the siege, crossed the Jumna above the city, and started on a Mahratta maraud through the Doab. Lake, determined to beat him at his own weapons, leaving the bulk of his infantry and camp equipage under his second in command, started off with his cavalry and a few light troops in pursuit. He first got news of the enemy at Seharunpoor, where Holkar had tried to plunder the town, but was beaten off by a battalion of Sepoys which occupied it. Foiled in this, Holkar wanted to cross the Ganges into the fertile province of Rohilcund. But his active pursuer did not allow him time for the passage of the great river, and he was fain to continue his course down the Doab on the right bank of the Ganges, plundering and harrying as he went, the English force, two days' march behind, following on the track of burning villages. At last, one evening after a day's march of over twenty miles, Lake got news that Holkar was encamped close to the town and English cantonment of Futtehghur, thirty-six miles distant. He would probably stop for the night in order to attack that place next day; and so Lake, leaving his camp standing, started again at nightfall with his cavalry to surprise the enemy, the troops, as they mounted their horses, receiving the inspiriting news that a decisive victory had been gained over the main body of Holkar's army by the infantry which had been left behind. Just as day dawned the head of the advancing column came upon the enemy's camp, and Holkar's troopers, sleeping by their horses, were awakened by a shower of grape. The surprise was complete; the Mahrattas had been beaten at their own game. Holkar was the first to fly; the English pursued for more than ten miles, cutting up great numbers of the flying enemy with but trifling loss to themselves, and only halted at last from sheer exhaustion, having marched more than seventy miles in the twenty-four hours. The remnant of the Mahrattas escaped in fugitive bands across the Jumna, and Lake's vigour effectually put an end to all offensive movements of the enemy.

The battle already referred to, fought on November 13, 1804, was also a decisive blow at Holkar's power. General Fraser, left in command of the army during Lake's expedition, had marched to beat up Holkar's force, and, finding it drawn up under the walls of Deeg, attacked and defeated it, capturing nearly ninety guns. The battle was not won without considerable loss, the 76th Foot as usual bearing the brunt of the action, and the gallant commander was mortally wounded. The victory would have been still more decisive if Monson, who succeeded to the command when General Fraser fell, instead of pursuing the beaten enemy, had not fallen back a day or two later, on the plea of protecting a convoy of provisions expected from Agra, which, however, would have been equally well guarded by sending back a detachment. 'It is extraordinary,' writes Lake to the Governor-General, 'that a man brave as a lion should have no judgment or reflection.'

And now a fresh complication occurred. The city of Deeg, before which the battle was fought, and which belonged to the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, had both fired on our troops and opened its gates to the fugitives from Holkar's beaten army, and a correspondence between the Rajah and the enemy had been intercepted, which showed them to be in active alliance. Lord Wellesley now determined that the former should be punished in consequence, and gave orders for the reduction of Deeg and Bhurtpoor. Accordingly, General Lake, on reassuming the command of the united army, proceeded to attack Deeg, and, having in a few days battered a breach in the wall, carried it by assault on Christmas Eve of 1804, with a loss of about 220 killed and wounded. After this highly successful operation Lake moved off for the reduction of Bhurtpoor, only a few miles distant, and the British army took up its position before that place on January 2, 1805. The great extent of the city rendered anything like complete investment impossible, and the army was very

deficient in the means for undertaking a regular siege, but it was expected that the tactics found so effective at Agra, Alighur, and Deeg, would be equally successful here. No attempt was made to construct regular approaches, but on the morning of January 7, 1805, fire was opened from the first breaching battery on the broad and lofty mud wall which surrounded the city, and on the afternoon of the 9th, a breach being reported practicable, an assault was at once ordered. Such a feat of arms must depend for success, among other things, on the practicability of the breach. No measures, however, had been taken on this occasion to ascertain its exact condition, and there was really no available passage for a body of troops. The attacking columns, moving over a wide expanse of broken ground, were received with a destructive fire, and fell into confusion, while all the columns but one were stopped by an impassable wet ditch. A few officers and men of this column succeeded in clambering up a bastion, but they were unsupported, and at nightfall the troops were withdrawn, after 450 had been killed and wounded, with a large proportion of officers—a much heavier loss than that which occurred at the capture of Seringapatam.

This was the first check Lake had suffered during the war, but, still adhering to the same bold tactics, he was sanguine of succeeding at the next attempt. Boldness in Indian warfare is true caution, but it will not achieve the impossible. Again no adequate steps were taken to ascertain the exact state of the defences ; a perfunctory examination of the breach was indeed made by three native soldiers, who galloped up to the edge of the ditch, and coming back said that both descent and ascent were easy ; but when the storming columns again sallied forth, on the 21st of January, it was found that the water in the ditch had been dammed up below the breach, and was now more than eight feet deep. Thus the columns were brought up, and exposed to a destructive fire from the walls. A few soldiers with an officer swam across and even mounted the breach ; but the commanding officer, seeing that the place could not be carried in that way, called off the remnant of his party, having suffered a loss of almost 600 killed and wounded, without inflicting any on the enemy. The 76th figured largely in the list, and even at this distance of time one reads with a pang of the remnant of this gallant regiment, which had survived so many actions, being sacrificed in this useless warfare.

The army now shifted its position, and encamped opposite another part of the walls, ostensibly with a view of finding a more accessible point of attack, probably also that the troops might not be discouraged, in advancing to the next assault, at having to pass over the corpses of their comrades still lying festering on the ground. The breaching operations were now somewhat more extended, and rough approaches pushed part way, but not wholly up to the walls. Meanwhile all India was in a ferment ; Scindia and the Rajah of Berar began to show marked signs of an intention to try conclusions again with the English ; a large body of predatory horse made an irruption into the Doab. Lake detached his cavalry in pursuit, and they were overtaken and dispersed, not before they had caused a dangerous scare, and inflicted great damage on some of the districts lately occupied by the Company's officials. Everything pointed to the need for making short work of Bhurtpoor. Lord Lake had now been reinforced by a division of the Bombay army, and his army comprised seven regiments of European infantry—it would be more proper to say the remains of seven regiments, for in those days reinforcements were long in coming from England, and eighteen months of marching and fighting had made great ravages in their ranks. The third attack was fixed for February 20, but again no proper steps were taken to insure its success. The defences were not examined to ascertain whether the breach was practicable, but the stormers were sent forward, to trust to the chapter of accidents for getting into the place somehow. The beginning did not bode well for success. Some attempts had been made a day or two before to mine under the counterscarp and blow it up. The enemy, perceiving this, sent out a sallying party to occupy the ground in front, from which our working parties were accustomed to withdraw at daybreak. This sallying party encountered the stormers advancing at dawn to occupy the sheltered ground preparatory to the attack. A skirmish ensued, and the enemy were driven back, but it was not found practicable, under fire of the ramparts, to withdraw our killed or badly wounded from the ground where they had fallen. The assault was delivered in the afternoon, as before, but the troops were out of heart at starting. A rumour that the enemy had charged our unfinished mine, and were prepared to fire it as the troops advanced, created a panic ; the sight of the helpless wounded lying since the morning on the ground over which the columns advanced still further checked their spirits ; the broken nature of the ground rendered

the execution of the orders for deployment impossible. In fact the Europeans could not be got to follow their officers. Some of the native troops did better ; the Sepoys of two regiments made a rush for the breach, and a few of them with several officers succeeded in clambering to the top, where the colours of the 12th Bengal Native Infantry were planted for a time, but the others could not or would not follow, and the officer in command at last drew off his columns. The total loss this time was nearly nine hundred, including a large proportion of officers.

Lord Lake rebuked the regiments concerned next day on parade, and called for volunteers to retrieve their reputation. In answer to this appeal the whole force to a man stepped out of the ranks. It was determined to renew the assault on the following morning, after the breach, up which a few had succeeded in climbing, should be made more easy by further battering. For the fourth assault, which took place on the 21st of February, the whole of the European troops in camp were told off, with four battalions of native infantry, and placed under the command of the brave but unlucky Monson. The attempt was gallantly made, but the breach was not really practicable. A few men, led by their officers, climbed to the summit here and there, but were all killed ; others, trying to follow, were knocked down by logs and stones hurled on them from above, and fell, carrying their comrades with them in their fall. The rest remained at the bottom or on the ground in front of the breach, a useless mob, receiving a destructive fire from the ramparts, and unable to inflict any damage in return. The device adopted at St. Sebastian eight years later, of clearing the breaches of defenders by firing from the batteries over the heads of the storming columns might have succeeded, but it was not tried ; and Monson at last withdrew his baffled force, after two hours spent, not in fighting, but in standing to be fired at. The loss, this time, amounted to nearly one thousand ; in the long list of officers killed and wounded, a conspicuous place is occupied by the small surviving remnant of the 76th.

Provisions were now scarce in camp ; the battering guns were worn out ; three thousand men had fallen. Time enough had been spent for taking the place by regular approaches, yet no progress had been made. The siege had to be converted into a blockade, and the camp was moved to a fresh spot. Lord Wellesley, on hearing of the great loss which had occurred, urgently pressed caution on the Commander-in-Chief. It was much more important, he said, not to fail than to succeed soon. Political affairs were now getting to be very disturbed. The effect of the check before Bhurtpoor was to be plainly seen in the conduct of the two Mahratta chiefs whose power had been so completely humbled the previous year. Scindia had collected an army, avowedly to co-operate with the English, but evidently ready to attack us if things should go badly, and in the meantime it took a line of march in the contrary direction to that indicated by Lord Wellesley as the proper one to follow. His letters to the Governor-General were couched in a tone of insolence such as had never before been exhibited, and, to add to the offence, the English envoy at his court, on announcing his intention of leaving it, was placed under restraint, a tremendous violation of the laws of nations even as understood in India. At another time Lord Wellesley would have taken prompt vengeance for such an offence, but now he felt the need for restraining his pride. Not only was it necessary to keep the whole resources of the Government free for disposal of the war with Holkar and Bhurtpoor ; he had news that his successor was on the way to relieve him, and coming with views completely opposed to his own, and it behoved him to finish the war and arrange a durable pacification of the country before his successor should arrive. He was soon able to come to terms with the Rajah of Bhurtpoor. Although that prince had so far maintained the reputation of his virgin fortress, his position was far from satisfactory. He held his town, but nothing more. What part of his territory was not occupied by the British was being harried by Holkar's plundering horsemen. And there remained the prospect of the English siege being successful at last ; they showed no sign of giving up their purpose. He was therefore extremely anxious for peace, and took the opportunity of receiving news of General Lake's elevation to the peerage to send out a complimentary letter, on which peace negotiations were set going. The captured fortress of Deeg was restored to the Rajah, but the appearance of victory was afforded to the English by the Rajah agreeing to pay them a considerable sum as war indemnity ; the military prestige lost by this unfortunate attack, however, was not recovered till Bhurtpoor was besieged and taken more than twenty years afterwards.

Lord Lake was now free to turn his attention to Holkar and Scindia. The former, who was still hanging about, was followed up and driven off a fugitive to the north-west, without money, credit, or guns, aban-

doned by all but a few thousand horsemen who lived on plunder. Scindia, left face to face with Lord Lake, showed a disposition for mild counsels, and the Governor-General, accepting a qualified apology for his detention of the British envoy, and also being prepared to restore certain districts the loss of which Scindia had especially taken to heart, friendly relations were once more on the point of being established. Lord Wellesley had thus got over the only check his war measures had sustained, although not with entire success, and there only remained the suppression of Holkar to effect the final pacification of India. And everything promised the immediate realisation of this, and the complete fruition of the Governor-General's great and far-seeing policy, when the arrival of his successor destroyed all his plans. He had long before asked to be relieved of the government, and expressed his intention of leaving India as soon as a successor should arrive ; but it was also his particular desire to remain, at the cost of any personal inconvenience, until he should have settled the affairs of the country. It was, therefore, a cause of great mortification to find his successor arriving before the establishment of peace, a still greater to find that he had come to India resolved to revoke Lord Wellesley's policy, and prepare to sacrifice many of its most important parts.

The unsatisfactory state of the relations between the Governor-General and the Court of Directors has already been referred to. If he had taken no pains to conciliate them, they had treated him with extreme discourtesy ; and the Ministry, who were now engaged in carrying on the momentous struggle with Napoleon, were naturally averse to proceedings which distracted their attention from the business immediately before them, and diverted the resources of England to a distant part of the empire, and were no longer so eager as before to take his part. Twice had the Court been induced by the Government to ask Lord Wellesley to defer his return, first after the conquest of Mysore, and again in order to bring the Mahratta war to a conclusion ; but now, in dismay at the state of the Indian exchequer, the Court were once more clamorous for his supersession, and this time Pitt and Lord Castlereagh agreed that a change of rulers was expedient. Pitt, however, broke the matter to his friend in a kind and considerate letter. The feeling of hostility at the India House towards Lord Wellesley, he said, had reached a point at which it was the clear opinion of his brother (Arthur, now in England) and Lords Castlereagh and Melville, as well as of the writer, that the Governor-General would no longer have the means of carrying on the government with satisfaction to himself or advantage to the public service, and under the circumstances he would no longer resist Lord Wellesley's wishes to return home. He should not be allowed to surrender his great office without receiving some additional public mark of the cordial sense entertained by the Crown of his very transcendent public services. Pitt himself would wish him to have the blue riband, but partly from personal bias of the King, and partly from political engagements already made, this might be impossible, and in that case an English marquisate would be proposed. The Prime Minister invited him to take as distinguished a place in the administration as his talents and exertions entitled him to, and in any case looked with eagerness to the renewal in his society of all the habits of friendship and confidence from which, for so many years, the writer had derived so large a share of happiness. The recall could not have been put with greater kindness and delicacy, but the Ministry, as well as the Court of Directors, were alarmed at the state of things in India. Neither party could see what was clear to Lord Wellesley alone—that while enormous benefits would accure to India and its people from the completion of his policy, the financial difficulty it involved was of a temporary nature only. A great war must involve expense in the first instance, and could not be met from current revenue ; and unless funds were provided from special sources, a dearth of money would certainly be felt. As a matter of fact the ultimate financial result of Lord Wellesley's administration was by no means unsatisfactory ; the public debt was largely increased, but the revenue had increased in the same proportion, and was better able to bear the burden, because drawn from a wider source. Not that Lord Wellesley's management of the finances was a strong point of his administration. He was not indeed a worse financier than the men about him, but in finance he did not tower above them as in politics and administration. In truth, sound financial government was almost incompatible with the continuance of the Company's double functions of governors and traders, and until within the last few years the old leaven of the commercial bookkeeping with which the Company started business still continued to cumber and vitiate the Indian public accounts. In the present case, and indeed until recent times, the only way of raising money in India was by the clumsy device of an open loan at a fluctuating price. The limited available capital of

India was soon absorbed in this way, and the Company's investment had to be appropriated to the purposes of the war, and in a paroxysm of alarm Lord Cornwallis, worn out and broken in health, was entreated to return to India and re-establish peace at any price. This was when only the first war had been heard of in England. When Lord Cornwallis reached Calcutta, to find the treasury empty and Holkar still at large, Scindia showing his teeth, and all India excited and expectant, the old nobleman's resolves for peace at any price were strengthened. Peace must be had forthwith, at the price even of surrendering almost all we had gained, and giving up India beyond our territories to a renewal of anarchy. In vain did Lord Lake remonstrate, pointing out that the desired pacification was in fact effected ; that all real opposition had now been put down ; that peace was practically restored, and all that was needed was a show of firmness for a few days longer. Failing to make way against the panic-stricken counsels now in the ascendant, the gallant old veteran surrendered his office, and followed Lord Wellesley to England, to die the next year, worn out by Indian exposure, but not before his eminent services had been recognized by a step of promotion in the peerage. Lord Cornwallis died a few weeks after his arrival, almost in the act of signing away some of our fairest acquisitions. He was succeeded provisionally by Sir George Barlow, of the Civil Service, a man of respectable abilities, who had occupied a seat on Lord Wellesley's council during the greater part of his administration, and, so far as he had ever ventured to raise his voice at all, had always professed himself a hearty supporter of Lord Wellesley's policy. But, whatever his convictions, Barlow now deemed himself bound to carry out the policy which the Court had enjoined on Cornwallis, in total ignorance of the state of things Cornwallis had found in force. The remonstrances of the diplomatic agents attached to the different native courts had indeed some effect on him. The Emperor's person and the Cis-Jumna territory, with the great cities of Agra and Delhi, were not delivered up to the Mahrattas, as Lord Cornwallis proposed, but Holkar, who was now a refugee in the Punjaub, was restored to the whole of his possessions. This might have been thought magnanimous ; it was not, however, magnanimous to withdraw as we did from all political connection with the various states of Central India who had been mixed up with the war, and who, without British protection, would now be left at the mercy of the enemies whom they had made by taking our part. In vain did the head of the state of Jeypoor, one of the time-honoured princes of Rajpootana, whose ancestry could be traced back to the furthest limit of historic times, implore us to continue our protection, appealing to the good faith of treaties and to the engagements we had entered into with him as the price of his adherence to our cause. In their blind haste to be quit of all responsibility, and to gain peace at any price, the Indian Government abandoned the state of Jeypoor with all the other states of Rajpootana to their fate, and the English, withdrawn into their own districts, looked on with selfish composure while the rest of India was again delivered over to anarchy and plunder. This selfish and cowardly policy brought in time its own retribution. Left to themselves, the different Mahratta chieftains showed more conspicuously than ever their incapacity to govern and to maintain peace without the controlling influence of the paramount power ; and when their wasted territories became no longer able to furnish plunder for the robber hordes which now infected those tracts, these began to look as a matter of course to the fertile provinces under British rule, and eventually, when at last, from our persistence in the practice of non-interference, the condition of India had become past endurance, the policy of Lord Wellesley was again adopted and effectually carried out to a legitimate conclusion, the supremacy of the British and their active superintendence of affairs being at last established throughout the peninsula. From this time India entered upon the blessings of a peace hardly disturbed during forty years ; but it cost the Marquis of Hastings two great campaigns and a prodigious expenditure of money to effect what Lord Wellesley had actually accomplished.

But while Lord Wellesley's last hours in India must have been embittered at the foolish pusillanimity which was so busily pulling down the great structure which his genius had erected, his departure was the signal for the display by the members of the public service and the European community of the feelings of attachment and veneration with which he had inspired them ; and it must have been some gratification to find, from the enthusiastic tone of the addresses presented to him on this occasion, how completely the nature of his administration had been appreciated by those who had witnessed its results. The seven years of his rule had indeed effected a momentous change in the condition of

India. When he first assumed charge of the government, he found the Company's equality with the King of Mysore hardly recognised or even claimed, and the boldest and ablest men at Madras deprecating even a show of military preparations lest they should give offence to Tippoo and provoke him to attack us. Our only ally was the Nizam, and he was entirely under French influence. Our policy with regard to the Mahrattas was to have nothing to do with them, and to hope that they would leave us alone. A considerable portion of the country was indeed garrisoned by our troops, but we had no concern with the administration of it, except in the province of Bengal and in a few districts of the south; our part in the business was to witness and support two most contemptible and effeminate princes illtreating and misgoverning their unhappy subjects. The civil servants of the Government were mostly engaged as traders, and it was thought high praise to say of one that he was personally honest. The governments of the different presidencies were conducted as if they had to do with a parish rather than an empire, the councillors wrangling and jobbing like the members of a vestry. There was neither subordination nor discipline in either civil or military service. All this was completely changed in the short space of seven years, and the change was entirely due to the Governor-General. The rivalry of the French was extinguished; all opponents of the English and disturbers of the public peace were suppressed. An enormous territory, for the misgovernment of which we had become morally responsible, was added to the Company's dominions, and the previous anarchy replaced by an administration which, if now seen to be faulty in some respects, was perfection compared with that which it replaced. Lord Wellesley's policy went much further than this. Not only should there be good government and order within British territory; peace should be maintained throughout the whole of India, and for this every native sovereign must surrender his right to make war on his neighbour, and must agree to conduct his government under British supervision, being insured in return British protection. This consummation, as we have said, was not actually carried out till twelve years later, but Lord Wellesley must be credited with the policy, and in fact the political condition of British India as we now find it was his creation. The change which he effected in the character of the English administration has already been dwelt upon. A beginning of the good work had been made by Lord Cornwallis, but only in one part of India, and it may be said without exaggeration that the high tone for which the Indian service has ever since been conspicuous was first breathed into it by Lord Wellesley.

Splendid as were the Governor-General's services, they could not have been less requited or recognised. His return happened at a time unfortunate for England, but especially unfortunate for him. Pitt was dying, and the last letter he wrote was one of affectionate greeting to his old friend, who saw him only once, and then with death stamped on his face. The Ministry which succeeded to office on Pitt's death were opposed to Lord Wellesley in politics, and the Court of Directors were possessed with the bitterest feelings towards him. Soon after his arrival, a certain Mr. Paull, formerly an adventurer employed in dealings with the Nawab of Oudh, and who had at one time professed great gratitude for kindnesses received from Lord Wellesley, now in Parliament, and brought forward articles of impeachment founded on the cessions obtained from that chieftain; but the proceedings were a very feeble imitation of the case of Warren Hastings. The House would not refuse to receive the evidence proffered, but the proposed enquiry was interrupted by a dissolution. Paull was not returned to the new Parliament, and when a few months later the motion was brought forward again by Lord Folkestone, his resolution was negatived by a great majority, and a resolution moved by a former Chief Justice of Calcutta, approving of Lord Wellesley's dealings with Oudh, was carried by an equally large majority. Shortly afterwards a Sir Thomas Turton attempted to bring forward a resolution condemnatory of Lord Wellesley's proceedings in the Carnatic which was indignantly rejected. Any objection which the Government might have felt to giving a tardy mark of recognition of Lord Wellesley's services had now been removed, but those services remained for ever unrecognised and unrewarded by the Crown, notwithstanding a representation on the subject which, with questionable regard for his own self-respect, he submitted to the Duke of Portland, and to the end of his long life this neglect was keenly felt by a man sensitive in a peculiar degree on the point of personal distinction. The Court of Directors and the proprietors of the East India Company continued for a long time to cherish the highest animosity towards him, and shortly after his return the latter body condemned his administration by a large majority. But thirty years later, when the fruit of his policy had been

reaped by a long period of peace and prosperity throughout the dominions which he had added to the Company's possessions, and when another generation of directors had arisen, containing more than one Indian ex-official who had served directly under Lord Wellesley and been trained in his school, a generous apology was made. The Court took the opportunity of the publication of his despatches to express their appreciation of his splendid services, and ordered that a large number of copies of the work should be circulated in India for the instruction of their servants. They accompanied this expression of opinion with the more substantial acknowledgment of a grant of twenty thousand pounds, and caused a statue of the great Governor-General to be set up in the India House. The reply of Lord Wellesley, now approaching his eightieth year, to the announcement of these resolutions, is among the most interesting of the many sonorous compositions which have proceeded from his fertile pen. After referring to the pain which the reservation of the Company's approbation has caused him for so many years, the letter thus concludes :—

'With equal wisdom, justice, and liberality, without any solicitation on my part, without any interference of influence of any description, casting away all passion, prejudice, and error, the Company has relieved me from this heavy burden of grief ; and the delay which had occasioned so much affliction, now greatly enhances the value of the ultimate decision.

'To such an extent have my days been prolonged, that I have seen my Indian administration tried by the unerring test of time, and subjected to the ordeal of a new age and of a new generation. After the lapse of thirty years, after all my principles, motives, and views have been fully disclosed, and all their results and consequences fully ascertained and proved, the Company has awarded to me a meed of fame which gives to living honour all the weight and authority of a judgment of posterity.

'Grateful for this unprecedented distinction, I prize it still more highly as it affords a sure pledge that the great Empire added to the British dominions under my administration will be governed in the same spirit by which it was acquired ; and that the same energy by which our territories have been secured against the assaults of our enemies in war, will now be directed to cultivate the blessings of peace, and to establish our power on the solid foundation of the happiness and affection of a contented and flourishing people.'

Art. II.—1. *The Poetical Works of Edmund J. Armstrong.* London : 1877.
2. *Essays and Sketches of Edmund J. Armstrong.* London : 1877.
3. *The Life and Letters of Edmund J. Armstrong.* London : 1877.

A life which closes at twenty-three years and five months *may* be more of a life than many a million that close at three score and ten ; and there was a fulness of life and of Irish life in Edmund Armstrong, of which the years he lived afford no measure. Some fruits of it were, of course, youthful and immature ; others were scarcely so. For the faculties, elements, and activities which went with it were very various ; it was a life abounding in happiness and hope, with seasons of gloom and sore disturbance ; abounding in loves and admirations—love and admiration of nature, love and admiration of books, and other and still more passionate loves and admirations ; full of reflection and emotion, giving out at one time

> 'Hyblæan murmurs of poetic thought,
> Industrious in its joy ;'

giving birth at another to battles of the spiritual instincts with their intellectual persecutors and destroyers ; and passing through all forms and phases of belief, unbelief, disbelief, and misbelief, though happily finding its way at last to faith and peace.

It was a life of diligent labour in acquisition as well as strenuous intellectual effort ; and it was also a life of extraordinary bodily strength and activity, breaking down once and again into extreme weakness from disease of the lungs. It has been said * that 'exuberant health diseases us ;' and in Armstrong's case the exuberance of animal vigour, uniting with an almost rapturous love of nature, threw itself off in days and nights of such ramblings amongst mountains and over plains, with such reckless exposure to weather, as no health which was not inexhaustible as well as exuberant could be expected to endure.

His was an Irish hardihood which contrived to make the most wholesome of all ardours somewhat dangerous. Were it not for such devotees as the members of the Alpine Club, who perhaps lift up their eyes to the mountains less from the love of their grandeur and sublimity than from the love of danger for its own sake and the '*torva voluptas*' it inspires—were it not for worshippers such as these, the love and admiration of nature might be said to be, except the love of God, the only love and admiration which can be impassioned without pos-

* By Southey, 'Roderick the Last of the Goths.'

sible contingencies of suffering or of sin. No corruption results from it, no reaction, no disappointment, no blank. It is strange that, so far as can be gathered from any prevailing expression of it in poetry or prose, it is not much more than a hundred years old. In Shakespeare there is occasionally a sort of scenic adaptation of nature to the passions or feelings brought upon the stage ; the moonlight sleeps upon the bank where the lovers are loitering, or thunder and lightning meet the maddened king on the heath ; but the effects wrought by nature are merely incidental and ancillary. Milton remembers the 'sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose' when he can see them no longer ; and in describing the garden of Eden, having to present us with some of the generic beauties of nature, he performs his task with the power and poetic effect never wanting to him when the theme and mood are consenting. Then comes Thomson ; and the admiration accorded in the last century to the careful and accurate, but dull and pompous, descriptions of nature in the 'Seasons,' may serve to show how little of real admiration was felt in those days for nature herself. Young's was a higher order of verse and diction ; but he sings by night, and gives effect rather to the negation of what is to be seen in nature than its description. Cowper was genuine and true, and his heart was in his descriptive poetry so far as it went, but that was not very far : and in Gray's letters, though not in his poems, there are indications that the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland had taken effect upon him. But in all these there is nothing more to be seen than an occasional mild pleasure and satisfaction in contemplating those of the objects nature is good enough to present us with which are agreeable to the eye.

It was just as that sleepy century was coming to an end that there was to be an opening of its eyes and a revelation. Wordsworth, revisiting the Wye in July 1788, sang of days when

> 'The sounding cataract
> Haunted him like a passion, the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, had been to him
> An appetite ; '

and though the days he sang of were those of his earliest youth, and he conceived, as young men will, that he had left them and their inebrieties far behind at the advanced age of twenty-eight, and that

> 'All their aching joys were now no more,
> And all their dizzy raptures,'

yet the truth is that from first to last his love of natural beauty was an impassioned love. We know something of it, and of the rough roads he would travel in the pursuit of it, from his sister's journal * of their Scotch tour in 1803 ;—a curious alternation of poetic feeling with plain speaking,—presenting us, as the homely enthusiasts went their way in their spring cart, with pictures of nature in all her beauty when she *was* beautiful, and with exact and complete delineations of her when she was not ; so that the record might be a companion, in some portions of it to the 'Excursion,' in others to the Ordnance Survey.

With Wordsworth, and perhaps in no small measure *from* Wordsworth, there sprang up in this century a love of nature which spread far and wide amongst the cultivated classes,—kindling like a train set fire to in not a few, aimed at and tried for by more, and professed because it was the right thing by the rest of us. Armstrong's love of nature and love of Wordsworth appear, both of them, so early,—before he had passed his seventeenth year,—that we hardly know how much of either love was derived from the other. His brother and biographer tells us of his rambles in the mountainous regions of Wicklow in even earlier years than that, and of his

'delight in climbing the highest ranges, in scaling the most dangerous precipices, in leaping the most forbidden chasms, and in marching with wild songs and exuberant mirth over the moors and along the stormy mountain roads, careless whither, so it was up and on ; . . . of long hours spent upon sweet-smelling heathery summits, gazing at the fleeting cloud-shadows in the valleys, and the lines of blue and silver and spots of light and gloom on the far-off sea.' (*Life*, p. 26.)

And in a letter of his own, written in his eighteenth year, we find a scene giving birth to a poem :—

'We drove to the demesne and glen of Dunran. . . . The sky was overcast with heavy clouds, occasionally pierced by sickly sunbeams, and over the dark mountain-tops a steel-blue exhalation hung from time to time. . . . Our way lay through the midst of the richest country I have ever seen. . . . The glen of Dunran is chiefly remarkable for a curious isolated crag, called "The Ladye's Rock," toppling over the larches and pines that belt the hill-side, and mirrored in a dark tarn that sleeps at its feet. I am not acquainted with any legend attached to this rock ; but I intend to invent one and embody it in a ballad to-night, unless

* Edited in 1874 by Professor Shairp, whose admirable work on the 'Poetic Interpretation of Nature' (1877) has fallen in our way since the above was in print, and when disagreeing from it may be regarded as the higher authority

I become gloomy, as usual, and resort to Plato to dispel my melancholy.' (*Life*, p. 115.)

But of course his powers in descriptive as well as in other poetry are seen to more advantage in his twenty-first than in his eighteenth year; and a few lines from 'The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael,' written in 1863, will show, not only his gifts in that kind but something more :—

'In the woods
The pathway circles, roofed with gnarled boughs,
Paven with wild flowers—oxlips, violets,
The primrose, and the lenten-lily. Far
In the rich woodland peal the chapel bells
Of Avranches, and the sea's low voice replies
In whispers from the sandy beach below ;—
A spot for lovers at the fall of eve
To watch the daylight die behind the hills,
The shadows lengthen on the fields of corn,
And farms, and orchards, and St. Michael's towers,
Based on the crag, girt with the buffeting surge.' *

The impressions from nature in such passages as these are skilfully interposed to afford the reader a short and very needful rest in the somewhat headlong course of a tumultuously tragic story; and in this the skill is seen in the rhythm as well as in the change of scene. There could hardly be found elsewhere an example of blank verse written at so early an age, with such happy measurements in its structure, and with movements so easy and so graceful. Of all the arts poetic that which was least understood between the Elizabethan age and the second quarter of this century was the art of writing blank verse; and even as written since and to this day, it is seldom perhaps to be found with the full range and power and varied significance of the Elizabethan inspiration. More than any other form of verse it requires studious culture, and less than any other is it to be expected in the immaturity of the student. Armstrong's blank verse, not otherwise than good in its ordinary fabric, affords by its occasional excellence a strong presumption that, had he lived, he would have attained to a consummate mastery of it.

This poem, entitled 'The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael,' originated in a correspondence with a friend of Armstrong's who had sent him a sketch of a plot he had devised for a sensational novel :—

'The sketch you have sent me I unhesitatingly pronounce to be an admirable plot for a sensation novel, and I advise you, if you want to awake some morning and find yourself famous, to set about it vigorously at once. You will pardon me if I add that I entertain the most undiluted contempt for sensation novels, and therefore I feel it my bounden duty to adjure you, by your hopes of immortality, to write no more than one book of the sort. A sensation novel is like a sky-rocket; *one* does not constitute a pyrotechnic display; and the excruciating birth-throes of Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon ought to be a warning to all pious Christians. But send up your rocket to catch the eye of the public, and when once you have secured this object, invite them to a more rational entertainment for the years to come, and you will possibly build yourself an everlasting name. . . . I expect from you a novel in the true sense of the word. I know you will leaven your raw dough with better materials than we find the sensationalists of the present day to possess. I have also a faint presentiment that you will interweave a deep moral with your frightful plot, and so I wish good luck to you, and that you may be well rid of the "sensation fever," and come out of it with no more serious calamity than a reputation which you must replace hereafter by something more substantial. In consideration for all this patronage I wish you would send me the plot for a sensation *poem*—something sulphurous and diabolic, please—and I shall feel eternally obliged to you. I am quite in earnest; give me an explosive plot, and I will set it blazing magnificently. To recur to the example of Collins and Miss Braddon, it is manifest that any person who has a gift that way can turn them out with marvellous fecundity. So you will not miss one plot even should you decide upon becoming a literary incendiary by profession. Be charitable, and give me something very attractive, and by the horrors of nightmare I'll acknowledge my obligations in the preface. There!' (*Life*, pp. 457–8.)

In one of his earlier letters, his biographer tells us

'he describes a little glen that lies on one side of the demesne in which stands the house that had become his temporary home. Through this glen runs a mountain stream, and above the stream is a rustic summer-house, a quiet secluded retreat, where he had written many a line and built up many a dream. Here the first draft of the "Prisoner of Mount St. Michael" was now dashed off with great rapidity.'

And at first he proceeded at the rate of 150 lines in a day, afterwards raising the average to 250. He had travelled in Normandy and Brittany, the country of his maternal ancestry, the Anglo-Norman House of the Savages of Ardkeen and Rock Savage, and he writes in a letter of May 30, 1863 :—

'I am hard at work, morning, noon, and night, at a *sensation poem*, called "The Prisoner of Mount St. Michael," which is C——'s novel plot (given to me most kindly)—Frenchified, blank-versified, and terribly in-

* 'Mount St. Michael,' Poetical Works, p. 160.

tensified—abounding in Norman scenery, and Breton superstitions, interspersed with charming lyrics as light as a *vaudeville*, and worked up in the most thrilling manner by half concealing the real character of the heroine till near the conclusion of the poem. It is a new experiment in poetry. . . . With God's help, I will publish it before the year is over, with a dedication to G. A. C., acknowledging the obligations of the author.' (*Life*, p. 462.)

The poem (no less than 2,436 lines in length), begun at the end of May, was ended on June 10—ended, not finished; for his manner was to rush on to the end, 'rave it off,' to use his own expression, and then to apply himself sedulously again and again to correct and improve the diction and the rhythm; and it was not finished till September. The poem is the longest of his poems, and of his longer ones the latest; and sensational though it is and was intended to be, and though that of course does not indicate a high order of poem, yet we are not much disposed to dispute the view taken by its editor, that it reveals 'the presence of vast and ever-growing powers of thought, of imagination, of passion, and of utterance.'

The heroine is a sort of female Iago. The principal male character—not the hero, for he is avowedly unheroic—is the victim of two contending passions, love and fear; and he tells his own story during the three days of his life preceding his execution for a murder committed, not by himself, but by the object of his passion. The story is wildly frightful, but not at all beyond the bounds of what human nature can find room for in the way of possible guilt and crime on the part of the heroine, and possible weakness and bewilderment on the part of her lover.

Louise is the daughter of a Norman count, whose castle is close to the Breton boundary, and Edouard is a well-born Breton, and meets her at a Breton peasants' festival, celebrated by night with bonfires on the hills.

'As I mused
A soft voice thrilled me. It was you, Louise!
My love had ridden across the border-land
To see our Breton games. I loved you more
For this than all your beauty. There you saw me
And blushed; and through the sweet confusion dawned
A little loving smile. I turned, and hid
Among the crowd, to hug the secret joy
That tore my being. Still, afar, I gazed
On the dear face, flushed by the roseate flame.
I gazed until I sank into the trance
That held me in the dim-lit church of Dol,
A sense of boundless bliss, of boundless life,
Of melting music, of delicious pain!
The universe was void of all but love,
And thou wert love and I was merged in thee!
It seemed an endless age of pure delight,
That happy hour. I *felt* a spirit then;
I knew myself a spirit, and I saw
The golden vista of eternity,
My natural home, with thee, with Christ, with God,
The veil of mortal dimness far withdrawn,'
Rent by the lightning glance of love, the chains
Of earth dislinked and scattered, and the soul
Uplifted in itself beyond all forms,
Self-conscious of its own divinity.' *

She and those with whom she rode were unable to pass the ford of a swollen river on their way home, and slept in a farmhouse adjoining it. The farmhouse caught fire, and Edouard, helplessly nervous and cowardly though he was by constitution, in the intoxication of his newborn passion rushed to her rescue:—

'With the might of a strong man
I gained and saved her. Then I sank in swoon
On the green sward beside her—woke, and saw,
As in the heaven of heavens, her grateful eyes
Low bended over me. I closed my sight
And prayed for death, and would to God in heaven
That I *had* died that moment in her arms,
That weak wild waking of perplexed delight.' †

The father is grateful; and upon this follows a season of prosperous love-making. But there is a brave and proud marquis, her cousin, who also is in love with her; and, though hated by her father and forbidden her presence, he finds his way to her in one of her evening walks with Edouard, declares his love too presumptuously, is rebuked by her, and, stung by the rebuke, allows himself to reply to it in a manner which is still more presumptuous and somewhat insulting. She appeals to Edouard to resent the insult:—

'I strove for strength
And battled with my soul, and Love was there
To help me,—Love the conqueror of self;
But weaker grew my weakness as I strove.
Suddenly she withdrew her arm, and threw
A cry of sad despair and blighted love
To the pale heaven, and then with lips compressed
And white with anger, to her full height drawn,
Flung forth one withering look, one withering word,
Upon me, as I writhed in agony
Before her—"Coward!"—while his pealing laugh
Smote on my heart, and dimness veiled my eyes.' ‡

He tried to appease her, but in vain, and left Brittany in his despair; and, after wandering for months elsewhere, returned for a further trial; and on returning detected Louise in a secret intercourse with his rival, the marquis, who had now supplanted him in her love. She could not afford to brave his anger, lest he should betray her to her

* Poetical Works, pp. 146–7.
† Ibid., p. 148. ‡ Ibid., pp. 161–2.

father, and feigning a return of love for himself she almost persuaded him for a while that his jealousy was fanciful and unfounded ; but he secretly kept a watch upon them, and contrived that her father should surprise them in one of their clandestine meetings in his woods. The result was an encounter with unequal weapons between the father and his nephew, in which the former conquered and exacted from his nephew an oath to come no more within his demesne. What followed between Edouard and Louise was a hollow pretence of each to believe in the other—he pretending to believe in her pretence that her love, like his own, had still survived all that had come across it to its destruction ; she pretending to believe in his pretence that he had not betrayed her to her father. What he pretended to believe, his passion and her wiles and caresses brought him in no long time truly to believe.

'I hoped to love
And to be loved even as I once had been ;
And as our hopes will blossom in belief,
So sank I down before her. Even thus
Rinaldo melted in Armida's arms,
Embathed in bliss, what time the enchantress wrought
The spells that robbed him of his might, his will,
His conscience and his purpose.' *

Hitherto the story, though the waters have been troubled and turbulent, has been one and the same stream. But now it is joined by a tributary torrent. A new personage appears :—

'A shrivelled man of law,
Worn to a phantom by a life of toil ;
A man of scrolls and parchments, in whose eye
Glimmered no light but treachery ; whose brow
Was heavy with mean thought ; whose very soul
Seemed furrowed into lines of sharpest care,
Ifradiate from a narrow centre, Self.'

This man has got possession of some papers by which he has it in his power to prove the illegitimacy of the old count and deprive him of all his possessions ; and armed with this power he comes to the castle, threatens the father, and makes love to the daughter. She loathes and abhors him, but dallies and tampers with him, and strives by all her arts of allurement to beguile him and get the papers out of his hands ; he, too sagacious to be so wrought upon, presses his suit to the verge of what she can endure without betraying her rage and disdain. Still, however, she insidiously encourages his addresses, while she discloses her predicament to Edouard ; and pleading her duty to her father, who, if she should refuse to marry their persecutor, would be thrown upon the world in his old age a beggar and a bastard, she insists that she must and will consent to the marriage, unless the one and only escape which is possible for her shall be provided : and this is that her persecutor should be *removed*. Edouard recoils with horror from the suggestion ; but after long and passionate persuasion he is induced to swear that he will do the deed. Of this vow, extorted in the weakness of the moment, he presently in his secret heart repents ; she perpetually urges, and he postpones its accomplishment ; till, driven to extremity, he renounces his pledge ; whereupon she in return, with anger, pride, and scorn, renounces his love. There is then a separation ; but after a time he is unable to withhold himself from secretly watching her in her walks with the man of scrolls and parchments, and sometimes also visiting the arbour in the wood in which he had been used to meet her in her happier days. On approaching this spot one evening,

'A sudden cry of pain
Broke thro' the lurid dusk ! I hastened on,
Borne on the wind of impulse uncontrolled,
Whirled by a tempest of foreboding fears
Of what I dared not think. Another cry,
And then a stifled groan—and the wind wailed.
With a wild leap I burst into the wood,
And saw . . . Oh agony ! Oh fate ! Oh love
Dashed down in pieces ! . . . There she stood—her hair
Loose on her shoulders, and a shuddering light,
That was not love, upon her lips and eyes !
And when I rushed upon her, with a shriek
That pierced me, she recoiled, and cowered, and strove,—
With flickering hands that would not work her will,
She strove to hide within her garments' folds
The guilty knife dripping with innocent blood,
And fumbled with the papers she had robbed
In dumb mechanic energy of fear ! . . .
A hideous sight ! . . . and at her feet there lay
The dead man in his blood—a purple pool
Gushing and bubbling from the treacherous wound.' *

For once a moral energy is aroused in the poor wretched slave of passion. He flings off the murderess who crouches at his feet, curses her, and threatens her with the doom she has deserved. Then

'An awful shudder shook her grovelling frame
From head to foot. She rose to all her height,
And tottered while she rose. It passed, and lo !
She stiffened to a statue's rigid calm.
White were her lips, white were her cheeks, more white
Than the pale forehead which her tresses bound ;
The tearless orbs of her blue glistening eyes
Dilated on me to a starry blaze,

* Poetical Works, p. 187.

* Poetical Works, pp. 220–1.

That checked my speech, and bound my
tongue, and fixed
My form in icy terror where I stood. . . .
Silent and cold as death I stood. We gazed,
Mute, motionless, as though the breath of God
Had chilled us into marble. A great dread
Crept to my heart, as when the fluttering bird
Feels the fell charming of the hooded snake.'

And in the prayers and appeals for love and pity which follow there is felt to be something of the charm of the serpent as well as of its subtlety and craft. She prevails :—

'I spoke her pardon and my death, and flung
My hungry arms around her slender waist,
Weeping and mad with love—the great strong
love
Of early days—while passionately I cried :
"My own Louise, let us forget the past
As a delirious dream, and dry our tears
Together. Thou art mine thro' life and
death,
Mine ever!" She unfolded my warm clasp,
Tenderly, softly. Slowly she bent down
And touched my aching forehead dreamfully
With the sweet poison of her lips, that coursed
Thro' all my frame. Then stately, pale, and
calm,
Without a word she glided thro' the mist,
And left me with that fearful thing alone.' *

They remain in the relations thus brought about ; but shortly the grand old count, though rescued from the outward consequences of his illegitimacy, crumbles away with the sense of inward shame and wrongful precarious possession of what is not his own, and sickens to death. His pride is humbled, and he desires to be reconciled to his nephew the marquis, who is summoned to attend him on his death-bed. The nephew is noble and generous, and wishes to be reconciled to Edouard as well as to the count. But he remains after the funeral, and his hoverings about Louise reawaken Edouard's jealousies and suspicions. He dares not make them known to the marquis, but pours them out upon Louise—

'On her alone within the echoing hall.
Then, when I ceased, she rose, and drew aside
The tapestry door, while from the inner room
The marquis moved.'

Then she wildly cries—

'Hear me, O Heaven and Earth! The time is
ripe
When I must break the hated seal which closed
These bursting lips. While he who gave me
life
Lay on the verge of death, I dared not crush
His year-worn frame, trembling beside the
grave,
By the fell tidings which I locked and barred
Within an aching breast.'

And she proceeds to accuse Edouard of the murder which she had herself committed. He had met her father's guest with her, she said, in the wood, and, maddened by jealousy, had stabbed him to the heart. This disclosure is followed by the arrest and public trial of Edouard, at which Louise bears her false witness with consummate skill. He hears her in silent horror, till the coldness with which she confronts her victim rouses him to a storm of rage, and he reveals the truth. His utterance of it is received with universal incredulity and execration as a base and cowardly attempt to save himself at her expense, and he is condemned to death. It is in soliloquy during the three days preceding his execution that the prisoner of Mount St. Michael tells his story.

As a plot for a melodrama no story could be better. Edmund Armstrong felt how much he was indebted to his friend for the melodramatic plot, and his friend must have felt how much the plot is indebted to him for more than melodramatic power in the treatment. The power evinced by it is very rare ; and it may be observed with equal truth that in these days the skill by which a good story is constructed is also rare. Even our best writers of fiction seem to be wanting in the structural faculty ; and whilst details are admirably executed, the fabric into which they are wrought is either carelessly or clumsily designed. The realising arts of the imagination are more exercised, and seem to be more valued, by our artists in this kind, than the inventive and constructive.

Edmund Armstrong had regarded his poem with hope and pleasure ; while 'raving it off' he wrote of it as 'the most exciting, the most absorbing' work he was ever engaged in. He had only occasional misgivings in the course of its execution ; but before the process of correction was completed he was tired of it, and had persuaded himself that it was a failure. His love and admiration for the works of others, especially poetical works, was ardent and comprehensive, and not cooled down by much care to criticise. His own productions pleased him only for a time ; and even when he was best pleased with them, a spirit of mockery was apt to mix itself with his pleasure. The same spirit would break out when, having given expression to his purest and most earnest aspirations, it occurred to him that he was taking credit for more virtue than belonged to him. And, indeed, the sense of humour is never long absent from his life and letters, whatever story they are telling, and whether sad and serious or ungovernably gay.

It is a common remark, and true enough, that humour is oftener the attribute of a mournful than of a mirthful mind. But

* Poetical Works, pp. 228–9.

perhaps it is more frequently still the attribute of a mind which is both by turns. This was Armstrong's case. He may be found in some of his diaries and letters starting off into humorous fancies, when the context leaves little doubt that his mood was mournful. Of his humour in its merry mood there is an example which, though thrown into a note by his biographer, deserves a more prominent place ; for it is a lively illustration, not only of Irish drollery, but of the wild freedom of Irish life in its domestic relations. We have heard already of Armstrong's rambles by day and night amongst the Wicklow hills.

'One night in the preceding autumn he had arrived very late at the door of his father's house, and found all dark and silent. He knocked and rang, but no response came. He knocked and rang again and again ; and at last a voice of a domestic was heard in alarm from within, demanding, "Who's there?" The timidity which the question and the tone of the voice betrayed, aroused his inward mirth, and he determined to enjoy the joke. So he assumed the brogue and manners of a drunken country fellow, and demanded admission vociferously. "Let me in, or I'll pull down the house, by all that's sacred in heaven and earth. I'll smash the windows, I'll wring off the knocker, I'll tear out the bell-wire!" "Go away, go away," cried the voice. "Go away, is it? I'm blowed if I'll go away," said he, knocking more furiously than ever. Disturbed by the noise, his father now descended the stairs in the condition of Signor Brabantio when he appears at the summons of Iago and Roderigo. "Who *are* you?" inquired the well-known voice. "I'm a poor counthry-fellow ; and I want a night's lodgin'. I haven't a halfpenny to buy a bit of bread with, and I haven't a stitch of clothes on my back, and I've buried all that's belongin' to me." "Well, there's nothing for you here, my man ; so you had better go about your business." "O charity, charity, Christian charity!" cried Armstrong, from without, ready to burst with laughter. "What's a poor divill of a benighted thraveller to do at all, at all?" "Get away, sir, at once, or I'll call the police!" "The poliss, avourneen! ah, musha, musha, there's a nice kind gintleman! . . . But look at here, yer Honour! I've got two fine birds for yer Honour's lardship—a cock and a hin—take *thim* anyhow ; I'll return good for evil, so I will ; I'll bear no malice, wid the help of God—so take the cock and the hin!" "Who *are* you, and what is your business?" "My business is pig-dhriving, and I want a night's lodgin'." "Then once for all, I tell you to go away." "Oh, thin, it'll be the worse for you if you dhrive poor Tom from your door ; these is dangerous times" (*roaring like thunder through the 'keyhole*), "these is dangerous times, begarra!" The whole household was now aroused and up. . . . "Oh, get away, sir, I tell you," persisted the major-domo, kindling with rage. "Thin, just open the door a bit, and take the cock and the hin, and I'll go, and joy be with yiz." "Papa, papa," cried a gentle voice from above, "it's Edmund ; don't you know it *must* be Edmund ; who else *could* it be?" "Let me in, or by the holy Jingo I'll smash down the door," shouted Armstrong, in unutterable amusement ; and with that the door was opened, and in he tumbled, with a brace of grouse in one hand, and his valise in the other, amid a volley of laughter that might have awakened the dead.' (*Life and Works*, pp. 426–8.)

The sense of humour has been wanting in some of our greatest poets—in Milton, in Wordsworth, in Coleridge. We do not miss it in them, owing to the abundance of other gifts ; but it would have given them one charm more.

Armstrong's humour and levity seem to have been occasionally employed to disguise some excess of the romantic element in his nature. But on the whole, and certainly in letters to his brother and those who were dearest to him, he was decidedly Irish,—or rather, perhaps it should be said, delightfully un-English,—in dispensing with that or any other disguise when he indulged himself in ebullitions. It was in the ardour of friendship, as well as in amorous ardour, that he exceeded ; and the chief friendship of his life was conceived for a man whom at the time he had hardly seen, and whom from first to last he saw but five or six times, the intercourse of the friends being almost entirely by letter.

To women in matters of mere social intercourse he seems to have had little to say. Of course, however, such a nature as his could not exist for twenty-three years without one or two amorous seizures. The first occurred before his seventeenth, or at least before his eighteenth year. All that is told of it is, that when he was rambling with his brother, then in early boyhood, on a summer's day, in one of the Wicklow gorges, the boy was left to rest himself by a brook whilst Edmund wandered alone into a neighbouring glen, whence he returned having seen a celestial face—and how celestial was made known to his brother not by words only ; for in his brother's apprehension the face he had seen had transfigured his own face in a moment into that of an inmate of Paradise. His brother, in relating the incident, adds that when the joy which then broke upon him was overshadowed, and disappointment and severe suffering ensued, 'although there were many and many happy days to follow, and with them successes, and fine experiences, and progress in knowl-

edge, and bright achievements, still the same lightness of heart and the same freedom from care never returned.'

The effects of his first passion, however, were not such as to preclude a second. This took possession of him some two years later when he was residing for some months in Jersey. If the first was love at first sight, the second was not unlike it—a fascination at first sight, growing into a passion by successive sights, and subsisting apparently upon nothing else ; how long it is not easy to make out. The face which inspired the passion seems, for many weeks at least, to have been seen only at church. 'That face, those eyes, first gave me comfort. I used to delight in watching them Sunday after Sunday.' He kept the secret of his love for nearly two years, even from his brother, to whom he divulges it in a letter of September 1862, in language of impetuous emotion ; the less controlled, perhaps, from having been so long suppressed. And even in this letter he writes : 'She probably never bestowed a thought on me.' Two days later he returns to the subject :—

'What will come of it? Is it but a poet's dream? . . . Is the beautiful form, the spiritual eye, the brow encircled with the wreath of magic light, a phantom or a reality? The wild romance of Lamia is an intensely vivid vision to me. A strain of sorrowful music has ere now crept through me like a mighty spirit, stirring the roots of my hair and causing me to shudder in the delicious agony even to my very feet. Is this sweet sad enchantment of love like that mournful song? Will it pass away and leave me as before, cold as marble, gloomy as the sepulchre? Or will it not rather grow more and more entrancing, richer, lovelier, nobler—a deep divine harmony welling out from my own solitary soul, gushing forth from unknown depths of feeling and fountains of frozen tears, and rolling onward and onward, broader, deeper, nobler still, till the low sweet chant of human love shall become a portion of that magnificent burst of praise and joy which swells around the throne of the Lamb for ever?' (*Life and Works*, p. 401.)

This is not the language that would be employed in reference to such subject-matter by an Englishman, or even perhaps by an Irishman of mature age and of ordinary thinking and writing habits. But Armstrong when he used it was an Irishman hardly out of his boyhood, and one to whom, whether in or out of it, the language of the imagination was a familiar tongue. What became of the passion in the years that followed is not told, and the only allusion to the subject is in a letter of February in the following year, describing a delightful but delusive dream which came to him one night, and in which all that he had longed for had seemed to come to pass. That nothing of the kind had actually come to pass, is to be inferred from the agony which he says that he had suffered on awakening.

Of other encounters with women, whether social or sentimental, two only are mentioned. One was in his eighteenth year when he walked in the gardens of a house in Derbyshire with a beautiful Miss S—— who is conjectured to have been the model from which he drew one of the characters in his poem of that year entitled 'Ovoca.' The mention of another occurs in a diary of the same year written in Latin :—

'*May* 17.—Cælum adhuc contristatum est, et sol quasi mærens funebribus in modis inter cæca nubila fulget. Et ego et G——s per florea rura ambulavimus. Italicum sermonem ut discceremus, operam dabamus. . . . Puellam quamdam pulcherrimam in via R——ia quum conspexissem, haud multum afuit quin amore misere flagrarem—sed me servavit Apollo.'

Possibly it was the two unhappy passions for the two unnamed ladies that swept the rest of womankind from his path. And his companions amongst men seem to have been but a chosen few till the last year or two of his life. An ardent love for his brother, a heartfelt affection for his friend 'B.,' and a romantic and enthusiastic attachment to his seldom-seen friend 'G. A. C.' cover the ground. When, the prospect of independent means, and ultimately the inheritance of a large landed property, being removed from him, he betook himself to an academical career, he was friendly and cordial enough with his fellow students, and occasionally also as riotous in his gambols as they could desire. But his life was elsewhere. It was a life in which he found relief from melancholy thoughts, and also perhaps from excess of intellectual excitement, in laborious studies and acquisitions. In a letter to his brother, of August 1863, he writes :—'I believe it to be the true maxim for attaining happiness, to work hard at all times and at all seasons. . . . The world is a laboratory, Sir, and by no means a pleasure-garden.'

Applied to most men, and especially to men like Edmund Armstrong, susceptible of every sort of emotion and liable to incessant vicissitudes of the feelings, this is true doctrine ; but it is not applicable to all men, nor even to all poets. There are to be found amongst the varieties of human temperaments some which can afford to dispense with labour. Wordsworth speaks of 'glad hearts,' with whom 'joy is its own security,'

and he himself lived a life which was certainly not a life of labour,—a life which in one sense might be called idle, though in another it was eminently active and productive. A poet of a very different order, Anacreon Moore, if he was not idle, was certainly far from industrious, and one of his friends was of opinion that no amount of idleness would have prevailed over his constitutional joyousness. One evening at Holland House, when some one who was of Edmund Armstrong's way of thinking, insisted on the necessity of occupation to happiness, Lord Holland observed—'But there is Moore' (who was present); nothing can depress *his* spirits. If they were to make a duke of him, he would be as happy as ever.' And in truth a *policy* of industry, as a means to happiness, should be regarded as susceptible of many modifications in its application to individual temperaments. It is not the best course for all industrious men to find something to do for *every* hour of the day. It may be well that they should look at their life as a picture, and see if it would not gain by a certain breadth being given to it. Nor did Armstrong himself adopt his own precept to the letter. He lived in the laboratory, but he walked into the garden.

It was in the garden that his poetry was conceived, and in the laboratory that it was again and again revised and brought into a form with which he could be content, or if not, 'purged as with fire;' for much of it was destroyed. This was the fate of his only dramatic poem. His brother had objected, probably with reason, to the intermixture of the tragic and comic elements in its composition—with reason if the intermixture had not been so managed as to harmonise the effects. And there is no exercise of the arts of idealisation for which a nicer sense of harmony is needed. A discussion and correspondence arose between the brothers on the relations between tragedy and comedy and their compatibility in one production, and it ended in a compromise. Edmund of course appealed to Shakespeare and the other masters of the mixed drama. But he appealed also to nature:—

'Your father is dead, your mistress is irrevocably alienated, your finances are engulfed in ruin. In a state of frenzy you walk out into the public highway. The first object that meets your gaze is an inflated calf in love, a coquetting damsel making a fool of him, an old dandy in as painful a suit of fashionable clothes as Malvolio's cross-garters, an antiquated virgin in ravishing little boots and a soul-annihilating bonnet? Is this an overdrawn sketch of life? If not, let it be always borne in mind that the skilful introduction of the comic element invariably heightens, instead of marring, the effect of the tragic. As in life, so in art.' (*Life and Works*, pp. 424–5.)

Some forty or fifty years ago a dramatist of that day expressed to Wordsworth (in conversation) the difficulty he had in defending Hamlet's strange exclamation uttered when the ghost from 'beneath' requires Horatio and Marcellus to 'swear.' 'Ah, ha, boy! Say'st thou so? Art thou there, Truepenny?' Wordsworth admitted the difficulty; but added, 'We are to consider how closely connected in nature are the grotesque and the horrible.' * They are connected in nature as extremes meet, the mind impelled to the one extreme as a refuge from the other. In art it is necessary that some amalgam shall be found through an idealisation common to both. And from this point of view one conclusion which Edmund Armstrong was led to adopt—that what is comic should be in prose—ought not perhaps to be accepted absolutely and without reference to what may be the particular collocation in question. In this, too, the authority of Shakespeare is appealed to; but, if most of Shakespeare's comic colloquies are in prose, there is no small minority of them in blank verse; and there is this also to be borne in mind, that we moderns read in Shakespeare a diction no longer familiar to us in life, which in itself is one element of harmonising idealisation. And whatever models we may follow, the truth is that, in our times, there are no portions of the mixed drama which should be written, whether in prose or verse, with so much care to lift them, imperceptibly as it were, off the level of common life and conversation, as those which are comic. A change to prose may not be inconsistent with this effect, but not seldom it will be best accomplished by an adherence to verse.

Shakespeare may be quoted as alternating prose with verse, not only in colloquies partly comic, but in those also which deal with what is neither comic nor tragic, but simply familiar; those, it may be, in which the business of the play is to be transacted, or, as Hamlet says, 'some necessary question of the play is to be considered.' In these also no pains should be spared (if the unconscious sense of harmony shall not dispense with painstaking endeavours) to avert any incongruities of the actual with the ideal. It will sometimes be desirable, even when no business is to be transacted, to interpose what may be called a neutral parenthesis between two dramatic effects which are highly wrought but wholly different; and this also

* *Ex auc. aurium.*

should be done without too much lowering the level. When Shakespeare sees occasion for a touch at once quieting and realising between the exit of Cassius after his quarrel with Brutus and the entrance of Cæsar's ghost, he takes an incident of ordinary occurrence in life, and expresses it in the simplest language ; but he does *not* descend from blank verse to prose :—

'Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.'

Into the extant lyrical poems of Edmund Armstrong—the extant *miscellaneous* lyrical, that is—as well as into the non-extant dramatic, the element of humour found its way; not however into those which are lyrical in the stricter sense, not into the songs. These spring from an unmixed emotion, simple and sad ; and as in the case of Kingsley (to whose noble nature and wide range of faculties and feelings those of Armstrong have rather a singular resemblance) his saddest songs may be said to be born of the sea ; and his saddest are, of course, his sweetest :—

'At night in the fisherman's hut
The door blew open and shut,
When the two little babes were sleeping.
The wail of the deep never broke on their sleep,
Nor the salt sad billows weeping.

'Clasped they lay, and alone ;
For their mother was cold as a stone,
While the two little babes lay sleeping.
The wail of the deep never broke on their sleep,
Nor the salt sad billows weeping.

'The fisherman tost in his grave
In the seaweed below the wild wave ;
But his two little babes lay sleeping.
The wail of the deep never broke on their sleep,
Nor the salt sad billows weeping.' *

Another sea-born song is less gently sad :—

'Boom, storm-bell !
Swing from thy rusted chain,
Boom away and away
Over the darkling main !
And I will walk with folded arms,
And I will walk alone,
And I will talk to the winds and waves
Of the love that is over and gone.

'Boom, storm-bell !
The mariner out in the foam
Is thinking now of the winsome wife
And the rosy babes at home !
But I must pace by the running sea,
In the tempest all alone,
And I must wail to the winds and the waves
For the love that is over and gone.

'Boom, storm-bell !
Swing from thy rusted chain !
Boom away and away
Over the stormy main !
Across the winds a funeral knell,
In the waves a weary moan—
And in my heart a famishing cry
For the love that is over and gone!' †

* Poetical Works, p. 212. † Ibid., p. 182.

In reading Armstrong's lyrical poems we can scarcely fail to perceive, even when we are not told, that not a few of them were created or coloured by what had happened to him in life. And perhaps it would not be difficult to infer from the change of colour, as one poem succeeds another, how far what had happened had been left behind at the times when each was written. In the experiences of life it may be noted of lovers of music that the effect of it upon their feelings when an affliction has befallen them is palpably different at successive periods, and in the different gradations of grief. In the first stage it has wholly lost its power ; in the second it has power only to wound ; in the third it has power to soothe. And when a poet's elegiac inspirations issue from sources opened by events in his own life, after the first and deadening stage of grief is past, an analogous change may be traced in successive records of recollected pain. The cry of disappointed passion dies away and is followed in due season by tones betokening tender regrets and a 'mild commemorative love.' In Armstrong's poems, as in those of other youthful poets, these changes may be traced ; and in a poem entitled 'Death Within' there is to be found a further change which is peculiar to himself. The anguish of a loss had been uttered in a poem of earlier date. In this he mourns the loss of the anguish :—

'Is it whirled away like a wreath
Of foam on a stormy sea ?
Is it dead and buried beneath
The passions that are not me,
The little pleasures and angers and fears
Of one who is quite heart-free ?

'The lights of her eyes are gone,
The smile of her lips forgot ;
The memory now is wan ;
I may have loved her or not.
The golden letters that made her name
Are nothing now but a blot.

'Ah, better the blight on the green
Than the old tree withered and sere !
Ah, better the storms that have been
Than the icy death that is here !
Better the corpse in the bed still warm
Than the loathsome thing on the bier !' *

Leaving Armstrong's poems, we come next, and lastly, to his essays. If this volume is less interesting than the other, it is because prose is less interesting than poetry. But the prose is the prose of a poetical mind. And it is the more and not the less poetical in being free from the incongruous embellishments which so often force their way into the prose of youthful poets. The volume of Armstrong's essays begins with

* Poetical Works, p. 436.

an essay on essay-writing, in the form of an address delivered, in his capacity of president, to the Philosophical Society of the University of Dublin three months before his death. In this he exemplifies, whilst he teaches, the principles of composition by which an essayist should be guided. In these days, and rather suddenly, all literature seems to be resolving itself into periodical forms, and much of it into the form of essays in literary journals, not a few by the foremost men of the age, but many more, of course, by those who are in an earlier stage of their career and have yet much to learn. Under such circumstances an examination and exposition of the principles of essay-writing may be the more extensively instructive. Young as the teacher was, his teachings are not juvenile. And in some of the essays which follow the disquisition on essay-writing, though they are of earlier dates, the practice of the author does not stand far apart from the principles he inculcates. They also were written to be read to the society over which he presided, and only a few were intended for publication. With the exception of the essay on Shelley, written at nineteen years of age, we are not made acquainted with their respective dates. But those on the life and writings of Coleridge and the life and writings of Wordsworth may be conjectured to belong to the author's latter years; and if the love and admiration of books is, as has been said, to be numbered amongst the abounding loves and admirations by which Armstrong's life was enriched and animated, assuredly his love and admiration for the works of these two great men may be regarded as of all such sentiments the most fervently felt as well as the most deeply founded. But Shelley, Keats, Goethe, and Edgar Poe have each their ample share. And the life of each poet is considered in relation to his works, without bringing the mortal to bear too heavily upon the immortal part, or mixing too much the flowers and fruits with the earth from which they sprang. For of the poets whose lives are known to us there is none in whose life some elements of the earth earthy may not be successfully discovered if sedulously sought; and it is well for those poets of the past (when critics and biographers were scarce) of whose lives we know next to nothing. Well for us, perhaps, not less than for them—for us who, in the case of all poets past and present, may wisely conceive ourselves to be happiest should we

'know to know no more.'

In Armstrong's insights, whether into the lives of the poets or into their works, the only discernment that may sometimes be missing is the discernment of faults.

We are near the close of the young life; but returning for a moment to its earlier years, there are some letters to be noticed, in which theological and metaphysical discussions are carried on with all the intellectual energy which young men are accustomed to employ when they are seeking for the root of religion in logic and not in love. Truth, they will say, perhaps, is sacred, and in the cause of truth they are to dare all things. Truth is a word of divers meanings. If by truth they mean veracity, they are right. But if they mean correctness of inference from reality of fact, that is another matter. It may be desirable that they should apply themselves to the cultivation of truth in that sense; but there is nothing necessarily sacred about it; it may have one sort of connexion or another with sacred subjects; but if the sacred subjects with which it is connected are spiritual and insusceptible of definition, and cannot be told by number, weight, and measure, its value and relevancy will often be questionable; and instead of daring all things in its vindication, the more sacred obligation may be to guard their own love and hope and happiness, and that of others, from needless disturbance, and to pray, in the language of the 'student's prayer,' left to us by the greatest, and also and therefore the humblest, of all philosophers, that through 'the kindling of a greater natural light nothing of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards divine mysteries,' and that 'there may be given unto faith the things that are faith's.'

At the age at which such things usually happen, an icy chill of doubt and incredulity fell across the path of Edmund Armstrong. He was

'Caught in a snow-drift, where to sleep is death.'

But sleep he never did, and never could. There were strivings and strainings of the intellect, and agonies of the mind and heart; there was no intellectual pride or vanity; and there was a root of earthly love, in recognition of heavenly love, which death only could destroy.

With the love which sprang from this root, and the light springing from the love, his last years were years of more than happiness—they were years of such unclouded hopes and joys and delights as are seldom accorded to a nature capable in its largeness of so much besides. Then at the close of his twenty-third year occurred the second,

and this time fatal, fall out of high health into a state of sudden prostration from disease of the chest ; and after three not unhappy months—for his spirits, though intenerated, were not depressed—death came in the gentlest form of its visitations :—

'Throughout the day, as he sat up in his bed, he had been reading the "Prelude" of Wordsworth, and the marker still remains at the spot where he had left off when he closed the volume, the beginning of Book Fourteenth. . . . Later on, as he sate propped up with his pillows, his life-long companion took leave of him for the night. He nodded, with the old merry, loving look upon his beautiful face, saying he was perfectly comfortable, and that no one could be happier ; and he nodded again and kissed his hand playfully. Towards dawn of the next day, at the first trill of the robins and the thrushes outside his window, he awoke from a quiet sleep, and murmured to his mother, who sate watching by his bedside, "Where are they all?"—naming his father and sister and brothers successively—"why are they not here?" His mother answered, "Dear, it is not daylight yet! They are all asleep." "Oh, yes, of course," he said. But by-and-by he murmured once more, and now with a touch of his old fun, "Where are they all? What do they mean by leaving a fellow by himself all this time?" And his mother asked, "Shall I call them, dear? Do you *wish* them to come?" "Ah, no," he said, "don't." And then he dozed again, and so passed gently into a deeper slumber.' (*Life and Works*, pp. 555–6.)

His life is written, and his poetry edited, by his brother, himself the author of dramatic poems, which can claim to have captivated the critics, not of this country only, but also of France, Germany, and America. The brothers appear to have been devoted to each other with an affection which may be called more than fraternal ; for an ardent and enthusiastic affection is less rare between chosen friends than between born brothers. The life is written, of course, in the spirit of this love, but happily it is free from the fault of redundancy by which really interesting biographies are so often deprived of half their charm. Composed, in most cases, by ardent admirers, they are burdened with letters of every sort and size, grain and chaff together, and the grain buried in the chaff. Even good material may lose in its effect through its abundance ; and in the biographies of these times, the merit of all merits which is rarest is 'the tender grace of not too much.' To this merit, as well as many others, the biography of Edmund Armstrong may justly lay claim.

With the two portraits—the one affixed to the volume of 'Life and Letters,' the other to the 'Poetical Works'—we cannot be altogether satisfied. What the actual likeness may be, never having seen Edmund Armstrong, we cannot judge in the case of either portrait. All that we can say is that, though the difference of age is but three years, they are utterly unlike each other. Neither is quite so much at variance with our ideal Edmund Armstrong as some portraits prefixed, not long ago, to the works of eminent men, are at variance with the ideals their works would suggest ; and if it be not easy to divine what amusement it can have given Nature to send a great man masking into the world with a face like 'Goodman Dobson of the Green,' it is more difficult still to make out why art should be employed to reproduce and perpetuate the indignity, and his reader be presented with a portrait which does all it can to deprive his writings of the interest, personal and literary, that would naturally be felt in them. In Edmund Armstrong's case there is no such serious fault to be found with the portraits ; there is nothing in them that is otherwise than pleasing ; but on the whole we would rather be without them. Indeed, his life and his poems together give birth to such a conception of him as perhaps no painter's art, short of the highest, could be expected to express.

He sometimes spoke of himself as ambitious. At other times he spoke of the small value that can be reasonably attached to fame, be the desire for it much or little. Whether his poems will live remains to be seen. What may be said now is that his life was a poem.

Art. III.—*A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Two vols., 8vo. London : 1878.

History may be written in many ways. The earliest and the most attractive form of the records of past times is that which perpetuates the actions and the speeches of the men who lived in them. The interest inspired by these narratives is a dramatic interest, and it is by strong personal associations that the events themselves are rooted in the memory. To nine-tenths of mankind history has no other meaning. They care infinitely less for the changes and incidents of policy and war than for the men by whom those changes were accomplished. The siege of Troy is impersonated in Achilles and Hector ; the Bible history in Moses and

Abraham, Joseph and King David; the Persian war in Xerxes and Themistocles; the wars of the Roman Republic in Scipio and Hannibal, and its fall in Cæsar, and so on through the chiefs and rulers of men until the struggles immediately preceding our own times are summed up in the Napoleonic legend. The *men* who, for good or for evil, have swayed the destinies of their age, have, in the eyes of the vulgar, made its history.

Another form of historical composition may be termed epic. It seeks mainly to be a faithful record of events. As the great current sweeps onwards, it bears along with it all human effort and human greatness. One occurrence seems to lead irresistibly to another, branching out into innumerable and remote consequences; insomuch that as the more dramatic theory of history is based on a lofty conception of freedom of action, this points rather to an universal necessity overruling the affairs of men. The heroic is lost in the politic character; but it is here that the student of history finds the most ample materials for research and comparison, and it is from the study of institutions and the sequence of events, rather than from the imagery of historic greatness, that the philosophy of history may be evolved. The late Mr. Buckle carried his theory of the operation of general causes in history to such an extreme that he denied, or at least disputed, the effects of personal genius and energy. But on this point Mr. Lecky, the author of the work now before us, has an interesting passage, which it may be well to cite in this place :—

"It is not difficult, however, to show that this, like most very absolute historical generalisations, is an exaggeration, and several instances might be cited in which a slight change in the disposition of circumstances, or in the action of individuals, would have altered the whole course of history. There are, indeed, few streams of tendency, however powerful, that might not, at some early period of their career, have been arrested or deflected. Thus the whole religious and moral sentiment of the most advanced nations of the world has been mainly determined by the influence of that small nation which inhabited Palestine; but there have been periods when it was more than probable that the Jewish race would have been as completely absorbed or extirpated as were the ten tribes, and every trace of the Jewish writings blotted from the world. Not less distinctive, not less unique in its kind, has been the place which the Greek, and especially the Athenian, intellect has occupied in history. It has been the great dynamic agency in European civilisation. Directly or indirectly it has contributed more than any other single influence, to stimulate its energies, to shape its intellectual type, to determine its political ideals and canons of taste, to impart to it the qualities that distinguish it most widely from the Eastern world. But how much of this influence would have arisen or have survived if, as might easily have happened, the invasion of Xerxes had succeeded, and an Asiatic despotism been planted in Greece? It is a mere question of strategy whether Hannibal, after Cannæ, might not have marched upon Rome and burnt it to the ground, and had he done so, the long train of momentous consequences that flowed from the Roman Empire would never have taken place, and a nation widely different in its position, its character, and its pursuits, would have presided over the developments of civilisation. It is, no doubt, true that the degradation or disintegration of Oriental Christianity assisted the triumph of Mohammedanism; but if Mahomet had been killed in one of the first skirmishes of his career, there is no reason to believe that a great monotheistic and military religion would have been organised in Arabia, destined to sweep with resistless fanaticism over an immense part both of the Pagan and of the Christian world, and to establish itself for many centuries and in three continents as a serious rival to Christianity. As Gibbon truly says, had Charles Martel been defeated at the battle of Poitiers, Mohammedanism would have almost certainly overspread the whole of Gallic and Teutonic Europe, and the victory of the Christians was only gained after several days of doubtful and indecisive struggle. The obscure blunder of some forgotten captain, who perhaps moved his troops to the right when he should have moved them to the left, may have turned the scale, and determined the future of Europe. Even the changes of the French Revolution, prepared as they undoubtedly were by a long train of irresistible causes, might have worn a wholly different complexion had the Duke of Burgundy succeeded Lewis XIV. and directed, with the intelligence and the liberality that were generally expected from the pupil of Fénelon, the government of his country. Profound and searching changes in the institutions of France were inevitable, but had they been effected peacefully, legally, and gradually, had the shameless scenes of the Regency and of Lewis XV. been avoided, that frenzy of democratic enthusiasm which has been the most distinctive product of the Revolution, and which has passed, almost like a new religion, into European life, might never have arisen, and the whole Napoleonic episode, with its innumerable consequences, would never have occurred.' (Vol. i. pp. 14–16.)

We must, therefore, acquit Mr. Lecky of any tendency to adopt Mr. Buckle's celebrated paradox, and, indeed, he leans at times to the opposite belief, like Pascal when he said that a grain of gravel obstructing a passage might have terminated the life of Cromwell and changed the fate of England. But Mr. Lecky has not the less adopted a method of writing history which is peculiar to

himself. He begins by discarding what he terms the 'personalities of history,' and he suppresses nearly all that is of a purely biographical, parliamentary, or military character. The consequence is, that although some of his portraits of the men of the time are executed with his usual candour and discrimination, he nowhere exhibits them in action; the dramatic element is entirely wanting. Nor does he attempt to give us a connected narrative of events. The wars of Marlborough, the struggles of party in the House of Commons, the diplomatic negotiations with Holland, Austria, and France, the transactions which led to the union with Scotland, the financial measures of Sir Robert Walpole, are related in the most cursory manner, and the particulars of these memorable occurrences must be sought elsewhere, or, as the phrase is, 'taken for read.' It is true that they have often been recorded before, and by none better than by the late Lord Stanhope, though not, it must be said, as Lord Macaulay would have described them, had he lived to complete that portion of his work, which he was of all men best fitted to execute, and which we have most reason to regret.

Mr. Lecky's method of writing history is, therefore, entirely *critical*. It resembles, though in a more complete and extended shape, that form of historical composition which has been created by the periodical literature of the present day. It consists of a series of ingenious speculations and remarks, suggested by the course of events, and illustrated by a prodigious amount of minute details, collected with great care in an extended range of reading and research, to throw light on the manners of the age. From this point of view his work is perfectly successful. It combines a great many facts with a great deal of thought: in his facts he is singularly accurate, and his reflections are always suggested by a liberal and ingenuous spirit. Except when he speaks of Ireland, in a portion of the work to which we shall revert hereafter, he never assumes the tone or temper of a partisan. He has no passionate likings or aversions, and the actions of public men have never been discussed in more philosophical and dispassionate language. His style is equable and pure, sometimes rising to eloquence, but never straining after rhetorical effect. Few books, therefore, of the present time reflect more credit on their author, or deserve to be more read by a cultivated public. But, to express our meaning without disguise, we think that his work might more fitly be described as what the French term a *Tableau de Mœurs* than as a 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century;' and its true character would have been more accurately pressed if he had omitted the word 'History' in his title-page, and called the book simply 'England in the Eighteenth Century.' Indeed, this is the running title of the work on every left-hand page of it. Mr. Lecky shines as an essayist rather than as an historian. His disquisitions on the moral and social aspects of the times, on aristocracy, on marriage and divorce, on the influence of religious sects, on cruelty and humanity, on sports, on the habits of society, on the tone of literature, and the state of the arts, are the most finished parts of his book, and those which contain the largest amount of novelty and amusement. He rambles at pleasure through these topics, just as the fancy of the moment leads him, and though the result is a mosaic picture rather than a work of consummate art, his varied reading and his pleasing style render it both instructive and entertaining. It would be easy to cull from his pages a *cento* of anecdotes illustrating the eighteenth century and the manners of our forefathers. One wonders if our own grandchildren will differ as much from ourselves as we evidently differ from our great-grandfathers. We only hope they will make as much progress in the arts and refinements of life as has been made by the last two generations. To us it would seem preferable to be transported back to the days of Elizabeth or the Stuarts, rather than to those of the intriguing politicians and roystering squires who lived a hundred and fifty years ago. There can hardly have been a time when party spirit was more senseless or more fierce, when the Court was more profligate, the Church more torpid, the people more ignorant, and manners more coarse than they were in the days of which Lord Hervey and Fielding have left a too faithful picture to excite the disgust of posterity.

We propose, however, not to dwell on these scenes, as they have already been reproduced to the public by a highly competent critic, but rather to examine the historical portions of the work, which Mr. Lecky doubtless regards as the most important part of his undertaking, and which, though fragmentary, are of undoubted interest.

The political history of England in the eighteenth century is marked, in Mr. Lecky's view, by two great divisions. The rule of the Whigs, extending from the later days of William and Anne, through the reigns of the two first Georges, to the accession of George III.; and the rule of the Tories, extending throughout the long reign of that sovereign and his immediate succes-

sor. The exceptions to this general observation, when the Opposition stumbled casually into office, were inconsiderable. The fact being so, it seems to us that this division was really determined by a consideration of a higher order. The first half of the eighteenth century was a period of disputed succession to the British crown. The contest, which began with the Revolution of 1688, was terminated at Culloden in 1745. The one great question, paramount to all others, was whether the Stuarts should return, or whether the Hanoverian settlement should be maintained—whether the love of legitimacy and the monarchical theory of government, as held by the Tories, should prevail, or a system of government limited by Parliament and the will of the people. That question predominated over all. The *foundation*, as they called it, of Whig principles was the maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty on the throne ; every one of their political measures and opinions, some of which were doubtless in themselves open to criticism and censure, was dictated by the supreme necessity of resistance to the Jacobites. By this test they must be tried, and this point of view alone explains all the transactions and policy of the time. The Whigs made war on France because Louis XIV. had been the active ally of James II., and left nothing undone to bring about the restoration of the Catholic line. The Whigs maintained the penal laws against the Catholics, especially in Ireland, because Ireland had been the field on which James maintained himself to the last, and might look for his warmest adherents, who were, however, so effectually disarmed that it was in Scotland, not in Ireland, that successive insurrections broke out. The Whigs prosecuted Dr. Sacheverell (one of their least reasonable measures) because, as Mr. Burke showed with great force in his 'Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs,' that noisy priest had attacked in popular language the very basis of popular government and parliamentary power. The Whigs passed the Septennial Act, by which a House of Commons prolonged its own existence, because new elections at that moment would probably have returned a Jacobite Parliament. These were strong party measures, only to be justified by their necessity and their success. It is marvellous, even with these measures, that success was obtained. For it deserves to be remarked that if this country had always been governed by the voice of numbers and popular opinion, several of the greatest reforms which have ever been accomplished in it, and those most favourable to liberty and progress, would have been defeated. The Reformation of the Church was intensely unpopular—the monasteries were seized to glut the minions of the Court, the religious usages and traditions of the people were broken, and the reaction burst forth with revolutionary violence under Edward VI. and the Protector Somerset. Queen Mary ascended the throne with acclamations, which were only silenced by her Spanish marriage and the sanguinary bigotry of her creed. The recollections of the Long Parliament and the rule of Cromwell were certainly not popular, and the restoration of Charles II. was hailed with rapture. The Church of England, then perhaps the most powerful institution of the country, turned against James, not because he was a tyrant, but because he was a Papist. Of William III., after all the service he had rendered to liberty and to England, Mr. Lecky says, 'Few English sovereigns have ever sunk into the tomb less regretted by the mass of the English nation.' But this is perhaps an exaggeration, for certainly William's last Parliament, elected in December 1701, was highly favourable to the policy of the king. Queen Anne was herself a Stuart, a Tory, a friend of the High Church party, though a Protestant and strongly inclined to bring back her brother to the throne. It turned upon the hazard of a die that a second restoration was not accomplished, and if accomplished as Bolingbroke intended, James III. would have been almost as well received as Charles II., for the Church, the landed interest, and a large portion of the people were not only Tory but Jacobite. The scenes which followed the acquittal of Dr. Sacheverell prove on which side the popular sympathies lay. It is therefore the peculiar glory of the Whigs, from Somers and Halifax down to Sir Robert Walpole and Chatham, that they succeeded in maintaining the true principles of freedom and parliamentary government, destined to bear far greater and richer fruit in another age, *against* the prevailing passions and prejudices of the people. Great reforms and the progress of liberty owe far more to the band of high-minded and cultivated men who look beyond the motives and obstacles of the day, and who surmount them, than to the impulses and illusions of popular power. No measure was ever more unpopular, especially with the nation it has so much benefited, than the union of England and Scotland. Even in more recent times, concessions to the American colonies were unpopular, the emancipation of the Catholics was unpopular, free trade was carried by the moment-

ary influence a great popular leader exerted in its favour, but we should be sorry to rely on mere popular support for the defence of the great truths and conquests of economical science. The history of the government of England by the Whig party in the first half of the last century derives, therefore, its main interest from the victory they achieved over the passions and interests which were leagued against them. For, as Mr. Lecky observes, 'the triumph of the Whig policy, which was effected by the Revolution and confirmed by the accession of the House of Brunswick, was the triumph of the party which was naturally the weakest in England.' He attributes this result mainly to the fact that the Whig party had on its side an aristocracy, popular in its character and liberal in its opinions, which in all ages had been the mainstay of British freedom against the power of the Crown—the commercial classes whose influence increased with the trading and manufacturing prosperity of the great towns—and the Nonconformists, who found in the Whigs their best allies against the bigotry and intolerance of the clergy. It may not be amiss to quote in this place Mr. Lecky's estimate of the character of these two great parties, which is a good specimen of his philosophical style. Henry VIII. said long ago that the parties in the kingdom were 'the dull' and 'the rash,' and Lord Russell adopted the same classification, adding that when the foolish joined the stupid no Minister could resist them. Mr. Lecky says the same thing more diffusely:—

'There is a real natural history of parties, and the division corresponds roughly to certain broad distinctions of mind and character that never can be effaced. The distinctions between content and hope, between caution and confidence, between the imagination that throws a halo of reverent association around the past and that which opens out brilliant vistas of improvement in the future, between the mind that perceives most clearly the advantages of existing institutions and the possible dangers of change and that which sees most keenly the defects of existing institutions and the vast additions that may be made to human well-being, form in all large classes of men opposite biases which find their expression in party divisions. The one side rests chiefly on the great truth that one of the first conditions of good government is essential stability, and on the extreme danger of a nation cutting itself off from the traditions of its past, denuding its government of all moral support, and perpetually tampering with the main pillars of the state. The other side rests chiefly upon the no less certain truths that government is an organic thing, that it must be capable of growing, expanding, and adapting itself to new conditions of thought or of society; that it is subject to grave diseases, which can only be arrested by a constant vigilance, and that its attributes and functions are susceptible of almost infinite variety and extension with the new and various developments of national life. The one side represents the statical, the other the dynamical, element in politics. Each can claim for itself a natural affinity to some of the highest qualities of mind and character, and each, perhaps, owes quite as much of its strength to mental and moral disease. Stupidity is naturally Tory. The large classes who are blindly wedded to routine, and are simply incapable of understanding or appreciating new ideas, or the exigencies of changed circumstances, or the conditions of a reformed society, find their natural place in the Tory ranks. Folly, on the other hand, is naturally Liberal. To this side belongs the cast of mind which, having no sense of the infinite complexity and interdependence of political problems, of the part which habit, association, and tradition play in every healthy political organism, and of the multifarious remote and indirect consequences of every institution, is prepared with a light heart and a reckless hand to recast the whole framework of the constitution in the interest of speculation or experiment. The colossal weight of national selfishness gravitates naturally to Toryism. That party rallies round its banner the great multitude who, having made their position, desire merely to keep things as they are, who are prepared to subordinate their whole policy to the maintenance of class privileges, who look with cold hearts and apathetic minds on the vast mass of remediable misery and injustice around them, who have never made a serious effort, or perhaps conceived a serious desire, to leave the world in any respect a better place than they found it. Even in the case of reforms which have no natural connection with party politics, and which, by diverting attention from other changes, would be eminently beneficial to the Tories, that party is usually less efficient than its rival, because its leaders are paralysed by the atmosphere of selfishness pervading their ranks, and because most of the reforming and energetic intellects are ranged among their opponents. On the other hand, the acrid humours and more turbulent passions of society flow strongly in the liberal direction. Envy, which hates every privilege or dignity it does not share, is intensely democratic, and disordered ambitions and dishonest adventurers find their natural place in the party of progress and of change.' (Vol. i. pp. 474–5.)

The eighteenth century and the reign of Queen Anne began with war, and with a war of which William and the Whigs were undoubtedly the authors. We have heard a great orator, who entertains for James II. the sentiments of William Penn, denounce the policy of that war; and a Radical pamphleteer of the present day, belonging to the same school of politicians, speaks of

the 'disastrous effulgence of Blenheim and Ramillies.' Is it then forgotten or unknown that Blenheim and Ramillies broke the military power of Louis XIV., and consequently destroyed the mainstay of the Jacobite party, and the pernicious ascendency which France had exercised on behalf of the Stuarts in England? Even as late as 1745, Mr. Lecky regards the Jacobite insurrection in Scotland as an immediate consequence of the defeat at Fontenoy; and it cannot be doubted that the military strength of England during the first half of the century, as opposed to that of France, was an essential condition of the maintenance of the House of Hanover on the throne. To us, the value and importance of Marlborough's victories lies not in their bearing on the Spanish succession, but on the force and stability they gave to the settlement of the British crown. It is not true that William was irreconcileably bent on war with France, for he negotiated two successive treaties of partition with Louis to avert it. Louis repudiated the treaties, and accepted the will of the King of Spain in favour of his own grandson; but even these breaches of faith failed to excite the people of England to war. 'It grieves me to the soul,' William wrote, 'that almost every one rejoices that France has preferred the will to the treaty.' 'The whole Tory party,' says Mr. Lecky, 'steadily censured the interference of England in the contest.' It is commonly believed that this opinion prevailed until the death of James II. and the formal recognition by Louis XIV. of the right of his son, the Pretender. But Mr. Lecky points out another cause, which suddenly turned the course of events.

'There was one point on the Continent, however, which no patriotic Englishman, whether Whig or Tory, could look upon with indifference. The line of Spanish fortresses which protected the Netherlands from the ambition of France was of vital importance to the security of Holland, and if Holland passed into French hands it was more than doubtful whether English independence would long survive. To preserve these fortresses from French aggrandisement had been for generations a main end of English policy; during the last fifty years torrents of English blood had been shed to secure them; and with this object, William had agreed with the Elector of Bavaria, who governed them as the representative of the Spanish king, that they should be garrisoned in part with Dutch troops. Propositions for the absolute cession of the Spanish Netherlands to the Elector of Bavaria had been made, but for various reasons abandoned; but the maintenance of the Dutch garrisons was of extreme importance, and if, as was alleged, the transfer of the Spanish monarchy to the grandson of Louis XIV. did not mean the subserviency of Spain to French policy, it was on this, beyond all other questions, that the most careful neutrality should have been shown. Lewis, however, was quite determined that these garrisons should cease, and he at the same time saw the possibility of forcing the Dutch to recognise the validity of the will of Charles II. With the assent of the Spanish authorities he sent a French army into the Spanish Netherlands, occupied the whole line of Spanish fortresses in the name of his grandson, and in a time of perfect peace detained the Dutch garrison prisoners until Holland had recognised the title of the new sovereign to the Spanish throne.

'It would be difficult to exaggerate either the arrogance or the folly of this act. The Tory party, which in the beginning of 1701 was ascendant in England, was bitterly hostile to William; the partition treaties excited throughout the country deep and general discontent, and the ardent wish of the English people was to detach their country as far as possible from continental complications, and to secure a long and permanent peace on the basis of a frank acceptance of the will of Charles II. But it was impossible that any English party, however hostile to William, could see with indifference the whole line of Spanish fortresses, including Luxemburg, Mons, Namur, Charleroi, and the seaports of Nieuport and Ostend, occupied by the French, the whole English policy of the last war overthrown without a blow, and the transfer of the Spanish monarchy to Philip immediately employed in the interests of French ambition.' (Vol. i. pp. 26–7.)

The consequence was that on September 7, 1701, William concluded the triple alliance of England, Austria, and Holland, for the purpose of recovering the Low Countries from the French, and of resisting the aggrandisement of France in Italy and Spain. This alliance was signed ten days *before* the death of James II.; consequently the recognition of the Prince of Wales had nothing to do with it. It is more probable that Louis, aware of the coalition just formed against him, retaliated by this note of defiance. William himself died six months later, on March 8, 1702.*

No one questions the Tory politics of Queen Anne, but the chief glories of her reign were due to Whig ministers and Whig alliances. Godolphin and Marlborough were certainly very moderate Tories, if they deserve the name, and they gradually strengthened the Whig element in the queen's gov-

* It is much to be regretted that Lord Macaulay's history was interrupted by his death just as he was about to enter upon the narrative of these transactions of 1701, the very crisis of the king's reign. His account of William's death is a detached and posthumous fragment.

ernment. Duchess Sarah, whose influence surpassed that of ministers, was a decided Whig. Sunderland, the son-in-law of Marlborough, was also a Whig; and the ministry of which these men were the most distinguished ornaments lasted from 1704 to 1710, six of the most glorious years in the annals of this country. Mr. Lecky points out with great fairness the errors, as we now judge them, committed by these leaders of the party. They failed to take advantage of the overtures of peace made in 1706 and again in 1709, when all that could reasonably be desired or obtained by war would have been conceded to them. And of Marlborough it must be said, that as he had betrayed his first master, he was ready to betray the second; and had the Pretender shown the slightest disposition to change his religion, he would in all probability have ascended the throne. But Mr. Lecky judges Marlborough with far more lenity and justice than Lord Macaulay, who was inspired with a positive hatred of the man by his treachery and his avarice. His military genius was not more eminent than his extraordinary skill in dealing with mankind, by patience, tact, temper, and self-command. Even his avarice was proof against the bribes of France, and, though he might sell a dynasty, he never sold the interests of his country. Yet he was not trusted, and he was not popular. Mr. Lecky suggests that 'the hated memory of the Commonwealth' and of Cromwell still inspired the nation with a fear of military greatness; and that the possible designs of another ambitious general, idolized by the army, were thought to be not without danger to liberty and to the crown.

'The profound horror of military despotism, which is one of the strongest and most salutary of English sentiments, has been, perhaps, the most valuable legacy of the Commonwealth. In Marlborough, for the first time since the Restoration, men saw a possible Cromwell, and they looked forward with alarm to the death of the queen as a period peculiarly propitious to military usurpation. Bolingbroke never represented more happily the feelings of the people than in the well-known scene at the first representation of the "Cato" of Addison. Written by a great Whig writer, the play was intended to advocate Whig sentiments; but when the Whig audience had made the theatre ring with applause at every speech on the evil of despotism and arbitrary principles, the Tory leader availed himself of the pause between the acts to summon the chief actor, to present him with a purse of money, and to thank him publicly for having defended the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual military dictator. These considerations help to explain the completeness of the downfall of Marlborough.' (Vol. i. pp. 120–1.)

Mr. Lecky describes with considerable minuteness the failure of the Tory ministry of the last days of Queen Anne, which deserves rather to be called a conspiracy than a government, for it was a conspiracy against our allies, who were abandoned to make a separate peace, a conspiracy against our own generals in the field, and a conspiracy against the settled succession of the crown. But the story has been told so often that we shall not repeat it. The intrigues of the Tory leaders who, without being Jacobites or Papists, were endeavouring to bring about a second restoration, and were defeated in the act, had the effect of throwing the Elector of Hanover, on his accession to the British throne, entirely into the hands of the Whigs; and, fortunately for George I., he was enabled to place the conduct of affairs in the hands of one of the ablest and most prudent of British statesmen, Sir Robert Walpole.

One of the strongest elements in the question of succession was the aversion of the English people to foreigners and foreign influence. The greatest crime of the Stuarts was that they had condescended to become the pensioners and dependents of France, and had relapsed into the Church of Rome. The greatest drawback in the Revolution was that it had been accomplished by a Dutchman at the head of a Dutch army. But with the reign of Anne this foreign aversion changed sides. She was a British princess, and her reign was made glorious by British victories. The foreigner, on the other hand, was the Elector of Hanover, her destined successor—no representative of the splendour, politeness, and munificence of the court of France—no representative of the freedom and commercial genius of Holland—but the offspring of a German electorate, the most degraded and contemptible members of the monarchical family of Europe. No wonder that, in the ears of a large portion of the people of England, the word 'Hanoverian' became for half a century a term of reproach, and that even in our times the severance of the crown of England from the petty court of Hanover seemed to give additional lustre to the reign of Victoria. We have heard M. Guizot remark that nothing was to him more striking in English history, or more characteristic of the political sense of the English people, than the fact that they submitted for forty-seven years to be governed by two dull, ignorant, and vulgar German princes, for the sake of a constitutional principle. The constitutional principle saved itself and saved them; for

if George I. and George II. had been called upon or enabled to take a more active part in the duties of government than they did—if, for instance, as some of the modern apologists of court influence would have us believe, such sovereigns as these had directed the foreign policy of the country—it is more than probable that their descendants would not now occupy the throne. It was mainly to Sir Robert Walpole that the continuance and success of so clumsy and corrupt a form of monarchy was due. He contrived, by a skilful management of the court, and especially by the constant support of the queen (who submitted from a love of secret power, and from unshaken confidence in the minister, to lead a most tedious and odious existence), to hold both these sovereigns in continual check, to maintain peace while they desired war, and to defend and govern England while they were thinking of Germany. He contrived, often by discreditable means, to maintain his ascendency in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons ; but, however impatient of opposition there, his finger was always on the pulse of the nation, and he took care never to stretch his great authority beyond the limits of popular sympathy and support. Upon the whole, Lord Hervey's ' Memoirs ' and Horace Walpole's ' Memoires ' (as he affectedly called them) give us a far livelier picture of the court and government of England during this period than we can extract from the pages of any critical historian. There we have those ' personalities of history ' which Mr. Lecky repudiates, but which constitute, after all, its greatest charm. Machiavelli, who was not the less one of the most philosophical of historians, did not disdain to say, ' Se niuna cosa diletta o insigna nella historia, e quella che particolarmente se discrivi.' In these particulars the work before us is deficient, in spite of the facts with which it abounds, for facts are not incidents. Mr. Lecky's comments on them bear the same relation to these scenes of real life as an article in a review bears to the narrative of a battle. But, not to disparage our own craft, we must add that they always bear the stamp of fairness, judgment, and insight into character. The following is his character of Walpole :—

' It is the fault of many historians and the misfortune of many statesmen that the latter are often judged almost exclusively by the measures they have passed, and not at all by the evils they have averted. In the case of Walpole this mode of judgment is peculiarly misleading, and it is remarkable that great practical politicians have usually estimated him far more highly than men of letters. The long period of his rule was signalised by very few measures of brilliancy or enduring value. His faults both as a man and a statesman were glaring and repulsive, and he never exercised either the intellectual fascination that belongs to a great orator, or the moral fascination that belongs to a great character. He was not a reformer, or a successful war minister, or a profound and original thinker, or even a tactician of great enterprise, and yet he possessed qualities which have justly placed him in the foremost rank of politicians. Finding England with a disputed succession and an unpopular sovereign, with a corrupt and factious Parliament, and an intolerant, ignorant, and warlike people, he succeeded in giving it twenty years of unbroken peace and uniform prosperity, in establishing on an impregnable basis a dynasty which seemed tottering to its fall, in rendering, chiefly by the force of his personal ascendency, the House of Commons the most powerful body in the state, in moderating permanently the ferocity of political factions and the intolerance of ecclesiastical legislation. A simple country squire, with neither large fortune nor great connections, he won the highest post in politics from rivals of brilliant talent, and he maintained himself in it for a longer period than any of his predecessors. No English minister had a sounder judgment in emergencies or a greater skill in reading and in managing men. He obtained a complete ascendency over George I., although, the king speaking no English, and his minister no French or German, their only communications were in bad Latin, and although the favourite mistress of the king was his enemy. On the death of George I., when the other leading politicians turned at once to Mrs. Howard, the mistress of the new sovereign, as the future source of political power, Walpole at once recognised the ability and unobtrusive influence of the queen, and by her friendship he was soon absolute at court. Though George II. came to the throne with an intense prepossession against him, and though the king was as fond of war as his minister of peace, he soon acquired the same influence over the new sovereign as he had exercised over his father. His chancellor, Lord Macclesfield, excited a storm of indignation, and at last an impeachment, by corruptly selling masterships of Chancery ; but Walpole, without unfairly abandoning his colleague, met the charges against him with such consummate tact and such judicious candour that the affair rather strengthened than weakened his administration. He managed the House of Commons with an admirable mixture of shrewdness and frankness, and his facility of access, his unfailing good humour, the ease with which he threw aside the cares of office, his loud, ringing laugh, and the keen zest with which he rode to the hounds, contributed perhaps as much as his higher qualities to win the affections of the country squires, who were still so powerful in politics. Parliamentary government, under his auspices, acquired a definite form and a regu-

lar action, and he was a great Parliamentary leader at the time when the art of Parliamentary leadership was altogether new.

'As a statesman the chief object of his policy was to avoid all violent concussions of opinion. He belonged to that class of legislators who recognise fully that government is an organic thing, that all transitions to be safe should be the gradual product of public opinion, that the great end of statesmanship is to secure the nation's practical well-being, and allow its social and industrial forces to develope unimpeded, and that a wise minister will carefully avoid exciting violent passions, provoking reactions, offending large classes, and generating enduring discontents. In many periods the policy of evading or postponing dangerous questions has proved revolutionary, or has, at least, increased the elements of agitation. In the time of Walpole, and in the degree in which he practised it, it was eminently wise. England was at this time menaced by one of the greatest calamities that can befall a nation—the evil of a disputed succession. Large classes were alienated from the Government. Strong religious and political passions had been aroused against it, and there were evident signs in many quarters of a disposition to subordinate national to dynastic considerations. In an earlier period of English history causes of this nature had deluged England with blood for more than sixty years. Since the time of Walpole very similar influences have corroded the patriotism and divided the energies of the leading nation on the continent, and have led to the most crushing catastrophe in its history. To the systematic moderation of Walpole it is in a great degree due that the revolutionary spirit took no root in England, that the many elements of disaffection gradually subsided, and that the landed gentry were firmly attached to the new dynasty. To conciliate this class was a main branch of his policy, and if this course was dictated by his own party interests, it is equally true that it was eminently in accordance with the interests of the country.' . . . .

'The highest English interest of his time was the maintenance of the Hanoverian dynasty and of the constitutional maxims of government it represented; and to Walpole more than to any other single man that maintenance was due.' (Vol. i. pp. 327–332.)

It is to be regretted that Mr. Lecky has confined himself too much to these generalities. For instance, we look in vain for a particular account of one of the most important measures of Walpole, his Excise Bill; for that we must turn to Lord Hervey. Indeed it must be said that throughout the work we remark a total absence of an historical view of the finances of the country. But finance was Sir Robert Walpole's strongest point, and any account of his administration is extremely incomplete without it.* On questions of taxation and trade Sir Robert was far ahead of his age, and the principles he laid down in the speech in which he introduced the Excise Bill, are the same which were advocated by Adam Smith, and carried into effect a century later by Sir Robert Peel. In this respect he was too far before his age, yet it is almost incredible that a proposal so well meant and in truth so inconsiderable as the Excise Bill should have shaken in his seat such a minister as Sir Robert Walpole was in 1733. The simple cause of these commotions was a project to ease the land-tax of one shilling in the pound (it was then two shillings), by turning the duties on tobacco and wine, then payable on importation, into inland duties, to be collected, we presume, from the vendors of these articles. 'Customs,' said Walpole, 'are duties paid by the merchant on importation; excise duties payable by the retail trader on consumption.' Walpole calculated that by this mode of collection, although the duty itself was not to be increased, and by the continuation of the salt-duty, he should improve the public revenue by 500,000*l.*, or one-sixth of the sum raised upon these articles, and this sum was to go in abatement of the land-tax. The landed interest had borne the heat and burden of the day since the Revolution. For many years land was taxed up to four shillings in the pound. Walpole therefore thought it both just and popular to reduce the land-tax to one shilling in the pound by a mere alteration in the mode of collection of other duties. This was the whole scheme. Yet it gave rise to more clamour and violence than any other act of his administration. The country rang with the cry, '*No excise, no slavery, no wooden shoes!*' It was supposed that the excise officers of the government were to penetrate into every warehouse, and every branch of trade, and that all the necessaries of life were to be taxed. This popular outcry may in some degree be explained by the fact that excise duties were first imposed by the Long Parliament in 1643, and afterwards greatly extended and abused by the Stuarts. On the Revolution most of these taxes on articles of general consumption were abolished, with the exception (still retained) of spirits, malt, and beer. The nation dreaded a return to the old system, which was not yet forgotten.

* The account of the Excise Bill in Mr. Ewald's recently published 'Life of Sir Robert Walpole' is more detailed than Mr. Lecky's, but it is full of inaccuracies, and it is to be regretted that this writer has not taken more pains to verify his statements.

Mr. Lecky seems to us hardly to have examined this matter in sufficient detail, or to have shown his usual accuracy in his account of the conclusion of it. He says, 'The Bill passed by large majorities through the earlier stages,' and that at the final stage Walpole's adherents '*without a dissentient voice* urged him to persevere, and pledged themselves to carry the Bill.' The fact is, as related by Lord Hervey, that 'some of his friends, whose timidity passed afterwards for judgment, advised him to relinquish it;' by *friends*, Lord Hervey probably means himself. But the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Montrose, Lord Stair, Lord Marchmont, the Duke of Bolton, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Clinton, and Lord Cobham, all holding civil or military offices under Walpole, caballed against the scheme. Lord Stair had a stormy interview with the queen, in which she told him 'My Lord, you forget that you are speaking *of* the king's minister, and *to* the king's wife.' Lord Scarborough, certainly not unfriendly to Walpole, remonstrated with him earnestly against the Bill, though he had at first supported it. At length Walpole himself offered both to the queen and to the king to retire, which the king, who was strongly in favour of the scheme, refused. Meantime the majorities in the House of Commons on the different stages of the Bill steadily declined from sixty-four to seventeen votes. After this division Sir Robert pulled his hat over his eyes, and was greatly moved. The queen exclaimed, with tears running down her cheeks, when told the numbers, '*It is over; we must give way.*' The debate had lasted till midnight, but there was a supper of a dozen friends at Sir Robert's after it. At his own table, and not at any formal meeting of the party, Walpole then said, after the servants had withdrawn, '*This dance it will no further go*, and to-morrow I intend to sound a retreat.' On this text he preached for some time to this select band of his private friends, and then sent them to bed to sleep if they could. Even the surrender of the Bill did not save Sir Robert the next day from a personal attack, from what Lord Hervey calls the 'mercantile gauntlet,' on the stairs of the House of Commons. Horace Walpole afterwards recorded, with some exaggeration, that his father was to have been murdered by the mob, and he certainly was nearly trampled to death, when the strings of his red cloak broke, and he was enabled to get to his coach unhurt.

This occurrence, which was one of the most exciting in Sir Robert's life, loses all the vivacity of truth in Mr. Lecky's somewhat frigid account of it. It had, moreover, two important consequences. Though not vindictive, Walpole would tolerate no revolt from his supreme authority, and those who had deserted him in the hour of danger were punished, whatever their rank, with exemplary rigour. Nor was the warning lost on himself. When Pulteney called the Excise Bill a wicked scheme, Walpole replied that he believed it to be a good one, but certainly was not mad enough to repeat the experiment. In fact he found it, as many another minister might do, much easier to carry on the government without attempting any changes or innovations, than it is to carry the wisest remedial measures. Under our Constitution, it demands a high sense of public duty, not to let things alone; and accordingly *quieta non movere* became the motto of Sir Robert Walpole's long reign. Few ministers have done less to urge on the country 'down the ringing grooves of change' or to remedy the grossest injustices and abuses. His refusal to entertain the just demands of the Dissenters for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, after they had given a staunch support to the Revolution Government for forty years, was a base act of timidity, and the injustice continued for another century to be unredressed. But against these shortcomings must be placed the excellence of Sir Robert's financial administration, the firmness with which he maintained peace and resisted the king's proclivity to war, and the steady conviction that the designs of the Pretender were, both at home and abroad, a permanent danger to the stability of the throne, demanding the constant vigilance of the government, down to the catastrophe of 1745.

The general effect of an ignorant, coarse, and alien court, served by a government which Mr. Lecky justly describes as corrupt, inefficient, and unheroic, although it was moderate, tolerant, economical, and on the whole free, was to sink the public spirit, the genius, the literature, and the temper of the English nation under the leaden rule of the two first Georges to the lowest point they have reached in the annals of a thousand years. The task of the historian of this period becomes singularly thankless. Between the reign of Anne, with its victories, its passions, its ardent controversies, its political struggles, its polished literature—represented by Pope and Addison, the wit of Swift, the eloquence of Bolingbroke—and the great revival of England's greatness and glory under Chatham, there lies a tract of barren soil to which no literary art can give much interest. Mr. Lecky philoso-

phises, *more suo*, on the melancholy prospect :—

'It is not surprising that under such circumstances the spirit of the nation should have sunk very low. In the period between the Reformation and the Revolution England had been convulsed by some of the strongest passions of which large bodies of men are susceptible. The religious enthusiasm that accompanies great changes and conflicts of dogmatic belief, the enthusiasm of patriotism elicited by a deadly contest with a foreign enemy, the enthusiasm of liberty struggling with despotism, and the enthusiasm of loyalty struggling with innovation, had been the animating principles of large bodies of Englishmen. Different as are these enthusiasms in their nature and their objects, various as are the minds on which they operate, and great as are in some cases the evils that accompany their excess, they have all the common property of kindling in large bodies of men an heroic self-sacrifice, of teaching them to subordinate material to moral ends, and of thus raising the tone of political life. All these enthusiasms had now gradually subsided, while the philanthropic and reforming spirit, which in the nineteenth century has in a great degree taken their place, was almost absolutely unfelt. With a Church teaching a cold and colourless morality and habitually discouraging every exhibition of zeal, with a dynasty accepted as necessary to the country, but essentially foreign in its origin, its character, and its sympathies, with a government mild and tolerant, indeed, but selfish, corrupt, and hostile to reform, the nation gradually sank into a condition of selfish apathy. In very few periods was there so little religious zeal, or active loyalty, or public spirit. A kindred tone pervaded the higher branches of intellect. The philosophy of Locke, deriving our ideas mainly if not exclusively from external sources, was supreme among the stronger minds. In literature, in art, in speculation, the imagination was repressed; strong passions, elevated motives, and sublime aspirations were replaced by critical accuracy of thought and observation, by a measured and fastidious beauty of form, by clearness, symmetry, sobriety, and good sense. We find this alike in the prose of Addison, in the poetry of Pope, and in the philosophy of Hume. The greatest wit and the most original genius of the age was also the most intensely and the most coarsely realistic. The greatest English painter of the time devoted himself mainly to caricature. The architects could see nothing but barbarous deformity in the Gothic cathedral, and their own works had touched the very nadir of taste. The long war of the Spanish Succession failed signally to arouse the energies of the nation. It involved no great principle that could touch the deeper chords of national feeling. It was carried on chiefly by means of subsidies. It was one of the most ill directed, ill executed, and unsuccessful that England had ever waged, and the people, who saw Hanoverian influence in every campaign, looked with an ominous supineness upon its vicissitudes. Good judges spoke with great despondency of the decline of public spirit as if the energy of the people had been fatally impaired. Their attitude during the rebellion of 1745 was justly regarded as extremely alarming. It appeared as if all interest in those great questions which had convulsed England in the time of the Commonwealth and of the Revolution had died away—as if even the old courage of the nation was extinct. Nothing can be more significant than the language of contemporary statesmen on the subject. "I apprehend," wrote old Horace Walpole when the news of the arrival of the Pretender was issued, "that the people may perhaps look on and cry 'Fight dog! fight bear!' if they do no worse." "England," wrote Henry Fox, "Wade says, and I believe, is for the first comer, and if you can tell whether the 6,000 Dutch and ten battalions of English, or 5,000 French and Spaniards will be here first, you know our fate." "The French are not come—God be thanked! But had 5,000 landed in any part of this island a week ago, I verily believe the entire conquest of it would not have cost them a battle."' (Vol. i. pp. 466–8.)

He then proceeds to fill up this outline of a degraded age by details. It was at this time that the habit of drinking spirits, and especially gin, became a national vice, which has, alas! stuck to us to this day. The fine passage in Mandeville describing the effects of the introduction of gin from Holland has escaped him; but he tells us in arithmetical language that the quantity of British spirits distilled was only 527,000 gallons in 1684, but 5,394,000 gallons in 1735. The attempt to check the consumption of spirits by immoderate duties only gave rise to more fraud and smuggling; other crimes increased in proportion, and the people grew cruel and inhuman. The streets of London were to the last degree insecure. Gay, in his 'Trivia,' is pleased to invoke

'Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Where tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land.'

But just before he warns his readers—

'Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;

In the mid way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.'

The 'crystal lamp,' it is true, was introduced into London under Charles II., but only from Michaelmas to Lady Day, and then only till midnight—the rest was darkness or the link-boy. It was not till 1736 that a more efficient system of lighting was established, though still very imperfect, as some of us may remember when gas was not. But the purple hand of justice, if not of tyranny, lay heavy enough on miserable offenders. Seventeen persons have been known to be hanged in London on a single morning. Street robberies and highway robberies were common. Fugitive debtors, and with them many criminals, still found an Alsatia at the Mint, in Southwark, as late as 1723. Wrecking was practised to an enormous extent on the coast, till Pelham made it a capital offence ; but even in 1776 Wesley found it in Cornwall as common as ever. The state of the prisons was horrible. In 1750 gaol fever raged to such an extent in Newgate that two judges, the lord mayor, an alderman, and several other persons caught the infection at the Old Bailey assizes and were carried off by it. The criminal law was barbarous in the extreme, and Mr. Lecky produces some evidence to show that the *peine forte et dure* to compel prisoners to plead to a capital charge was applied in England as late as 1735, and in Ireland in 1740.

The aversion of the nation to standing armies was still a deep-rooted tradition of the Liberal creed, which Mr. Lecky attributes to the hate of military government under the despotism of Cromwell. He forgets that other despots besides Cromwell had threatened the liberties of the people by standing armies. From whatever cause, the feeling existed to such a degree that barrack-accommodation was wanting for the small force of 17,000 men then existing in England. The men were billeted in public houses or lodged in barns purchased for that purpose.

The habits of the upper classes were profligate and immoral. Gambling among women and drinking among men were the favourite entertainments. The introduction of the Italian opera was denounced even by Addison in the 'Spectator,' because the singers were foreigners and Papists. Mr. Lecky describes with remarkable elegance and feeling the melancholy struggles of Handel to gain a livelihood, in spite of the patronage of the king and queen ; and it flatters his strong Irish sympathies to record that when the greatest musical genius of the age was driven across St. George's Channel, the 'Messiah' was first performed in April 1742 in Dublin. Handel himself was touched to the heart by the kind treatment he received in Ireland and 'the politeness of this generous nation.' Yet when he returned to London he was reduced, in 1745, to a second bankruptcy.

The stage was slowly recovering from the degradation into which it had been cast by the wits of the Restoration. Addison's 'Cato' was revived with applause, Gay's 'Beggars' Opera' with rapture ; but the popularity of both pieces was due to the political allusions discovered in them. Shakespeare slowly recovered his hold on the stage and on the reading public, more especially after the appearance of Garrick. The 'Merchant of Venice,' and the 'Winter's Tale,' were played in 1741, after an interval of one hundred years ; 'As You Like It' for the first time since the death of Shakespeare.

In minute but interesting particulars of this kind Mr. Lecky's work abounds, and his chapter on the social aspect of England in the middle of the eighteenth century is scarcely less curious, though somewhat less graphic, than Lord Macaulay's celebrated picture of England in 1690. The general impression left upon the mind would be a painful one were it not for the reflection that society has evolved itself, in the Darwinian fashion, into a higher and better state of being.

No doubt one of the causes which most contributed to this lamentable state of things was the torpor of the Church, the inefficiency of the universities, a low school of philosophy, as far as there was any philosophy at all, the prevalence of deistical opinions, and the indifference of the nation to all that can dignify and elevate the spiritual faith of man. Another writer, Mr. Leslie Stephen, has, with more complacency than Mr. Lecky, recently raked among the ashes of the extinct controversies of the eighteenth century ; but he appears to us to have found but little to reward his industry in the study of Toland, Whiston, and Warburton. We are rather disposed to agree with Mr. Lecky that the revival came from below, and came in the shape of opinions which we ourselves regard as enthusiastic. But there was a sacred fire in John Wesley and in Whitefield, when that fire had gone out upon the altar. Methodism rekindled a fervent Christian spirit in the hearts of the people, which gradually spread through the Church and

the nation. The Puritanism of the seventeenth century was dissociated from the political animosities it had excited, and which long survived the Commonwealth. A religious revival began, which Mr. Lecky ranks in importance before the career of the elder Pitt and the victories which crowned the reign of George II.; and, although the forms of this movement have often varied, the people of England have never relapsed into the ice of indifference. It began with field-preaching—a thing uncongenial to the decorous habits of John Wesley, who at first 'would have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in a church.' But the eloquence of Whitefield had already been attended with such success that Wesley followed his example. Of Whitefield Mr. Lecky says :—

'He was filled with horror and compassion at finding in the heart of a Christian country, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a great city, a population of many thousands, sunk in the most brutal ignorance and vice, and entirely excluded from the ordinances of religion. Moved by such feelings, he resolved to address the colliers in their own haunts. The resolution was a bold one, for field-preaching was then utterly unknown in England, and it needed no common courage to brave all the obloquy and derision it must provoke, and to commence the experiment in the centre of a half-savage population. Whitefield, however, had a just confidence in his cause and in his powers. Standing himself upon a hillside, he took for his text the first words of the sermon which was spoken from the Mount, and he addressed with his accustomed fire an astonished audience of some 200 men. The fame of his eloquence spread far and wide. On successive occasions, five, ten, fifteen, even twenty thousand were present. It was February, but the winter sun shone clear and bright. The lanes were filled with the carriages of the more wealthy citizens, whom curiosity had drawn from Bristol. The trees and hedges were crowded with humbler listeners, and the fields were darkened by a compact mass. The voice of the great preacher pealed with a thrilling power to the very outskirts of that mighty throng. The picturesque novelty of the occasion and of the scene, the contagious emotion of so great a multitude, a deep sense of the condition of his hearers and of the momentous importance of the step he was taking, gave an additional solemnity to his eloquence. His rude auditors were electrified. They stood for a time in wrapt and motionless attention. Soon tears might be seen forming white gutters down cheeks blackened from the coal-mine. Then sobs and groans told how hard hearts were melting at his words. A fire was kindled among the outcasts of Kingswood, which burnt long and fiercely, and was destined in a few years to overspread the land.' (Vol. ii. p. 562.)

'The effect of this style of preaching was greatly enhanced by an extreme variety of gesture, intonation, and manner. Considering the very small number of his ideas, it is a remarkable proof of the oratorical talents of Whitefield that his sermons were never charged with monotony. He frequently interspersed the more serious passages with anecdotes or illustrations. He sometimes even relieved them by a jest. Often, when the audience had been strung to the highest pitch of excitement, he would suddenly make a long, solemn, and dramatic pause. He painted scenes as if they were visibly present to his eye, with all the fire and the animation of the most perfect actor. On one occasion, when illustrating the peril of sinners, he described with such an admirable power an old blind man deserted by his dog, tottering feebly over the desolate moor, endeavouring in vain to feel his way with his staff, and gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the verge of a dizzy precipice, that when he arrived at the final catastrophe, no less a person than Lord Chesterfield lost all self-possession, and was heard audibly exclaiming, "Good God! he is gone." On another occasion preaching before seamen at New York he adopted a nautical tone. "Well, my boys, we have a clear sky, and are making fine headway over a smooth sea before a light breeze, and we shall soon lose sight of land. But what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that dark cloud arising from beneath the western horizon? Hark! don't you hear distant thunder? Don't you see those flashes of lightning? There is a storm gathering! Every man to his duty! How the waves arise and dash against the ship! The air is dark! the tempest rages! Our masts are gone! The ship is on her beam-ends! What next?" "The long boat, take to the long boat!" shouted his excited hearers.' (Vol. ii. p. 572.)

Upon the whole, we regard Mr. Lecky's ninth chapter, which he has thrown to the end of his second volume, and which he entitles 'The Religious Revival,' as the most able portion of his work. Extravagance, intolerance, and fanaticism are as little to his taste as they are to our own; but he recognises even in these aberrations of zeal something that merits respect, the awakening of a people from a life of brutality and vice, an awakening not due to a preposterous imitation of ritual observances, or to the spread of sceptical opinions, but to the propagation of evangelical piety.

Thus far Mr. Lecky's work is distinguished by a spirit of judicial impartiality, and he takes especial pleasure in weighing *le pour et le contre* on every subject he touches. But to the greater part of his second volume this eulogy in no way applies. After a brief and imperfect notice of the affairs of Scotland, although they never

were more interesting than in the first years of the eighteenth century, he devotes 330 pages to a survey of Irish history, beginning with St. Columba and Strongbow, touching on the Irish rebellions under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, examining at great length the evidence with reference to the Catholic massacres of 1641 and the legislation of the Irish Parliament of 1689, and discussing the whole policy of Great Britain to Ireland. With the utmost respect for Mr. Lecky's patriotic sentiments and for his generous sympathy with the oppressed, we must say that if his work is to be regarded as a history of England in the eighteenth century he has here run quite off the course, and all historical proportion is lost sight of. What is still more to be regretted is, that he exchanges the character of a critic and a judge for that of an advocate, and these chapters are in fact a passionate pleading for the justice and humanity of the Irish character. We quite admit that Ireland has in past centuries been treated with injustice and inhumanity by England—crimes for which it has since been the ardent desire of this country to make the largest atonement in its power. But we are unable to accept Mr. Lecky's version of the temper and conduct of the Irish people, who have in all ages rendered the wise government of the country difficult, and sometimes impossible. Mr. Lecky's object appears to be to administer to the public an antidote to the poisonous charges of Mr. Froude, on which he comments with severity in his notes.* For ourselves, having a sincere respect for both these eminent writers, and believing both of them to be animated by a sincere desire of truth and love of freedom, we regret to see them so much at variance. Neither the poison nor the antidote is to our taste, and it is painful to see minds of so much power inflamed by the heat of national predilections. Fortunately, both of them are free from those sectarian passions which give additional acrimony to such contests. Mr. Lecky is as little of a Catholic as Mr. Froude; for although he thinks that 'Catholicism has contributed much to the attractive charm and to the sterling excellence of the Irish character,' he lays it down more broadly than we should do that 'under the conditions of modern life no country will ever play a great and honourable part in the world if the policy of its rulers or the higher education of its people is subject to the control of the Catholic priesthood.' But he holds that the wrongs of Ireland not only explain but justify the spirit of insurrection, political and agrarian, which has so long characterised her people.

We agree with Mr. Lecky that the evils from which Ireland has suffered under English ascendancy may be traced mainly to two points—the proscription of the Irish religion and the confiscation of the Irish soil. But he goes too far when he asserts that the English race cared much more for the suppression of the Irish race than for the suppression of its religion. The peculiar hatred and dread entertained by the English for the Roman Catholic Church, was much more political than religious. In the sixteenth century the cause of the Roman Church was the cause of Spain. In the earlier half of the seventeenth century the Roman Church aimed at the extermination of the English and Scottish races from Ireland, and declared irreconcileable war against the Commonwealth. In the latter half the Roman Church was identified with the cause of the Stuarts. James II. claimed to be Catholic King of Ireland after he had ceased to be King of England and Scotland, and fought his last battle on Irish soil. That was a state of things absolutely incompatible with the existence of the British monarchy as established by the Revolution of 1688. To put an end to it the Irish were again conquered and placed under highly intolerant and repressive laws, although the authors of those laws were themselves on the side of freedom. But the consequence was, as Mr. Lecky himself points out, that no further Stuartist movement occurred in Ireland, even when Scotland rose in 1715 and 1745; and, much as we condemn the penal character of those laws, it must be said that Ireland made greater progress in culture between 1690 and 1790 than she had done in any previous period of her history. When M. d'Avaux accompanied James in his expedition, he describes a savage coun-

* In truth, Mr. Lecky should have addressed his remonstrance, not so much to Mr. Froude as to David Hume, whose narrative of the Irish rebellion of 1641 is one of the most touching and eloquent passages in English literature, and has sunk deep into the minds of English readers for six generations. Hume and Froude worked upon the same materials, chiefly the history of Sir John Temple, based on the depositions still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin; and the main facts are not invalidated, though the numbers of the victims cannot be ascertained. We think Mr. Lecky has shown that the thirty-two folio volumes of depositions in Trinity College contain a great deal of exaggeration and loose evidence, not borne out by the correspondence of Ormond, Clanricarde, and the Lords Justices; but he has no right to assume that this evidence was invented for the purpose of depriving the Irish people of their estates. Such an insinuation rests on no 'tolerably certain' basis.

try, with scarce a hovel, out of Dublin, fit to sleep in. At the end of the last century Ireland could boast of a society as refined and cultivated as any in Europe, though the manners of the country gentry were prodigal, and the condition of the peasantry was still very low.

A more lasting evil, for its consequences are still flagrant, was the confiscation of the soil by repeated conquests, and the attempt to transform a system of land-tenure bordering on community of possession into the forms of property recognised by English law. It would carry us too far to discuss that question here, but we are convinced that the establishment of individual property is an essential condition of progress, and the maintenance of common right a mark of barbarism. The confiscation of land, is a measure of great harshness, and sometimes injustice, on the actual holders of it; but this injustice loses its intensity with each succeeding generation, till it becomes impossible to maintain or show that any existing individual has been deprived of a rightful claim to a particular portion of land or to compensation for the loss of it. In this case prescription by lapse of time effaces both the injustice and the remedy.

The settlement of Ulster by James I. we regard as one of the wisest measures ever taken by the English Government in Ireland, for reasons which we stated fully in this Journal some years ago.* But it was in Ulster that the Catholic rebellion of 1641 broke out with the greatest violence, precisely for the reason that a flourishing and progressive settlement had been established in that province by English and Scottish immigrants, whom the Irish party were resolved to exterminate. About thirty years before that date, in 1610, Philip IV. of Spain, inspired by the fanaticism of the Archbishop of Valencia, had driven the Moriscoes from the lands they cultivated with signal success, and at least 150,000 'Nuevos Catolicos' of suspected piety were robbed of all they possessed and transhipped to Barbary for the greater glory of the Christian faith, leaving the most fertile parts of Spain depopulated and ruined. In our own times, we lament to say, the policy of Russia and the fanaticism of her adherents has dared to advocate and apply the same policy of extermination to the Moslem landowners and peasantry of European Turkey. These appear to us to be two of the worst actions in history. But equally bad was the design of the Irish Catholic party to expel the Protestant settlers in Ulster. We will give Mr. Lecky the benefit of the eloquent passage in which he describes its origin.

'The rebellion was not, however, due to any single cause, but represented the accumulated wrongs and animosities of two generations. The influence of the ejected proprietors, who were wandering impoverished among the people, or who returned from military service in Spain; the rage of the septs, who had been deprived of their proprietary rights and outraged in their most cherished customs; the animosity which very naturally had grown up between the native population and the alien colonists planted in their old dominions; the new fanaticism which was rising under the preaching of priests and friars; all the long train of agrarian wrongs, from the massacre of Mullaghamast to the latest inquisitions of Wentworth; all the long succession of religious wrongs, from the Act of Uniformity of Elizabeth to the confiscation of the Irish College under Charles—all these things, together with the opportunity caused by the difficulties of England, contributed to the result. Behind the people lay the maddening recollections of the wars of Elizabeth, when their parents had been starved by thousands to death, when unresisting peasants, when women, when children, had been deliberately massacred, and when no quarter had been given to the prisoners. Before them lay the gloomy and almost certain prospect of banishment from the land which remained to them, of the extirpation of the religion which was fast becoming the passion as well as the consolation of their lives, of the sentence of death directed against any priest who dared to pray beside their bed of death. To the most sober and unimpassioned judgment, these fears were reasonable; but the Irish were at this time as far as possible from sober and unimpassioned. The air was hot, feverish, charged with rumours. In this case there was no safety in quiet, and there was no power on which they could rely. The royal authority was manifestly tottering. Sir William Parsons, the most active of the Lords Justices, leaned strongly towards the Parliament; he was one of the most unprincipled and rapacious of the land-jobbers who had, during the last generation, been the curse of Ireland. He had been chief agent in the scandalous proceedings against the O'Byrnes, and if we may believe the account of Carte, who has described this period with far greater means of information than any other historian, Parsons ardently desired and purposely stimulated rebellion in order to reap a new crop of confiscations. Week after week, as the attitude of the English Parliament became more hostile, the panic in Ireland spread and deepened; and as the shadow of approaching calamity fell darkly over the imaginations of the people, strange stories of supernatural portents were readily believed. It was said

* See Edinburgh Review, No. cclxiv. Mr. Lecky is of a different opinion. He describes the settlers in Ulster as for the most part poor, scandalous, or needy adventurers.

that a sword bathed in blood had been seen suspended in the air, that a Spirit Form which had appeared before the great troubles of Tyrone was again stalking abroad, brandishing her mighty spear over the devoted land.' (Vol. ii. pp. 123–5.)

The rebellion broke out in Ulster on the night of October 22, 1641, the intended attack on Dublin Castle having been prevented by the timely arrest of More. Mr. Lecky labours hard to prove that the Catholic gentry of Ireland were reluctantly driven into it by the intolerant attitude of the English Parliament; that it never had the character of a pre-arranged massacre, like that of St. Bartholomew; that its object was plunder and expulsion, not murder; that some traits of humanity were shown by the Irish; and that the number of Protestants killed was not above 4,028; or, as the Commissioners say, 'besides 848 families there were killed, hanged, burned, and drowned 6,062,' or perhaps in all (on the authority of Father Walshe) about 8,000, instead of the 150,000, even 300,000, reported by Temple. Hume considers 40,000 a reasonable estimate. In the reports of crimes of this nature there is always a great deal of exaggeration, as we know by recent experience. Horrible as the Reign of Terror was in Paris, we believe the number of the victims of the guillotine did not reach 2,000. But it is not by arithmetic that we calculate guilt. We do not see that Mr. Lecky gains anything by disproving 'a general and organised massacre,' when he goes on to say in the next page that 'before the first week elapsed the English were everywhere driven from their homes, and their expulsion was soon accompanied by horrible barbarities. . . . The English in the open country were deprived of all they possessed. The season was unusually inclement. The wretched fugitives often found every door closed against them, and perished in multitudes along the roads.' In the midst of these horrors he tells us that the rebels were commanded by O'Reilly, and, as far as his influence extended, he showed a remarkable humanity *and good faith*. Belturbet was compelled to surrender, and O'Reilly took 1,500 persons out of the town, and sent them with their goods towards Dublin under a convoy, *which took care to plunder them by the way*.' A singular convoy! and a singular example of good faith!

Mr. Lecky contends that the Irish displayed but a small amount of religious fanaticism in this contest, and quotes a witness to show that the Irish hatred was 'greater against the English nation than against their religion,' and that 'the Irish sword knew no difference between a Catholic and a heretic.' In this form of toleration there is not much to boast of. He then proceeds to say that—

'In spite of the vehement efforts of the Lords Justices, of Temple, and of other members of the Puritan party, a truce was signed between the king and the confederate Catholics in September, 1643, but the complete reconciliation of the great body of the Irish and the Loyalists was only effected by successive stages in 1646, 1648, and 1649.' (Vol. ii. p. 170.)

This really is not only an imperfect but a misleading view, of the events which followed the rebellion of 1641. Mr. Lecky has entirely overlooked the fact that during the period to which he adverts the supreme government of the Catholic and national party in Ireland was vested in, and exercised by, Rinuccini, an Italian priest, Papal Legate, and Archbishop of Fermo. The despatches of this personage have recently been published in Dublin, translated by Miss Hutton, and most curious documents they are. It was by Rinuccini's orders that the peace of 1643 between Ormond and the Catholic confederates was broken off, and it distinctly appears that the sole object of the Pope's representative in Ireland, who was master of the country, was the establishment of the exclusive domination of the Romish Church. It is surely an all-important fact that the result of the rebellion of 1641 was to make a Papal Legate the supreme ruler of Ireland, defying alike the king's representatives, Ormond and Glamorgan, and the Lords Justices who were well-affected to the English Parliament. Of this Mr. Lecky says nothing at all.

Whether the atrocities with which the rebellion commenced were exaggerated or not, they were believed in England to evince a spirit of bitter hostility on the part of the Irish Catholics against the English Parliament, then absolute; against the Puritan creed, then dominant; and against the English race of which Cromwell became ere long the stern representative. Therefore they were the immediate cause of the terrible repression inflicted by Cromwell as soon as he was able to turn the victorious arms of the Commonwealth against Ireland. Nor did the evil stop here; the same policy of distrust and dread prevailed in the councils of England for more than a century, and was aggravated in the interval by fresh calamities.

The first act of the Stuarts on the Restoration was to endeavour by a compromise to reconcile the harsh conditions of the Cromwellian settlement with the claims of

the dispossessed landowners — those, at least, who had not taken up arms in the late war. The result was (after one abortive scheme) the passing of an Act of Settlement by which, according to Lawrence, the Protestants possessed four-fifths of the whole kingdom, and, according to Sir William Petty, rather more than two-thirds of the good land. Mr. Lecky then goes on :—

'The downfall of the old race was now all but accomplished. The years that followed the Restoration, however, were years of peace, of mild government, and of great religious toleration, and although the wrong done by the Act of Settlement rankled bitterly in the minds of the Irish, the prosperity of the country gradually revived, and with it some spirit of loyalty to the Government. But the Revolution soon came to cloud the prospect. It was inevitable that in that struggle the Irish should have adopted the cause of their legitimate sovereign, whose too ardent Catholicism was the chief cause of his deposition. It was equally inevitable that they should have availed themselves of the period of their ascendency to endeavour to overthrow the land settlement which had been made. James landed at Kinsale on March 12, 1689. One of his first acts was to issue a proclamation summoning all Irish absentees upon their allegiance to return to assist their sovereign in his struggle, and by another proclamation a Parliament was summoned for May 7. It consisted almost wholly of Catholics. The corporations appear to have been much tampered with by Tyrconnel, and most of the more important Protestant landlords had either gone over to the Prince of Orange or fled to England, or at least resolved to withdraw themselves from public affairs till the result of the struggle was determined. In the Lower House there are said to have been only six Protestant members. In the Upper House the Protestant interest was represented by from four to six bishops, and by four or five temporal peers.' (Vol ii. pp. 181–2.)

He then proceeds to discuss the measures of what he calls this Irish Parliament. They were what might be expected from such a body. Mr. Lecky himself can only say for them that 'they were not all criminal.' They proclaimed what they termed religious liberty; they repealed Poyning's Act; they abolished the payments to the Protestant clergy, and appropriated tithes and other dues to the Catholic priests; and they repealed (contrary to the wish of James himself) the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, though Mr. Lecky contends that Lord Macaulay has in his History misrepresented the effects of this measure.

In all this there is much to criticise and much from which we entirely dissent. In the first place we cannot admit that James II., having abandoned by flight the throne of England, and this act having been declared to be equivalent to abdication by the Convention, could still be King of Ireland. That would have been to recognise the complete independence of the neighbouring island, which had never, like Scotland, had a sovereign of its own, but had been regarded for centuries as a dependency of the crown of England. James II. indeed, had contemplated such a separation, and had throughout his reign thrown every office into the hands of the Catholics, in order to raise up a power opposed to the Protestantism of England. When the Revolution took place Tyrconnel was master of the country, and he called the whole Catholic population to arms. But if James was not King of Ireland, which he could not be unless the ties between the two islands were broken for ever, he was not a king at all, and consequently had no authority to call a Parliament, and the acts of a Parliament so called were *ab initio* void. Mr. Lecky speaks of this assembly, convoked by a dethroned king, as 'the Irish Parliament of 1689,' and treats its measures as if they were valid laws; in our eyes, and in the eyes of the British nation at that time, this king was no king, and this Parliament no Parliament at all. It certainly had no base whatever either in law or tradition. Nor is our opinion founded merely on the construction we put on the measures of the English Parliament. It rests on positive law. An Act of the Irish Parliament, 7th William III. c. 3, declared all attainders and all other acts made 'in the late pretended Parliament' to be void, 'inasmuch as they were formed and designed in manifest opposition to the sovereignty of the crown of England;' and whereas the Parliament of England had enacted in the first year of their Majesties' reign that 'the said pretended Parliament was not a Parliament, but an unlawful and rebellious assembly,' and that all its proceedings were void. We cannot, therefore, conceive on what grounds Mr. Lecky seriously discusses the acts of such a body as if they were invested with full legislative authority.

If the measures of this body could be seriously discussed, they would be found to be as extravagant as they were unconstitutional. We are surprised that Mr. Lecky should have attempted to palliate their enormity. He even endeavours to show that the repeal of the Acts of Settlement and Explanation was accompanied by compensation to purchasers of land. In the preceding page (vol. ii. p. 183), in speaking of Church property, he says: 'The principle of compensation was as yet wholly

unknown.' The compensation held out to these landowners under the Act of Settlement was certainly no exception to the rule he lays down, although Mr. Lecky designates this charge as 'grossly calumnious,' and maintains that the Irish Parliament 'admitted in clear and express terms the right of the purchaser to full compensation.' What, then, was the compensation to be? 'The Irish Parliament held that, as in 1689, the great bulk of the English proprietors of Irish soil were in actual correspondence with William, and were therefore legally guilty of high treason. The Irish legislators, by a clause of extreme severity, pronounced *the real estates of all Irish proprietors who dwelt in any part of the three kingdoms which did not acknowledge King James*, or who aided, abetted, or corresponded with the rebels, *to be forfeited and vested in the Crown*, and from this source they proposed to compensate the purchaser under the Act of Settlement.' And Mr. Lecky quotes this amazing enactment as if he thought it was a fair settlement of the matter, and a very efficient compensation for claims which he acknowledged to be just. Such an opinion in so candid a writer seems to us as amazing as the enactment itself; and, if these are the views of a most cultivated and temperate Irish gentleman, we may surmise that the measures of an Irish Parliament in the present century would be scarcely more equitable than they were in 1689. Such an act was in fact a declaration of war against the government England had just established. Ireland decreed that England, being in a state of rebellion against the House of Stuart, must submit to the penal consequences of confiscation and attainder. It is asserted by some writers that James himself gave a reluctant assent to the repeal of the Act of Settlement, because he knew that it would destroy his last hope of conciliating his British subjects: but there is a passage in a despatch of Barillon's to Louis XIV. of the 16th October, 1687, which demonstrates that it was a settled object of the king's policy to repeal the Act. Tyrconnel and the Irish Parliament were his instruments. The ambassador writes:—

'Milord Sunderland m'a dit que le roy son maître est résolu de renverser l'établissement fait des biens des Irlandois catholiques aux Anglois protestants après le retour du roy d'Angleterre; que cela est tenu encore fort secret; mais qu'on y travaillera bientôt et que les mesures sont prises pour en venir à bout. Le renversement de cet établissement fait en faveur des rebelles et des officiers de Cromwell est regardé ici comme ce qu'il y a de plus important; et s'il peut être exécuté sans opposition, *ce sera une entière séparation de l'Irlande d'avec l'Angleterre pour l'avenir.*' *

We commend this passage to Mr. Lecky's attention, for it places beyond dispute the fact that the tendency of the Catholic and Irish feeling was the total disruption of all ties between the islands — pure Catholic Home Rule, with James II. on the throne of Ireland.

The Irish were not satisfied with the repeal of the Act of Settlement. They proceeded to an Act of Attainder, containing more than 2,000 names of persons charged with high treason against King James, and 'aiming' (in Mr. Lecky's words) at nothing less than a complete overthrow of the existing land system in Ireland.' This Act he condemns as tyrannical, unjust, and a blot on the reputation of the Short Parliament of 1689, though even here he says 'a few things to palliate and explain it.' One of these things is that a similar Bill of Attainder was brought into the English Parliament at the same time, which (amongst other things) declared 'all the proceedings of the pretended Parliaments and courts of justice now held in Ireland to be null and void.' But in fact this Bill only sought to attaint those who, in Ireland or beyond seas, adhered to his Majesty's enemies, namely, to the deposed sovereign. It had nothing to do with the confiscation of land, except as regards persons proved to be in arms with the late King James, and after all the bill never became law, as the House of Lords scrupled to pass it, and Parliament was prorogued before the amendments were considered. Mr. Lecky reproaches Lord Macaulay with omitting to notice this incident, but it seems to us to have no bearing on the question. When matters had reached this point, no argument could be of any avail but the subjection of one party to the other by force of arms. The last campaign between absolutism and Popery on the one hand and freedom and Protestantism on the other was fought on Irish soil.

The view taken by Mr. Lecky can hardly be regarded as original, for it is precisely the same as that of Plowden, who in a more condensed narrative relates the same facts, and draws from them even stronger conclusions. But Plowden was a strong partisan of the Stuart kings. He maintains that the atrocities of 1641 were caused by the Puritan party, and the 'too well-founded apprehension of an immediate general massacre and extermination of the whole body of the Catholics;' that, from the moment the

* Dalrymple's Memoirs, Appendix to Part I. p. 262.

usurped power of the Long Parliament commenced, resistance to that power was loyalty, not treason ; that the Irish Catholics in all they did were the most faithful subjects of Charles I., and that they took up arms in self-defence against the arbitrary measures of the Lords Justices ; that the Acts of Settlement and Explanation were ' a laboured piece of insidious and perplexed sophism ;' that after the Revolution of 1688 the Irish again rose to support the rights of their lawful sovereign, and that no Irishman desiring that ' the crown of Ireland should be worn by its hereditary monarch could be guilty of treason.' In a Jacobite writer these doctrines are perfectly consistent. If James had an indefeasible right to the Irish crown, if Charles I. was in the right and the Long Parliament in the wrong, no doubt the subjects who adhered longest to these sovereigns were in the right too, and might be justified in the measures they took. But Mr. Lecky is not a Jacobite any more than he is a Catholic. He does not adopt the extreme views of Plowden, whom indeed, we think, he does not refer to. His position is therefore inconsistent and untenable. The Irish national cause, to which he is warmly attached, was identified with allegiance to the Stuarts and attachment to the Roman Church. The British nation rejected the Stuarts and rejected Popery. Therefore the Irish national cause succumbed, not because it was Irish, but because it was Jacobite and Romish. We leave Mr. Lecky, who is sincerely attached to the principles of civil and religious liberty, to determine on which side he would have the balance incline ; but it is impossible to defend the cause of the Irish Catholics in the seventeenth century without overthrowing the barriers erected for the defence of the most sacred rights of freedom in government and freedom of faith.

All this, it may be said, has but little to do with the history of England in the eighteenth century, and we have been reluctant to follow Mr. Lecky into a divagation so vastly out of keeping with the ostensible subject of his work. But as he evidently attaches great importance to this portion of his labour, we have thought it due to him to express our own difference of opinion. What, we may ask him, would the triumph of James II. in Ireland, the absolute dominion of the Roman Catholic clergy, the expulsion of the British landowner, and the establishment of a Celtic Parliament have done to promote the freedom, wealth, and culture of Ireland ? No man is more attached than Mr. Lecky to the cause of progress and the liberation of the human mind from the shackles of superstition and barbarism. Would that cause have gained under Stuart princes and Popish priests, ruling in defiance of the liberties England had so dearly won ? No doubt the history of the struggles of the seventeenth century is full of harshness and severity, sometimes of injustice and bad faith ; but the severity was not unprovoked, and the injustice was not all on one side.

These considerations have a direct bearing on one important part of the policy of English statesmen during the first half of the eighteenth century, namely, the passing and maintenance of the penal laws against the religion and the clergy of the majority of the Irish people. In principle nothing could be more repugnant to the mind of William and the doctrines of the Whig party. But the Whig party knew where the danger lay. When Anne mounted the throne, about sixty years had elapsed since the atrocities committed in Ulster—about fourteen years since a pretended Irish Parliament had passed the Act of Attainder and repealed the Act of Settlement. The same men, the same passions, were still in existence. The Pretender was watching his opportunity to assert his claim to the throne ; Louis XIV., with the largest army and fleet in Europe, was in regular communication with the most disaffected portion of the British dominions. Mr. Lecky ascribes all the evils that afflicted Ireland for three-quarters of a century after the Revolution to the ' corrupt and selfish government of England,' the commercial policy that ruined Irish industry, the confiscation of land, the abuse of patronage, and we entirely agree with him that these were wrongful and impolitic measures and gross abuses. But these and almost all the other evils from which Ireland suffered may be traced to the necessity, or supposed necessity, of defending the Protestant succession in that part of the Empire which was most notoriously Catholic. Perhaps one of the most foolish methods of defending it was that which drove the Irish to enlist in foreign armies instead of serving under the flag of King George.

Meanwhile, as we have already observed in this article, it is impossible to deny the progress of Ireland in the eighteenth century. The growth of population was indeed excessive, and so light was the taxation of the country that for fifty years after the accession of George II. no additional taxes were imposed in Ireland, except a few small duties for local purposes. Dublin became the second city in the Empire (*pace* my Lord Provost !). Cork was the resort of

trade. Belfast was the seat of a flourishing manufacture. And the picture Mr. Lecky has drawn at length of the state of the country during this period is evidently intended to contrast with the darker shadows of Mr. Froude's history. Unhappily there lurked, and still lurks, under these fairer externals the curse of secret associations, purposeless conspiracies, and agrarian crimes, which seem to be almost as incorrigible by tolerance and by fair-dealing as they once were by sterner measures of repression and resistance.

In our opinion Mr. Lecky has dealt with the subject of Ireland too much in the spirit of that exclusive patriotism which seeks to sever the interests and the welfare of the sister island from that of the United Kingdom. We too lay claim to patriotic Irish sentiments; we desire the peace, union, and prosperity of Ireland as warmly as any man born on the other side of St. George's Channel, for we know them to be important and essential conditions of the greatness of the United Kingdom; and we are convinced that Ireland will flourish in proportion as she accepts and uses our common liberties for wise purposes. It is the 'particularismus' of Ireland, to use an expression applied by the Germans to those States and parties which oppose the unity of the Empire, which has been and is her greatest misfortune; for, as in the case of our own Scotland, a nation may preserve all that is best and noblest in its national traditions, without placing itself in a position of obstruction and separation in the British Parliament.

With this reservation, we readily express our unqualified admiration of the industry and good taste with which Mr. Lecky has placed before his readers the leading features in the social history of England during the first half of the eighteenth century. They are in fact much more instructive and interesting than a barren narrative of battles and sieges, or than the contests of rival statesmen in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons. He has some of the best qualities of an historian, though not all of them, and above all a thoughtfulness and fairness which lead to a just appreciation of the meaning of events and the motives of men. We shall await with interest the continuation of his labours, which will bring him into more animated and eventful scenes, and we trust he will give us (as he is well able to do) a just and ample picture of the reign of George III. down to the epoch of the French Revolution.

Art. IV.—1. *Ueber die Mundarten und Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europa's.* Von Dr. Franz Miklosich. Denkschriften der kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Wien: 1872–7.

2. *Etude sur les Tchinghianés ou Bohémiens de l'Empire Ottoman.* Par Alexandre G. Paspati, D.M. Constantinople: 1870.

3. *Zigeunerisches.* Von G. J. Ascoli. Halle: 1865.

4. *Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa.* Ein Vortrag von Carl Hopf. Gotha: 1870.

5. *De l'apparition et de la dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe; Nouvelles Richerches, &c.* Par Paul Bataillard. Paris: 1844, 1849.

6. *Die Zigeuner in ihrem Wesen und in ihrer Sprache.* Von Dr. jur. Richard Liebich. Leipzig: 1863.

7. *Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien.* Von Dr. A. F. Pott. Halle: 1844–5.

8. *Romano Lavo-Lil: Word-book of the Romany.* By George Borrow. London: 1874.

Late in the year 1417 the Hanseatic towns on the Baltic coasts and at the mouth of the Elbe were startled out of their commercial propriety by a novel and fantastic apparition. A horde of swarthy and sinister figures, in aspect and manners strangely unlike any samples of humanity which had till then come within the range of the worthy burghers' experience, suddenly appeared before the gates, first of Luneburg, then successively of Hamburg, Lübeck, Wismar, Rostock, and Stralsund. They were, the chroniclers inform us, uncouth in form as well as hideous in complexion, and their whole exterior betokened the lowest depth of poverty and degradation. The wretchedness of their plight was rendered more conspicuous by the bizarre fragments of Oriental finery with which it was sought to modify or conceal it. An ample cloak, draped in classic fashion, and striped with gay colours, which, though half obliterated by time and travel, still recalled the fabrics of Tunis or Damascus, usually disguised the filth and raggedness of their remaining apparel. Even when this relic of dignified costume was absent, a gaudy handkerchief or brilliant cockade never failed to denote the grotesque solicitude of these singular strangers for the adornment of their unprepossessing persons. The women and young children travelled in rude carts, drawn by asses or mules; the men trudged alongside, casting fierce and suspicious glances at those they met from underneath their lowering brows; the elder

children, unkempt and half-clad, swarmed in every direction, calling with shrill cries the attention of the passers-by to their uncommon feats of jugglery and legerdemain.

At the head of this motley caravan rode two principal leaders, followed by a train of minor dignitaries. They were pomposly mounted on gaily-caparisoned horses, and all the insignia by which the baronial rank was at that period distinguished were parodied in their trappings and accoutrements. It was observed, however, that the hounds which their attendants held in leash showed more eagerness to worry the peaceful inmates of the farmyard than to chase the wild denizens of the forest ; and their masters were quickly suspected of entertaining a livelier taste for domestic rapine than for field-sports. These nondescript chieftains styled themselves ' Dukes of Little Egypt,' and called their followers *Secané*, a word quickly transformed by Teutonic pronunciation into its modern representative, *Zigeuner*. Amongst the lower orders, however, the new arrivals were long familiarly known by the appellation of ' Tartars,' which, in those days of rough and ready classification, was in Germany applied indiscriminately to all nomad tribes. Nor did the ' Egyptian ' dukes come unprovided with credentials. They presented to the magistrates of the various towns visited by them certain letters of protection purporting to have been given early in that same year at Lindau by the Emperor Sigismund, then plunged deep in the affairs of the Council of Constance. The imperial safe-conduct, having set forth that Dukes Michael and Andrew of Little Egypt, with their people, were engaged in a seven years' pilgrimage, imposed upon them by their bishops in expiation of the apostasy of their forefathers from the Christian faith, commanded that they should be received and protected by all loyal subjects of the Holy Roman Empire, whithersoever they might turn their steps. This singular document bore all the marks of authenticity, and, in deference to its injunctions, the ' penitents ' were at first treated everywhere with respect and consideration. It was not until their peculiar views on the subject of property came abruptly into collision with the mater-of-fact notions of the Hanse citizens, that the authorities so far departed from their obedience to the imperial mandate as to compel several of the dusky strangers to terminate their ' pilgrimage ' prematurely on the gallows.

Forsaking the Baltic provinces, the band then sought a more friendly refuge in Central Germany ; but their depredations in Meissen, Leipzig, and Hesse caused their speedy banishment, and in 1418 they turned their steps towards Switzerland. They reached Zürich on August 1, and encamped during six days before the town, exciting much sympathy by their pious tale and lamentable appearance. Their popularity was not diminished by the circumstances that, notwithstanding their penitential rags, their pockets were well lined with gold pieces ; that they lived on the fat of the land, and paid in ready money for what they consumed. The credulous citizens believed that these ample supplies were furnished to them by the opulent and considerate relatives whom they had left behind in ' Little Egypt ;' had they been better acquainted with their habits and history, their unaccountable wealth would have presented itself in a more questionable light.

Soon after leaving Zürich the wanderers divided their forces. One detachment crossed the Botzberg, and by its sudden appearance created a panic amongst the peaceable inhabitants of the Provençal town of Sisteron, who, fearing the worst from these wild-looking ' Saracens,' fed them with a hundred loaves, and induced them to depart forthwith. The main body, led by two dukes, two earls, and a bevy of ' knights,' turned towards Alsace, swarmed through Strasburg, and on November 1 halted under the walls of Nuremberg, where they were gazed at and succoured with wondering hospitality. We next hear of them in Italy. This was in 1422, when the original term of their chartered vagrancy was drawing to a close, and when the short lease by which they held their reputation for sanctity had long since expired. Their leaders, who were evidently not wanting in astuteness, perceived that, if their waning credit was to be restored, some process of rehabilitation must be gone through, and a visit to Rome was decided on as the surest and easiest means of attaining the desired end. A preliminary gathering seems to have been held in Switzerland, long the chosen rendezvous of their scattered bands, and Duke Andrew was there appointed to lead the adventurous party, which was to cross the Alps, reach the chief city of Christendom, and penetrate, if possible, even into the august presence of the Supreme Pontiff. We find in the ' Chronicle of Bologna,' printed by Muratori,* a detailed account of their proceedings in that town, repeated, *mutatis mutandis*, in most of the others favoured with their presence. It runs as follows :—

' On the 11th day of July 1422, a certain Duke of Egypt, named Duke Andrew, arrived

* Scriptorum Rerum Italicarum, tom. xviii.

in Bologna, with men, women, and children of his nation to the number of fully one hundred persons. This Duke having denied the Christian faith, the King of Hungary conquered his country, and captured his person. Then the Duke, having informed the said King of his desire to return to Christianity, was baptised with a portion of his subjects, amounting to about four thousand men. Those that persisted in their apostasy were put to death. After the King of Hungary had taken and rebaptised them, he ordained that they should wander through the world for seven years, that they should go to Rome, present themselves to the Pope, and then return to their native country. When they reached Bologna, their peregrinations had already lasted five years, and more than half their number had perished. They had with them a decree of the King of Hungary, who was also Emperor, in virtue of which they could rob without penalty or hindrance wherever they went during the entire course of those seven years.* On their arrival in Bologna, they took up their quarters at the Porta di Galiera, within as well as without the gate, and in crowds under the porticoes ; but the Duke lodged in the *Albergo del Rè*. They tarried fifteen days, during which time many visited them because of the Duke's wife, who, they said, was a sorceress, and could tell the future events as well as present circumstances of each person's life ; how many were their children, whether a woman was good or bad, and such like. With regard to most of these things, what she said was true. And of those who went to have their fortunes told, few there were who had not their purses stolen, or some portion of their garments cut away. Their women also traversed the city six or eight together, entering the houses of the citizens and diverting them with idle talk, while one of the party secured whatever she could lay her hands upon. In the shops, too, they pretended to buy, but in fact stole, so that there were great robberies in Bologna. Wherefore an edict was issued, prohibiting recourse being had to them, under penalty of a fine of fifty *ire* and excommunication. They were amongst the cleverest thieves that the world contained. But license was given to those who had been robbed to steal in return from them up to the value of their losses, and thus it came about that several men went together one night to a stable where some of their horses were kept, and carried off the finest one amongst them. Whereupon the others, wishing to have their horse restored, agreed to make restitution to our people of a quantity of goods. Then, finding they could rob no more, they went on towards Rome. Be it noted that they were the most hideous crew ever seen in those parts. They were lean and black, and ate like pigs. Their women wore mantles flung across one shoulder, with only a vest underneath ; they had rings in their ears, and long veils on their heads.'

We have no record of the progress of the 'Egyptians' beyond Forli, where Fra Girolamo commemorates their arrival on August 7. He does not seem to have formed a more favourable opinion of their habits or manners than his brother chronicler of Bologna, describing them as 'a people not over-civilised, but resembling rather savage and untamed beasts.' He adds a curious hint as to their origin. 'Some of them,' he says, 'maintained that they came from India.'*

This statement is remarkable for its isolation no less than for its intrinsic significance. In this chance phrase of the historiographer of Forli we find probably the sole surviving vestige of a genuine Indian tradition brought with them by the gypsies to Europe †—an obscure and neglected testimony, long afterwards unexpectedly confirmed.

The adventures in Rome of this singular tribe would doubtless have made an interesting story ; but it has unfortunately remained unwritten. We only know that the object of the expedition was by some means successfully attained, since they subsequently showed all over Europe a papal brief, to every appearance genuine, confirming their pretensions to the alms and compassion of the faithful. It ought perhaps to be added that several respectable authorities, including Muratori, have treated both imperial and papal safe-conducts as palpable forgeries. We cannot share this view. Of the *bonâ fide* character of the first, it seems to us

* We are not called upon to believe that this incredible concession was actually contained in the imperial patent. The report of its existence was probably circulated by the ingenious wayfarers themselves as a cover for their predatory habits. Nevertheless, there is a certain parallel between it and the following singular formula of oath, which, until comparatively recent times, was administered to gypsies in Hungarian courts of justice. 'As King Pharaoh was engulfed in the Red Sea, so may I be accursed and swallowed up by the deepest abyss, if I do not speak the truth ! May no *theft*, no traffic, or any other business prosper with me ! May my horse turn into an ass at the next stroke of his hoof, and may I end my days on the scaffold by the ministry of the hangman !'—Hopf, 'Die Einwanderung der Zigeuner in Europa,' p. 37.

* 'Chronicon Fratris Hieronymi de Forlivio,' Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xix.

† The conversation reported by Sebastian Münster in his 'Cosmographia Universalis' as having taken place between himself and some gypsies at Heidelberg, has been misinterpreted in this sense ; and a misinterpretation, especially of a passage occurring in an obscure and ponderous volume, once started, is apt to gain authority by repetition, until nine full points of the law are in its favour. The truth is, that the passage in question proves nothing except the nomads' Homeric ignorance of geography.

there can be no reasonable doubt, and the authenticity of the second follows as a probable consequence. The Egyptian fable, it should be remembered, did not outrage the common sense of the fifteenth as it does that of the nineteenth century, when marginal possibilities have been reduced to a minimum by increased geographical and historical knowledge ; and as Sigismund took it on trust at the recommendation of his Hungarian viceroy, Nicholas of Gara, so Martin V., or the officials of his court, would not unnaturally take it on trust at the recommendation of Sigismund.

During the ensuing years the nomad strangers emerge from time to time into the twilight of some obscure contemporary record, now in one spot, and shortly after at one far distant—now with one version of their crafty tale upon their lips, and again with another, according to the dictation of circumstances or the suggestion of their subtle instinct for deceit. Sometimes a story is brought forward which reminds us of the legend of the Wandering Jew—how their forefathers had refused hospitality to the Holy Family in Egypt, and how, for this ancestral crime, they were condemned, like Ahasuerus, to a cycle of unrest. Sometimes it is the Sultan of Egypt, sometimes the King of Hungary, who figures as the prime agent in their misfortunes ; sometimes they appear as renegade Christians, again as converted heathens ; but the inevitable upshot of these varying preliminaries is always to present an apology for persistent vagrancy, and to afford a pretext for unblushing mendicancy. Their appearance before Paris in the dazzling summer of 1427 provided the Athenians on the banks of the Seine with a new sensation, and offered a welcome diversion from the painful novelties incidental to an English occupation. The ubiquitous band is heard of three years later at Metz, and again in 1433 in Bavaria, after which it seems to have been gradually dispersed or absorbed. M. Bataillard is probably right in attributing to the rapid peregrinations of a single horde, consisting of a few hundred individuals, the numerous and distant manifestations by which Western Europe was, during those years, astonished and disquieted. They were in fact a scouting party, collecting the information they desired through secret channels, with the tortuous winding of which they were intimately acquainted. While the main body halted tranquilly in Hungary, protected by the favour of the viceroy, the detachment led by Dukes Michael and Andrew, Counts Ion and Panuel, industriously explored the condition of the countries which they coveted for their camping-ground, and sounded the dispositions of the peoples whom they designed for their dupes.

The momentary emotion caused by their transient presence had died out, and the popular memory preserved but a faint trace of their earlier visits, when, in 1438, the great wave of gypsy immigration broke over the West. They no longer came came in hundreds, but in thousands. They were no longer led by dukes or counts, but by a king, whose name, *Zindl*, was one of the very few native appellatives retained by them in their intercourse with Europeans. In a few years, Germany, France, Italy, and Spain were overrun with dusky-visaged Orientals, speaking an unknown tongue, aliens to the religion and morality of Christendom, boasting of occult knowledge, and laying claim to a mythical fatherland. Like the Tartars, these unbidden visitors possessed the art of travelling invisible, of scattering and assembling, of living without a commissariat, of marching without a road, of vanishing at the note of danger, and of reappearing at the prospect of booty. Their progress was besides facilitated by the skill with which they secured favour at both extremes of the social scale. They managed to conciliate the goodwill of princes, at the same time that they ingratiated themselves with the dregs of the populace. Although their practices quickly fell under the ban of the Church, they for a time partially succeeded in gaining the shelter of a pious profession. They demanded, under feigned pretexts, the alms of the clergy, while they told the fortunes and picked the pockets of the faithful. While the gypsy chiefs entered into leagues with kings, and exercised an independent jurisdiction within the bounds of their several realms, the gypsy people silently reinforced the ranks of the criminal classes, and noiselessly absorbed into their bosom the outcasts and the fugitives from civilised society. This anomalous state of things could not last long. The only cause for surprise is that it did not terminate sooner. After being unwisely tolerated, the gypsies were cruelly persecuted in almost every state in Europe ; but toleration and persecution alike failed to mitigate the evils which their unwelcome but inevitable presence occasioned. Farther on, however, we shall, in a few words, recur to their later history ; we must now endeavour to deal with what we may call the penumbral portion of their annals, before plunging into the all but total eclipse which overshadows their primeval condition.

Although the attempt to trace to their source the obscure impulses of a barbarous

people must always be abundantly liable to error, still we may conjecture with some probability that the death in 1437 of the Emperor Sigismund gave the final fillip to the resolution, long cherished in secret by his vagrant clients, of seeking fresh outlets and penetrating into the interstices of a larger social fabric. The original source of disturbance was, there can be little doubt, the Mohammedan conquest of Wallachia (1415), where, from an indeterminate epoch, the gypsies had been settled in great numbers. Recent investigations have demonstrated that their arrival in the East of Europe preceded by at least a century their appearance in the West. The proofs of this fact are of two kinds—documentary and linguistic—and include evidence of every degree of value, from doubtful suggestion to rational certitude. We put aside at the outset of this enquiry, as worse than useless, the wild surmises as to the origin of the gypsies in which so many writers on the subject have indulged. One theory recognises them as descendants of the wandering votaries of Isis ; another identifies them with the 'mixed multitude' which followed Israel out of Egypt. According to one view, they fled from Bactria before the incursions of the White Huns and Afghans ; according to another, they turned westward on the fall of Babylon ; according to a third, they entered Egypt with the Mamelukes. These are, moreover, but specimens, and by no means the least favourable that could be produced, of the random notions which have prevailed even amongst thoughtful men on this point. We will not trespass upon our readers' time and patience by stopping to expose the fallacies on which these loose conjectures severally rest. Not an iota of real evidence can be adduced in favour of any one of them, and historical research would become an empty phrase if such crude imaginings were to pass current as rational hypotheses. A hundred years ago, in the absence of any grounds for forming a sounder opinion, surmises, however fanciful, might be excused ; but now that a reliable basis for investigation is afforded by the modern science of comparative philology, they ought no longer to be tolerated.

The first task of an enquirer into an obscure subject such as that upon which we are now engaged, should be, if a profitable issue is to be secured, to sift and classify the evidence at his command. A considerable portion of it will not improbably turn out to be purely mythical ; and this, should he be gifted with the right use of reason, he will reject unflinchingly. A further portion will perhaps appear entirely reliable ; and here again his course will be free from embarrassment. The real difficulty lies in the region of half-lights and dubious possibilities. It should, however, be steadily borne in mind that a strong case can afford to be understated, while a weak one gains nothing by exaggeration. Conclusive evidence, however minute in quantity, should be studiously separated from what is merely conjectural ; and the over-zealous advocate who endeavours to place guesses on a par with demonstrations, succeeds only in discrediting the strong points of the cause he pleads, not in fortifying the feeble. We shall strive in the following pages to make our practice, to some extent at least, conformable to our precepts ; and although we cannot pretend to offer a final solution of this difficult problem, we hope at any rate to extract from the confused and contradictory mass of statements accumulated in the literature of the subject, some tolerably clear indications as to the direction in which that solution may be looked for. In maritime language, we can discern a clear lead through the ice-floes into the open sea, although our bark has not yet entirely freed itself from the hampering masses which impede its course.

We will first state the positive results which have been arrived at, and then endeavour to form a just estimate of the several degrees of credit to which the more doubtful items of testimony are respectively entitled. In a valuable series of papers, communicated during a period of five years —from 1872 to 1877—to the Vienna Academy of Sciences, Dr. Franz Miklosich exhibits a method of investigation which future enquirers cannot do better than adopt for the regulation of their researches. It is not indeed in the power of every one to use it as Dr. Miklosich has done, since it requires for its fit manipulation an unusual amount of linguistic knowledge, and a still more uncommon stock of scientific patience. But its conclusions, when legitimately arrived at, leave no room for doubt or cavil. It is founded on the peculiarities of the gypsy language (which we may more conveniently call the Romany), and consists in a careful separation and classification of the heterogeneous foreign elements with which that tongue is in different countries variously adulterated. This inevitable corruption is no doubt due to the habits of the people using it rather than to any special assimilative power in the language itself. The fact is at least undeniable that the gypsies invariably borrow from the vocabulary of every nation with which they come into contact, in proportions varying with the duration of

that contact. They moreover, like other habitual borrowers, omit to restore the goods of which they have become fortuitously possessed, and, oblivious of previous ownership, eventually confound their casual acquisitions with their proper patrimony. Thus, as the secret of their origin lay enveloped in the primitive fabric of their native speech, so we may find a clue to their wanderings in the parti-coloured rags and foreign patches with which the roadside dilapidations of the original texture have been summarily repaired.

This system, if judiciously applied, has the merit of yielding negative as well as positive results. For instance, we can say with confidence that the people whose name in several European languages, including our own, implies an Egyptian descent, have at no time entered into collective relations with the dwellers in the land of Pharaoh. Gypsies are indeed found in Egypt as in almost every other part of the habitable globe, but under the same conditions as elsewhere. They are alien wanderers by the shores of the Nile, as they are along the banks of the Thames, and their dusky tents are equally foreign to the soil when they blot the yellow sands at the base of the Great Pyramid and when they are pitched on the greensward beside Melrose or Stonehenge. It is certain that if the gypsies had approached Europe by way of Egypt some Coptic admixture would have penetrated into their speech. This not being the case, we unhesitatingly conclude that their route must have lain in a different direction. On the other hand, from the fact that, of the thirteen European dialects of Romany, all without exception contain a well-marked Greek element, the inference is obvious that the entire body, previous to their dispersion through the rest of Europe, halted during some considerable time amongst a Greek-speaking population. On the same principle, when an analysis of the English gypsy tongue discloses the existence of Slav, Magyar, German, and French ingredients, side by side with the invariable Greek constituent, all flung pell-mell into the original Indian receptacle, we are justified in asserting that the gypsies of England must, at some stage of their wanderings, have lived in countries where these various languages were severally spoken. By similar reasoning we arrive at a corresponding conclusion in the case of each of the other European tribes. We can even go one step farther. The common stock of gypsy speech is found to contain a certain number of words unmistakeably Persian and Armenian; and, guided by this unerring indication, we are enabled to follow these mysterious nomads backwards along two stages of their long Asiatic pilgrimage. Thus, their language not only betrays their Indian origin, but reveals a sojourn on the tablelands of Irak and Anatolia, a prolonged halt in the Grecian peninsula, and records the subsequent intercourse of each separate horde with the different European nations.

Some scanty fragments of evidence corroborative of the early presence of this people in Eastern Europe have been extricated by the diligence of M. Bataillard and others from the obscurity of mediæval records. These demand at our hands a brief notice. The mere coincidence of a name is not much to be depended upon. It may suggest, but it should never supersede enquiry. As an example of the misleading nature of this kind of testimony, we may mention the letter of Ottocar II., King of Bohemia (July 13, 1260), to Pope Alexander IV., describing a victory gained by him over Bela IV., King of Hungary. In the text published by Ludewig the word *Gingarorum* appears in a catalogue of savage and schismatic tribes led to battle on the Morava by the Hungarian king, and the inference was at once drawn, with some show of probability, that gypsies were already in the thirteenth century settled in the Danubian regions. On further examination, however, the significant name turned out to be a mere copyist's error for *Bulgarrorum;* and indications less problematical had to be sought elsewhere. Nor can we lay much stress on a charter of Boleslas V., King of Poland (date 1256), in favour of certain '*advenæ, qui vulgariter Szalassii vocantur.*' Now *szalasy*, in Polish as well as in other Slav languages (with unimportant local modifications), signifies 'tent;' and the enslaved gypsies of Wallachia were, up to a recent date (their emancipation was completed in 1856), regularly sold by *salássuri*—that is, by tents or families. Hence the plausible conjecture that the *Szalassii* protected by Boleslas V. were no other than tented gypsies straggling northward from the Danube. The clue is a slight one, and becomes still slighter when we consider the liability at that time of the outlying regions of Europe to incursions from stray bodies of Tartars and other nomads. Nevertheless, it is not altogether to be neglected.

The evidence of the existence of gypsies in the south-eastern extremity of Europe during the following century is of a different and far more satisfactory character. We have first a passage in the 'Itinerary' of Simeon Simeonis, an Irish monk of the Minorite order, in which he describes the

habits of a singular tribe encountered by him in the island of Crete in 1322.

'We there saw,' he says, 'a people living outside the city (of Candia), who worship according to the Greek rite, and declare themselves of the race of Ham. They rarely or never abide in one place longer than thirty days; but, as if accursed of Heaven, wander, fugitive and dispersed, from cavern to cavern, or shift from one field to another their little tents, which, like those of the Arabs, are low, black, and oblong. It is impossible to dwell in common with them, the spots they inhabit becoming, after the above-named space, full of filth and vermin.'

It seems to be generally agreed that the people whose mode of life is here delineated were in point of fact a tribe of gypsies, and we see no objection to giving in our adhesion to this view. Their adoption of the Greek form of worship is completely in accordance with the universal gypsy custom of everywhere conforming outwardly to the predominant local religion.

We next encounter them in Corfu: probably, before 1346, since there is good reason to believe them to be indicated under the name of '*homines vageniti*' in a document emanating from the Empress Catherine of Valois, who died in that year; certainly, about 1370, when they were settled upon a fief recognised as the *feudum Acinganorum* by the Venetians, who, in 1386, succeeded to the rights of the House of Valois in the island. This fief continued to subsist, under the lordship of the Barons de Abitabulo and of the House of Prosalendi, down to the abolition of feudalism in Corfu in the beginning of the present century. There remain to be noted two important pieces of evidence relating to this period. The first is contained in a charter of Mircea I., Waiwode of Wallachia, dated 1387, renewing a grant of forty 'tents' of gypsies, made by his uncle Ladislaus to the monastery of St. Anthony at Vodici. Ladislaus began to reign in 1369. The second consists in the confirmation accorded in 1398 by the Venetian governor of Nauplion of the privileges extended by his predecessors to the *Acinganí* dwelling in that district. Thus we find gypsies wandering through Crete in 1322, settled in Corfu from 1346, enslaved in Wallachia about 1370, protected in the Peloponnesus before 1398. Nor is there any reason to believe that their arrival in those countries was a recent one. On the contrary, they appear as a familiar and well-established part of the population, whose presence excited no surprise, and whose origin stirred no curiosity.

So far our course has been attended by no serious difficulty; but we confess that it requires some courage to plunge into the dark places beyond, which, although they invite us with the mystery they conceal, repel us by the confusion we discover in them. Some twilight glimmerings of probable truth, however, we can discern, guided by which we may hope that our researches will not prove wholly fruitless. Common prudence would suggest that we should tread cautiously where the footing is uncertain, and the most ordinary experience teaches us that if we would read by the light of a tallow candle, we must bring our pages closer to its blurred ray than would be necessary if it possessed the illuminating power of a Drummond light or an electric lamp. Nevertheless, writers are found in every department of knowledge who seem to think that paucity of *data* can be compensated by fertility of invention, and that critical acumen may, on occasions of difficulty, be superseded by extravagant imagination. It is thus not to be wondered at if they fall headlong into those pitfalls and quagmires towards which a will-o'-the-wisp fancy beckons all who strive to emancipate themselves from the prosaic guidance of logical reasoning. We, therefore, warned by their example, while following carefully the scanty indications tending towards a rational conclusion, and pointing out, to the best of our ability, the line of proof by which the soundness of that conclusion may hereafter be verified, can make small account of historical guesses, precariously supported by etymological conjectures.

The problem of the origin of the gypsies is, in the main, a philological one, although other kinds of evidence are also of considerable importance for its solution. But, while the case may be tried in the first instance in the court of historical enquiry, the final appeal undoubtedly lies at the bar of linguistic science. The fundamental Romany idiom, when stripped of the miscellaneous foreign overgrowths which, in different countries, variously conceal its true form, is found, notwithstanding its present degraded condition, to belong by hereditary right to a highly aristocratic family of languages. The pedigree of this Plantagenet in rags is decipherable in the complex grammatical structure and elaborate phonetic system inherited, at least collaterally, from the most ancient and illustrious of Aryan tongues. Romany stands in precisely the same relation to Sanskrit as the living languages of Northern India, and is, in every respect, strictly co-ordinate with them. The analogy is indeed so close, that it has been ranked as an eighth beside the seven repre-

sentative forms of speech selected by Mr. J. C. Beames* as the most widely diffused and characteristic among the numerous Aryan dialects spoken south of the Himalayas. It is then certain, not only that they sprang from the same source, but that they were developed under the same conditions and in one common home, which can have been no other than the peninsula of Hindustan. This being clearly established as the starting-point of our investigation, the questions at issue regarding gypsy origin practically resolve themselves into these two. At what period did they set out on their western pilgrimage? and from what tribal stock did they immediately spring?

It would seem at first sight that the determination of the first of these points would naturally fall within the competence of the young and enterprising science of comparative philology. But first the means should be at hand of following with some accuracy the historical development of at least one of the languages to be compared. These means are in the present instance unfortunately denied to us. There is a portentous gap in our acquaintance with Indian tongues between the disappearance of the Prâkrits, or intermediate idioms, about the beginning of our era, and the emergence with the poet Chand, in the twelfth century, of the modern analytical dialects. In the interval a radical change had taken place. Phonetic decay had worn down the Old-Indian case-suffixes until they were no longer fit for service, and dialectic regeneration had stepped in to supply the deficiency by expedients of its own choosing. Now Romany agrees with the New-Indian languages, not only in the general principle of their inflection, but also in the particular means employed for the purpose; and it may therefore be looked upon as certain that its separation from the parent stock occurred subsequently to the formation of those languages. But we have already seen that the *data* are wanting which would have enabled us to fix this period definitively. Nevertheless, Dr. Miklosich, after careful consideration, believed himself able to indicate approximately the year 1000 A.D. as the probable epoch of the dispersion of the gypsies. It is true that out of regard (as we think, a mistaken regard) to the supposed exigencies of a later theory, he was subsequently induced to modify this view; but a hesitating after-thought cannot be looked upon as in any way invalidating his original and unbiassed judgment.

*Hindi, Marathi, Bengali, Sindhi, Panjabi, Gujarati, and Oriya. A Comparative Grammar of Indian Languages. London: 1872.

The question as to the parentage of the tribe whose antecedents we have proposed to ourselves to study, demands a somewhat more detailed examination. Conjecture in this field has been so rife, and reliable information remains so scarce, that we must order our course with caution if we would ourselves escape the reproach of hasty theorising, which we have addressed to others. Moreover, while we endeavour on one side to steer clear of the Scylla of rash credulity, we run the risk of being engulfed, on the other, by the Charybdis of unwise scepticism; for our prospect of attaining a satisfactory result would be no less impaired by indiscriminate rejection than by inconsiderate admission. The difficulty of this subject consists not so much in the paucity of materials, as in the abundance of contradictory surmises, with which the few grains of ascertainable fact have been enveloped and concealed by the prolific ingenuity of speculators. Our object, then, must be to rescue these facts as far as possible from such an unsatisfactory position, to divert from them the false lights of preconception, and to set them in the places which their different values and varying import entitle them to occupy. We do not forget, in the meantime, that an hypothesis, if constructed with discretion and propounded with sobriety, is an invaluable implement for the discovery of truth. We shall not, then, while carefully discriminating what is merely conjectural from what is already securely established, refrain from pointing out the direction towards which it seems to us that many separate lines of evidence converge. We do so with the greater confidence, that the growing resources of linguistic science afford the means of testing the theory we are about to suggest, and we are thus encouraged to hope that this obscure problem may at length receive a triumphant solution at the hands of some of the eminent Orientalists whose attention has already been attracted towards it.

Professor Pott, at the suggestion of Dr. Fleischer of Leipzig, first drew attention, in the 'Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft' for 1849, to the remarkable bearing of some passages extracted from mediæval Persian writers on the question of the origin of the gypsies. This eminent author, like most of those whom we have chosen as our special authorities, being solicitous rather for the accumulation of facts than for the evolution of ideas, left it to M. Bataillard to construct a formal hypothesis on the basis he had indicated. The theory, however, found little favour, and had been in great measure superseded, in the regard even of its first ad-

vocate, by other views, when Professor de Goeje, of Leyden, once more, in 1875, directed notice to it. We believe that it is possible to set this idea in a light which may tend to give it a more plausible aspect, as well as a more definite outline.

In the great Persian epic, the 'Shahnameh,' or 'Book of Kings,' Firdusi relates an historical tradition to the following effect. About the year 420 A.D., Behrâm-Gûr, a wise and beneficent ruler of the Sassanian dynasty, finding that his poorer subjects languished for lack of recreation, bethought himself of some means by which to divert their spirits amid the oppressive cares of a laborious life. For this purpose he sent an embassy to Shankal, King of Canoj and Maharajah of India, with whom he had entered into a strict bond of amity, requesting him to select from among his subjects, and transmit to the dominions of his Persian ally, such persons as could, by their arts, help to lighten the burden of existence, and lend a charm to the monotony of toil. The result was the importation of twelve thousand minstrels, male and female, to whom the king assigned certain lands, as well as an ample supply of corn and cattle, to the end that, living independently, they might provide his people with gratuitous amusement. But at the end of one year they were found to have neglected agricultural operations, to have wasted their seed-corn, and to be thus destitute of all means of subsistence. Then Behrâm-Gûr, being angry, commanded them to take their asses and instruments, and roam through the country, earning a livelihood by their songs. The poet concludes as follows :—'The Lûry, agreeably to this mandate, now wander about the world in search of employment, associating with dogs and wolves, and thieving on the road by day and by night.'*

These words, written more than eight centuries and a half ago, accurately describe the condition of one of the nomad tribes of Persia at the present day. Their name, which has continued unchanged since the time of Firdusi, probably means 'street-singers,'† and they must not be confounded with the settled inhabitants of Luristan, the principal haunt of the vagrant Lûry being Kurdistan. They have been commonly identified by travellers as members of the gypsy family, and Sir Henry Pottinger's description of those encountered by him in Beloochistan strongly countenances this view.

'The Loories,' he writes, 'are a class of vagabonds who have no fixed habitations, and in many other respects their character bears a marked affinity to the gipsies of Europe. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, have a king to each troop, and are notorious for kidnapping and pilfering. Their favourite pastimes are drinking, dancing, and music, the instruments of which they invariably carry along with the fraternity, which is likewise attended by half-a-dozen of bears and monkies, that are broke in to perform all manner of grotesque tricks. In each company there are always two or three members who profess an insight into the abstruse sciences of Ruml and Qoorua, besides other modes of divining, which procure them a ready admission into every society, among a people who believe so firmly in predestination.' *

The tradition of the importation of the Lûry from India is related by no less than five Persian or Arab writers. First, about the year 940, by Hamza, an Arab historian born at Ispahan ; next, as we have seen, by Firdusi ; in 1126 by the author of the 'Modjmel-al-Tevaryk ;' in the chronicle called 'Taryk-Guzydeh,' of 1329 ; and in the fifteenth century by Mirkhond, the historian of the Sassanides. Of these, some may not improbably have written at second hand ; but there is reason to believe that at least two, Hamza and Firdusi, derived their information from independent and original sources. The point of chief interest in the story has yet to be adverted to. The transplanted musicians are called by Hamza, *Zuth*, and, in some manuscripts of Mirkhond's history, the same name occurs, written, according to the Indian orthography, *Djatt*. These words are undistinguishable when pronounced, and may in fact be looked upon as phonetically equivalent, the Arabic *z* being the legitimate representative of the Indian *dj*. Now *Zuth* or *Zott* (as it is indifferently written) is one of the designations of the Syrian gypsies, and *Djatt* is the tribal appellative of an ancient Indian race, still widely diffused throughout the Punjab and Beloochistan. Thus, we find that the modern Lûry who may, without fear of error, be classed as Persian gypsies, derive a traditional origin from certain Indian minstrels, called by an Arab author of the tenth century, *Zuth*, and by a Persian historian of the fifteenth, *Djatt*—a name claimed on the one hand by the gypsies frequenting the

* Col. J. Staples Harriot, 'Oriental Origin of the Rominchal,' Trans. Royal Asiatic Society, 1830.

† M. de Gobineau, 'Persische Studien,' Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft, 1857. The derivation of 'Lûry,' given by Col. Harriot, from *lohari*, Hindi for 'smiths,' although repeated by Pott, seems extremely doubtful.

* Travels in Beloochistan and Sinde, p. 153.

neighbourhood of Damascus, and on the other by a people dwelling in the valley of the Indus.* Led by these striking coincidences, and hoping to find in this quarter the desired solution of our enigma, we seek a nearer acquaintance with the race thus emphatically thrust upon our attention.

When the drop-scene of primeval silence rises from the stage of history, the Djatt (*anglice*, Jats) are discovered as a rude and predatory people, living in reed-huts on the marshy lands about the delta of the Indus, between Mansoura and the Mekran, or breeding camels and grazing cattle on the pasturages of the interior. Although an Aryan race of the purest type, their ethnical peculiarities held them in a striking manner aloof from the other Aryan races of Hindustan. Their habits were aggressive and enterprising; those of the remaining Indian populations were peaceable and sedentary. They were explorers and colonisers; the typical Hindu regarded life as in some sort tributary to the sacred stream of the Ganges. The Jats were averse to religious speculations, and rejected all sectarian observances; the Hindu was mystical and meditative, and a slave to the superstitions of caste. From a remote period there were Jat settlements along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and the earlier Mohammedan Khalifs endeavoured to break down the barrier which their antagonism opposed to the advance of Islam in India, by deporting large colonies of them to Armenian and Syrian territories. In the ninth century there was a Jat quarter in Antioch, and one of the first triumphs of the Crescent was the conquest of the Jat colony between Râmhormouz and Arradjân. In 810, a formidable group settled in the Tigris valley rose in revolt during the troubles of succession following upon the death of Haroun-al-Raschid, and for many years defied the whole force of the divided Khalifate. In 834, the great city of Bagdad did not disdain to celebrate, as if it had been a splendid extension of the empire of the Prophet, the reduction, amid the marshes of Khuzistan, of this rebel horde of savage and desperate strangers. But it was from the Ghaznevide conqueror and at home that the independence of the Jats received its death-blow. The victorious army of Mahmoud, when returning laden with spoil from the Somnauth expedition of 1025, was attacked and pillaged by them on the banks of the Indus. Their temerity was chastised with exemplary rigour. Broken and dispersed by the resistless arms of the Sultan of Ghazni, they were not however annihilated, and the Jat tribe still forms the staple of the Sikh population in the Punjab, as well as the majority of the cultivators and cattle-breeders of Sinde.

We now ask ourselves how do the past history and present character of this people harmonise with their presumed affinity to the gypsies? At the first glance, we are staggered to find them on the whole a peaceful, inoffensive race, in the matter of depredations often more sinned against than sinning. But on looking closer we cannot fail to be struck by certain remarkable similarities. The language of the Jats is described as a dialect midway between Punjabi and Sindhi.* Philologists are unanimous in looking upon the north-west corner of India as the native region of the language of the gypsies. The Jats have shown singular tenacity in preserving their vernacular in the midst of strange tongues. The Romany idiom has everywhere defied proscription and survived adulteration.† The Jats have accepted neither Brahma nor Buddha, and have never adopted any national religion whatever. The church of the gypsies, according to a popular saying in Hungary, 'was built of bacon, and long ago eaten by the dogs'—the keener appetite of the Dragon of Wantley being, we presume, superfluous in the case of an edifice constructed of such tempting materials. Moreover, travellers who have had personal intercourse with Jat tribes have not failed to record their conviction of a close relationship between them and the enigmatical wanderers of Europe; and this without any prepossessions on the subject, and in spite of a marked difference in the general habits of the two peoples. Captain Richard F. Burton wrote in 1849:‡ 'It seems probable, from the appearance and other peculiarities of the race, that the Jats are connected by consanguinity with that singular race the gypsies.' Mr. Charles Masson § informs us that 'to the north and west of Kach Gandâva they are not found as agriculturists, but rather as itinerant professors of humble arts, somewhat like gypsies. Under such conditions, they may be discovered at Kâbul, Kandahâr, and even at Herât. . . . But wherever they go, they preserve their vernacular tongue, the Jetkí.' The testimony of the

* Bataillard, 'Nouvelles Recherches,' p. 45.

* 'The Country of Balochistan,' by A. W. Hughes. 1877.

† It is true that symptoms of decadence and abandonment of the gypsy speech are now at length manifesting themselves in some directions; but the wide truth is as stated in the text.

‡ Sindh and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus, p. 411, *note*.

§ Narrative of a Journey to Kalât, p. 351.

most recent explorer of those regions, Mr. A. W. Hughes, is precisely to the same effect; while Captain Burton adds that 'they are notorious thieves, and are held to be particularly low in the scale of the creation.' Indeed, the name of 'Jat' is, in the eastern parts of Central Asia, 'synonymous with thief or scoundrel.'

It is superfluous to point out how closely these descriptions tally with the notorious idiosyncrasies of the race whose genealogy has been so long involved in obscurity. We forbear to dwell on certain minor resemblances, such as appear in the general character of the songs and poetry of the two peoples, as well as in their natural aptitude for veterinary practice. The extraordinary skill displayed by the gypsies in dealing with the horse (to which we owe the introduction into English of the Romany word 'jockey' *), is paralleled by the instinctive acquaintance of the Jats with the most hidden peculiarities of the camel. It would be interesting and instructive to follow more closely in the track of these analogies, but the means of doing so are not at present available. It is, however, plain enough that the Jats, upon the slightest relaxation of the bonds of regular life, spontaneously recur to the marauding habits of their ancestors — thus exemplifying a tendency which, in Darwinian phrase, we may term 'social atavism.' According to our view the gypsies represent the primitive characteristics of the race, developed under exceptionally favourable circumstances, and reverted to upon opportunity by the undoubted descendants of the same stock in India and Afghanistan.

The next question that presents itself in the course of our enquiry is, whether any event registered in the history of the Jats would account for an extensive migration corresponding in date with the probable epoch of the dispersion of the gypsies. The answer here lies on the surface. We have seen that, from linguistic considerations alone, this event has been assigned to a period not far from the year 1000 A.D. In 1025 occurred, as already mentioned, the overwhelming disaster inflicted on the Jats by the retributive arms of the Ghaznevide Sultan. The inference can scarcely be resisted, that the two circumstances were linked together as cause and effect, and that the wanderings of the gypsies in Europe are but the expiring reverberations of the great blow struck many centuries ago at their ancestors in the Punjab.

It is important, however, to bear in mind that this identification, plausible though it be, needs the support of far more cogent proofs than can as yet be adduced in its favour before it can be regarded as anything more than a promising hypothesis. We look to the future labours of comparative philologists for the crucial tests by which its truth or falsehood must ultimately be decided. From other sciences relating to man corroborative facts, but scarcely independent testimony, can be expected. Where settled criteria of truth are wanting, answers to a definite interrogatory must necessarily be faltering, if not contradictory. And anthropological science is still in the empirical stage of its growth. The experiments of craniologists, for instance, although far from being either fruitless in the present or unpromising for the future, have not hitherto afforded any certain mode of identifying or classifying races. No rule of measurement has yet been devised subtle enough to enable them to distinguish between an abnormal specimen taken from one extreme section of the human family and an average example chosen from another. Nay, the types themselves are slowly modified from generation to generation, with the mixture of blood and the change of conditions; while any interpretation by which it has been attempted to translate skull-conformation into mental and moral attributes remains little more than arbitrary and unsatisfactory guess-work. The same or even a greater degree of uncertainty attends other physical characteristics. Thus, the Dravidian populations of India are now undistinguishable, except by their language, from Hindus of the highest caste, although the restrictions imposed by Brahmanical law upon intermarriages between the aboriginal races and their Aryan conquerors might there have been expected to retard the levelling of ethnical distinctions. Further, the comparison of the customs and traditions of various nations yields proofs of unity far more abundantly than tests of variety. There remains language. And here at least we may hope for less unsatisfactory answers to our queries. For, although instances are not rare of races having discarded their native speech in favour of a strange tongue offering itself as the vehicle of a higher culture, we believe there is no example of a people having exchanged a civilised language for a barbarous jargon. When we find negro communities speaking English, or African tribes Arabic,

* The original meaning was 'whip.' The slang dictionary has borrowed largely from the gypsies in every country where they are found. 'Chap,' 'pal,' 'rum,' 'mull,' 'cheese' (in the slang sense), 'gibberish,' and many more expressions belonging to the same social stratum, are genuine Romany.

we do not therefore conclude such communities and tribes to be of English or Arab descent, but we do confidently attribute the possession of illiterate and degraded tongues, such as Romany and Jataki, to inheritance, not to adoption. Any analogies discoverable between the outcast speech which forms the bond of gypsy freemasonry amidst the Cheviot valleys or on the Russian steppes, and the rude dialects spoken among the spurs of the Hindu Kush, or along the banks of the Five Rivers, may then unhesitatingly be taken as evidence of a common origin. In this case at least ethnology may, without fear of being deceived, invoke the aid of philology, and accept her verdict.

A comparison of languages can be effectual only when it is systematic. Verbal coincidences are often as misleading as plausible etymologies. The many-coloured fabric of speech is the product of a loom, the working of which has not been left to individual caprice. By careful study we can discern symptoms of the operation of an orderly principle in the combination and modification of the radical elements of language. Every tongue has certain grammatical peculiarities, certain phonetic laws, which secure its identity, and, once clearly understood, facilitate the establishment of its true position in the genealogical tree of comparative philology. So much has been done of late to improve our acquaintance with barbarous and heretofore neglected tongues, that we may anticipate the speedy possibility of achieving a truly scientific collation of the despised Romany with the language of the Jats on one side, and with the dialects of the various nomads of Persia on the other. The last-mentioned tribes would themselves require, and perhaps repay, a prolonged investigation. They may be broadly divided into those of Arab or Tartar descent, called *Ilyat*, and those of Indian origin—the kith and kin of our gypsy wanderers. These again are separated into sundry tribes, each frequenting as its exclusive beat some one of the desolate provinces of the wide Iranian kingdom. The principal among them are severally known by the names of Karachi,* or Blacks, Kauli,† and Lûry. These appellations are not used indiscriminately. They are proper to distinct families, all springing indeed from an identical stock, but each very possibly the outcome of a different migration.

Now it is certain that no theory of gradual colonisation can apply to the gypsies of Europe. The fundamental unity of their language—the absolute identity of their history as betrayed by that language—assure us that they issued in a single swarm from the parent hive. This fact has been overlooked by M. Bataillard in his ingenious attempt to trace the lineage of this people to the *Sigynnæ*, described by Herodotus (v. 9) as dwelling beyond the Ister. The arguments by which he has endeavoured to support this view in his communications to the 'Revue Critique' are wholly inconclusive, because applicable only to certain details of the problem. In its wider bearings it remains untouched by them, while the essential point of language is all but completely lost sight of. On the other side of the Bosporus, the question assumes a different aspect, and here M. Bataillard's idea of successive migrations becomes more consonant with the actual state of things, so far as the fragmentary information supplied by travellers enables us to judge of it. There is a marked distinction between the dialects of the Asiatic gypsies and those spoken by their European relatives, and the complete homogeneity of the race between the Lebanon and the Himalayas is at least open to doubt. It seems probable that the various tribes of Asia owe their origin to different epochs of colonisation, some springing from the earliest Jat settlements, some being the result of the dispersive policy pursued by the Khalifs towards this people, and others again representing the remnant of that horde which, in the fifteenth century, inundated Western Europe. To this latter class, we have little doubt, the Karachi of Persia will be found to belong, while the Lûry were separated from the parent stock at a much earlier period. Should our view prove correct, a closer acquaintance with the idiom spoken by this tribe will discover in it the Romany or Jataki tongue in an earlier stage of development; and the scientific study of its inner structure may be expected not alone to throw light upon the vexed question of gypsy origin, but also to contribute towards the solution of the important philological problem as to the genesis of the modern Aryan languages of Northern India.

We now approach a branch of our subject to which we may justly apply the line—

'Hic labor ille domûs, et inextricabilis error.'

The bare enumeration of the myriad names by which gypsies are known in different countries, and of the various and often fantastic derivations assigned to them, would rival in length, if not in poetic interest, Homer's immortal catalogue of the Achaian heroes assembled 'on the ringing plains of

* From the Turkish *kara*, black, with the collective suffix *chi* (Sanskrit root *chi*, to collect).

† Doubtfully derived from *Kabuli*.

windy Troy,' or Tasso's bland analysis of the crusading army before Jerusalem. Besides, the result of this tedious proceeding would most probably be, not to inform our minds with clearer conceptions, but to involve them in unprofitable perplexity. Even Theseus, although living in the happy, heroic age of large possibilities and unforeseen rescues, did not plunge recklessly into the baffling convolutions of the Dædalian masterpiece. And no Ariadne-clue is at our disposal, by which to extricate ourselves and our readers from the labyrinthine paths of conflicting etymologies. We shall then content ourselves with tracing as near to their sources as our means will permit one or two of the more cosmopolitan of gypsy aliases, neglecting mere local epithets and casual variations.

The first point that strikes us with surprise is the absence among the gypsies of a single distinguishing title for their race. The names *Roma* and *Sinté*, by which they call themselves in Europe, are almost if not entirely unknown in Asia. The latter word inevitably suggests a reminiscence of their Eastern fatherland—Sindia,* the land of the seven rivers—but it is difficult, on the supposition of its representing a tradition of an Indian origin, to account for its disappearance near home, and emergence at a more advanced stage of their journey. The word *rom* in all the gypsy dialects of Europe has a threefold meaning, signifying 'man' and 'husband' as well as 'gypsy.' A satisfactory derivation has still to be found for it, that connected with *Rama*, the incarnate Vishnu of the Hindus, being discountenanced by the authority of Professor Ascoli, of Milan. By a curious and unexplained coincidence this identical word *rom* or *rome* occurs with the meaning of 'man' in modern Coptic, and, according to Herodotus (ii. 143), belonged also to the language of the ancient Egyptians. Although this isolated fact can in no way affect the general bearings of the question, it is worth noting as an etymological curiosity. It is not impossible that among the primitive elements of the Aryan mother tongue may have existed a root *ro* or *rom*, expressive of power, the survival of which we can discern in the Greek ῥώμη, strength, the Latin *robur*, and perhaps in the illustrious name of Rome itself. Now the Egyptian language exhibits certain analogies both with Aryan and Semitic forms of speech, which have led some eminent comparative philologists to conclude that it branched off from the common trunk at an epoch previous to the separation of Aryan from Semitic races. If this be so, we may be permitted to regard the word *rom* as a specimen, preserved by a rare chance, of the patriarchal tongue spoken by the fathers of mankind while they tended their flocks along the vast plateaus of Central Asia.

In speaking of themselves to strangers (*gadjé*, those not of their people), gypsies commonly use some name current, not within their own tents, but in the unfriendly outside world. Thus when they announced themselves in 1417 to the Hanse burghers as *Secané*, they borrowed the appellation by which they were universally known in Eastern Europe, and which is still the most widely diffused of their numerous titles. Amongst the various etymologies which have been put forward for the word *Zigeuner*, two attract our attention by a certain air of reasonableness impressed upon them. Goethe makes Liebetraut inform the learned Olearius that 'Alle Dinge haben ein Paar Ursachen'—a view which, if generally admitted, would very effectually conduce to the peace of the scientific world. In the same way, if we could agree that 'every word has several derivations,' much discussion and difficulty would be spared. Such a reconcilement of rival claims being, however, from the nature of the case, impossible, we can lean to the side of one of the etymological candidates for our suffrage only at the cost of disparaging the pretensions of the other, and can be impartial only by being indifferent.

It is evident that we must look eastward for the original meaning of the name by which the gypsies were first known on this side of the Hellespont. The point at issue is, whether they brought it with them to Europe, or whether it was bestowed upon them in Europe. Now *Zengi* in Persian, *Zendsch* in Arabic, signifies a negro or blackamoor (literally a native of Zanzibar), and the Persian plural *Zengiân* is strikingly similar to the Turkish form of the word in question, *Tchinghiané*. Moreover, the meaning thus assigned to it is entirely consonant with the idea of swarthiness expressed by a large class of gypsy titles, being, in fact, only another version of the Russian *Czernicz* and the Persian *Karachi*. There are, however, two difficulties—and, it seems to us, insuperable difficulties—in the way of accepting this derivation. First, if the name came from the East, some trace of its existence ought to be found in those countries where

* From the Sanskrit *sindhu*, river. *Sindia*, by a regular process of phonetic change, became *Hindia* in Persian, *India* in Greek, whence we have it. Max Müller, 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' 1st Series, p. 256.

its meaning should be still living and obvious. But out of Europe it is, we believe, entirely unknown.* Secondly, even admitting its Asiatic origin, we should expect to find in Greece the earliest European form of the word, and that, consequently, most nearly approaching the Persian original. In Greece the gypsies demonstrably first touched European soil. From Greece, then, the name common to them in so many European tongues must have flowed out over the rest of Europe. Thus on *à priori* grounds alone we conclude that the Turkish form must have come through the Greek, not the Greek through the Turkish. And our conclusion is confirmed by historical evidence proving that the *feudum Acinganorum* was formed in Corfu before the Turks had fully secured their footing in Europe. But the Turkish *Tchinghiané* resembles its supposed Persian prototype far more closely than the Greek Ἀτσίγκανος, and this inconsistency appears alone to justify the rejection *in toto* of the etymology.

Dr. Miklosich lends the weight of his opinion to the identification of *Acingani* (Ἀτσίγκανοι) with *Athingani* (Ἀθίγγανοι), the name of a sect mentioned by some Byzantine historians between the seventh and eleventh centuries as dwelling in the provinces of Phrygia and Lycaonia. This view has the merit of fulfilling what we must regard as a condition *sine quâ non* for determining the true origin of this word—that, namely, of looking to the Greek for its earliest appearance and primitive meaning. The Athingani derived their name from their avoidance, as unclean and contaminating, of the touch of all persons outside their own community. Soothsayers and magicians, they were popularly set down as descendants of Simon Magus, and with more probability were regarded as perpetuating the traditions of the Manicheans and Melchisedecians. From these obscure sectaries the gypsies of Europe, through some channel of association of which the secret is now perhaps for ever lost, probably inherited their best known name. They may have been called Athingani or Acingani, as they were afterwards called Bohemians, because their latest point of departure was from regions inhabited by those peoples; or they may have been called Athingani, as they were subsequently called Egyptians, in token of reproach and contumely.* It is not pretended that they were connected by descent with the votaries of this strange sect; but it is worth noting that occasional bands of Lûry are reported to have turned westward from Persia, especially during the seventh and eighth centuries, after the overthrow of the Sassanian dynasty, and to have settled precisely in the native districts of the Phrygian necromancers.†

The analogy between the word *Zingaro* or *Zigeuner* and the names of certain Indian tribes is considered by Oriental scholars to be a species of orthographical illusion, since it diminishes notably on an inspection of the same words in the phonetic garment of their native dialects. The habits, however, of a race called *Tchangar*, described by Dr. E. Trumpp ‡ as wandering beside one of the five rivers of the Punjab, exhibit a marked resemblance to those of the gypsies in their most degraded condition; and, as the Tchangar are, to all appearance, an offset from the Jat stock, they may possibly turn out to be distant cousins. From the study of the other vagrant hordes which infest many parts of Hindustan, no great profit, we believe, can accrue to our investigation. They seem to fall into two clases: one constituted by the outcasts of Brahmanical law, who speak a genuine cant or linguistic cypher, a language constructed artificially for purposes of concealment out of the materials of ordinary speech; the other composed of true gypsies indeed, but of gypsies driven by famine from Persia—if possible, less at home in India than in England, persecuted by fortune, irreconcilable with society. Here there is evidently nothing new to be learned.

A few words will suffice to recapitulate the conclusions to which our enquiries have led us, as well as to point out the broken places in the imperfectly constructed road by which we have been obliged to travel in order to arrive at them. One only among the peoples inhabiting India—and that the lowest of the Aryan stock—has been noted in history as a colonising race. To this people, then, by a rational presumption, we look in the first instance for the ancestry of a horde of wanderers known to have emigrated from India. This presumption is strengthened when we find that the internal evidence afforded by the structure of

* Miklosich, 'Ueber die Mundarten,' &c., vi. p. 57. According to Pott, the Turkish name is partially known in Asia Minor. This, however, is inevitable, owing to the constant intercourse maintained between the gypsies on both shores of the Bosporus, and has no bearing on the origin of the word.

* Γύφτος (a contraction of Αἰγύπτιος) is used by modern Greeks as a contemptuous epithet, and was thus applied to the gypsies. Paspati, 'Etude sur les Tchinghianés,' p. 19.

† Hopf, 'Die Einwanderung,' &c., p. 31.

‡ 'Die heutige Bevölkerung des Punjâb.' Mittheilungen der anthropologischen Gesellschaft in Wien, 1872.

the gypsy language indicates, as the probable period of separation, a date corresponding with striking accuracy to the epoch of the great national overthrow of the Jats. Further, a reliable tradition ascribes to the Lûry of Persia a Jat origin, and the Lûry, if not absolutely identical with the gypsies of Europe, at least bear to them a singularly close family likeness. Finally, we learn from the narratives of travellers that the modern Jats, although in general an agricultural population, tend rapidly towards social disintegration when the cohesive force of settled occupations is removed ; and that outlying members of the family continually recur to habits and modes of life not distinguishable from those of the familiar tented vagrants of our English forest-lands and commons. Our reading of gypsy history, then, is simply that they were expelled from Sinde by the victories of Mahmoud in 1025–6 ; that they travelled slowly westward, making long halts in Persia and Armenia ; and that they entered Europe, probably driven on by the whirlwind raised by Chingis Khan, in the course of the thirteenth century. There is no record of their ever having crossed the Bosporus, and many reasons induce us to believe that they approached Greece along the chain of islands connecting the Peloponnesus with the coast of Asia Minor.

We are fully aware that on many points these opinions require confirmation ; but the means of applying the requisite tests with the needful accuracy will in time doubtless be forthcoming. We cannot indeed immediately expect to gain much further information as to the dialect spoken by the Lûry; and the date provisionally assigned for the gypsy migration can then only be verified, when the zeal of Oriental students shall have made us better acquainted with the periods and processes of development of the New-Indian languages. A comparison of the Jataki and Romany tongues is, however, already practicable; but we repeat that it can yield permanent and convincing results only if conducted on strictly scientific principles, and if based on grammatical rather than on verbal analogies. Romany is by no means deficient in characteristic individualities of structure, which, like the congenital marks appropriated in story-books to the identification of long-lost relatives, may yet lead to the nearer determination of its fatherland and the final establishment of its pedigree.

Of the character and habits of the gypsies much has been written, and from widely different points of view. Nobody has seen them more closely or described them better than Mr. George Borrow in the curious volume quoted at the head of this article. Some writers have felt for them a mysterious attraction; others have regarded them with undisguised abhorrence. Both sentiments are equally unreasonable. There can be no doubt that their contact with European peoples has been productive of innumerable evils to European society. Society vainly endeavoured to defend itself by proscription and persecution. In England, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was 'felony without benefit of clergy' to be seen for one month in the fellowship of the 'outlandish people calling themselves Egyptians.' In France, the States of Orleans decreed in 1561 that they should be proceeded against with fire and sword. In Spain they were banished by repeated edicts under the severest penalties. In Italy they were forbidden to remain more than two nights in the same place. In Germany they were shot down like wild beasts. They were persecuted in England as harbourers of Jesuits ; they were denounced in Germany as spies of the Turk ; in Spain they were accused of driving with the Moors a nefarious traffic in Christian children ; in Turkey they are still believed to be devourers of human flesh. Some of these imputations were absolutely false ; some were grossly exaggerated. All were readily believed, and vigorously acted upon, but to no purpose. The race,

'More outcast and despised than Moor or Jew,'

throve and multiplied exceedingly, each generation inheriting from its predecessor a more irreconcilable aversion to settled life, and a deeper hatred of the communities which they infested and which spurned them.

In the last century, however, a change came over the spirit of several European governments in their regard. Maria Theresa in 1768, and Charles III. of Spain in 1783, took measures for educating and training these poor wanderers in habits of Christian morality and continuous industry. The upshot was sufficiently satisfactory to encourage the imitation of their example, and the same experiment is now being tried in Russia with signal success ; while the recent emancipation of the Wallachian gypsies has already been attended by the best results. Amongst ourselves their worst enemies in modern times have been railway companies, enclosure acts, and rural police. In the presence of these unrelenting agents of what a French author has called 'our liberticide civilisation,' the tents of the Romany people vanish, and the tongue of the Romany people becomes a half-remembered jargon. But these irrepressible strangers die out in

one direction only to emerge with renewed vitality in another. Gypsy encampments have lately been seen for the first time during many generations in Ireland, and gypsy bands may now be found roaming through all the vast spaces of the Western States of America from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. Thus they seem about to regain in the New World the ground which the pressure of increasing population has cut from under their feet in the Old, and will, no doubt, find in the Far West, during many centuries to come, that middle district between barbarism and culture which forms their appropriate element.

But although the palmy days of the 'Egyptians' are here for ever fled, and the nomad members of the tribe to be met with in Great Britain may now be counted by hundreds, they are not therefore becoming extinct even amongst us. An incalculable number have departed from the tents and the customs of their own people,* and, living in the exercise of some poor trade or calling, are not to be distinguished from the lower class of artisans, except by their usually imperfect possession of a strange tongue, the secret of which they jealously guard from such as have not the password to their confidence. The absorption into the mass of the population of this foreign ingredient must be productive of considerable and highly complicated effects. We venture to hope that they will not prove altogether mischievous; that when the obvious and immediate evils incidental to the process shall have passed away, some residue of good will be found to remain; some subtle element added to our national character, which shall quicken its sympathies and enlarge its capabilities. We do not take a romantic view of the gypsy fraternity. We do not believe in Preziosas or Fedalmas, nor do we expect to encounter typical heroes or sublime victims in the midst of a debased society, which, however, in spite of many vices, has preserved some traits of primitive dignity and instinctive nobility. But we conceive that a people which has invented the quick and vivid modulations of the Hungarian national music, and has known how to express by their means

> 'The sorrows unredeemed
> Of races outcast, scorned, and wandering,'

may be capable, under happier circumstances, of higher efforts, and that a race from which sprang John Bunyan and Antonio Solario—the Quentin Matsys of the South—cannot be altogether devoid of religious sensibility and æsthetic feeling.

* Simson, 'A History of the Gypsies.'

ART. V.—1. *Primitive Property.* Translated from the French of EMILE DE LAVELEYE by G. R. L. MARRIOTT. With an Introduction by T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE. London: 1878.

2. *Protokollen des Socialisten-Congresses zu Gotha,* 19–23 August, 1876; 27–29 Mai, 1877. Berlin, Hamburg: 1876, 1877.

3. *Social-Demokratie.* Von RICHARD SCHUSTER. 2nd ed. Stuttgart: 1876.

4. *Deutsche Rundschau,* February–March, 1878. *Deutschland und der Socialismus.* Von LUDWIG BAMBERGER.

M. DE LAVELEYE has, in his 'Primitive Property,' used a collection of some of the most interesting historical facts ever placed before the public as a basis for a series of conclusions and suggestions happily as unsound as they are alarming. Starting from the hypothesis that community in land is the primitive type of property, and to a certain extent proving his theory by a comparison of historical data, he leaps to the assumption that we had better revert to something very like the ancient system, or expect a breaking up of the depths and a reign of anarchy. We shall endeavour to indicate presently the abyss which separates M. de Laveleye's premisses from his inferences; but it is always more pleasant to agree with so conscientious and able an investigator; we shall therefore first point out some of the very important contributions he has made in this volume to the science of comparative sociology.

The first form of property in land is not recognised by M. de Laveleye. It is that by which a tribe of hunters claims in joint ownership and enjoyment the right of chase over a more or less defined domain. M. de Laveleye assumes that 'while man lives by the chase, he never thinks of appropriating the soil.' He forgets that the Red Indian has as keen a sense of property as the Duke of Atholl. The second stage of property is that which M. de Laveleye places first. In the pastoral stage the soil is owned by the tribe, but not by the individual, any more than among a band of hunters. In either case the domain, the *mark*, belongs to the community alone. But as soon as any part of this domain is put under cultivation, the individuals who give their labour claim to enjoy the proceeds. At first, however, they have no more than a temporary right of occupation, the soil itself continuing to be the property of the commune or village. The system of village communities was at one time supposed to be a peculiarity of the Slavonic race. M. de Laveleye shows that

traces of the institution are discoverable everywhere, as, indeed, Sir Henry S. Maine had done before him in his essay on 'Village Communities.' A custom which has existed in Peru and China, in Mexico and India, in Scandinavia and among the Arabs, he is fairly entitled to argue is a general phase of social development. But it is in Russia and one other country that the system has survived with the least change. These comparatively perfect instances have enabled M. de Laveleye to piece together the fragments still remaining elsewhere, and demonstrate that they are only instances after all. In Russia, as is well known, the commune or *mir* is proprietor of the peasants' land, and, though every adult male is entitled to an equal share, which he may cultivate for himself, periodical redivisions are made. Only the house and garden form private and hereditary property, though even these may not be sold to a stranger without the consent of the commune. The commune is, in the eye of the State, the unit of the Russian nation. But the commune is itself based on the family, and the family is a sort of perpetual corporation. It is governed by a chief called the 'ancient.' Though the commune assigns to every adult a share of land, the family holds all its allotments in common. There is usually neither succession nor partition. On the death of the father his authority generally devolves on the eldest son, though the family occasionally elect a chief. It is not, however, M. de Laveleye tells us, blood which gives the title to succeed to the family rights and possessions, but co-operation in the labour which has produced the property in question. Consequently, where a Russian family is afflicted with the presence of an incorrigible idler, the father and the head of the commune combine their powers, and hand over to the conscription or to Siberia the drone who violates the original compact by eating what he has not earned. We have thus in Russia, notwithstanding recent inroads on the system, the village as the natural proprietor of the soil, but using its privileges for the support of the family. In our review of Mr. Wallace's 'Russia,' in No. 298 of this Journal, we combated the absurd supposition that the Russian *mir* is a type of 'representative constitutional government by democracy,' and it is, therefore, unnecessary to revert to that subject.

Curiously enough, the country where M. de Laveleye discovers the system in a form as perfect as in Russia, if not indeed more so, is Java. There it has been fostered by the Dutch, who find it a convenient machinery for collecting the enormous revenue the island contributes to Holland. Both in Java and in Russia the community of property in the soil determines the whole political and social organisation of the population; but Switzerland, where the personal competition for wealth is as active as in England or the United States, possesses in its *allmends* as clear traces of the original community of land as Russia or Java. In Switzerland, says M. de Laveleye, the communes enjoy almost absolute autonomy. These Swiss communes are not merely political and administrative institutions; they are also economical institutions. They defray the cost of the school, the church, the police, and the roads, and, in addition to all this, in many cantons possess a large quantity of land, which they distribute in usufruct among the inhabitants. M. de Laveleye has collected a variety of most interesting particulars on this subject. Traces of the institution are found throughout Switzerland; but it flourishes most in the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, Glaris, the Appenzells, and the two Unterwaldens. Originally the whole canton formed a single commune. To this day Uri constitutes a single *mark* without any division into communes, and the man of Uri exercises his right of enjoyment of the common property wherever he may happen to reside. The right is a very valuable one. The mountain pastures are extensive enough to allow the keep of two cows on an average for each family; and the worth of the communal forests is such that if sold they would yield each family a capital sum of 1,400 francs. The communal cultivated land of Uri gives each family enough garden ground to raise vegetables and fruit, besides flax or hemp for the household linen. All these privileges, which we shall show hereafter are in practice not so equally distributed as in theory, depend on descent from the supposed original occupants of the *mark*, and have become the monopoly of a certain number of privileged families. Thus the Swiss *allmends* are a kind of link between the Russian and Javan village commune and the ownership of the soil by family communities.

As M. de Laveleye expresses it, when common ownership with periodical partition fell into disuse, the soil did not immediately become the private property of individual owners, but was held as the hereditary and inalienable patrimony of separate families, who lived in common under the same roof or within the same enclosure. These family communities M. de Laveleye finds existing among all the Southern Slavs from the Danube to beyond the Balkans, alike in Slavonia, Croatia, Servian Voivodia, the

Military Confines, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro. In these lands the family, made up of the group of descendants from a common ancestor occupying the same house, is the social unit, and owns and tills the soil in common. M. de Laveleye draws a vivid and pleasant picture of this type of life from personal observation, and the same mode of peasant life has been well described by Mr. Evans in his rambles through Bosnia. The households elects its gospodar or head, who buys and sells, and manages the community, but as a constitutional sovereign with the consent of the rest. It is a free parliamentary government, with the gospodar for the executive, and the whole family circle for the legislature. In these model households everyone has just that amount of authority he is entitled to. The gospodar himself, unlike officials in less favoured countries than Servia and Bulgaria, when he feels himself growing old, resigns ; for a Servian proverb says, 'He who toils should govern.' The elders are respected and obeyed, but not servilely. Women are not treated, as in Eastern countries, like beasts of burden or slaves ; the gospodar's wife regulates the household, directs the education of the young, and chants the national poems to them in the evening. She is consulted in all marriages, and is respected by all. Within an enclosure surrounded by a hedge, and on a lawn planted with fruit trees, rises the gospodar's timber-built house, with its hall where the family, averaging from ten to twenty persons, take their meals in common and meet at night, the women to spin and embroider their bright dresses, the men to play the lute and sing, the grandfather to tell the children tales of old Servian heroes. Each family owns a patrimony of over forty acres, and the produce is consumed in common or divided equally among the married couples. But the profits of each man's individual industry belong to himself. He may even own a cow or a few sheep. These instances of private property, however, mark no degeneracy from the idea of family proprietorship, which governs absolutely the arrangements affecting the soil. 'Pauperism and even, saving rare exceptions, accidental distress are unknown,' for the aged and infirm are supported by their kinsfolk. The attachment to the family does not, as elsewhere, engender narrow selfishness. The picture drawn by M. de Laveleye of these happy families is worthy of the Golden Age:—

'Communities dwelling in the same village are always ready to lend one another assistance. When a pressing work has to be executed, several families join together, and the task is executed with general animation. There is a kind of holiday. In the evening popular songs are sung to the sound of the *guzla*, and there are dances on the sward under the tall oaks. The Southern Slavs delight in singing, and rejoicings are frequent among them ; their life being to all appearance a happy one. Their lot is secure, and they have fewer cares than Western nations, who strive in vain to satisfy wants which become every day more numerous and more refined. In their primitive form of society, where there is no inheritance, and no purchase or sale of lands, the desire of growing rich or of changing one's lot hardly exists. Everyone finds in the family group the means of living as his ancestors have lived, and asks no more. The rules of succession which give rise to so much strife among relations, the greedy desire of the peasant, stinting himself in everything to increase his property, the anxiety of the proletarian, uncertain of to-morrow's wage, the alarms of the farmer, who fears the raising of his rent, the ambition to rise to a higher position, so frequent in the present age—all these sources of agitation, which elsewhere trouble men's minds, are here unknown. Existence flows along peaceably and uniformly. Men's condition and the organisation of society are not changed. There is nothing which can be called progress. No effort to secure a better or a different position is attempted, for the mere reason that the possibility of changing the traditional order which exists is not conceived of.' (Pp. 186–7.)

M. de Laveleye has brought together various records of the existence of family communities in the Middle Ages throughout Europe. The system was even used in France nearly to the end of the eighteenth century for other industries besides agriculture. M. de Laveleye quotes from Legrand d'Aussy's tour in Auvergne a very quaint and interesting description of several communities of cutlers near Thiers. One in particular, named Guittard, would seem to have borne out M. de Laveleye's impression that family communities are the nursing mothers of all the virtues. Besides managing all the concerns of the family in a manner not surpassed even in Servia or Bulgaria, the Guittards appear to have kept a number of watch-dogs for a very original purpose :—

'Passing through one court,' says M. Legrand d'Aussy, 'I saw several large dogs, which at once began to bark. "Do not be afraid," said the master ; "they only bark to give me warning. They are not dangerous. We train them not to bite." "Why should they not bite?" I asked. "Surely your safety depends on their doing so." "Oh ! a beggar often comes to us in the night time. At the voice of the dogs we rise to take him in ; and we would not have them do him any harm, or prevent his entering." ' (P. 206.)

But, alas ! when family communities had succeeded to village communities, the lapse thence into individual ownership which M. de Laveleye laments was general and rapid. The law that a member of a commune could not dispose of his share without the consent of his associates, did not operate against the church. The church, therefore, obtained by various means a large quantity of land once held in common. But the development of feudalism, and either the violence of individual barons, or the desire to earn a seigneur's protection against other seigneurs, made yet greater inroads. A theory was introduced that the holding of land in common was an exception to the general law, and the subdivision of the large primitive *marks* left what remained too weak to withstand encroachment by the sovereign and the nobles. The contempt which began to be felt for agriculture, from the reason that many farmers introduced by the nobles for the cultivation of their estates were serfs, contributed to weaken the power of free husbandmen to maintain their independence. This and other causes facilitated the process by which chiefs of septs and clans claimed as their property land of which they were only trustees for their people. Even the lawyers threw their weight into the scale against communal property, by protesting against a form of ownership which was not the form recognised by the Code and the Institutes. But the last blow was dealt, we are told in the volume before us, by the emancipator of society, by the French Revolution, ' which committed the error, every day more apparent, of endeavouring to found democracy by crushing the only institutions which can make it possible. It set up abstract man, the isolated individual, and theoretically recognised in him all his natural rights, but at the same time annihilated everything that could attach him to preceding generations or to his existing fellow-citizens.' The result M. de Laveleye, in a strain of melancholy which could scarcely be surpassed in ' Coningsby ' or ' Sybil,' deplores and denounces :—

' The province with its traditional liberties, the commune with its undivided property, and the crafts and corporations which united in a bond of brotherhood workmen of the same trade—these associations, the national extension of the family, had sheltered the individual ; though, perhaps, sometimes a fetter, they were always a support ; while binding men down they also strengthened them ; they were the hive in which individual life was carried on. In times of adversity there was a guarantee of assistance ; in ordinary times, a supervision which kept men in the right path ; a power of defence when their rights were attacked, and a tradition for new generations. The present was connected with the past by the privileges and advantages derived from the institution. In modern days the individual is lost within the nation, an abstract idea which is only realised for most of us under the form of the receiver who demands the taxes, or the conscription which imposes military service. The commune has lost all local autonomy, and is become a mere wheel in the machinery of local administration, obedient to a central power. Communal property, in almost every case, has been sold or diminished. Man coming into the world with wants to be satisfied, and with hands to labor, can claim no share in the soil for the exercise of his energy. Industrial crafts are no more ; the joint-stock companies which have taken their place are a means of associating capital, not men. Religion, a powerful bond of union, has lost most of its fraternal power ; and the family, shaken to its foundation, is little more than a system of succession. Man is a social creature, and the institutions have been destroyed or weakened in which his sociability could express itself and form a solid basis for the State.' (P. 63.)

M. de Laveleye can perceive only one remedy for this lamentable condition of things. ' At the risk of being thought reactionary,' he derives the evils of the present day from the downfall of communal autonomy and communal property. Politicians, we are told, have striven with considerable success to destroy the former, and economists to banish the latter. M. de Laveleye would have them see the error of their ways and retrace their steps. Before, however, they start on this retrograde course, they would be wise to observe certain shades in M. de Laveleye's own flattering picture of these two institutions, so far as they have survived to modern times or have left memorials of themselves. We have to consider both whether it would be possible to revive them, and, if possible, whether it would be worth while. M. de Laveleye himself admits that the Russian communal system is showing signs of decay :—

' In spite of the periodic partition, inequality has been introduced into the *mir*, and many peasants have no land. First, certain inhabitants of superior intelligence or influence, by means of brandy, acquired a larger share. The *mougik* calls them the "consumers of the *mir*." Others were too poor or idle to cultivate a share ; they live by wages. In a very instructive work of Prince Vasiltchikof, partial statistics from a province are given, from which it appears that out of 1,193,000 households 75,000 have no land at all, and 7,400 have only preserved the hereditary enclosure.' (P. 17.)

The village community rests on the patriarchal family ; but

'since the emancipation the old patriarchal family has tended to fall asunder. The sentiment of individual independence is weakening and destroying it. The young people no longer obey the "ancient." The women quarrel about the task they have to perform. The married son longs to have his own dwelling. The dissolution of the patriarchal family will perhaps bring about that of the village community, because it is in the union of the domestic hearth that the habits of fraternity, the indifference to individual interest, and the communist sentiments which preserve the collective property of the *mir*, are developed. . . . It is the habit of submission to the despotic authority which has given the Russian people the spirit of obedience, self-denial, and gentleness characteristic of them.' (P. 19.)

M. de Laveleye sees that the system is doomed; but he laments over its fate as if the defects he himself indicates in it were of trivial consequence. That the soil is ill cultivated by the Russian peasant is notorious. But he attributes this not to the lethargy such a system encourages, but to the long yoke of serfage. He does not appear to perceive that the long existence of serfage was itself connected with an institut on which smothered individual energy and independence, and gave the lord the one neck the emperor desired to develope among his Romans. Permanent and costly improvements are acknowledged to be practically unknown in Russian communal territory; but the Swiss *allmends*, where the commune undertakes expensive irrigation and drainage works, we are informed, show that the collective resources of a commune might accomplish, if well directed, even more than the marvels effected by private ownership. Europe is invited to go back a thousand years and more in its land tenure on the chance of reaping the advantages observable in a handful of mountain districts where the men live on wages paid by capitalist manufacturers, and inherit in their communal lands pensions paid in free milk and fuel. Under the Russian communal system every obstacle to the increase of population is removed. Even a premium is, as M. de Laveleye admits, offered for the multiplication of offspring, since every additional head gives a right to a new share on repartition. It is a poor consolation to the moralist that, in fact, the population does not permanently increase at a rate to starve the villages. The number of births is nearly twice as large in Russia as in France; but then the mortality in Russia is 1 in 26, while in France it is 1 in 39, and in England 1 in 49. The average of life is from 22 to 27 years, and in Western Europe about 35. Out of a thousand male children only 593 attain the age of five years. Just as the excessive number of births is due to the improvidence which the communal system fosters, so is this massacre of infant life. 'The working hand,' as M. de Laveleye expresses it, 'is rare in Russia and valuable in proportion.' So the mothers who do a large part of the field work, though women have no title to the soil, are in many cases incapable of nursing their infants. Seventy-five per cent. of the deaths among children are in July and August, when the mothers, being detained all day in the fields, abandon their babes altogether. The births and the known mortality would even exceed these terrible figures but for the frequent disparity of age in husband and wife. But the effects of this check are yet more pernicious than the evil they obviate. In the patriarchal society of which M. de Laveleye regrets the decadence, the autocratic father, to obtain additional female field labourers, commonly marries his sons at eight or ten years of age to women of five-and-twenty. He then 'neglects his own superannuated wife, and abuses the influence which he exercises over the wife of his son, who is too young either to enjoy his rights or to protect them. An incestuous promiscuousness is thus introduced.' M. de Laveleye puts down this horrible state of things to the account of serfage; but he had already explained it very clearly as a natural consequence of the patriarchal prerogatives necessary to the communal system. Obsolete modes of tillage, a drawback which, if not absolutely inherent in the system, is allowed to have 'almost universally accompanied it,' a population always tending to exceed its means of support, incest in the family life, and in the village life 'games and debauches in which drunkenness and gross lasciviousness have full career'—these are incidents of the Russian *mir*, of which M. de Laveleye 'would see with regret the suppression, since, if improved, it may be the safeguard of modern democracy.'

'If improved'—that is the charm of such theorising; the vices which have 'almost universally accompanied a system' are treated as accidents for which might easily be substituted the special properties of a system exactly the opposite. The powers of organisation and the habit of directing the aggregate energies to the improvement of the communal property, which the Glaris commoner derives from the habits he has learned in the private capitalist's factory, M. de Laveleye supposes could, without insuperable difficulty, be engrafted on the Russian peasant's habit of merging his own individuality in the abstract *mir*, and making this the

Hercules that is to pull him out of the mud. M. de Laveleye blames the Russian government for assigning at the emancipation the meadows and forests to the lords, whereas the peasants formerly enjoyed the use of them as of the arable land: 'The institution of the *mir* forms a perfect traditional system, which ought either to be respected or replaced entirely by independent property. We may say of it as of a celebrated order, *Sit ut est, aut non sit.*' We may say likewise of M. de Laveleye's own suggestions for improving the village communal system, *Sit ut est, aut non sit;* if M. de Laveleye will not have it as it is, he must make up his mind to do without it. M. de Laveleye esteems the Russian peasant happier than the enterprising and unsettled American in the midst of his riches and progress. We are not particularly enamoured of the special type of American progress; but humanity, even in the coming era which M. de Laveleye foresees, will have changed indeed before it resigns its individual freedom for such melancholy and stolid obedience as the Russian peasant learns from his communal system to pay to any who claim it. If the example of Russian peasant life be not of a nature to stimulate imitation in Western Europe, it will be scarcely of much use for M. de Laveleye to point to Java. The growth of a population from between five and six millions in 1826 to over seventeen millions in 1872 may have been advantageous to the Netherlands exchequer, which takes a fifth part of the produce, and one day's work in the week; but it has suggested even to Dutch economists gloomy forebodings as to the future of a system which has already diminished the peasants' allowance of land to half, or in some cases a quarter, of what their fathers tilled. With the population ever multiplying, and a system of periodic partition of land, 'there will still be equality, but'—it is a Dutchman who writes—'it will be equality in misery.'

Unless when preserved artificially, as by the iron despotism of Holland in Java, or by the pride of the Swiss in his hereditary institutions, the communal system, whether of the village or the family type, is fast disappearing. Even in the Swiss *allmends* disintegration is manifesting itself. The commoners derive very unequal benefits from the common property, and in inequality lurks the seed of decay. Again, it is of the essence of communal property that the inhabitants of a fixed locality should enjoy it; but we are told by M. de Laveleye that in Glaris at the present day the commonable *alps* are let by auction for a number of years; and, in complete opposition to ancient principles, strangers may obtain them as well as citizens. The Russian *mir* is gradually relaxing its hold on the nation, and the Arcadian life of Servia, which never had so many good words bestowed on her as in the volume before us, 'is falling to ruin, and disappearing everywhere that it comes in contact with modern ideas.' M. de Laveleye is far too shrewd an observer not to perceive these phenomena, and far too honest to conceal them. All these institutions are, he admits, unable easily to withstand 'the conditions of a society in which men are striving to improve their own lot as well as the political and social organisation under which they live.' 'Once the desire of self-aggrandisement awakened, man can no longer support the yoke of the *zadruga*, light though it be. . . . To live according to his own will, to work for himself alone, to drink from his own cup, is now the end pre-eminently sought by everyone.' With the tendencies of modern humanity the old communal institutions must, M. de Laveleye knows, surely disappear, but 'the economist,' he concludes, 'will not see them disappear without regret.'

While, however, the 'economist' laments the loosening of the bonds of family life in Servia, it can scarcely be the province of the 'economist' to exaggerate the defects of the institutions of his own day and the virtues of those of former ages by contrasting the failures of the present with the successes of the past. This M. de Laveleye, no doubt quite unconsciously, does throughout in 'Primitive Property.' What can, for instance, be more extraordinarily unreasonable and unjust than to contrast an English pauper with a Swiss commoner, and to rest in the self-satisfied conclusion that 'a comparison between the degraded inmate of an English workhouse and the proud, active, independent, and industrious commoner of the Swiss *allmend* is sufficient to illustrate the profound difference between the two systems'? It would be far less unfair and misleading to contrast the boys who run begging out of comfortable cottages in Berne with the children of an English village school, who would as soon think of mendicancy as of not pulling off their caps to the squire. But, according to M. de Laveleye's standard of reasoning, the habit of mendicity, we suppose, should be considered condemnatory of the Swiss communal system. Even to regret, with M. de Laveleye, the ruin impending over the system of village and family communities, considering that it is allowed to be a natural and necessary tendency of modern society, might seem to be scarcely the province of

the 'economist,' however appropriate in a moralist and seer like Mr. Ruskin. But M. de Laveleye lets symptoms escape him at times of a hope that political economy will discover 'an organisation which may confer property on all citizens able to labour.' Such a discovery, he warns us, 'in presence of the democratic movement, by which we are impelled, and of the equalising tendencies which agitate the labouring classes,' is the one means of averting disaster and saving liberty. Besides warnings, however, he has comfort for us. We are, it seems, spite of all appearances to the contrary, and which have been very amply enlarged on by M. de Laveleye himself, actually retrograding to the primeval happiness of which the Church, and feudalism, and the French Revolution have despoiled Europe, though they have not deprived Java.

'At present the organisation to which the tendencies and aspirations of European societies are directed, is manifestly that of the American township and the Swiss canton, which is no other than [that of Ditmarsch or the valley of Andorre—that is to say, that which free populations spontaneously establish at the commencement of civilisation, and which may thus be called natural. A federation of autonomic and land-owning communes should compose the State; and the federation of states ought eventually to form the organisation of universal human society.' (P. 241.)

We are charmed at the versatility with which an economist who has just been showing, with admirable learning, that the whole world has passed through the stage of communal property, and that the whole world has repudiated it, or is repudiating it, persuades himself that the most advanced portion of the world is bent on reviving what it long ago rejected. But we look in vain to M. de Laveleye for indications of the tendencies and aspirations of European societies towards the institutions of Ditmarsch and Andorre. The Speaker of the House of Commons has offered to admit his labourers to a sort of co-operation with their landlord, but they have displayed a very lukewarm interest in the plan. Some friends of the agricultural journeyman have bought two or three hundred acres in Lincolnshire, on which landlord, farmer, and labourer are to be one and the same; but the projectors have shown becoming modesty in not vaunting their achievements before harvest, and a farm in Lincolnshire is, at the best, scarcely a proof of 'the tendencies and aspirations of European societies.' Lastly, there is Mr. Ruskin's Arcadia on some as yet undiscovered and railless English coast. But M. de Laveleye cannot be referring to that, for he knows no more of its location than men who are no economists. Of regeneration death is a condition; and there is this to be said for M. de Laveleye's view of the future, that the communal systems which are, he believes, destined to revival, are, according to his own researches, either dead or fast dying—all but his own peculiar treasure-trove of the Swiss *allmends*. The ashes of the old phœnix are *in situ;* but as yet there is no sign of the new phœnix. We have no wish for the extinction of the relics of the communal phase of ownership. A level uniformity of tenure is not to be desired. The miseries consequent upon changes from one social phase to another are so great and enduring that we would not precipitate the fall even of a system so lethargic as that of the Russian *mir*. But the communal system cannot live beside the system of individual ownership; and it is a mere paradox to suppose that the whole body of private landowners, or, for that matter, of private labourers, will abdicate their independence and form themselves into a federation of autonomic and land-owning communes. The only safe principle of reasoning is to argue from what has been to what is likely to be; when we find society gravitating everywhere towards the substitution of private for common ownership, we are forced to the conclusion that, if any system of property can be called natural, it is that which all mankind, after trying other sorts, end by preferring. M. de Laveleye, on the contrary, holds that 'the system which populations establish at the commencement of civilisation may be called natural.' Mr. Cliffe Leslie, who has supplied an interesting introduction to the volume, endeavours to apologise for M. de Laveleye's phraseology which would occasionally suggest that he supposed a respect for natural rights and equality was discoverable in the primitive usages of society relating to property. But we cannot accept Mr. Cliffe Leslie's benevolent disavowal against the text of M. de Laveleye's own volume. It remains tolerably clear that M. de Laveleye in fact believes that there is something specially natural in a tenure with which society set out, as compared with that towards which it tends. In betaking itself to private ownership, it has been only trying an experiment; but discover some mode of reconciling communal ownership with the more elaborate exigencies of modern economy, and the world, we are left by M. de Laveleye to suppose, will gladly return to the species of ownership which his bold fancy asserts fits best the needs of humanity.

It is to be regretted that M. de Laveleye should waste his powers in aspirations after a return to a system European civilisation has outgrown. But there is not much harm in indulging such sentimental wishes. There is harm in encouraging those who would be less satisfied with an agreeable theory than is M. de Laveleye's philosophic temperament, to regard the existing forms of human property as a violation of natural right. M. de Laveleye honours this country with many animadversions on its land tenure. He denounces the tendency by which 'in England, as at Rome, large property has swallowed up small property, in consequence of a continuous evolution unchecked from the beginning to the end of the nation's history,' and he alleges that 'the social order seems to be threatened just as in the Roman Empire.' We should have rejoiced had it been possible to keep the old order of yeomen, without interfering with the general progress of the country; and we should now be glad did the fashion abate of adding acre to acre for the mere sake, not of fair investment of capital, but of territorial influence and grandeur. But England has become what she is by securing to men freedom to do what they will with their own. The land has been made a garden by the application to it of capital which could not have been so employed had it remained in the hands of petty cultivators, whose only capital would have been the land itself. The kingdom altogether has been the richer for the soil being treated like other kinds of property. With a limited territory, and a population and capital indefinitely larger in proportion than the soil, the soil necessarily grows to be a luxury for which only the rich can compete. But it benefits by being in the hands of those who can expend most on it. M. de Laveleye would hardly dispute this; but he would hold that the people suffer though the land may gain. We deny this altogether. He himself would not desire the spread throughout this island of *la petite propriété*, with the hard and cruel economy it imposes on the peasant; and Mr. Mill, in a letter M. de Laveleye publishes, says that system is repudiated by the working classes, and has few partisans besides some economists and philanthropists. What he desires is co-operative agricultural labour. But it is of the very essence of English society, that industry of whatever kind should compete freely in the market. Co-operative agriculture could not hope to be 'protected,' and we are not sanguine that farm labourers working for their own hand would hold their own against capitalist farmers. The agricultural labourer has suffered hitherto by not having the energy to go where his labour would be best remunerated; that lack of energy would not be cured by setting him and a number of his fellows down on a plot of land, without either farmer or landlord, except some form of commune, above or beside them. There is exactly as much reason for stocking shops for co-operative shoemakers or tailors, as for assigning portions of land to bodies of farm labourers; and the result would be as ruinous to the men and unprofitable to the country in the one case as in the other.

M. de Laveleye is treading on dangerous ground when he searches among theories of property for reasons against the present tenure of land in Europe, and particularly England. A very common theory of property, and one which, though not impregnable, is as defensible as any other, is that which makes labour its legitimate source. It is strange to find M. de Laveleye arguing against this, that, 'if labour were the only legitimate source of property, it would follow that a society in which so many labourers live in poverty and so many others in opulence is contrary to all right, and a violation of the true foundation of property.' M. de Laveleye would seem to have forgotten that labour, like everything else, can be capitalised, and that the heir of an estate holds it by the title of labour expended by his ancestors, as fairly as the man who has made a fortune in trade and invested it in land. Whatever property a man holds, whether patrimonial or self-acquired, must have been amassed by somebody and at some time or other; and, with the rare exception of property acquired by spoliation or conquest, it must all be the result of labour, thrift, or a judicious and useful employment of capital, accumulated by successive generations.

M. de Laveleye, while he repudiates the labour theory of property, accepts what he terms 'the natural-economical theory,' according to which every human being, as he is entitled to live, is entitled necessarily to such an amount of property as will enable him to support life. He attempts to prove the truth of this by a *reductio ad absurdum*: 'If a man cannot claim a share in the productive stock to live by his labour on it, he has no right at all. It is no violation of justice to allow him to die of hunger.' He continues: 'Need we say that this solution, which seems to be that of the official school of jurists and economists, is contrary alike to the innate sentiment of justice, to natural right, to the primitive legislation of all nations, and even to the principles of those who adopt it?' (p. 351). M. de Laveleye is here confusing the duties of humanity with

the theory of property. So far as the bare question of rights of property goes, a man's right to property is bounded by his earnings or those of others for him. M. de Laveleye indeed admits the principle when he says in the preface to the original edition of his work : ' The lofty maxim of justice, "To everyone according to his work," must be realised, so that property may actually be the result of labour, and that the well-being of each may be proportional to the co-operation which he gives to production.' If property be due to everyone according to his work, the man who does no work might as justly be left to die of hunger as M. de Laveleye thinks he might be according to the theory which holds that property must actually be the result of labour, but that the labour is equally labour whether done by the hands of the possessor of the property or of a former generation. M. de Laveleye fancies Christianity favours ownership in common, which he denominates the primitive theory of property, and not what he calls ' quiritary,' that is, private ownership. ' Christianity,' he says, ' is an equalising religion. The Gospel is the good tidings brought to the poor, and Christ is not the friend of the rich. His doctrine verges on communism, and his immediate disciples and the religious orders who sought to follow his teaching strictly lived in community. If Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its Founder, the existing social organisation could not last a day.' This is true in the same sense in which it might be said that if Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its Founder, able-bodied paupers would not continue for a day to consent to eat the bread of idleness. It is the present social morality, not the social organisation, which must necessarily give way. Christianity teaches those who have that it is their duty to give to those who have not ; it does not teach those who have not that it is their right to have.

The thoughts of students of social science used formerly to be directed to the considertion how best to secure the rights of property. At present they seem to be employed chiefly in devising ingenious arrangements for taking from the rich and giving to the poor. Whatever M. de Laveleye may think, his suggestions for re-establishing in some form the communal system have a dangerous tendency to weaken the faith in the one honest axiom about property, that people shall be protected by society in the possessions, whether land or goods, which they or their fathers have earned. He appears to entertain a certain contempt for the professors of political economy who adopt the vocation of ' Katheder-Socialisten,' and lay down dogmas on the proper distribution of wealth quite apart from the facts of existing human society. But this volume breathes throughout much of the spirit of the ' Katheder '—that is, the academic and professorial—socialist. Any such manifestations are the more to be deprecated that the peril M. de Laveleye foresees from proletariate envy of the riches other classes enjoy is very real and formidable. How real and imminent Herr Bamberger shows in two interesting articles he has published in the February and March numbers of the ' Deutsche Rundschau.' Herr Bamberger is a member of the German Reichstag, and has attempted at various times to concentrate parliamentary attention on the designs of the socialist party. In the papers before us he shows what dimensions the movement has already assumed. Englishmen would hardly have comprehended till the events of last May and June his startling declaration that *in no country is the war of classes so openly declared as it is in Germany*. The world has now conclusive evidence of the alarming fact ; and even German Liberals recognise the necessity of stringent measures of repression against the Socialists. Till lately the German public was as little awake to the peril before it as the American public was aware of the power of trades unions when the Engine-drivers' Union last year lit a spark which at once enveloped five States of the Union almost literally in flames. Herr Bamberger quotes from an American journal of last year, which wrote : ' A month ago millions of Americans did not know what a trades union was. Now we know.' Herr Bamberger appeals to his countrymen, ' Cannot you learn a lesson from the misfortunes of others ? '

Some statistics of the strength of German Socialism will be found in the protocol of the last German Socialist Congress held in May, 1877. The figures have an eloquence of their own. The Constituent Reichstag of 1867 contained two Socialist members ; the North-German Reichstag of 1868, five. Then came the Franco-German war, with the sense it inspired of national danger and national unity. For the moment Socialism, which is anti-national and cosmopolitan, succumbed before German patriotism. The number of Socialist deputies in the first German Reichstag, in 1871, sank back to two. But in the second German Reichstag, which met in 1874, nine Socialist representatives sat ; and in the third, which was dissolved last June, having been elected in 1877, there were twelve. They are Auer, Bebel, Blos,

Bracke, Demmler, Fritzsche, Hasenclever, Kapell, Liebknecht, Most, Motteler, and Rittinghausen; and each of them, except Demmler and Rittinghausen, who are rich, has been receiving nine shillings a day during the session from the Socialist exchequer. This rise in the number of representatives does not adequately measure the increase in the Socialist force. The nine deputies returned in 1874 were elected by 350,000 votes, but the twelve of 1877 by as many as 485,000. The total number of German electors is 8,943,000. Of these 5,535,000 actually voted for the 397 deputies who make up the Reichstag. While the average number of votes by which a German deputy was returned was 9,000, the twelve Socialist deputies had an average of 9,200 votes each. An eleventh of the votes by which the late German Parliament was returned were given for Socialist candidates. At the Socialist Congress which met at Gotha in May, 1877, it was asserted that out of the 397 electoral districts Socialist candidates offered themselves in 175. Any change in the electoral system would probably be to the advantage of the party. If a form of the Minority Vote were introduced, Herr Bamberger considers they would outnumber any other single section of opinion, while the French *scrutin de liste* would at once double the band of Socialist members. Longer practice in electioneering tactics will, with the present system, probably teach the workmen's electoral committees how to group their votes more compactly, and equalise electors and elected.

Even as it is, the divisions in Germany, and consequently in the German Parliament, often give a casting vote to a group of twelve who always vote together. Germany is so grooved and scored with local prejudices that, out of the whole number of members of the late Reichstag, there were, excluding the Social Democrats, only seven who were elected in constituencies with which they are not directly connected either by birth or residence. Only four of the twelve Socialists sat for their own electoral districts ; the rest were chosen without relation to special local claims. The contrast runs through all German political life ; the working-men deputies represent the working class throughout the Empire ; the rest of the deputies represent about as many different interests as there are seats. Hence the importance, even in an assembly of 397, of a body of twelve members who always vote as one man. Recent political and dynastic questions have strengthened the tendency of the German Parliament to split up into fractions. Each of these may very possibly be insignificant, if taken separately ; but a large number of them would join the Socialists in trying to undermine the principle of national consolidation. Nearly half of the 5,535,000 votes that returned the late Parliament were indeed given to candidates opposed to the principle of German unity. Herr Bamberger reckons that 2,395,000 of the voters were Poles, 'Guelphs'—that is, adherents of the deposed Hanoverian princes—Suabian democrats, Alsace-Lorraine protesters against severance from France, Social Democrats, and Ultramontanes. An additional three or four hundred thousand Socialist votes, an increase not at all impossible at the rate at which the movement is progressing, would give the combination against the development of German unity on its present basis an actual majority. The calculation supposes that the Ultramontanes, who are the nucleus of the opposition in the Reichstag, will maintain their hostility to the Imperial system. We hope this is not so. With the opening of a new Pontificate the envenomed bitterness of the relations between Berlin and the Vatican may be expected to abate. But Prince Bismarck has, for so great an intellect, so extraordinary a faculty for keeping alive old grudges and probing old sores that German patriots must be sanguine if they cherish implicit faith in the change in the spirit of the Reichstag likely to ensue from the substitution at Rome of Pope Leo for Pope Pius. The alliance between Catholicism and Socialism in Germany, in view of the deadly feud between the two in France, may seem a monstrosity. But such confederacies with elements of disorder are no novelties in the history of the Church of Rome. Individuals, like Nobiling, may have Ultramontane proclivities ; but Socialism, as a faith, does not affect any sympathy with its temporary ally. German workmen for the most part abhor passionately but impartially all forms of religion, as all alike setting up standards which are not the one sole principle of Socialism ; but if the Ultramontanes will assist in pulling down the established order Social Democracy is serenely indifferent to the aspirations they harbour for the constitution of a new order. The great commercial and political centres, such as Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Elberfeld, Bremen, and Lubeck, are the congenial soil of Socialism. But there are also special districts of Germany where the nature of the industry, and dynastic or other local circumstances, promote its growth. Saxony, for instance, returned seven of the twelve Socialist deputies. In Schleswig-Holstein, the peasantry, who hate administration from Berlin, favour it ; and,

oddly enough, a relic of old-world German feudalism, the tiny principality of Reuss of the elder branch, has been represented by a Socialist. In some discontented quarters of the empire Socialism shows no parliamentary strength. But it is only that those regions happen to be agitated by some other supreme element of active resistance to the German Government. The element of Separatism carries the vote of Alsace-Lorraine, and Ultramontanism has left no room in Bavaria for Socialist deputies. The Bavarian Most has had to find a seat not in his own country, but in Saxony. But both Bavaria and Alsace-Lorraine have sent allies of the Socialist cause; and when the movements which now control them lull, it is feared that the Socialist element may show an independent vitality which now helps to swell the local spirit of opposition to German patriotism.

The attempts, last May, by Hödel, and, in June, by Nobiling, on the life of the Emperor are likely to prove a heavy blow to Socialism, and to thwart the very confident expectation of German revolutionists that Social Democracy, at the next general election to the Reichstag, will show as great a proportional progression as at that of 1877. Should the effect of those mad crimes have indeed passed off before the elections, and should Social Democracy exhibit only the same increase as at the last elections, of three members, it would have gained an advantage of an importance not at all to be gauged by mere numbers. In the German Parliament, which has a natural dread of obstructives, an 'interpellation' requires for its introduction the concurrence of not fewer than fifteen deputies. As the Social Democrats in the late Reichstag were only twelve, they were unable to bring on a debate at discretion upon the first principles of society and property. With fifteen members the parliamentary agitation would begin, and the world, whether to the advancement of the Socialist cause or not, would learn many startling axioms which now can be debated only within the comparatively exclusive circle of workmen. Perhaps, however, even of more practical importance than the parliamentary strength of the party are its ambition and success in working its way into local administrative bodies. Very many Englishmen who would be panic-struck at the choice of a workman for alderman welcomed with pleasure the election of Messrs. Burt and Macdonald as in some sort parliamentary representatives of British labour. But in Würtemberg, Saxony, Hesse, and Holstein, Socialists have been elected to communal offices. Herr Bamberger relates, with an apparent sense that the world is coming to an end, that in one Würtemberg town, Esslingen, actually a Socialist was chosen burgomaster, though the country was saved by the Würtemberg government refusing to ratify the election.

The formidable peculiarity of German Socialism, as compared with trade unionism elsewhere, is, that it has already constituted an *imperium in imperio*, a regular and ordered society, with all the apparatus of modern life, including a periodical press. The 'Vorwärts,' which is published at the office of the Leipzig Socialist press, where Hödel was employed, is the recognised and official organ of German Socialism. It has 12,000 subscribers. But forty-one other Socialist journals are published in Germany, without counting an illustrated journal of *belles lettres*, 'Die neue Welt,' the largely-circulated calendar called 'Poor Conrad,' and fourteen industrial papers more or less of a Socialist character. The pamphlets propounding Socialist views are numberless. Of the forty-one political organs of German Socialism, thirteen appear daily, thirteen three times, three twice, eleven once a week, and the 'Zukunft,' which treats Socialism scientifically, once a month. A large number of these are printed in presses belonging to Socialist bodies. In 1876 the handbook to last year's Congress at Gotha states that the Socialist newspaper press possessed 100,000 subscribers; but in 1877, according to the same authority, the number had risen to 135,000.

Almost more alarming to Herr Bamberger than the direct forces of Socialism is the indirect influence it wields. Its open organs in the press are, he thinks, comparatively weak auxiliaries to the general newspaper press of Germany, which promotes the same cause. The world of German journalism is, Herr Bamberger informs us, infested with Socialists. There is scarcely a Liberal or Conservative organ of weight into which a little adroitness could not succeed in introducing an occasional article of Socialist tendencies. The founder of the official 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung' rose, we are told, from the same ranks as the leaders in the present crusade against modern society, and never altogether forgot his old love. Newspapers whose proprietors, subscribers, and contributors are all of the capitalist class have in their editorial offices men who incline to Socialism, and seize or make occasions for advancing its cause. The German magistracy contains numerous partisans of the new faith, youthful judges who begin by declaring the whole existing order of things bankrupt, and study not how

to protect property, but how to defend those they call the weak against those they call the strong. Ministers, Herr Bamberger complains—hinting apparently at the late Prussian Minister of the Interior, Count Eulenberg—thunder in Parliament against the spread of Socialism, when their offices are all the time filled with budding secretaries who have drunk in Socialism with the milk of the high school. From their pens, as they draft a statute, fall naturally the very battle-words of Socialism, such as 'Ausbeutung' and 'Egoismus.' But at the head and front of the unconscious, but not the less real, plotters against society, are the universities. By them and the 'Katheder-Socialismus'—which we have seen M. de Laveleye naïvely condemning—of their professors of political economy, the recent impetus has been given to Socialist Democracy. The working classes were seen to be discontented, and the desire arose to construct formulæ which would explain their inarticulate murmurs. The professors discovered that 'the disparity of means is greater than of old;' 'that the masses are worse off than they once were;' 'that property has developed a tendency to stick to the hands of the rich and fructify there;' 'that capital tyrannises over labour.' Here were axioms; the next step was to combine them into a regular science. Once a science constructed, the war of classes must be at an end; for had not 'der Schullehrer die Schlacht von Sadowa gewonnen'? When the science of industry had been constructed, it was supposed the German mind, whether in employer or in employed, must immediately proclaim a truce and accept its dogmas. Unfortunately it is more difficult to propound a law of wages, which capitalist and labourer shall accept, than to construct a science of pure reason. University economists progressed readily with their plans for marshalling workmen in groups to resist the despotism of capital, with their draft budgets, in which the inequality of wealth should be redressed by a counter inequality of taxation, and their denunciations of the wicked habit the capitalist indulges of profiting by the turn of the market. But when science had laid down the law it had no power at its command to enforce it. So the professors had to invoke the State to realise their axioms, just as the Church in the Middle Ages, after dogmatising against the heresy, handed the heretic over to the State to burn him. German professors, and German workmen, and Prince Bismarck, are all at one in their devout faith in the power and duty of the State to undertake the general management of society. Whether it be a gymnasium, or a railway system, the State is looked to as its natural administrator. The sudden growth of joint-stock companies in Germany of recent years has stimulated the faith in what Germans call 'Collectivwesen.' It was supposed by theorists that if an abstraction, like a joint-stock company, could divide among its shareholders ten or twenty per cent. where they formerly obtained a bare four or five per cent., an infinitely superior abstraction, the State, if it dispossessed the private capitalists, and became the universal employer, could afford to pay bricklayers at the rate of five thalers a day. Herr Bamberger pays this country the doubtful compliment of saying that the fashion of studying English blue books contributed to delude the German professors of social economy into the belief that class feuds could be ended for ever by discovering the true principle on which wages should be earned and paid. English blue books are remarkable repositories of statistics; but they are not commonly supposed, at least in England itself, to encourage a belief that if a social problem gets into a select committee, the practical solution is a matter of course. We know not in what blue book Herr Bamberger has found it propounded as an axiom that trades' unions are an infallible specific against trade conflicts.

German Socialism manifests the same propagandist spirit as the French revolutionists of last century. A special article in the official programme of the Gotha Congress declares that 'the German labour party, while working within the national framework, is conscious of the international character of the labour movement, and determines to fulfil all duties which the same imposes on labourers in order to make the brotherhood of all men a reality.' In all the congresses of the International, at Geneva, the Hague, and Brussels, down to the meeting of the Internationalists at New York in 1877, and the Ghent Congress of September, Germany has given the impulse. The Katheder-Socialisten of the German universities have doubtless contributed to lend the movement fashion and direction; but Herr Bamberger, who is inclined to attach supreme importance to university influences, exaggerates the share the professors have had in developing this alarming growth of modern Germany. Germans, perhaps from the long disorganisation of political and national life, have always been addicted to social and trade confederacies. These have supplied the want created by the disruption of national unity. The same tendency which made men combine for the overriding of the labyrinthine maze of principalities and grand duchies that separated German from Ger-

man, influenced the German workmen to seek a bond of union. The Social Democrats have shown most strength in a region, like Saxony, where *Particularismus* is dominant. The results of the war between Prussia and Austria and the yet greater conflict between Germany and France had an effect as important, though indirect, on the relations of German industry as on the political fortunes of Germany. The aristocratic and bureaucratic constitution of German states left, and indeed continues to leave, to the workman less interest in the national fortunes than in England or France ; but he was stirred, nevertheless, by the impulse towards national unity those wars inaugurated and consolidated to cement the league of workmen throughout the empire. The French milliards operated in the same direction by causing such a competition for labour as made the labourer able to fix his own price. Seeing the force the State had wielded in the contest of which the milliards were a material result, and feeling the hand of the State heavy on the whole machinery of education and society, the workman was easily led to look forward to predominance in the State as the ready machinery for accomplishing his aims. The same kind of sentiment which prompts Prince Bismarck to seek to make the State proprietor virtually of German railways inspires the German workman to hope to make the State his instrument for crushing the inequality of classes. The national characteristic of a habit of reducing everything to a formula has rendered the German workman more receptive of a creed and more tenacious of theoretical principles than his brethren elsewhere. The professors found apt pupils in men of the keen and even trained intellect of Liebknecht, or of Most, the bookbinder, whom Herr Bamberger declares to be as learned in Roman history as Mommsen himself. But the professors did not teach the workman to believe he had a right to supremacy ; they only showed him how to express his claims dogmatically.

The scientific or quasi-scientific form which Socialist views have assumed in Germany and the German cantons of Switzerland has, however, given Socialism a power it has had nowhere else, not even among the French Communists. German Socialists have constituted themselves a complete nation, with a literature, ambition, and leaders all its own. Though at bottom remaining very German indeed, they have politically so thrown off their German nationality as to be able without difficulty to admit workmen of any other nationality. Any and all can be affiliated to the German fraternity on the one condition that they swear war against capitalists, and pledge themselves to work for the placing of all capital in the hands of the State. The basis of the Socialist faith seems at first sight simple enough. It is just this, that 'Property is theft.' No compromise with the middle or upper classes in existing society is admitted as lawful. An article of the official programme for the guidance of the deliberations of the Socialist Congress at Gotha laid it down that the emancipation of labour must be effected by the labouring class alone. That is the one and only class which can be allowed to have a title to exist on the earth as a class. This is the retort to the philanthropical persons who have preached in Germany, as in England, Christian Socialism, by which the rich and well-to-do should share their wealth voluntarily with the poor, and embrace principles of Communism from motives of duty and charity. None, according to the gospel of labour as inspired by Karl Marx, and preached by Engels and Liebknecht, have a right to live except by their own personal work. It is not enough that others have laboured for them ; the only being that can show a good title to the fee simple of capital is the State. The soil, cattle, machinery, and fuel, with other things of the same nature, are the instruments of labour. They constitute capital, and as capital consists of the instruments of labour, the State is entitled to hold it as trustee for the labourer. The *Congrés Socialiste Universel*, which met at Ghent in September 1877, passed by a majority of sixteen to thirteen votes a resolution which had been moved by several delegates, including Liebknecht, the member of the German Reichstag, whom Herr Bamberger styles the *spiritus rector* of German Socialism. The resolution ran : 'Considering that so long as the land, and the other instruments of production, which are the means of life, are held and appropriated by individuals or sections, the economical subjection of the mass of the people, with all its attendant miseries and starvation, must continue, the Congress declares it is necessary that the State or the Commune, representing the whole of the people, should possess the land and the other instruments of labour.'

The Jewish Lassalle, who was born in 1825 at Breslau, first gave a scientific form to German Socialism. His brilliant gifts and great acquirements were recognised by Heine, who made his acquaintance in Paris, and though he ruled German Socialists with a despotism which he did not attempt to dissemble, their admiration of him never

wavered. His short and troubled career was closed by a duel which appears to have arisen from a love-affair at Geneva in August 1864 ; but his disciples regarded him as a martyr to Socialism, and have continued to pay almost divine honours to his memory. Pastor Schuster traces the birth of German Socialism to a letter from Lassalle of March 2, 1863, on the proposal to convoke a General Labour Congress at Leipzig. Lassalle's successors in the leadership of the movement have, however, far outstripped him in audacity of conception. His scheme, probably suggested by study of the system of State workshops favoured by M. Louis Blanc and his friends, assumed it to be the duty of the State to support labour by subventions. He had not risen to the idea that the State is simply the working class impersonated, and that, in receiving help from the State, the workman is merely taking of his own. Lassalle, too, was still in the trammels of faith in nationalities, and supposed German workmen to be Germans as well as workmen. Gradually the Socialist claims have developed, and their ambition has passed the boundaries of Germany. German Socialists, under the guidance of Herr Marx in his London cottage, regard themselves as locally Germans, but as Germans in no other sense. Living in Germany, they must work with the political instruments its constitution provides, and they try to control the Legislature. But German sympathies or antipathies they have none. For German unity they have as thorough a contempt as any Polish Ultramontane. When society is refashioned after their model, national barriers will be broken down, or retained only for economical convenience. The State, whatever the width of the term, will not dole out, as Lassalle anticipated, subventions to workshops, as a superior to an inferior, but will own, and the communes administer, in the name of the workman, the capital of society for the benefit of the workmen who alone will constitute it. As the world is not likely to be won over in a day to subvert all existing arrangements, Socialism consents to pave the way to a State monopoly of capital in trust for the workman by using its influence to make the State grant subventions for the establishment, as Lassalle had suggested, of co-operative workshops and farms. But these can be only temporary arrangements in anticipation of the day when the labourer shall have reduced all to his own level, and have entered into his inheritance of the world's accumulated capital.

The programme requires an autocracy to bring it to pass, and an autocracy to work it when adopted, and many workmen who suffer with difficulty the mild rule of an employer long resisted even in Germany the claims of Herr Marx. But in 1875 the residue of German workmen who had clung to the freer sectional organisation—a species of working men's congregationalism—contemplated by Lassalle, had to succumb to the ' Communists.' Up to May 1875, there had been two Socialist parties in Germany, the ' Allgemeine deutsche Arbeiterverein ' and the ' Social-demokratische Arbeiterpartei.' The former represented the opinions of Lassalle, and had for its president the Deputy Hasenclever ; the latter was guided apparently by Bebel and Liebknecht, but really by Karl Marx. Long at feud, they were fused by the Gotha Congress of May 1875 into the ' Socialistische Arbeiterpartei ' of Germany. But it was a fusion in which the doctrines of the elder party disappeared, and those of Karl Marx alone survived. If the vision of the present leaders should ever be realised, all human beings would be bound to earn their own subsistence ; none would be entitled to exemption from toil because their ancestors had laboured for them. The phrase, always much to be deprecated, ' an independent gentleman,' as applied to one who has inherited a fortune, and therefore need not work to make one, would cease to have a meaning. So too would the word ' employer ' or ' master ;' indeed, the German Socialist is somewhat impatient of the continued existence of foreign societies which occupy themselves exclusively with questions of wages. The German Socialist, who loves good cheer and the embellishments of life, would doubtless repudiate the suggestion that levelling down after this fashion would rob the world of its gaiety and magnificence. He would argue that there would be still palaces, though built for the State—that is, for the entertainment of working men, not for nobles or millionnaires—that there would be picture galleries, and libraries, and all the other decorations and ornaments of modern society ; but that the painter's and the poet's patron, and sooner or later, we presume, his heir, would be the working man acting in the name of the State. Whatever surplus profits might accrue from labour after the labourer had his due payment, would be stored up, no longer by private persons, but by the communes in the name of the State, for the future enjoyment and employment of the men on the fruit of whose work Socialism seems to assume capitalists at present fatten without contributing anything in the way of energy and intelligence. By spreading the obligation to

labour over the whole community, and making the whole community the universal legatee of its members, the enemies of capital imagine the working class generally would not be lulled into indolence, but would have to toil less, and yet have as great a capital as now accumulating from day to day for the employment of their labour. Socialism surveys the long array of triumphs and conquests of modern civilisation won by individual energy, and finds them very good. It believes that it can extinguish the motive power which has worked all these miracles, and accomplish precisely the same achievements!

The programme of the German Labour Party, which will be found prefixed to the Gotha Protocol for 1877, explains very frankly what the Social Democrats hope to effect finally, and what they are aiming at in the meantime. Characteristically it betrays no jealousy of State interference with the hours of labour, with education, or even the sanitary arrangements of working men's dwellings. It appeals to the State to interfere with the workman's domestic liberty in these matters, desiring no doubt that the government of Prince Bismarck should break in the labourer to proper docility, in anticipation of the coming control of the State by Herr Marx. The following is a translation of the somewhat involved German text of the programme :—

'1. Labour is the source of all wealth and all culture, and as in general productive labour is only possible through society, to society, that is to all its members, belongs the aggregate product of labour, with the universal duty of labour according to equal right, to each according to his reasonable wants.

'In the present society the means of labour are a monopoly of the capitalist class; the hereby conditioned dependence of the labourer class is the cause of misery and slavery in all [their] forms.

'The liberation of labour requires the conversion of the means of labour into common property of society and the regulation by the community of the aggregate labour, with a spending for the common benefit, and an equitable distribution of the product of labour.

'The liberation of labour must be the work of the labourer class, in opposition to which all other classes are only a reactionary mass.

'2. Starting from these principles, the Socialist Labourer Party of Germany strives with all legal means after the free state and the Socialist society, the destruction of the law of wages through the abolition of the system of labour for wages, the abolition of plunder in every shape, the removal of every social and political inequality.

'The Socialist Labourer Party of Germany, though working within the national framework, is conscious of the international character of the labourer movement, and determined to fulfil all duties which the same imposes on the labourers in order to make the brotherhood of all men a reality.

'The Socialist Labourer Party of Germany demands, in order to pave the way for the solution of the social question, the establishment of Socialist producing associations, with state help, under the domestic control of the labouring people. The producing associations are to be called into life for manufactures and agriculture, to such an extent that out of them the Socialist organisation of the aggregate labour may arise.

'The Socialist Labourer Party of Germany demands as the principles of the State :—

'1. Universal equal direct right of election and voting, the giving of the vote being secret and obligatory for all persons belonging to the State, from their twentieth year, for all elections and votings in state or parish. The day of election or voting must be a Sunday or holiday.

'2. Direct legislation by the people. Decision on war and peace by the people.

'3. Universal bearing of arms. Defence by arming of the people instead of the standing army.

'4. Abolition of all exceptional laws, particularly the laws as to the press, as to associations, and as to assemblies. Especially all laws which limit the free expression of opinion, free thinking and investigation.

'5. The decision of lawsuits by the people. The free administration of justice.

'6. Universal and equal education of the people by the State. Universal school attendance. Free instruction in all educational institutions. Religion to be declared a private matter.

'The Socialist Labourer Party demands under the present society :—

'1. The utmost possible extension of political rights and liberties in the direction of the above demands.

'2. A single progressive income-tax for state and parish in the place of all existing taxes, especially the indirect taxes which burden the people.

'3. Unrestricted liberty to combine.

'4. A fixed labour day corresponding to the requirements of society. The prohibition of Sunday labour.

'5. The prohibition of children's labour, and of all labour of women that is injurious to health or morality.

'6. Laws protecting the lives and health of labourers. Sanitary control of labourers' dwellings. The superintendence of mines, factories, workshops, and domestic manufactures by officials elected by the labourers. An effectual law making employers responsible for injuries to their workmen [*Haftpflichtgesetz*].

'7. The regulation of prison labour.

'8. Complete independence of administration of all funds for the relief or maintenance of labourers.'

A superficial objection might be raised by the present middle and upper classes to the transfer, as contemplated by German Socialists, of the present owners' goods to the State, in trust for the community. But the objection would be waved aside as a mere class prejudice. What should, but we do not suppose would, weigh with the working class itself, is the comparative certainty that, without a distinct order of capitalists to direct their labour, and privately interested in amassing as large a fund as possible for the maintenance of labour, the workman would speedily starve for want of employment. German labour even now is not very successful; it is hard to imagine to what a depth it would fall without the vigilant supervision of the employer. In the course of the debates in 1876 on the German Criminal Supplementary Law, Prince Bismarck denounced the Socialist press. He declared it contributed to cause the stagnation of trade, and to make a German working day less productive than a French or English working day. The Prince referred the members of the Reichstag in proof of this to their own observation of Frenchmen working by the side of Germans in Berlin; and he declared any one could see that a French builder executed in a day more and better work than a German: the result is that German work cannot compete in the world's markets with French. Prince Bismarck traced the decline to Socialist agitation for undefined and unrealisable objects; and he was not sanguine of any cure for the disease except poverty. Poverty is, in fact, the most certain cure for the onslaught labour designs against capital. If the Socialist schemes could ever be supposed likely to attain any measure of success, the workmen would speedily find that capital does something more than feed on their earnings. But we trust Germany will not come to have its workmen taught the folly of their theories at this cost. The danger in the meantime is that the best energies of the workman may be wasted on the concoction of imaginary constitutions, in which Communism would be the ruling principle, just as the military exigencies of the empire at present decimate the powers which might else be applied to achieving a high industrial rank for the nation. It is a heavy drawback to the industrial prosperity of a country when the best energies of one half of its manhood are absorbed in soldiering, and those of the other half in devising new republics, in which work is to have the profits and none of the dangers of capital.

But to attempt to argue German Socialists out of their theories is a hopeless task. Prince Bismarck, in the speech we have already referred to, recommended discussion of Socialist views in the press and in Parliament, but not, he added, in the expectation of converting Socialists. Neither the country nor even members of the Reichstag—excepting Herr Bamberger, who had taken part in the debate—understood, he thought, the nature of Socialism, and the sooner they did the better. But, in any such discussion, Germans who are not Socialists will do wisely to recognise that there should be no thought of 'reconciling' views. A continental journal styled the 'Concordia' was established in 1871, with the design of elevating trade controversies from the basis of self-interest on to the higher platform of duty and conscience. All such attempts, however well meant, are dangerous. Socialists mock at the notion of compromise. They may vote in the German Reichstag with the Ultramontanes, just as in Belgium, though the Liberals denounce them, they join in attacking the Ultramontanes. But not one jot or tittle of their own Socialist creed they will ever abate. Prince Bismarck said of the Social Democrats in the Reichstag that, when one of them addressed the assembly, he seemed to be 'speaking from another world.' They are, in fact, thinking and speaking from another world—a world which, if realised, would differ from this of ours in more essential matters than in the mere absence of private capitalists. It would be a world in which individuals would not fashion society, but society would fashion the individual. Personal initiative would be sternly repressed, lest it should be the commencement of a distinction between one man and another, leading on to distinctions between one class and another class. The arms to oppose these conspiracies for turning the earth into a barrack must be sought in the instinct of individuality to be found in all classes, the working class, as well as the *bourgeoisie*. Workmen, from the fault of other classes in dealing with them, and from the passion of conflict, have been ready to abdicate much of their independence. But they do not love, any more than their present superiors, to have their lives laid out and arranged for them. When the employer should have ceased to stand between them and the authority of their own community, they would speedily be ready to rebel against an intolerable despotism. The contest threatened is no longer, as in England, the old claim of the workman to receive a larger share of the combined profits of his work and the capital which sets it in motion. It is not even a fresh campaign in the long war of class

against class. It is the war between the determination of the individual to regulate and develope freely and fully his own existence, and the determination of men like Marx, and Liebknecht, and Most, who have constituted themselves his leaders and mouthpieces, that the whole section of mankind within the range of their authority shall frame and mould their lives after a given pattern. The tendency of these men's teaching has been ever more and more towards centralisation. Their object is to weld the working class into a solid, cohesive mass, which they shall be able to hurl with crushing force against modern society.

The minority of Internationalist delegates at the Ghent Congress of 1877 in vain urged the right of workmen to form voluntary groups, each of which should hold and administer its own proportion of accumulated capital. Its enemies call the system 'Anarchy,' and its friends 'Collectivism.' It may be remembered that the man Hödel, before he joined or pretended to join the Christian Socialists, described himself as an Anarchist. Under the system of Collectivism each group would have a manager elected by the members of the group, living their life and controlled by their voices. A rival Congress to the Ghent Congress, which styled itself the 'Internationalist Working Men's Association,' was held at Verviers in the same month of September, 1877, as the Ghent Congress. Its delegates represented the same views as the minority at Ghent, and they put out a programme of their own. The foundation of it is the same as for their adversaries. It claims the expropriation of the owners of all capital, and the abolition of individual property. The difference between the Verviers programme and the Ghent or German Socialist programme is that the former contemplates the conversion of 'the instruments of labour' into collective property of groups of labourers. Separate states and separate representative governments, it was explained at Verviers, must be abolished, the society which is to take their place being composed of a net of federations of labourers, united together for their special needs and the special purposes they propose to accomplish. This view was put forward at Ghent as well as at Verviers. But at Ghent it was rejected by the majority of delegates, the so-called 'Authoritarians,' who accepted the view adopted two years before by the Gotha Congress of German workmen. Spanish workmen, to judge from the tone of their representatives at the Ghent Congress, remain suspicious of the benefit labour is to derive from the substitution of other chiefs of the State for royal and noble rulers, with the mere difference that they declare themselves representatives of the working class. Chalain, a Spanish delegate, said, 'He understood that royal and other sinecures would be suppressed, and that faithful mandataries of the workers would be employed to administer the State and the communes; but,' he asked, 'would not these agents themselves, by the authority of their places, have a preponderance fatal to equality?' The same tone of feeling breathes through the addresses of the representative of the French-speaking cantons of Switzerland; but the German-Swiss and the Italian working men are enthusiastic advocates for a State monopoly of power and property. The English delegates at Ghent expressed the same view, but it may well be doubted how far they can be regarded as reflecting the opinion of English working men. We should be surprised to find one out of a hundred English workmen comprehending, much less desiring, a condition of things in which there would be no private capitalist to pay him his Saturday evening's wages. Englishmen are apparently far from ripe for a polity under which their pay and their work should be measured out to them by a working men's municipality, deriving its sanction from a working men's parliament presided over by a working men's executive. If English workmen cherish such aspirations, they must be very much more reticent than Germans, or Swiss, or Belgians. But it is in the nature of things that, when men have resigned their consciences into other men's keeping, they should find themselves committed to enterprises of which they do not understand the mere *mot d'ordre*.

Even German Socialists, we trust, cannot be generally in sympathy with frenzied atrocities like the crimes of Hödel and Nobiling. But the whole tendency and principle of their organisation is to commit suicide of their individual volition. It remains, we rejoice to be able to think, yet to be proved that the attempts on the life of the Emperor were more than the results of distempered vanity which would have plunged a nation into mourning to become the world's talk. Such crimes, however, are unhappily not unconnected with principles accepted by some hundreds of thousands, or, it may be, millions, of European working men. The one goal the modern chiefs of the Social Democrats place before their followers is the conquest of the State. The control of the State once in the hands of these irresponsible and absolute potentates, all is supposed to be gained. How the powers of the State are to be used to secure the happiness

even of workmen, no Liebknecht or Most seems to consider, and no workman seems to care. 'The liberation of labour,' says the Gotha programme, 'must be the work of the labourer class.' In opposition to that class, continues the programme, 'all other classes are only a reactionary mass.' A German workman is taught to scowl at all constituted authorities as simply combined to trample on him, and to keep him out of his inheritance. Weak brains, such as Hödel's, filled with spite at all better off than himself, or Nobiling's, who, sprung from a higher class, affiliated himself to a lower, apparently from stung vanity, catch greedily at so easy a solution of their social problem as a rifle-shot at the Chief of the State appears to offer. They do not see the foundations on which the old man's throne rests; they imagine that it needs but a dozen such outrages to remove out of the path of Social Democracy all its rivals for the sway of the State. The trained leaders of the party must know that, if all the royal families of Europe were extirpated, the classes which represent capital would not, till they were extirpated also, suffer the power of the State to be monopolised by the working class. But their followers and dupes are fascinated by the apparently simple suggestion that if the stronghold of the State be once captured, the victory is won for labour. In Germany, no less than in Russia itself, the State has been allowed to impersonate the whole life of the nation; and many German workmen doubtless believe, with Hödel, that the solid work of ages could be subverted by a bullet.

The long series of German statesmen who have laboured to concentrate the entire working of German life in the hands of the bureaucracy is to blame for the state of mind which has prepared the soil for Socialist teaching. Prince Bismarck is to blame most of all. In his eager desire to have the national strength and force ready for a blow at whatever rival may threaten German unity, he, outdoing his predecessors at the head of German politics, has helped to disguise the truth that the State is nothing but machinery to enable the various elements in the national life to accomplish their own proper work without mutual conflict. In Prince Bismarck's ideal polity, the State would administer everything, from a university to a railway. The German workman's inference is, that if his chiefs were in Prince Bismarck's and his imperial master's places, they would administer everything, with this difference, that all would be administered with a view solely to the working man's benefit. The difficulty which at present meets German statesmen in their plans for checking the development of the Socialist cancer is, that German Liberals have a rooted suspicion that Prince Bismarck desires to make that a pretext for confirming the State autocracy. How to unite the powers of German society against the conspiracies of the working men's ringleaders without simply abdicating into the hands of the bureaucracy all the independent energies of German life, is the difficulty the new German Parliament will have to solve. Whatever the means, some means must be devised for teaching German workmen that no *coup de main* will make them supreme. Germany will not look on philosophically while first one man and then another, with brain heated by Socialist exhortations to storm the citadel of the State, shoots down its princes. Prince Bismarck tells the nation, and is prepared to tell Europe at large, that if it confide the task to him he will secure it against such outrages. He asks nothing better. We believe that measures of general repression, such as he would propose, would only turn the sore inwards, and convert Germany into a hotbed of Carbonari. In any case, his triumph would be fatal to the budding hope of German Liberalism. But the sole alternative for a final confirmation of the yoke of Berlin bureaucracy is, that German Liberals shall themselves point the way out of the maze in which German social life has let itself be entangled. All parties have coquetted by turns with Socialism for the gratification of their mutual political rancour. It is for German Liberals to set the example of refusing political alliance with representatives of a federation which aims openly at the violent revolutionising of the entire existing social order. But they must do more; they must refuse all sanction to economical theories which throw doubt on a man's right to manage freely his own property so that he do not interfere with his neighbour's right to equal freedom. Germans, who would fiercely resent the slightest interference with their own personal comfort, play complacently with the wildest speculations on the rights of capital in the abstract. Labour and capital must be left to settle their own terms in the open market. That is a matter in which the State can mar, but cannot mend.

German Ultramontanes and German Conservatives are hoping to turn the crimes of Hödel and Nobiling to account at the next elections. Whatever may be the success, which we doubt, of the former party, German Liberals are likely to experience the results of popular reaction. They should only be the more resolute in rejecting help from

any side which professes tenets opposed to those of genuine liberality. If Prince Bismarck can produce a scheme which will prevent open and insolent combinations against the rights of property, yet not strike at freedom on the pretext of repressing Socialist conspiracies, the Liberal members of the Reichsrath must beware of repulsing it on account simply of the suspected source from which it flows. No fault can be found with their pledge and its qualification in their electoral manifesto of last June. They declare their intention 'to support firmly in the new Parliament the Imperial Government in defending the principles of social order, and to grant unhesitatingly the requisite full powers to the Administration on all occasions when the simple application of the existing laws would be inadequate to the exigencies of the case.' Whatever proposals, they promise, 'aim at this end, if they do not endanger the permanent guarantees of our laboriously acquired civil liberty, will meet with the support of the National Liberal party.' They proceed to remind the electors that 'the indispensable and lasting rights of the nation must not be lost; a cure for the Socialist disease must not be expected from legislation alone, but depends on the free and active co-operation of all classes of the people.' That co-operation, however, neither German Ultramontanes, nor Prince Bismarck, nor German Liberals have hitherto afforded. Never has a wide and deadly conspiracy against human freedom been met with more self-satisfied carelessness than by the whole body of German politicians. German Liberals, above all, may be assured that, unless they bend all their energies to the combining of free and educated intelligence against Socialist corruption, reactionary legislation is now a matter of course. The real battle with German Socialism has to be fought in the arena of German thought. It behoves German Liberals to pluck their enemies' keenest weapon out of their hands by demonstrating the irreconcilableness of liberty with Socialism and 'Militarism' alike.

The insidious principle underlies the whole Socialist movement, that, as a Hungarian delegate expressed it at Ghent, what workmen should aim at is 'social liberty,' not 'individual liberty.' Modern civilisation loves both, but social liberty, to be worth the name, must rest on individual liberty. So-called social liberty, which has not this foundation, is another name for the autocracy of a coterie, whether inspired by a Lassalle or a Marx. It is this sort of communal liberty, extolled by M. de Laveleye as existing in Russia, which is a ready instrument for getting rid of inconvenient brethren by handing them over to the conscription. Schemes such as M. de Laveleye favours for the establishment of land-occupying communities of labourers, who should be labourer and farmer in one, and have no landlord but the State or the commune, are to be deprecated especially for this reason, that they relax the sense of self-dependence, and encourage men to look elsewhere than to their own energy for the working out of their own welfare. Continental Liberals understand this truth as yet scarcely better than continental Conservatives. Liberals are as prone to covet the control of the State, as the specific for reforming abuses, as Conservatives for perpetuating them. German Liberals, if they are successfully to combat the claim of Prince Bismarck to be given a dictatorship for the defence of life and property, must teach German public opinion to repress plots against society more effectually than police agents. The motto of Social Democracy is social liberty, not individual liberty; it must be shown that the only safe principle of modern civilisation is 'social liberty because individual liberty.'

Art. VI.—*Mélanges et Lettres de Ximenes Doudan.* 4 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1877.

We hope there are still some readers of the 'Edinburgh Review' who can recall the traditions of Holland House, under its late accomplished master and mistress, and to whom the name of John Allen is not unfamiliar. He was the faithful unambitious bedesman of a great house and a great society, a never-failing referee on all questions of history, a just though severe critic of literary excellence—always ready to take a part in conversation, never to exceed it. The *salon* of the Duc de Broglie in Paris and at Coppet was in many respects the Holland House of France. It was a centre of liberal opinions and cultivated taste. It had the traditions of Madame de Staël, for her daughter presided over it. The tone of conversation was less negative and somewhat more *doctrinaire* than at Holland House; with equal knowledge, with equal wit, with equal attachment to the cause of constitutional freedom, the most polished society of Paris bore away the palm from that of London in *finesse*, variety, and the graces of conversation. If the present generation amongst ourselves has no successors to Hallam, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Tom Moore, Lord Holland, Lord Melbourne,

Lord Lansdowne, and their friends, how much less shall we find in Paris a society like that of which the Duc Victor de Broglie, M. Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Rossi, Charles de Rémusat, Alexis de Tocqueville were the incomparable members! In these houses, on either side of the Channel, John Allen and Ximenes Doudan, though little known to the outer world, maintained respectively an essential place. They lived for that position, and, though capable of greater things, never aspired to go beyond it. The parallel between these two men is singularly close, though in point of character and opinions there were great differences between them.

To the gift of conversation, in which he modestly excelled, M. Doudan added the art of writing letters, and he carried it to the highest perfection. In mastery of that delicate instrument of criticism, pleasantry, and compliment—the French language—he had no living superior. The *secrétaire perpétuel* of the great Academy was himself content to submit his writings to the more critical eye of Doudan. These letters fortunately remain, and they bring before us once more the living images of the whole family which had become his own, and the whole society which clustered round the well-known hearth. By a few passing touches the character, the habits, even the personal appearance, of every individual are marked with the utmost power of identity. They are all gone; but we see them all living and talking before us. We know not if these volumes will have the same power over other countries and other times, by which Madame de Sévigné and M. de Saint-Simon bring back to life the society of another age; but the reception the book has met with in France shows that its qualities are of the highest order. Here and there we meet with touches as droll as Molière or as deep as Pascal—yet M. Doudan has no claim to be ranked with those, or any other, illustrious names, because his whole existence was desultory, valetudinarian, incapable of sustained effort.

It may be a question which class of readers is likely to derive the greatest gain from this work. Perhaps the genuine literary epicure, who, like Doudan himself, loves to linger over a phrase, a paragraph, or a page of exquisite and finished prose. On the other hand, the wit will be arrested by epigrams that delight him, and by maxims that enrich him. Then comes the historical reader, who will here see the events of fifty years reflected in a mind of great probity and of no common calibre—thrones and dominions falling, reputations made and ruined, battles lost and won, schemes elaborated, and utopias ill realised. And the thinkers who linger over Doudan's pages will confess that they have seldom seen expressed with greater propriety, or with greater candour, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the difficulties of action, in a century which contrives to present the extremes of thought. In France—the France of Ximenes Doudan—both Catholicism and Positivism have enlarged their borders. We have the fanaticism of affirmation, the fanaticism of negation, that of mediævalism and that of novelty, and everywhere that of proselytism. The Vatican, in particular, may be seen recovering many of the spaces from which her waters had, at the beginning of this century, been forced to retire; while the development of antagonistic thought has now reached a climax of moral and social disorder. Society in France has become impossible—it is broken up into cliques. To one of these cliques, the best and the most educated, Doudan belonged; and with the eyes of a philosopher he watched all the conflicting tides, and all the shifts of wind. He was not fond of novelty for its own sake, but he deprecated mere obscurantism, and the wilful rejection of such light as science and criticism, or experiment, can throw upon truth. Brave and respectful enquiry he held to be in our days the necessary test and trial of a truth or of a principle; but as the years went on the incessant, restless heavings of society wearied him, and he grew to despair of a nation of which he could not say that it ever

> 'thinks it knows
> The hills where his life rose,
> And the sea where it goes.'

M. Ximenes Doudan was born at Douai in 1800. His family held honourable positions in the magistracy of his district; but his own parents died when he was quite a child, and a youth of poverty and labour seemed to prepare him for the obscure career of a schoolmaster. He went, however, to Paris, became an usher in the College of Louis-le-Grand, and soon the bare, half-furnished room in the shabby street of the Sept Voies, where he lodged, became the rendezvous and resort of many men as diligent and as gifted as himself. He was popular and respected. Of individuality he had a great deal, and of egotism very little. His few relations lived in the north of France, and at a distance; but he continued through life to correspond with them. He had few wants, and never spoke about himself or his affairs; though in later life, when his health became delicate,

he certainly became a little hypochondriacal. He never married, and was a marked exception to Balzac's cruel saying, that elderly, childless people acquire either vices or manias. He had neither the one nor the other. He existed in the lives and careers of others; never lost or dropped a friend; was unambitious, silent, gentle, and so critical, that, though easy to please, he was very difficult to satisfy. His tastes were all of the greatest delicacy, and his life was stainless. Like Erasmus, whom it pleased him to be told that he resembled in person, he abhorred a paradox or an exaggeration. His logical, dispassionate reasoning was the very antipodes of *blague*, as his singularly reserved and decent speech was unlike the licence of too much that passes for 'Gallic' wit.

Among his first friends were De Sacy, Duchâtel, and St. Marc-Girardin. To the last of these he was united by all the sympathies of taste and hope, and their friendship never knew a break. Both of them in youth were liberals of the school of Benjamin Constant; but both accepted the Restoration and the Charter, with the most pleasurable anticipations for the fortunes of France and of society. In the meantime, believing the era of violence to be passed, they gave themselves up to the peaceable study of literature. St. Marc-Girardin was the first to be drawn into political circles. He entered the office of the 'Journal des Débats,' and at his recommendation M. Doudan, at that time employed in the College of Louis-le-Grand, became tutor in the family of the Duc de Broglie. The mistress of the house was the daughter of Madame de Stael, the grandchild of that M. Necker whose reforming policy had, in the early part of his administration, so greatly disgusted the old Marshal duc de Broglie. There was a legend current in the family that the Marshal, full of the instincts of the old *régime*, had gone one morning with great reluctance to pay his respects to the man whom the king honoured with his confidence. On going in he met his old friend M. d'Haussonville, grand-louvetier of France, a man who had also but little taste for the reforms that preceded the Revolution. 'Ah!' said the Marshal, 'let us go in together, and you can present me.' 'I—— Do you think I know him any more than you do?' The friends then agreed to name each other to the minister; and as they left his rooms they certainly would have betted against the chances that M. Necker's granddaughter would be Duchesse de Broglie, and his great-grandchild Comtesse d'Haussonville. Already, however, has this been the case. When M. Doudan entered the household of Duc Victor de Broglie, he found in it its gifted and gracious mistress, and the children Louise and Albert, whose future he was to follow with so much solicitude and care. The duke's was a noble, patriotic, and useful life. When he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs he nominated Doudan as his *chef de cabinet*, and never regretted his choice. He had found a subordinate who was diligent, but not over-zealous; who was no busy-body, and who could bring to the consideration of all the questions of the day an intelligence full of penetration and of good sense. Doudan, in return, found under this roof all the work and all the rest, all the trust, and, in a word, all the happiness that is compatible with the conditions of our human existence.

A shorter biography than this does not exist. M. Doudan lived through the siege of Paris, and but for this fact his life would have been absolutely without a vicissitude. There are no hairbreadth escapes to narrate, and no love griefs; but on the other hand we have a loyal helpful nature, an intense love of letters, duties scrupulously fulfilled, and that inward satisfaction which the sound mind derives from the development of its faculties, in the same way that the sound body enjoys the exercise of its muscles.

M. Doudan once said, after reading some German memoirs, that the imaginations of these people were as foreign to him as their tongue; and he told the story of the man who, on being reproached for remaining dry-eyed during a sermon that made everybody else in church weep, replied dryly, 'Ah! I don't belong to the parish.' Some books, Doudan goes on to say, 'do however contrive to move all readers, in all parishes.' His own letters deserve that tribute, for from them the element of strangeness is altogether absent. It is true that one reads, in the most exquisite French, of French politics and about many French people and books; but the man himself is so human, so tender, so droll, and so wise, that one instinctively adopts him as a friend. Neither were foreign minds without charms for him. Few writers occupied him more than Dr. Channing, Dr. Chalmers, Sir Walter Scott, and through the salons of the Duc de Broglie there passed foreigners with whom he had much in common. Over this salon the death of the Duchesse, in 1838, threw a sudden gloom. The daughter of Madame de Stael left many mourners; but she had been so perfect as a wife and mother that even intimate friends

felt afraid to touch the home-wounds that must be so cruel and so deep. M. Guizot wrote to the *chef de cabinet* to enquire for the health of the widower.

'Paris, Oct. 20, 1838.

'Monsieur,—M. de Broglie is well, as far as his health goes. I have delayed a little in writing to you about him because I am aware that he meant to write to you on his own account. He makes an effort to go out regularly for a walk, and, towards twelve, generally goes round the long empty allées of the Champ de Mars. He has in some small measure got back his sleep; but we never regain *life*, and there is no reason to regret that this is the case. When such a soul as Madame de Broglie's goes out, everything around looks very sombre. By degrees, and as the days go on, one sees better, one feels more what is a-missing, and what we must miss for evermore.

'The horror of the first moments after a death is not as hard to bear as is this irremediable conviction, as it settles down on all sides upon us, that everything is over: that no person, and no thing, and no force in the world, can now do anything to alter it.

'Albert has gone back to college. He is under M. Garnier for his philosophical course. I am reading over again M. G.'s book, to see along what lines Albert is to be led this year. The book seems sensible, and the work of a fair mind, but as among the many ideas now in circulation there are even many sensible ones, it does not of necessity say a very great deal for an author if one chances to find a good many such in his book. In these days there is a stock of ready-made extravagances, and of ready-made pieces of good sense, as well as ready-painted fancies, among all of which one can work about at will, without positively drawing on one's own capital; but they say (M. Cousin says) that M. Garnier is an excellent professor and a clever man; and Albert already likes his teaching, which is clear, and easy to follow. Albert's mother would have been interested in these studies of his; she rejoiced when he acquired ideas that she could talk over with him. All the habits of past years get resumed, the forms remain the same, even when everything else is fled. Madame d'Haussonville is growing a little calmer, but the poor young mind can make no exertion; the least effort to reawaken it causes the most painful impressions. She knows only too well what she has lost. . . .

'Adieu, Monsieur. I should like to tell you what is being thought or done in Paris, but I know it not. I shall be very happy to know that you are soon to be here, and near M. de Broglie.'

In a very different vein, and written before this sorrow fell on the family, is this note to the young Albert de Broglie, then a boy. We transcribe it rather than translate it, as its charm of perfect grace and kindly temper must not be allowed to evaporate.

'Albert de Broglie, tu me fais de la peine de m'écrire si peu que pas. Je n'aime guère à disputer; n'en parlons plus. Je pars en poste pour aller te faire des reproches. Te voilà bien content d'avoir François (Guizot). Est-il arrivé avec son arsenal, fusil, pistolets, poignards, plomb, poudre, balles? Avait-il un fourgon derrière lui?

'Aussitôt la présente reçue, tu voudras bien te rendre sur le perron du château pour m'attendre. Tu battras des mains quand tu apercevras la voiture. Tu accourras l'air joyeux, et empressé, et poussant quelques cris. Que lis-tu? Lis la vie de Cicéron de Middleton. Cela t'intéressera: et puis, cela t'orientera dans la lecture de Cicéron. Lis Middleton, je te dis, et que les quatre volumes soient sur ta table quand j'arriverai. Ils sont dans la galerie à gauche, en regardant le poële. Prends garde de tomber en montant le petit escalier. Es-tu en haut? Adieu, vilain.'

As a specimen of his graver and more critical vein take the following on the death of Cousin:—

'Paris, 9 Février, 1867.

'N'êtes-vous pas triste de la mort de M. Cousin, chère Madame? Madame de Sévigné dit quelque part de la mort de son jardinier: "*Le jardin en est tout triste.*" Cette vie si puissante de M. Cousin, en s'éteignant, rend le jardin tout triste. Il avait, sans doute, l'esprit bien mobile, mais il n'a jamais souffert qu'on lui offrît le prix de ses changements d'opinions ou de sentiments. Il avait porté dans l'esprit de la philosophie, dans l'enchaînement des vérités morales, quelquechose du génie de Corneille. Il avait donné comme une âme romaine aux abstractions. Il avait réuni l'émotion à la rigueur des démonstrations. Avant lui, et depuis Platon, la philosophie avait toujours eu l'air d'un glacier dans l'ombre. M. Cousin avait éclairé tous les sommets de la métaphysique de cette lumière que vous avez vue de Divonne, vers l'heure du coucher du soleil, sur toutes les hauteurs des Alpes.

'Vous avez dit une chose profonde, comme vous en dites souvent avec négligence: on pense toujours à quelqu'un à propos de quelquechose. Ces liens des idées générales et des sentiments particuliers seraient bien curieux à étudier. Par exemple, quand on remonte jusqu'à son enfance, ou à sa première jeunesse, on trouve que les sentiments moraux sont indissolublement unis à l'image d'une personne ou quelquefois d'un paysage. L'homme est fait avec un artifice singulier.'

M. Doudan is very happy in his word-painting, and what he hits off are not elaborate mental photographs of a locality, but sketches which suggest even more than they say, and which might serve as a background to a group of historical or dramatical personages. Take, as an example of what may be called his landscape style, this souvenir of Italy:—

'La villa Adriani est ravissante. L'été, quand *l'aria cattiva* s'y promène nonchalamment sur des fleurs, que l'on entend les oiseaux qui chantent sur les voûtes défoncées de la grande bibliothèque grecque, que la couleur à demi effacée des plafonds se mêle à la couleur des fleurs, ce doit être une image très vive de la vieille Rome. Nous avons rencontré là pour cicérone une pauvre petite fille de huit à neuf ans qui habite une grande masure au milieu des jardins avec une mégère qui a l'air de sa grand'mère. La pauvre fille a une charmante figure d'enfant et l'air d'une femme de ménage que prennent vite les enfants des pauvres. Elle nous conduisait à grands pas à travers les ruines, prononçant d'une voix fatiguée et indifférente ces noms de *piscine*, *naumachie*, *camp du prétoire*, tout cela comme on fait un ménage ailleurs. Elle a déjà le teint de la fièvre, mais elle marche vite et parle haut, parce qu'il faut bien gagner le demi-paul qu'on lui donne pour ses explications.'

It would be difficult to find even in the works of George Sand a more vivid sketch of a Roman villa in ruins and decay. Why, it will be asked, did a man, master of such a style, gifted with an infallible memory, and placed in an atmosphere so fitted to develope his talents—why did he leave so little behind him? A few essays, such as the one on the authority of Scripture, and an admirable paper on Penal Law, attest the powers of his understanding, as these letters prove his wit and his taste; but he was too fastidious to hazard himself in any long historical or critical work. His mind was a mould into which he poured knowledge of all kinds; but except for the use of a friend or pupil he rarely drew upon his vast stores. The subtlety of his mind, and the elegant ingenuity of his illustrations, have never been surpassed. 'Son esprit se glisse, pour ainsi dire,' to use one of his own metaphors, 'dans les nœuds les plus serrés d'une question.' Sainte-Beuve and Villemain, both admitted masters of French prose, bowed to his verdicts, and Villemain would often bring his work for correction to this keen and kindly critic, who, though capable of conceiving almost anything, lacked the patience or the energy to execute a great literary work. He would not pass over the smallest error in taste. 'Ah, here for example is a very poor phrase!—do you by chance set great store by it?' he asked one day of a friend whose proofs he was revising. 'Why, yes, of course, I set store by it.'—'Ah, well, in that case there is fortunately always a way to improve on it, and to make it still more ridiculous,' replied the critic; and the author had to abandon his favourite blunder with feelings which can only be appreciated by those who have had to go through such a harrowing experience.

These letters abound in admirable hints to workers. Take, for example, one addressed to M. Guizot on the subject of his 'Méditations.' This letter applies in truth more to the matter than the manner of a writer who differs much from the common run of such orthodox thinkers as rely on rash affirmations for silencing their opponents.

'Almost all the apologies for Christianity have been conceived upon more or less narrow lines. Chalmers himself was sensible to the peculiar prejudices of a sect. One feels in your book the full light of the boldest good sense, and of the most exalted metaphysics. I wish to restrict myself to the chapter which you have entitled "Christian Ignorance." I have long been convinced that the man who had no ideas except *clear* ones was assuredly a fool. The most precious notions which the human intelligence contains all lie in the background, and in twilight, and it is round these half-perceived ideas, of which the connexion is not patent to us, that clear ideas revolve, by raising, extending, and developing themselves. But were the background taken from us, there would be nothing left in the world but geometricians and intelligent animals, and even the exact sciences would lose something of the grandeur which they also derive from their secret relations with other and higher truths, those which we suspect and believe for moments that we behold. *The unknown* is the richest part of the patrimony of mankind, and I think with Plato that, whether well understood or ill apprehended, everything here below is an image, a weak image, of a superior order of things. It seems to me that all the effect of the beautiful which we do see is to make us think of a something more beautiful that we have not seen, and that the magic of the great poets lies perhaps less in the pictures that they draw than in the distant echoes which they awaken, and which come to us from a world by us as yet unseen.'

Although these letters are not wanting in playfulness, and the general tone of them is that of graceful *persiflage*, they bear marks of deep thought, and some of them are obviously prepared with great care. This was the writer's method of thinking out a subject. When a problem, or the solution of a problem, arose in his mind, he seized it as it were, and put it on paper, sure that whatever amount of modification or fitting it might afterwards receive, its original conception is of such special value that no later effort can recapture that first fine free rapture of creation.

'When I by chance have anything difficult to write, I begin by writing it straight on, and without erasures, meaning, of course, to

take this only as a first draught. But in going over this next morning, I am astonished at the way which my mind has made since its first attempt. This rough canvas has served to fix the points to be weighed, and prevented my mind from wandering. If one attempts in a long piece of writing to arrive all at once at a definitive elaboration, one does not keep the whole before one's eyes ; and while one is putting things into one corner of the trunk the other side bulges up, and the lid will not shut.'

His advice is always to make a beginning, and to attempt that cold plunge into construction from which the boldest of us often recoil, meditating for days before we can take it.

'One ought not to attach too much importance to important things, or they will never be done. To be a good architect, one must not have all the subtle refinements of a Benvenuto Cellini. At that rate one turns out only half-a-dozen dagger handles and life is gone. And what is more, let us give ourselves all the trouble that we like, the faults which we do efface from our works are never those which the public finds out. . . . I am like M. de Lamartine, I have several opinions, and am of two minds on this subject. Until one has succeeded in faithfully rendering the image that one saw in one's own mind, it is hardly worth while to give one's work to the world ; but on the other hand, he who waits *till* then will wait for ever and a day. . . . Happily there is a solution for the difficulty. The public, which, as Lemierre says, is a fool, and often drunk, does not look closely into things. When he is in a good humour he takes people up, and that engages him to praise them for the future ; for the public does not like the trouble of judging the same person twice.'

Many authors are aware of the tides, of the ebbs and flows of their own minds. A friend of M. Doudan's complained to him of a lengthened period of non-production and of apparently lifeless days. The critic was too wise not to know that between our hours for striking many silent minutes and seconds must elapse, since a clock that did nothing but strike would be but a mad piece of chronometry. His answer is so full of tender insight and experience that we extract it.

'These moments of intellectual dryness are the moments in which our wings are growing in silence. Continued activity degrades far more than do these great silences of the mind, when it lies by to recover strength. Look at the people who are always fussing and always doing. They presently become dry and superficial. One might say that every morning they sow a little shabby grass, which comes up at once, and which they mow down every evening. On such plains there are neither great oaks nor deep springs. What could the Wandering Jew know of all the things that passed before his eyes? He never could stop anywhere. From the place to which he saw the swallows come in spring, he never could see them take their autumnal flight. The noise of his own wandering steps prevented his hearing the silence of the nights. If he passed through a city where men were mustering to arms, he could not linger to see who would carry the day in it, the oppressor or the oppressed. Thus continual activity cuts the threads of thought. I hope you think this a pretty essay on laziness.'

To the same friend he sends one day a plan of study, which, so far from being the praise of inactivity, is almost too vast to be grasped by one mind, or carried out in one lifetime. To Madame d'Harcourt he says (October, 1850) :—

'I will some day go over in detail a first sketch, which I dare say I have already made for you. It would be to take up the chain of all the great poets since the beginning, and to watch them passing from hand to hand the torch of the Ideal. One could make a list (it would not be a very long one) of all the men who by their imagination have in turns tinged the thoughts of other men, and note what is evanescent and what is enduring among the fleeting images of all that which is eternally beautiful, from the days of Job to those of Lord Byron. It would be like a rainbow which spans from the burning plains of the East to the fogs of England. In this walk through the past you would pass through the summer palace of Solomon ; you would meet Homer in Troy, Sophocles in Athens ; on the Aventine there would be Virgil, on the Arno Dante ; and Eden itself would lie around Milton's little house. All the history of the world is in them, as good as in the chronicles of nations, only in words that burn with a more living fire. . . . You would not be obliged to read over what you already knew, only to fill up the gaps in your mind, and to go over recollections that had begun to grow dim in your memory.'

These passages strike us as charming, but we must not loiter in the flowery plains of literature even with a guide as unique as this man, who was the very embodiment of the critical faculty considered as opposed to the creative one. Acutely sensitive to artistic conditions, he subordinated all his faculties to reason and to taste, and he was at the same time a *virtuoso* in the art of friendship. This makes the charm of his easy, confidential, tender, and humorous style, and this will continue to give his readers an interest in his person, independent of the themes he has to treat, or of the personages about whom he has something to tell. We shall do well, however, to glance with him at some of the actors on the stage of recent or contemporary history. Sometimes his judgment was almost

prophetic in its insight, sometimes it was warped by his excessive impatience of bombast and loud-swelling words. It was on account of their enthusiastic phrases that he disliked the Italian party of action. The very noise that they made worried him, and, like many bystanders both in France and England, he augured little success and less stability for their mission.

For Lamartine our satirical if kindly critic felt nothing but impatience; for, as he said of him, 'What a noble river he would be, if he were not *an inundation!*' Doudan hated paradoxes and declamation, and not all the beauty of the 'Méditations' could reconcile him to the bombast of the poet-orator of Mâcon. Of his political creeds and nostrums Doudan says that he had such a store that his mind was at last like an apothecary's shop in disorder—a mixture of all the poisons and antidotes in common use.

But the greatest person of the day was undoubtedly Louis Napoleon, and of his character and talents Doudan seems from the very first to have formed a very unflattering, not to say unfavourable opinion. To this opinion he also held, conceiving it to be borne out by events, from the first *fanfaronnade* with the tame eagle, down to those agitated days of the last elections and of the last *plébiscite*, when the skies were lowering with storms, with the distress of nations, and with all the coming perplexity. Of the distress M. Doudan had his full share, remaining as he did at his post in Paris, and refusing to quit it in the following lines, which are an admirable transcript of his dutiful and simple mind. They are addressed to M. Célestin Doudan, a relation, with whom he had corresponded for more than forty-three years :—

'Paris, Sept. 8, 1870.

'Dear Friend,—I am more sensible than I can say of the cordiality of the offer you make me, in the event of my quitting Paris during its siege. If my duties did not detain me here, and if my health permitted me to travel ever so little, I would have accepted your amicable and friendly proposition with lively pleasure, just as I receive it with much gratitude. We are here in the most horrible political crisis that the nation has ever known; an invasion following on hideous defeats; a revolution which is not the less dangerous because it was indispensable; and to conclude, the fermentation of all the most perverse instincts which may explode in the very midst of the gravest perils of this war. I hope that you have some security behind your ramparts: my memory draws them most distinctly. The bastions where I clambered as a child, and in spite of the artillerymen I searched for violets, must be to-day bristling with cannon. I hasten to close, for I was busy this morning, and send off this letter to-day lest the morrow should be already too late for the railway.'

After the entrance of the Prussians he writes to Mademoiselle Gavard :—

'It seems as if a hundred years had passed in these four months. Already, during the revolution of 1848, I had had the same impression. Yet that was but a bouquet of roses in comparison with what we have seen, with what we see, and with what we have yet to see. One often finds in the Bible the words "treasures of wrath," and visibly these are what have been recently poured upon us, and with no sparing hand. It remains to be seen *why* these Germans, who are not by any means saints, who can give an air of romance to the vices of their domestic life, and an air of scientific system to the cruelty and pillage of their military life—it remains to be seen *why* these Germans are deputed to chasten us.'

Yet even when penning these bitter lines the instinct of a critic is strong in Doudan, and he stops himself to speak to his correspondent of one of Trollope's novels which he has just read : 'There are three different lines of action in it, which have all very little connexion between each other. This comes of the necessity for making long novels, when one has only a small picture in one's mind—one makes a gallery of them instead of one great painting.'

The lady who has compiled and edited the letters of M. Doudan has no doubt worked for the sake of his memory and of his friends, and she has been rewarded by the great popularity of her book. The perusal of it gives so much pleasure that it seems ungrateful to point out its shortcomings; but Madame du Parquet must allow us to regret the method in which she has arranged these letters, or rather the way in which she has given them to the public without any adequate arrangement at all. When the second volume closes, the year 1872, that of the writer's death, has been reached, and France, under the rule of the Maréchal-président, acknowledges the influence of the d'Harcourts, d'Haussonvilles, and Broglies, of the families among which Doudan's life was spent, and some, if not all, his opinions were fostered. It is, therefore, very annoying to take up the third and fourth volumes, and to perceive that, as their publication has been an afterthought, we are suddenly lifted back to 1832 and to the great visitation of the cholera. This batch of letters of course ultimately also brings us down to the Prussian invasion, the siege of Paris, and M. Doudan's death. We can but hope that in

some future edition the faults of arrangement may be remedied ; and with the view to a re-issue we would also suggest that there is a want of notes, or of some connecting thread, however slender, to give continuity to the book, and to make it continue to be intelligible when the generation of M. Doudan's friends shall have passed away.

Take an example of our meaning. The death of the amiable Duchesse de Broglie is dwelt on, and letters in the first volume attest all the love and grief of her survivors. But of the death of the Duc de Broglie nothing is said till the *fourth* volume, though that event, occurring in 1870, deprived him of the man to whom he owed the happiness of a lifetime, and France of a statesman and a patriot. Happily M. de Broglie did not live to witness the worst calamities of his country. Although he had long retired from active life, his influence continued to be felt through his friends.

When the Empire began to feel that the sweets of power are accompanied with great difficulties, the edifice showed that the strain put on it was too great. Then it was that those liberal politicians, who had hitherto kept aloof from it, either saw, or fancied they saw, the favourable moment for offering some support to a Government which had been established by a gross attack on their personal freedom. Even to the Emperor they hoped to give salutary lessons of constitutional reform. The representatives of this wise liberalism met in the Duc de Broglie's house, and their host was allowed to congratulate himself and them on the peaceful revolution which might possibly be effected by their influence. But though inclined to hope for the best, and even to aid in the restoration of those constitutional liberties which they believed to be essential to the existence of good government, the merited distrust which the liberal statesmen of France felt towards the Empire could never be removed. In our opinion the *doctrinaires* carried their theory of resistance to the democratic spirit of the age much too far, and never felt true confidence in the people. They were enlightened and philanthropic aristocrats planted in a country which had annihilated aristocracy. The whole tone of M. Doudan's letters, and of the society in which he lived, is aristocratic, though no doubt they are the expression of noble and liberal principles. But the virtues and patriotism of the French aristocracy in the present century cannot regain what was lost by the frivolity and the abuses of former times, and the efforts recently made to regain their ascendency by a reactionary policy have only renewed and aggravated their defeat.

Art. VII.—1. *Histoire politique et sociale des Principautés Danubiennes.* Par Elias Regnault. Paris : 1857.

2. *Rumänien.* Von E. Braun. Leipzig : 1877.

In the present posture of affairs, and with the limited information vouchsafed to us down to the time at which we write, it would be idle to attempt to make any practical remarks on the proceedings of the great Congress of the European Powers now assembled at Berlin. We rejoice that this Congress has met, and met in a spirit favourable to the peace of Europe and to the establishment of friendly personal relations between the leading statesmen of Europe. That in itself is a considerable benefit, and we believe that the results anticipated from the Congress will be mainly due to the private and personal intercourse which has taken place between those illustrious persons. The British Government had given to the world in Lord Salisbury's Circular a sketch and a pledge of its policy on the Eastern Question, which was accepted by this country and applauded by Europe. We only trust that they will firmly adhere to it. For ourselves, we have no reason to dissent from the views expressed in that celebrated document, since they are identical with the principles we have consistently defended in this journal, and with the old traditions of the Whig party in opposing the aggressions of Russia.

But, although we have at present no remarks to make upon the Congress, one subject has been brought under discussion there, on which it may even now be useful to contribute something to the information of our readers. We shall, therefore, devote the following pages to a more particular account of the relations of Russia and Roumania. Roumania has no especial claims on our sympathy. She chose to wage war against the Porte without the slightest provocation, and to cast in her lot with Russia, when she ought rather to have opposed the violation of her own territory and privileges. She has, therefore, incurred the fate of the lesser animals in the fable who went hunting with the king of beasts. Nevertheless, the existence and independ-

ence of Roumania are of European interest. They are based upon the faith of treaties to which we are all parties. They affect the security of the navigation of the Danube. And no part of the Treaty of San Stefano excited more indignation in this country than the black ingratitude and perfidy with which Russia violated her engagements to the gallant little ally, who had flown to her assistance in the hour of need, and attempted to rob him of the territory annexed to Moldavia by the Treaty of Paris. It seems probable that this design may be slightly modified, though not averted; but the treatment of Roumania by Russia will leave a moral blot on the character of the Czar and his ministers, far more injurious to his fame than the acquisition of a morsel of territory can be beneficial. On these grounds we think it worth while to devote an article to the subject, which embraces the earlier and the later history of these provinces.

The great race of Slavs is divided into two parts, the northern and the southern. The first forms a compact mass by race and religion, with the sole exception of the Poles; the second is not homogeneous, it consists of the Catholic Tchechs, Croats, Dalmatians, and Southern Slavonians in Carinthia, and of the orthodox Servians, Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Montenegrins. These two branches are geographically separated from each other by three different nationalities—the Germans of Austro-Hungary, the Magyars, and the Roumanians. Leaving aside the Germans and Magyars, we find that Roumania has a particularly important position, as it forms the main wedge between Russia and the kindred Bulgarians, stretching along the lower Danube and it mouths, inhabited by a population belonging to the Orthodox Church, but of an entirely different nationality; of the five millions 4,293,000 are Roumanians, 400,000 Jews, and 200,000 gipsies.

The two Principalities Moldavia and Wallachia, now comprised under the name of Roumania, were overrun, but not annexed, by Turkish conquest. They became vassal States. Bajazid I. concluded a convention called a capitulation in 1391, with the Wallachian Woivod Mircea I., which was revised in 1460, and the Woivod received investiture in Constantinople and paid an annual tribute of 10,000 ducats. Moldavia maintained its independence until the reign of Soliman the Magnificent, when it was compelled to submit to a similar capitulation, preserving its administrative autonomy, with the additional clause, that no Mussulman should be allowed to settle on its soil. Since 1688 these capitulations were systematically violated by the Turks, and in 1711 Peter the Great concluded a treaty with the Prince of Moldavia, by which that country placed itself under Russian protection. Prince Demetrius Kantemir, the boyars, and the people promised 'to swear fidelity to the Czar and to join him in his war against the Turks,' while Peter promised to Prince Kantemir the absolute and hereditary dominion of Moldavia under Russia's protectorate. But after his defeat on the Pruth (July 10 and 11, 1711) he was obliged to evacuate the country and to abandon it to the vengeance of the Turks. Kantemir fled to Russia, where he died as a pensioner of the Czar, and the boyars, who had confided in their protector, expiated their rashness on the scaffold. The Wallachian Prince Constantin Brankovan had been more prudent; he had, indeed, concluded a similar convention with Peter, but had kept it secret, and hastened to break it after the defeat of the Czar. He considered henceforth Russia as an unsafe ally, and tried to secure the support of Austria—a policy which was not more fortunate, as, in consequence of it, the Sultan caused him to be beheaded in 1714 with his four sons at Constantinople.

In order to prevent the recurrence of these complications the Porte resolved not to admit any more indigenous boyars as hospodars, but to appoint Phanariote Greeks, who, indeed, ruled from 1716 to 1853. On their accession to office they had to pay 500,000 Löwenthalers (about 60,000*l.*), the hospodars, of course, like the pashas of to-day, indemnifying themselves by extorting as great an amount as possible by taxes from the people. Hence the population again turned their eyes to Russia, whose successes under Field-Marshal Münnich had roused the Christian subjects of the Porte. When in 1769 the Russian generals Prince Galitzin and Baron Elrupt entered Jassy and published in the name of the Empress Catherine a manifesto, announcing the deliverance of the country from the Ottoman yoke and introducing Russian administration, they were enthusiastically received; and so was Colonel Karasin in Bucharest. General Stoffelle took possession in the name of the Empress of both Principalities, and a deputation of the nobility and the clergy went to St. Petersburg to do homage to their new sovereign, who received them well, and bade her new subjects to prove worthy of her imperial protection.

The peace of Kudjuk-Kainardji did not, however, ratify this anticipated annexa-

tion ; the country, ruined by five years' warfare, was again abandoned by its liberators to the extortions of greedy Phanariotes ; a remission of taxes for two years was the only stipulation obtained in favour of the Principalities. But the great political difference from the former state was that, by Art. XVI. Ad. 10, the Porte consented that, according to circumstances, the Russian Ministers at Constantinople might speak in their favour, and promised to listen to such representations as coming from a friendly and respected power.

This was the germ of the Russian protectorate, which proved so important for the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, but the reverse of a benefit for the country itself. The war which Catherine undertook with Joseph II. in 1787 brought new calamities on the Principalities, and the peace of Jassy (1792) simply confirmed the stipulations of 1774. Much more eventful was the next Russian occupation, which lasted from 1806 to 1812. In consequence of the French occupation of Malta and the expedition to Egypt, the Grand-Master of the Maltese Order, the Emperor Paul, had become the ally of the Porte, and prevailed upon her to conclude a new convention respecting the Principalities (1802), by which it was stipulated that the hospodars should remain for seven years in office, if they were not found guilty of an open offence ; in the latter case the Porte would inform the Russian Minister of it, the two powers would jointly examine the case, and if the offence was acknowledged by both, the offender would be recalled. Of course none but the friends of Russia could become hospodars, and the Russian Minister at Constantinople still pressed the Porte to admit 'une intervention plus intime, même dans le régime intérieur tant civil qu'ecclésiastique des principautés.' The Porte, however, not only refused to do so, but was ill advised enough to yield to the influence of Napoleon, who wanted to embroil her with Russia,* and, on the advice of Sébastiani, deposed the hospodars Ypsilanti and Morusi, in violation of the convention of 1802, without consulting Russia. The Emperor Alexander immediately ordered General Michelson to enter the Principalities with 50,000 men, and Napoleon rubbed his hands, having to this amount weakened the Russian army he was to encounter at Friedland, and awakened the jealousy of Austria by Russia's advance to the Danube. At Tilsit, however, having become the friend of Alexander, he did not scruple to enter with the Czar into a secret arrangement for the partition of the Ottoman Empire, if the Porte did not except French mediation ; but the Porte accepted it, and in this event the evacuation of the Principalities had been stipulated. General Guilleminot, whom Napoleon had sent to negotiate an armistice, summoned the Russians to retire within thirty-five days. General von Meyendorf began to do so, but was recalled in disgrace, and his successor Marshal Proserowsky re-occupied the country. Fresh negotiations about the partition of Turkey between the two Emperors led to no result ; at Erfurt Napoleon abandoned the Principalities to Russia, Alexander preferring a certain gain to high-flying expectations ; and, in consequence, he incorporated, by an Imperial ukase, Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia into the empire.* But Napoleon had been as usual in bad faith ; he knew that Austria could never permit the dominion of Russia over the Danube, and, indeed, Count Merveldt, the Austrian Minister at St. Petersburg, declared that, if the Principalities were to be the price of the new understanding, Russia might prepare to annihilate the last Austrian before obtaining the acquiescence of the Court of Vienna. Nor was this an empty menace, for, as Sir Robert Adair truly observes (ii. p. 36), 'Russia must, as a military measure, evacuate Moldavia and Wallachia *whenever Austria comes forward ;*' and Napoleon declared with cynical frankness to Count Metternich, then Austrian ambassador at Paris, 'Savez-vous pourquoi j'ai reconnu la possession de la Moldavie et de la Valachie par la Russie ? C'est pour jeter une pomme de discorde entre vous.'† He even asked Metternich whether Austria would risk a war to prevent Russia's acquisition of these provinces ? The ambassador pleaded the exhaustion of his State, but said he was sure to rescue even without war the rich prey which France had so injudiciously left to Russia ; and, indeed, so effectually did Austria oppose Russia's plans, that Alexander, preparing for a decisive struggle with Napoleon, was obliged to abandon the Principalities and to be satisfied with the cession of Bessarabia stipulated by the peace of Bucharest, 1812.‡ If Russia thus missed her aim, it

* 'Ordre fut donné au général Sebastiani de ne rien négliger pour allumer une conflagration qui s'étendît des Dardanelles aux bouches du Danube,' says Thiers, 'Consulat et Empire,' xxvi., Nov. 1806.

* Adair, 'Mission to the Dardanelles,' vol. ii. p. 45.

† Martens, 'Recueil des Traités conclus par la Russie,' tom. iii. p. 75.

‡ It is to be observed that Lord Stratford, at that time Mr. Stratford Canning, took part in

was the more to be regretted that Napoleon had not listened to Talleyrand's statesmanlike advice, who recommended to him to give the Principalities to Austria. After the capitulation of Mack at Ulm, Talleyrand sent the Emperor a memorandum, in which he argued that it would be against the interest of France to weaken Austria too much; having lost her Italian possessions, she ought to receive a compensation in the valley of the Danube; the possession of the Principalities would make her a rival of Russia in the East, and force her to look to the French alliance, whilst Turkey, by the small sacrifice of two provinces, which scarcely still belonged to her, would obtain a solid barrier against further Russian encroachments. The execution of this plan was at that time perfectly feasible, and would have changed the whole course of the Eastern Question; but Napoleon's restless ambition rejected the proposal, and the consequence was that at his fall France was absolutely without influence in the East.

Admiral Tchitchagow, who had negotiated the peace of Bucharest, recommended to the first governor of Bessarabia, Stourdza, 'to lay the foundations of a larger edifice, by adroitly drawing the attention of the neighbouring populations to this province, which was to be administered liberally and paternally, and thus inspiring the Moldavians and Servians with the conviction that their national aspirations would find satisfaction under the protection of Russia.' It was a difficult task which the Admiral pressed upon his friend, for during the long occupation the Russians had succeeded in making themselves thoroughly detested in the Principalities. The country had been organised *à la Russe*, a president and two vice-presidents being placed at the head of the administration, surrounded by a numerous staff of functionaries, who rivalled with the military commanders in draining the resources of the population to the dregs. 'Je leur laisserai leurs yeux pour pleurer,' said brutally General Kutusoff in rebuffing the complaints of the unfortunate inhabitants; and so scandalous were the proceedings of the Russians, that the Emperor sent Tchitchagow on a special mission in order to reconcile the people; but, although the Admiral did his work well and reduced the taxes by two-thirds, the Moldavians and Wallachians were thankful enough when they saw the last Russian depart. Tchitchagow's hopes for the foundation of a larger edifice were not fulfilled; the less so as the Russians only endeavoured to Russianise the newly-acquired province of Bessarabia. During the following years a national sentiment had begun to dawn, fostered by the Roumanians of Transylvania; and the leaders of these aspirations, Majorescu and Wladmirescu, preferred the feeble Turkish *suzeraineté* to the crushing Russian *régime*. When, therefore, in May, 1828, the Russian armies again entered Jassy and Bucharest, they were coldly received, and the exactions and requisitions of the liberating armies did not increase the sympathies for them. The treaty of Adrianople procured some important concessions for the Principalities, which, however, were greatly curtailed by Russia. The hospodars were to be boyars, and to be elected for life by an assembly of notables; the internal administration was declared independent and the tribute fixed; but the great drawback was the co-protectorate of Russia ('la Russie ayant garanti leur prospérité,' said Art. 5 of the convention of Akerman), which, as the Roumanians full well knew, signified the dominion of the Russian functionaries, named consuls, but rather proconsuls in the Roman sense. The country remained occupied for five years, during which the famous 'Règlement Organique' was elaborated by a committee, the spirit of which is sufficiently characterised by the preamble of the protocol of the first sitting:—'His Majesty the Emperor, having deigned to command that a special committee of Moldavian and Wallachian boyars should join, under the presidency of the Councillor of State Minciaky, in order to prepare the organic ameliorations which the present state of the two Principalities requires, and that this committee should be divided in two sections, the Moldavian and the Wallachian, each of which will be presided over by the said Councillor of State, duly instructed respecting these ameliorations, we have begun our sittings, and shall submit the result by chapters to his Excellency for revisal, and shall proceed in this way till the reforms are settled.' This gave a clear foretaste how the 'independent national administration' which was promised by Art. V. of the peace of Adrianople would be realised. Moreover, the 'Règlement Organique' was not a constitution or a public charter; it was, on the contrary, never published, but only given in writing to the hospodars; and the Roumanian language being understood neither in St. Petersburg nor in Constantinople, a French translation was made by the boyar George

the negotiation of that treaty, which enabled the Czar to withdraw from the South the forces commanded by Admiral Tchitchagow, and thus to convert the discomfiture of Napoleon's 'Grand Army' into absolute ruin.

Asaky, a reproduction of which was published surreptitiously at New York, without which the world would never have known the contents of the 'Règlement.'

The five years of Russian occupation were comparatively happy for the Principalities. General Kisseleff, to whom the administration was entrusted, was a man of integrity and intelligence. He earnestly endeavoured to win the sympathies of the population, and although his instructions obliged him to keep down every symptom of independence, he succeeded in considerably ameliorating the condition of the country. But a decided change for the worse took place when at last the evacuation was effected, in consequence of the convention of St. Petersburg (Jan. 17, 1834), by which the Porte promised to accept simply the 'Règlement Organique.' Russia obtained the right to watch its execution, and to prevent any measure contrary to its spirit. Thus Russia's *placet* was formally established for every measure of the hospodars, and besides it was enacted, contrary even to the 'Règlement,' that the first new hospodar of Wallachia should not be elected by the Notables, but named by the two protecting powers; whilst in Moldavia the Russian influence had been sufficient to induce the electors to choose the Russian candidate, Michael Stourdza. The consequence was that, as soon as the two hospodars were installed, the Russian consuls—the consul-general at Bucharest and the consuls at Jassy and Galatz—behaved as the real governors of the country, controlling the administration according to their instructions from St. Petersburg and their own good pleasure; deciding, for instance, whether in the elementary schools the Cyrillic or the Latin alphabet was to be introduced. The people soon saw that every petition for reform must be backed by the consuls, and that their influence could be paralysed only by the leading men in St. Petersburg; the Porte, as co-protecting power, was also to be consulted, and therefore the Russian ambassador in Constantinople equally meddled with all affairs concerning the Principalities. It may be imagined what an amount of intrigue and corruption such a *régime* produced; the hospodars were obliged to submit to every humiliation and to become servile tools of Russia. The administration was peopled with Russian creatures, and even this was not sufficient for the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The 'Règlement' stipulated that any change was to be accomplished only by the common consent of the hospodar and the Assembly of Notables. The abuses of the administration had become so glaring that even Russia's candidate for Wallachia, Prince Ghika, tried to amend some paragraphs of the 'Règlement,' but Russia instantly interfered, requesting that the said stipulation should be completed by the provision 'that no change could take place without the consent of the suzerain and the protecting power.' When the Moldavian Assembly opposed this demand, as contrary to the independence promised by the Treaty of Adrianople, the Consul-General, Baron Buckmann, addressed to them an angry note (17th July, 1837), which severely scolded them for opposing the principles 'qui ont servi de base et de règle et en vertu d'une sanction suprême,' and said, 'Une marche aussi irrégulière et aussi contraire au respect dû aux deux hautes cours engage le Prince de prendre immédiatement les mesures les plus convenables pour faire cesser toute discussion ultérieure à cet égard.' Of course Prince Ghika, as well as the Assembly, were obliged to submit, but after this precedent it may be imagined what would be the autonomy of the future Bulgaria 'sous la surveillance d'un Commissaire Russe et en présence d'un Commissaire Ottoman,' as the Treaty of San Stefano had it; the apparent influence of the Porte would, as was the case in the Principalities, only serve as a screen for further encroachments and humiliations.

The hospodars, although appointed for life, never accomplished this term. Prince Ghika endeavoured to do something for the lower and middle classes; he was opposed by the boyars, fearing for their privileges, and backed by the Russian consul, who accused him in St. Petersburg of revolutionary tendencies; he was obliged to give way, and tried by a series of reactionary measures to win back the Conservative sympathies on the Neva; this estranged the national party, and a conspiracy against him in 1840 gave a pretext to Russia for sending General Duhamel to Bucharest, in order to examine the disturbances which had taken place, without even giving notice to the Porte. The delegate despatched by her played the part of a mere automaton, who had simply to acquiesce in the deposition of Ghika, preceded by a mere Russian puppet, George Bibesco.

Bibesco perceived, as Ghika had done, that the subservience to Russia which was required from him would make his position untenable, and began to emancipate himself from the influences which had raised him to the throne. He allowed the press a certain liberty, and favoured national aspirations, in spite of Russian menaces. The opposition against the Russian protectorate became

thus the bond which united all patriots. When the revolutionary storms of 1848 swept over Europe, the national boyars of Moldavia, which had been most oppressed by the servile Michael Stourdza, drew up a petition, demanding the strict observance of the 'Règlement,' amelioration of the schools, new elections for the Assembly, and a national guard. Stourdza, according to the instructions received from St. Petersburg, answered by arresting the seventeen 'ringleaders,' who were brought in chains to Russia and exiled to Siberia; their fortunes were confiscated. In Wallachia Prince Bibesco tried to moderate the movement in taking the lead with the metropolitan, but retired to Austria when the infuriated people forced the Russian Consul-General Von Kotzebue to fly to Fokschani. A note of Count Nesselrode (August 1) now informed the Great Powers that Russia would not tolerate anarchy in the provinces placed under her protectorate. A joint occupation of the Porte and Russia took place, and the convention of Balta-Liman (March 1, 1849) crushed every hope of a constitutional government. The hospodars were again to be named by the Sultan according to a mode concerted by the two powers. The assemblies, 'having given occasion to deplorable conflicts and even to acts of open insubordination,' were replaced by divans *ad hoc;* the 'Règlement' was subjected to a revision to be submitted to the Porte and Russia. In order to prevent the recurrence of insurrectionary movements the two powers engaged to maintain in the Principalities a force of 10,000 men each, and during the occupation a Turkish and a Russian Extraordinary Commissioner were charged to watch the course of affairs, and to offer their common advice to the hospodars. Although this occupation lasted only about two years, the population were now finally undeceived as to what they had to expect from their protectors and liberators.

Before proceeding to the next Russian occupation of the Principalities, which led to the Crimean war, we must throw a glance upon the dominion which Russia exercised over the lower Danube and its navigation. Art. 4 of the peace of Bucharest provided that, from the mouth of the Pruth into the Danube, the left bank of the latter river, down to Kilia, shall form the frontier; the commercial navigation remained free on both sides; Russian men-of-war could only proceed up to the mouth of the Pruth. The small islands of the Danube, from Ismail to Kilia, which previously were uninhabited, should henceforth belong to Russia nearest to the left bank, but neither of the two powers was to exercise rights of sovereignty over them. It was also forbidden to erect any fortifications upon them; they were to remain desert, and it was only allowed to the respective subjects to fish and to fell timber there. The two great islands opposite Ismail and Kilia were to remain desert for an hour's distance from the nearest left bank. These apparently innocent stipulations were modified by Art. 3 of the peace of Adrianople in the following manner:—The Pruth remains the frontier line down to its fall into the Danube; from that point the frontier follows the course of the Danube to the mouth of St. George, so that all the islands formed by the different branches of the river remain in the possession of Russia, whilst the right bank will continue to belong to the Ottoman Porte. It is, however, agreed that the right bank, from the point where the mouth of St. George branches off from the Sulina mouth, shall remain uninhabited, and that on the islands which remain in the possession of Russia it shall not be allowed to erect any settlements nor fortifications, quarantines excepted. Thus all the islands become Russian; the left bank cannot be controlled from the right in any way, as the Turks must keep aloof at a distance of two hours from the shore, whilst Russia alone is permitted to establish quarantines. This was even too much for Lord Aberdeen; in his famous 'acrimonious' despatch of October 31, 1829, he said: 'As regards the stipulations on the Danubian islands, it is clear that they must have the consequence of placing the navigation and the commerce on the Danube under the exclusive control of Russia.' Count Nesselrode's answer replied in the tone of self-conscious superiority (Jan. 30, 1830):—

'Ad. 14. Respecting the stipulations on the Danubian Islands, the observation will suffice that, according to Art. 4 of the peace of Bucharest, they were to remain uninhabited and neutral. They served, nevertheless, as an abode to the criminals of both countries, whose secret relations with the right bank brought the plague into Russia in 1823. We now simply obtain the right to establish quarantines in these places, we *renounce* the right to erect fortifications and *permit* to the Ottoman flag of war free navigation on all the branches of the Danube. Measures of precaution against one of the most fearful disasters which may befall a country can neither justify protests nor fears.'

In like manner the Crimea was formerly, like these Danubian islands, Turkish; then it became quasi-independent, and after a while Russian. In a country where shortly before Russia had no rights at all, she re-

nounces, magnanimously, the exercise of a right, and permits to Turkey the navigation on a river of which she had at no time both banks, and only from 1812 a small piece of territory on one bank.

The consequences of the Russian dominion over this great artery of Eastern trade became soon apparent. In 1830 the first Austrian steamer began to ply on the Danube, the rocks of Alt Moldava, which had rendered the navigation dangerous, were blasted, and thus the principal impediment to a continuous connexion of Germany with the Black Sea was removed ; numerous British ships arrived at the mouth of the Sulina. In 1836 Russia established a quarantine in that place and decreed that the goods were not to be purified there, but to be brought to Odessa. The British merchants complained of this proceeding, and Lord Palmerston submitted the case to the Crown lawyers ; it never, however, was known what they thought of it ; perhaps they had learned from the Russian answer to Lord Aberdeen's protest that measures of precaution could never justify protests. As to the quarantine fees, the 'Economist' of December 21, 1853, published a communication of a British captain who had to pay, for his crew of nine persons, 820 piasters ; but it was confidently asserted that certificates for avoiding the quarantine were delivered at the Russian Consulates in London and Liverpool for about 100*l.* Austria's complaints were of no more avail ; as long as the mouth of the Danube was Turkish the depth had been sixteen feet ; it was reduced to eleven feet after it had become Russian, and even this draught of water was restricted to a narrow channel, which could only be passed in fine weather and with good pilots. The Russian Government promised indeed to take efficacious measures, and once they really set a steam-dredging boat to work, which however fell out of repair after a few hours' working, and was sent back to Odessa.

At last, when Austria had consented to help to destroy the Emperor Nicholas's bugbear, the Anglo-French alliance, by the treaty of 1840 respecting Egypt and the Straits, Russia showed her gratitude by making serious concessions for the navigation of the Danube. According to the treaty of July 25, the navigation was henceforth to be entirely free (*sans entrave*), no tolls would be levied, the quarantine should be no impediment ; Russia promised to cleanse as soon as possible the Sulina Channel, and to build a lighthouse ; none but expressly mentioned moderate fees were to be levied. In consequence of these measures the commerce on the Danube rose rapidly. In 1835 it amounted to 31,195 cwts., of the value of 10,000 florins ; in 1851, 7,165,267 cwts., of the value of 23,248,000 florins. At the mouth of the Sulina there arrived in 1830, 418 vessels ; 1837, 1,300 ; 1852, 2,629. The imports of Braïla and Galatz amounted in 1847 to 16,258,199 florins ; the exports to 25,475,814 florins. The imports from Austria and Germany in Persia, by way of the Danube, rose from 10,140,800 florins in 1843 to 16,623,804 florins in 1847. There was, however, in that treaty, an ugly article, to the purport that Austrian vessels, as well as those of any other nation, *having the right to navigate in the Black Sea, and being at peace with Russia*, shall be allowed to enter freely into the navigable mouths of the Danube. It appears, then, that Russia pretended to have the right of allowing the navigation in the Black Sea, which she considered a *mare clausum*, just as formerly Count Romanzoff complained to Lord Leveson Gower (1807) on the destruction of the Danish fleet by the English, 'as the Emperor, his master, was one of the guarantees of the tranquillity of the Baltic, which was a *mare clausum*,' a pretension against which England entered a formal protest. And Austria, in signing the treaty of 1840, acknowledged this monstrous pretension, in order to secure material advantages for her commerce. She had, however, reckoned without her host. The Governor of Odessa, Count Woronzoff, directed the attention of his government to the fact that, though the three mouths of the Danube were in Russia's power, the two ports of Bessarabia remained insignificant, whilst Galatz and Braïla were at the height of prosperity ; Galatz, particularly, was becoming the great emporium for German and Austrian goods, which thence was sent to the Levant and to Persia. The government took this hint. When the Austrian treaty expired it was not renewed, and the old complaints began anew. In 1853 freights from the Danubian ports to England were 3 florins per quarter dearer than from Odessa. This is the history of the Russian dominion over the mouths of the Danube, which was terminated by the Crimean war and the Peace of Paris.

Before the septennate of Balta-Liman had half expired, the Russians made for the seventh time their appearance in the Principalities, not, they said, to make war against the Sultan, but to take a material pledge that justice should be done to the Orthodox faith. The habitual assurances of Russian disinterestedness and inviolability of existing institutions were given by the manifesto of June 26th, and of course immediately

violated. The day after having taken possession of Jassy and Bucharest (July 5), the Commander-in-Chief, Prince Gortchakoff, ordered the hospodars to suspend their relations with the Porte ; and a few weeks afterwards they were set aside, and the administration of both provinces was handed over to Baron Andreas Budberg. Prince Gortchakoff summoned the higher functionaries, and delivered to them the following speech :—

'Gentlemen, the administration of the country will remain in your hands ; but from the present day you will be in everything under my commands. I recommend to you principally the Imperial army, for I shall not allow it to lack anything. As the mediator of its wishes, I have appointed M. de Kaltschinski. The country, as you all, is placed under the military government, and I request you to fulfil your duties in a manner that I shall not be obliged to have recourse to severity. No functionary will be allowed to meddle with politics, and everybody who entertains any relations with Turkey will be hanged within twenty-four hours. No exception will be made from the boyar to the lowest labourer. I have learnt that some boyars have applied to you for places, but I give warning to you that a man will be sooner hanged than obtain a place without my consent.'

The greater part of the Wallachian militia was embodied into the rank and file of the Russian army. The Russian paper-money was made a lawful tender. The Russians were coldly received by the population, who learned with scarcely concealed satisfaction the news of their defeats at Olteniza, Kalafat, Giurgevo, and Silistria. When, in 1854, Russia was obliged to evacuate the Principalities 'for strategical reasons,' Austria having decided upon occupying them, Baron Budberg invited the boyars to receive from him instructions for the 'time of his absence ;' but his antechamber remained nearly empty, the invited having nearly all become 'suddenly ill.' Some days afterwards they received a copy of the following letter of Count Nesselrode to Baron Budberg :—

'Mr. le Baron, His Majesty the Emperor desires that you should inform the Wallachs of the irritation felt by His Majesty at the singular attitude they, particularly the boyars, have taken towards the Russian troops, who have entered the Principalities in order to deliver them from the Ottoman yoke. His Majesty, indeed, cannot conceive that in the actual circumstances those who profess the same religion as the Orthodox Emperor should be subjects of any other but of a Christian Government. If the Wallachs do not understand this, because they are too much under the influence of Europe, addicted to false creeds, the Emperor can, notwithstanding, not renounce the mission which Heaven has confided to him as Chief of the Orthodox Christians, viz., *to take away for ever from the Ottoman dominion those who profess the true Christian religion*, i.e., *the Greek religion*. This idea has been the programme of the Emperor since the beginning of his glorious reign, and the moment has arrived when His Majesty will execute his project, conceived long ago, *whatever the impotent Governments of Europe addicted to false creeds may say*. We are with God and God is with us, and victory sides with us. His Majesty desires that you, Mr. le Baron, should severely warn the boyars and high functionaries of Wallachia on account of their disloyal conduct towards our troops. The time will come when those recalcitrant Wallachs, who have in the highest degree roused the discontent of His Majesty, will dearly pay their disloyalty. Be very severe, Mr. le Baron, towards these anarchical Wallachs ; the more severe you are, the better it will be. Such is the will of His Majesty. Receive the assurance of my highest regards.'

This is a programme of Russian Eastern policy, which every diplomatist, having to do with this thorny question, should carry with him printed in large characters ; it was not Russia's fault if it was not realised, but the Western Powers answered her policy of taking pledges by sending their fleets to Constantinople, and Austria by occupying the Principalities.

The Treaty of Paris opened a new era for the Principalities. England, France, and Austria had fully realised that the Russian protectorate, according to which intervention had not been the exception, but the rule, formed the lever for bullying or influencing the Porte. Even Prussia and the minor German States acknowledged, in spite of their Russian leanings, that the establishment of a settled condition in the countries of the lower Danube, and the freedom of its navigation, were required by the political interests of Germany, and formed a condition of the natural development of the national wealth (Resolution of the German Diet of July 24, 1854). The conditions of peace, therefore, which Austria presented in December 1855, in her name, as well as in that of England and France, contained the following proposition :—'Abolition of the Russian protectorate and right of intervention (*ingérence*) in the Principalities, which will obtain an independent internal administration under the suzerainty of the Porte ; a rectification of the Bessarabian frontier, which will cut off Russia from the Danube.' The great mistake had been to suppose that the Principalities owed either valuable rights or liberties to the Russian protectorate. Their immunities were perfectly defined in

the capitulations ; they had been violated by Turkey, and this had led to the intervention of Russia. But if the belligerent powers and Austria perfectly agreed on the necessity of preventing the recurrence of such intervention, they could not agree on the most important points of the future state of those provinces, and in consequence the decision was left to the future. The Porte and Austria were for maintaining the *status quo*, minus the protectorate. France and Sardinia pleaded for the union of the two Principalities under a foreign prince, subject to the suzerainty of the Porte. England was still undecided, and the Emperor Napoleon, anxious above all for having the peace signed, had not the patience to urge this point to a decision.

In the sitting of February 28 the Congress agreed that only the general principles of the political and administrative constitution should be laid down in the treaty, whilst a special commission of the contracting powers should elaborate the details.

In the sitting of March 8 (Protocol XI.) Count Walewski started the question of the union, as best answering the interests of the Principalities, and was supported by Lord Clarendon, who said that the union was the unanimous wish of the population. Count Cavour and Count Orloff were of the same opinion ; the plenipotentiaries of Turkey and Austria strongly opposed the project ; Ali Pasha observed that the Principalities had always formed two separate States, and that they were essentially different ; he denied that the union was the wish of the population, and maintained that it had been got up by a few unruly individuals. Count Buol joined this opinion, and both declared that they could not enter into a discussion upon this question. It was dropped, therefore, and the decision left to the future, as diplomatists generally do when they cannot agree. It is, however, interesting to appreciate the motives of the dissenting powers. France was for the union, because the Wallachian emigrants living in Paris had predisposed the Emperor for it ; he reminded Lord Clarendon, in a confidential conversation, that 'the present Congress ought not to fall into the error of the Congress of Vienna, of consulting only the interests of sovereigns, and neglecting those of subjects ; besides, he hoped to use the union in his plans for the ' remaniement de la carte de l'Europe.' Sardinia defended it as representing the cause of suppressed nationalities. It is more difficult to account for the support which Russia gave to the proposal ; either it was not meant in earnest, and put forward in order to vex the Porte and Austria, whilst Russia relied upon the impossibility of executing this plan, or it was given *boná fide* because it was believed that the union would ultimately be in favour of Russia, an opinion which Count Buol shared. As the future prince, pressed by conflicting factions, would become a mere tool of St. Petersburg, the Eastern Belgium would have the fate of the Crimea ; the collective guarantee would be a feeble protection ; England and France would not make another war to assert it, and the whole burden of doing so would fall upon Austria ; he therefore opposed the union. Lord Clarendon had given a general support to it, but was not at all decided whether it was desirable. The Queen was very much in favour of it. ' Nothing,' she wrote to Lord Palmerston, March 6, ' will oppose a barrier to Russia and her intrigues but the arrangement, which will satisfy the people of the Principalities, viz. hereditary monarchy ; the example of Egypt might be followed.' Lord Clarendon did not deny this advantage, but he observed that the union would be opposed to the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and would lead to entire emancipation ; the vices of the present system might be palliated, if not eradicated, under the new organisation, which the powers were to establish ; any novel scheme might be one of trial. Then there was the difficulty of finding a suitable prince ; if there were any one marked out by public opinion, it would be a different thing, but that was not the case. First, it would be hard to find a prince of standing who would submit to the Sultan's suzerainty ; if a Catholic or a Protestant, he would have the priest and people against him, and must rely on Russian support ; if a Greek, he would sympathise with Russia, and there would be another kingdom of Greece. For these reasons England opposed the union in the later negotiations.

The Treaty of Paris (Arts. 22–27), therefore, besides establishing the liberty of the Danube, which was placed under the control of an international commission, laid down the following stipulations :—The Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia (which therefore were considered as two territories independent of each other) will *continue* to enjoy, under the suzerainty of the Porte and the guarantee of the contracting powers, the privileges and immunities which they possess, viz. by the capitulations of Bajazet I. and Mahmoud II. No exclusive protection will be exercised by one of the guaranteeing powers. They are to have an independent and national ad-

ministration, full liberty of worship, legislation, commerce, and navigation. The existing laws and statutes will be revised by a commission of the contracting powers. The Sultan will summon a divan *ad hoc* composed of delegates of the different social classes, who will collect the wishes of the population for the future organisation, and submit them to the said commission ; the final understanding with the suzerain power will be sanctioned by a convention concluded by the contracting parties, to be proclaimed by an imperial hatt ; the organisation thus established will be placed under the collective guarantee of the contracting powers. There will be an armed national force, destined to maintain internal order and safety of the frontiers. No impediment shall be opposed (' aucune entrave ne pourra être apportée ') to the extraordinary defensive measures which, with the consent of the Porte, might be taken against any foreign aggression. If the internal order of the Principalities should be menaced, the Porte will concert with the other contracting powers the measures for maintaining or re-establishing the legal order ; no armed intervention can take place without a previous agreement between these powers.

The divans *ad hoc* pronounced themselves nearly unanimously for the union under a foreign prince, and were strongly supported by France. A note of the ' Moniteur ' recalled that the French Government had recommended the union already at the Vienna Conferences of 1855. It hoped that the other powers would accept this solution, which would not only be ' un élément fécond de prospérité pour les populations,' but would form a pledge of security for the suzerain power, and not contravene its rights. This view was strongly backed by a despatch of Count Cavour (September 4, 1856). He declared that the state of the Principalities made a strong government necessary, which could only be established by the union, that the people unanimously desired it, and that even the ' Règlement Organique ' had acknowledged it as desirable ; that the union was further desirable as a bulwark against the ambitions policy of Austria, who, possessing already three millions of Roumanians in Transylvania and the Bukowine, aspired to the annexation of the Principalities—a plan which would be seconded by maintaining two feeble States ; whilst Turkey had nothing to fear from the union of a country separated by the Danube from the heterogeneous populations of Servia and Bulgaria. Russia and Prussia pronounced themselves equally in favour of the union ; but the four were unable to conquer the objections of Turkey, Austria, and England, at the conferences, which were held in Paris from May 22 to August 19, 1858. Lord Cowley acknowledged that the wishes of the population were for the union, but declared that, after having thoroughly examined the question, and having heard the objections of the suzerain power, his government had been led to the conclusion that the union did not answer the purpose which the Congress had in view.

The treaty of August 19, 1858, therefore, maintained the separation under the name of the ' United Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia.' The public powers were entrusted in each Principality to an indigenous hospodar elected for life, and an assembly. The tribute to be paid to the Porte was fixed for each Principality. Both continued to be represented diplomatically by the Porte. There was, however, to be a Supreme Court common to both, and a central commission, consisting of eight members for each Principality, which had to control the revision of the statutes and laws.

The assemblies once established baffled the imposed separation by a clever move, both electing, in February 1859, the same person, Alexander Couza, as hospodar, and after a long struggle the Porte, under reserve of the future, acknowledged the election, ' pour cette fois seulement,' but gave the investiture by two separate firmans. This condition was evidently of no avail ; the unification of the Principalities went on, and in 1866 Couza was set aside by a palace revolution. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was elected hereditary prince. Notwithstanding the watchfulness of Austrian spies, he succeeded in gaining the Roumanian frontier in disguise, with a Swiss passport, and was proclaimed Prince of Roumania. The Porte had again to submit (July 8), although she refused to recognise the name of Roumania. It is to be observed that Prince Gortchakoff actively seconded this change, although he subsequently denounced it as an infringement of the Treaty of Paris, when in 1870 he set aside the neutralisation of the Black Sea.

The aim of Prince Charles was, as he himself avowed on the declaration of independence (May 22, 1877), to break the ill-defined and weak bond which still attached Roumania to the Porte. An important step in this direction was made by the treaty of commerce with Austria, who, under Count Andrassy's lead, relinquished the traditional policy of upholding the rights of the Porte, in order to obtain a better

market for her industry. Roumania could, moreover, with some reason allege that the Principalities had formerly enjoyed the right of concluding commercial conventions,* and after many protests the Porte was again obliged to submit, the three Northern Powers having declared that the convention had no political character. During the troubles in Bosnia and Bulgaria, and the war with Servia, Roumania observed a strict neutrality, and probably wished to maintain it, when the war with Russia drew near. But the appeals which the government, as well as the Porte, addressed to the powers for that purpose received only evasive answers. The rupture becoming imminent, Roumania had to consider her position. If, according to Art. 26 of the Treaty of Paris, the government combined its forces with those of the Porte in order to repel the foreign aggression, as the Porte requested them to do, the country would become the battle-field, and Turkey only offered thirty battalions for this purpose—a force which, united to the Roumanian army, was quite insufficient to stop the Russian invasion. If, on the other hand, Roumania only protested, and let matters go as they might, Russia would dispose at her pleasure of the resources of the country. So there remained only the third course, to make the best possible terms by concluding a convention with Russia. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg had already offered to do so in January by M. de Nelidoff, who was sent for this purpose to Bucharest; but the project he presented contained the ambiguous clause, that Russia would guarantee the integrity of Roumania, 'pour le temps de la guerre,' and the government declined to accept it. But on the eve of the war Russia offered another convention, by which she engaged herself *without reserve to maintain* and to defend the political rights and the *territorial integrity* of the Roumanian State, such as they existed. On this condition the government signed the convention of April 16 for the passage of the Russian troops, in which it was equally agreed that the latter should not touch Bucharest, and would pay for everything.

Roumania was in a difficult position; but it was a doubtful proceeding that the government, after having concluded the convention, answered the request of the Porte to combine with her in the defence by the evasive declaration that a measure of such importance could not be taken without the consent of the Chambers. And scarcely had the government declared, in a circular, that the convention in no way touched the actual relations with Turkey,* when independence was proclaimed. At first things went smoothly enough. Prince Charles was treated with the greatest courtesy by the Emperor and the Grand Dukes as their 'cousin,' and this undoubtedly raised his position in the eyes of his subjects, who remembered how formerly the Russian generals had behaved to the hospodars. The declaration of independence was, however, distasteful to Russia, as she was determined that Roumania should owe everything to her, and the overtures for co-operation were declined. It was otherwise after the first defeat of Plevna, when the Grand Duke Nicholas addressed the following remarkable telegram to Prince Charles:—

'Venez à notre secours. Passez le Danube où vous voulez, comme vous voulez, sous quelles conditions que vous voulez, mais venez à notre secours au plus vite. Les Turcs nous abîment, la cause chrétienne est perdue.'

And the chivalrous Hohenzollern came and saved the Russian army; he proved to the Emperor that it was useless to rush upon Osman's earthworks, which could only be taken by a regular siege. Totleben, who had been put aside, as a German unfit to serve the Slav cause,† was sent for and confirmed this opinion, and the Roumanians, who turned out much better soldiers than it was expected, did signal service in the siege. They did so without the Government having asked any equivalent, not even a confirmation of the guarantee for the integrity of the State, although already in June Prince Gortchakoff had touched the question of the retrocession of Bessarabia, and had offered in exchange a piece of Bulgaria stretching down to Varna, an offer which was positively declined. They little thought how they were to be rewarded for their help. On his way to Adrianople, General Ignatieff called at Bucharest, and now positively declared that the honour of the Emperor required the restitution of that part of Moldavia which had been torn from him by the

* A Prince of Moldavia had concluded in 1588 a treaty of commerce with Queen Elizabeth.

* 'Ces conventions n'ont d'autre caractère politique que celui de nous garantir le *statu quo* pendant la durée de la guerre. Il n'y est question ni d'indépendance ni de résiliation d'aucun de nos liens actuels avec la Turquie. Pas de coopération de notre armée avec l'armée russe; pas d'alliance contre la Turquie.' (Cogalceanu to the Roumanian agent in Vienna, April 29.)

† Totleben, at the beginning of the war, said with a smile, 'The young men will arrange the matter by themselves.' (Die jungen Leute wollen das unter sich abmachen.)

Treaty of Paris ; it was a question of filial piety for him to destroy the badge of Russia's humiliation. Filial piety is undoubtedly an excellent thing, but it has as yet not taken rank among international arguments, and even accepting it as such, it is difficult to understand how it could be put forward, as it was not Nicholas but the present Emperor who ceded that part of Bessarabia in 1856. The Government indignantly protested and asked how such a request was to be reconciled with Russia's guarantee of the integrity of Roumania? Ignatieff replied, that the convention had been concluded in view of the neutrality of Roumania, and that it had ceased to exist since she had become a belligerent party—an argument worthy of Russian diplomacy, which comes to this, that you must respect a neutral, but may plunder a friend. Prince Charles, however, remained firm and positively refused to enter upon any exchange of territory ; the menacing hints of the general, that in 1829 the opposing boyars had been transported to Siberia, fell flat. Roumania consequently fared badly at the Treaty of San Stefano. Colonel Arion, whom the government sent as a plenipotentiary to Adrianople, was not received, everything was settled without him. Art. 5 provides that the Porte acknowledges the independence of Roumania, but Russia does not acknowledge it, evidently because, if she did, it would be still more unjustifiable to dispose of Roumanian territory. Art. 5 further simply states that 'Roumania will present claims for indemnification ;' neither Russia nor the Porte acknowledge these claims. Roumania is left to herself to make them good, and as she possesses no material pledges nor can make war for enforcing such claims, she is thrown upon the good will of Russia. The cession of the Bessarabian part of Moldavia is treated in Art. 19 as something to be merely settled between Russia and the Porte, and so is Art. 8, stipulating that Russia will maintain her military connexion with Bulgaria for two years through Roumania. The convention with the latter of April 16 declared expressly that the passage of the troops was restricted to the duration of the war ; it therefore follows that Russia now considers Roumania as an object to be disposed of according to her pleasure, and that she has therefore deliberately withheld the acknowledgment of the independence. Upon the observation of the Roumanian agent in St. Petersburg, that it was with Roumania, not with Turkey, that Russia should concert for the passage of her army through the Principality, Prince Gortchakoff coolly answered, 'We did not choose to have anything more to do with you on account of your conduct ; it is important you should know that we insist upon a free passage through your country.' He declared further, that the Russian decision on the question of Bessarabia was irrevocable, notwithstanding the clamour both at home and abroad. Russia would not bring this question before the Congress, because it would be an offence to the Emperor ; that, if she could not succeed in making Roumania give in, she would take Bessarabia by force—an armed resistance would be fatal. It appears that the menace of disarming the Roumanian army, which the agent equally mentioned as coming from Gortchakoff, was first pronounced by a Russian general at Bucharest, upon which Prince Charles addressed a letter to the Czar, stating that it might be possible to crush not to disarm the Roumanian army, as long as he was at their head. The Emperor answered civilly that there had been no question of using force against Roumania, *that indeed he could not renounce the fruits of his victories*, but hoped a way for a satisfactory solution might be found at the Congress.

The spirited resistance of the government, backed unanimously by the Chambers, raised general sympathies first in the public, then in the Cabinets, just as the signal perfidy of Russia excited universal indignation. The Minister-President Bratiano went to Vienna and Berlin in order to win the support of Austria and Germany. He said that this was much more a question of water than of land ; the shred of land which was asked was in itself not of much worth, but it was the key to her house which Roumania refused to give up, and which she defended for Austria and Germany equally, for the possession of Bessarabia would make again Russia master of the mouth of the Danube. From the mouth of the Pruth to Tultcha Russia would command the whole river, and would be able to shut it at her pleasure. It was true that, if the Dobrudscha was given to Roumania, she would acquire the dominion of the mouths of Sulina and St. George ; but that was of no use, as Russia could stop the navigation before the bifurcation of the river, and would completely get possession of the northern mouth of Kilia, at present the least used, but in future, perhaps, the most important, because the least exposed to be barred by quicksands. Besides, the strategical position of Roumania would become untenable by this cession, for she could only maintain herself in possession of

the Dobrudscha as long as Russia allowed it, the latter stretching down to the Danube and having Bulgaria in her power.

It does not appear that Bratiano's arguments found much favour at Vienna and Berlin. The Austrian governmental papers maintained that Austro-Hungary had no great interest in maintaining the liberty of the Danube; that, on the contrary, the monarchy had rather lost than gained by the opening of the mouth to large vessels. Formerly, before the Sulina bar was cleared away, Austrian manufacturers supplied Belgrade and Bucharest with goods which these cities now received from England. In 1873 the tonnage frequenting the Sulina was 549,720, of which 178,253 belonged to England; in 1876 the total amount was 748,363, of which England's share was 452,688; not only had England gained an enlarged supply of grain, but Manchester, Sheffield, and Birmingham had been enabled to conquer fresh markets, as was shown by the report of Captain Siborne, the British member of the International Danubian Commission.

Now, whilst fully admitting the paramount importance of the liberty of the Danube for England, this seems to us a very shallow argument, as has been conclusively proved by a memorandum of the Vienna Chamber of Commerce addressed to the Austrian Government. It observes that there has always existed an important traffic between the countries on the Danube and the East; it is not only the Servian and Roumanian markets, but principally those of the Black Sea and of Asia Minor, which are of the greatest importance for Austrian merchants, who were the principal agents of both the import and export trade of the Continent with the East. The future maintenance and development of this trade would be impossible if the communications with the East did not remain free as they were before the outbreak of the war, and this liberty depends upon that of the Danubian navigation, which secures the unimpaired contact of Austro-Hungary with the emporiums of the trade in the Levant. The preliminaries of San Stefano, however, afforded Russia free scope to seize for herself the exclusive dominion over the territories in question, and to transfer to them those exclusive principles of fiscal and commercial policy which she has hitherto pursued in matters of international traffic, and thus to attack Austria's commercial relations in their most vital point. If Austro-Hungary is to maintain her position as a strong Danubian State, she should not shrink from the greatest sacrifices, if such should be necessary, in order to maintain the liberty of her communications with the East. We think these arguments are irrefutable, and what is true of Austria is equally true for Germany. Can it be possible that the strong united Empire should give the lie to the declaration put forward by the former Diet in 1854, 'that it is a general German interest to secure the liberty of the Danubian commerce'?

The war has given us a clear foretaste of what might become of the liberty of the Danube when Russia again becomes a border State of that river. She stopped the whole trade by sinking vessels loaded with stones; she destroyed the buildings belonging to the International Commission, and summarily turned out its members. When Austria and England complained of these proceedings, Prince Gortchakoff promised that Russia after the war would take care to re-establish the *status quo ante;* but the preliminaries left it to the Porte to re-establish the navigability of the Sulina and to indemnify those who had suffered by the interruption of the navigation. For both purposes the Porte is to hand over 500,000 francs of the money which the Danubian Commission owes to her. This sum is, however, quite insufficient for repairing the losses incurred, whilst Turkey in fact ceases to be a Danubian State, and therefore the stipulation of Art. xii., 'The rights and duties of the International Commission of the Lower Danube shall remain untouched,' is a mere phrase. Indeed, she now withdraws from the Commission, and cannot therefore be subject to the charges of it. Even now the state of things is intolerable. The Russians raise tolls, wherever they are established; they erect fortifications of twelve feet at Tultcha where the river can be easily barred; ships loaded with stones stand ready for sinking at Sulina; the storms have damaged the border works, and nobody mends them.

To sum up, Roumania would be an admirable bulwark against Russian encroachment, particularly if Bessarabia, which formed part of Moldavia till 1812, and, notwithstanding a violent Russification, is still inhabited by a majority of Roumanians, could be restored to her. But if this is out of the question for the Congress, she should be at least maintained in her actual condition. Her Government have not always been candid and wise in the late complications, but they have dearly expiated their faults and redeemed them by patriotic resistance to Russia's haughty demands. If Russia appropriates Bessarabia, Roumania will not only lose her natural seaboard and

outlet of commerce, but as a crippled and weak State, harassed by Russian intrigues, she will have no choice but finally to submit to a Russian protectorate ; she will be ground between the two millstones of Russia and Russian Bulgaria. Prince Charles would probably not submit to such a condition of vassalage ; he would resign, and with his departure a new source of trouble would be opened. The liberty of the Danube, in short, would become what it has been before 1853 ; the commission of the border states will be largely modified ; till now Servia and Roumania had only a consultative vote, and their commissioners were to be validated by the Porte ; now Russia and Bulgaria enter and the Porte goes out. The minor states, being in the hands of Russia, can, therefore, outvote Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, yet the cession of Bessarabia was expressly made, as Art. xx. of the Treaty of Paris has it, ' pour mieux assurer la liberté de la navigation du Danube.' It is said that Count Andrassy is inclined to propose another repartition of the votes and the neutralisation of the Lower Danube, which presently only exists at Orsowa and the quarters of the European commission ; but the war has sufficiently shown that this would offer no security, as the river was barred above and beneath the neutralised places. It appears by the last accounts that have reached us that the Congress has resolved to extend the territory conceded to Roumania on the right bank of the Danube as far as Silistria, to cause the demolition of the Danubian fortresses, and to take measures to secure the free navigation of the river. We trust these statements may be true ; but they are all summed up in the word *independence* of the Danubian States. The two most important gains of the Crimean war were the neutralisation of the Black Sea and the cessation of the Russian protectorate and dominion in the Danubian countries. Russia has cancelled the neutralisation clause, and is now trying to do as much as regards the second point. When the Emperor maintains that it is a question of honour for him to wipe out what he considers a blot upon his escutcheon, we should answer that the treasures of blood and money which the Western Powers have spent in resisting the encroachments of his father shall not have been spent in vain, and all the Powers should remember that, in consenting to the spoliation of Roumania, they lay the ground for complications which must produce ever-recurring troubles.

To these limited, though momentous, questions of European policy the foregoing remarks are exclusively directed. At the last moment, we learn by the publication of the Treaty of defensive alliance between Great Britain and the Porte and the British occupation of the island of Cyprus, that Lord Beaconsfield's Asiatic policy has taken a far wider range, and has initiated measures of incalculable gravity, without the previous consent or knowledge of Parliament or the country. But we must reserve what we may have to say on this subject for a future number.

Art. VIII.—*The Gold Mines of Midian and the Ruined Midianite Cities ; a Fortnight's Tour in North-Western Arabia.* By Richard F. Burton, Membre de l'Institut Egyptien. London : 1878.

It is not often that a man nurses a purpose in his heart for five-and-twenty years and then fulfils it ; but this is what has fallen to Captain Burton's lot. In 1853 the secret of gold in Midian was confided to him by one Haji Wali, a genuine Tartar of the Kipchak tribe of the Khirgiz, who was his chance companion at the caravansery at Cairo, before he embarked on the expedition related in his ' Pilgrimage.' One day, it seems, this fortunate pilgrim, the discoverer of a new El Dorado, strolled into the Captain's room and showed him some auriferous sand which he had snatched up in North-Western Arabia while on his return from Mecca. ' I examined it,' says our author, ' with a Stanley lens, and distinctly saw minute dots of gold ; whilst my complete confidence in the honour and honesty of the man forbade the suspicion that he had peppered the stuff by mixing up gold fillings with it.' So there was the gold, and there was the man ; and the reader may ask why the Captain and the Haji did not instantly proceed to the new ' diggings ' in North-Western Arabia and both become millionaires on the spot ? But here the reader makes this enquiry like an ignorant man. Before touching a grain of the gold it was necessary to baffle the Bedawin, who go as wild when they hear the word ' dahab ' (gold) as any burglar in Houndsditch. These robbers, in the Haji's opinion, could only be put off the scent if he and the Captain were to disguise themselves in rags as pauper pilgrims, travel on foot to the spot, and there wash the gold. On that project the Captain threw cold water at

once by remarking that when they had washed a few pounds of gold the Bedawin would be down upon them with their *auri sacra fames*, and cut the washers' throats. 'Why,' he said, 'could they not go as "Effendis," one a merchant and the other a doctor?' On which the Haji drily observed that they might go as 'Effendis,' but only with a regiment of foot at their backs. As Captain Burton declined to have his throat cut as a pauper digger, and as in those days he could not carry a regiment of foot at his back, the whole project fell to the ground, and nothing remained of it but the secret of gold in Midian, deep-seated in the memory of both.

Had the knowledge of these treasures, within easy reach of the long hand of the Khedive, rested with Haji Wali alone, it would probably have passed away and died with him, like the secrets of many other gold-seekers. The Haji was getting old, and besides he had already, after his discovery in 1849, shown his double-handful of Midianitish sand to an assayer, who extracted gold from it. But though he went to the highest authorities in Egypt, with a bit of gold half the size of a grain of wheat in his hand, he was met with the philosophic reply that Egypt did not want gold, and that her crops were her gold. When the Haji heard this *dictum* he ceased to think about his discovery; and up to last year no one had reaped anything by it but the poor *shisnaji*, or assayer, who got his death by it, for he rushed off in search of the lucky spot, and died in those diggings, probably, Captain Burton tells us, murdered by the Bedawin. But the resolute nature of the other possessor of the secret was not daunted either by early failures or the lapse of time. In Captain Burton's mind the gold in Midian grew and grew, like the fabulous hoard in Northern story, on which the mighty dragon brooded and slept. As soon, indeed, as he heard Haji Wali's story he called on the then British Consul in Cairo, and requested him to represent the matter to Abbas Pasha; but that official, whom the outspoken Captain does not scruple to brand as an 'obstructive,' contented himself by declaring that 'gold was becoming too common,' a sapient opinion which, though it may be entertained by consuls and other capitalists, is certainly not shared by ordinary men, producing much the same effect on their minds as when they read in the City articles of newspapers that 'money is a drug in the market.' With this rebuff the adventurous Burton was as much disgusted as when a Secretary of State refused to appoint him a governor on the West Coast of Africa, and to assist him with half a West Indian regiment that he might open up some most valuable diggings in that very salubrious portion of the globe. It is very provoking, of course, to enthusiastic explorers like Captain Burton to find consuls and Secretaries of State so tied and bound by official red tape; but it must be remembered that those public servants have a very wholesome fear of 'My Lords' of the Treasury before their eyes, which obliges them to sit down and count the cost of such magnificent undertakings, and to refuse them politely or otherwise if they consider that the game is not worth the lights under which it is played.

At last, as in the old times in Egypt there came a king who made much of Joseph, so in these modern times, but not till a quarter of a century had passed, came a Viceroy or Khedive who had a soul above red tape, and whose financing has on many occasions been so splendid as to make the hair of My Lords in Downing Street stand on end at his audacity. It is true that Haji Wali was now eighty years of age, and that Captain Burton's hair was grizzled with many wanderings over the face of the earth; but what of that? There in his inmost soul still glowed the secret of gold in Midian, and now in the Saturnian time of Ismail Pasha came the glorious opportunity of fulfilling his long-harboured purpose. To make a long story short, let us say that he came to Cairo, and disclosed his secret and his purpose to the authorities. The Khedive was eager both for fame and gold, and so much taken with Captain Burton's proposals that, on March 25, 1877, his Highness formally requested Captain Burton to lead an exploring party, or rather an expedition, to the place where the metallic sand had been gathered by the Haji. 'Refusal,' says our author, 'was out of the question.' A Government vessel was promised for Thursday the 29th, and was actually ready on Saturday the 31st. The Captain was now backed as powerfully as when the Haji dreamt of invading Midian as 'Effendis' with a regiment of foot, or as when Burton dared to ask a Secretary of State for half a West Indian regiment to work the Ashantee diggings. If this was not high finance, it was at any rate very magnificent both on the part of the Khedive and of the Captain.

But all this time where was Haji Wali, who was indispensable as a guide? When Captain Burton last saw him, he was a Persian subject trading in Cairo. Then he had placed himself under Russian protection, and became a broker at 'Zagazig.' Now

do not let any reader dare to say that he knows where Zagazig is. No candidate for a competitive examination would know it, and why should he? In pity for his ignorance, which we must confess we shared with him till Captain Burton enlightened us, we will tell him. Zagazig is the capital of the Sharkiyyeh, one of the largest cotton districts in the Nile valley. It is the ancient Bubastis—is a junction for five lines of railway, with a population of 30,000 souls, and contains thirteen ginning factories. There, having attained the patriarchal age of eighty, Haji Wali was reposing with his three wives and four young children, little thinking of gold or Burton. But the eye of the indefatigable Captain was upon him. Mr. Clarke, the Director of Telegraphs, had ferreted him out, and almost before the old pilgrim knew where he was, Captain Burton swooped down on him from Cairo and carried him off by train to Suez to serve as his guide in the golden land. When they parted in 1854, the Haji was a man of about forty-five, with a large round head, a bull neck, and sturdy limbs; his features, handsome; his face, beaming with benevolence. Now, at eighty, his figure had become stouter and the face more leonine. 'We embraced with effusion,' says the Captain. Though it was a wrench for the old fellow to leave his wives and babes, all difficulties were smoothed down by the assurance that his expenses were to be paid, and that his family were to be supported during his absence. It was characteristic of the man that he began by charging his donkey's hire for the day, 'a hint his ancient thrifty habits had not deserted him.'

At Suez Captain Burton met M. Marie, a French civil engineer in the service of the Khedive, and several officers of engineers in the army of his Highness. The Governor of Suez was ordered to pay the adventurers every attention, and on the 31st these officers, together with the Captain and the Haji, attended by one Marius Isnard as cook and Antonin Rosse as scullion, taking with them many creature comforts, embarked on board his Highness's corvette 'Sinnar,' armed with Armstrong guns and carrying a crew of 120 men. Her captain, Ali Bey Shukri, is not only an excellent sailor, but a very good fellow, and, in a word, we may say that the Khedive had done his best to make the expedition as perfect as possible. The reader must bear in mind that the Peninsula of Sinai is bounded on either side by the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah, after which the Red Sea proper begins. Passing down the former gulf through the Straits of Jobal and the *inter fames scopulos* of the Island of Shadwan, where lie the bones of many a good ship, the 'Sinnar' made for Mowileh on the north-west coast of the Red Sea, and thus completed her run of 220 miles from Suez. The adventurers had reached the golden shores of Midian, and had now only to land and take seizin of its treasures. As the corvette steamed into the dangerous roadstead, the Governor was in agonies of terror, and when her gig was lowered to bring him on board, he thought the corvette had come to take his head at the very least. His joy was so great on hearing that all 'that was demanded of him was camels,' that it brought on an attack of cholera, from which, we are happy to add, he speedily recovered. 'In the name of the Prophet, camels!' was the cry of the adventurers; but camels were not to be had for three days or more, because all the Bedawin were at that season 'fauk'—that is to say, up the country. As the duration of the expedition was limited to a fortnight, this slice off of it of three days was serious, but Captain Burton spent it in requisitioning two 'sambuks,' or native craft, for the expedition northward along the coast. On April 3 M. Marie and Captain Burton, two engineer officers and ten soldiers, started in one of these boats for Aynúnah at the mouth of one of those 'wadys' or valleys watered by streams which are met with all along the coast issuing from the barren mountains of North-Western Arabia, which recede from the coast fringed by an arid waste of sand, except where these streams fertilise it as they trickle to the sea. On April 4 they landed at Wady Aynúnah and spent four days, awaiting the camels, which were to meet them there under the care of Haji Wali, and inspecting the ruins.

On this, the oldest mining station seen by the expedition in Midian, Captain Burton dwells at some length, as it is typical of all the rest. That these and other remarkable mining ruins have hitherto passed unnoticed by travellers and pilgrims to Mecca, he ascribes to the fact that the Bedawin would rob and murder any straggler from the caravans who might turn aside up these 'wadys' to indulge his archæological tastes. In Aynúnah proper, that is on the site of the old town on the seashore, are found the remains of structures of hewn stone embedded in excellent mortar, and the ground is strewn with fragments of glass, iridescent in tint, like the old Roman. After traversing a distance of from two to five miles of foreshore, an old sea cliff is reached, broken at various places along the coast by *babs* or gates, through which the water of the stream

flows. At Aynúnah the gate is about 200 metres wide, and has been evidently dammed or banked up in old times to form an upper lake for washing the golden sand and to supply an aqueduct which brought water to the town on the shore. What had been this upper lake is now overgrown with palms and other vegetation, and at three several places up the wady were found piles of ruins, which Captain Burton identifies as the abodes of the ancient miners, slaves of course, and the soldiers who guarded them. Still further up the valley lay the *afran*, or smelting furnaces, a double row of ovens in the shape of parallelograms of burnt tile, measuring a yard and a half by a yard. All over the place lay slag and scoriæ, specimens of which were carefully collected for laboratory analysis. While the Egyptian engineer officers made a plan of the place, Captain Burton and M. Marie dug into the *afran*. 'They yielded,' he says, 'no results, but the ground all about was scattered with bricks, in shape resembling the European, and with fire-bricks partially fused and vitrified.' Such is Aynúnah, 'the Fountain of Water,' and when you have seen it and its ruins, you have seen all the rest of the old mining remains in Midian. The first glance at it convinced Captain Burton that it was in vain to expect the wealth of nuggets which the ancient Greeks described as varying between the size of an olive-stone and a walnut. Midian has been long rifled of her surface gold. She is still wealthy, according to our author, but to win her treasures machinery must take the place of the human arm.

On the 7th of April the caravan of camels and dromedaries straggled in under Shaykh Hasan Ibn Selim, of the Beni-Ukbal tribe. It is well known to readers of Captain Burton's works that no love is lost between him and the camel. To him the 'Ship of the Desert,' the so-called 'generous and patient' animal, is a peevish, ill-conditioned brute, cold and awkward when young, and when old vicious and vindictive. Our author has ridden them long, and never, except in one instance of a baby camel, could rise to any affection for them. But then camels are a necessity in North-Western Arabia, and like many other unsavoury and unpleasant things in life, have to be made the best of, just because they are a necessity. We are not naturalists enough to know the difference in temper between a camel and a dromedary; perhaps they may resemble each other in this respect just as an alligator is like a crocodile, and a solicitor an attorney; but we note that for Captain Burton the largest of the dromedaries, a good stepper, but a rough old beast, was set apart. Mr. Clarke, who also accompanied the expedition and came with the caravan, had got 'a cropper from his beast,' which only barked his head and arm. As for the old Haji, as he dismounted and waddled to the tents, he exclaimed to Captain Burton, 'Thou art resolved to be the death of me,' but he was soon restored to life and good humour by an abundance of bitter beer. In all the caravan required fifty camels, for each of which they paid twelve piastres a day, at the rate of from 18 to 20 piastres to the dollar. Hitherto that portion of the expedition under Captain Burton had been attended by the Huwaytat tribe; but as no Bedawin tribe will act in harmony or even travel together with another, the Beni Ukbal, who had brought the camels, were sent about their business, with backsheesh, a present of tobacco, and a letter of praise to the commandant of Mowileh. The Beni Huwaytat remained with the expedition.

After the discoveries made at Aynúnah there was no need of Haji Wali as a guide. The mineral wealth of Midian was to be found in every 'wady,' and Captain Burton was now his own guide. He first thought of marching with the whole caravan for Mugharat Shuayb, the station near which the old pilgrim found his golden sand; but M. Marie was strong for following up the Aynúnah Wady to the mountains to ascertain whence the quartz worked by the ancient miners was derived. The Haji, therefore, with Marius, the cook, who, though good at his art, was anything but good in roughing it, and ten soldiers under a lieutenant, were left behind at Aynúnah, while Captain Burton started on April 9 for the mountains. A march of four hours brought them to the foot of the hill Zahd, 6,000 feet high, the gorges of which they explored, camping for the night at the Wady el Morek. On the second day the caravan took form and shape. Between 3 and 4 A.M. the scullion, Antonin, a very useless creature, was called up to make tea and coffee. After an hour or two spent in packing the camels the dromedaries came up, and a start was made for the next station. Breakfast prepared overnight was consumed at 11 o'clock, consisting of a long draught of *Laban*, or soured camel's milk, eked out with the mutton of the Huwaytat, better than the finest venison. During the heat of the day they rested, and in the afternoon collected specimens and explored the country. At sundown they dined and passed the evening and part of the night in chat with the Bedawin. In that pure desert air their slumbers were slight but very re-

freshing. On April 10 they took a line for the White Mountain on the south-east, skirting the Zahd mountain. In the course of the day they found pure chloride of lead and much quartz, and Mr. Clarke discovered an inscribed stone, which he carried off in triumph, but which yet remains to be deciphered, after puzzling the heads of four of the most learned philologists of Germany. We hope when that feat has been accomplished it may not turn out to be like that famous inscription in the 'Antiquary.' During the afternoon they ascended the White Mountain and erected a stone man on the top. On the descent M. Marie cried out that he had made a discovery in the shape of a vein, which they at once named '*le grand filon.*' It was from a yard and a half to two yards wide, and at a distance resembled porphyry, 'while much of it had a pavonine [i.e., "peacocky"] lustre like the argentiferous galena of North America.' The great weight suggested one mass of metal, and part of it had evidently been worked. But, alas, if it had been 'worked' at all, this *grand filon* contained no gold. On the return of the expedition to Cairo it was assayed both by the wet and the dry process. But wet or dry no gold came out of it. It proved to be a highly composite formation of ten metals, the base being titaniferous iron in the proportion of 86.50 per cent.; but, so far from its being argentiferous galena, there was only a trace of silver, one in a thousand parts, in the whole mass. Still, as iron, in these iron times it would be worth something if it could be worked. On his return Captain Burton proposed to the Khedive an immediate start for the *grand filon*, with guncotton and dynamite and a body of engineers. Then they would blow up the vein in tons, and if they could only coax those brutes of camels to carry it down to the sea, they would bring it in triumph to Cairo and astonish the world by the mass of Midianitish metal. But just then the Turkish war broke out; the Khedive's engineers were wanted elsewhere, and he very wisely thought the *grand filon* might wait for a more prosperous position of affairs.

But on that glorious night of April 10, 1877, who thought of trouble or expense in Captain Burton's camp at the foot of the White Mountain? Had they not found one inscription and the *grand filon?* and when they had ceased to talk over the value of that vein, did they not receive a fillip in the shape of a midnight scare, when their Bedawin thought that the Beni Somethings, their hereditary enemies, were coming down to cut all their throats, and got out their swords and daggers to cut theirs in return? Fortunately the hostile tribe never came, and so they sheathed their swords and daggers, and were able to snatch a little rest after that alarm. On the morning of the 11th they took a last fond look at the *grand filon* —which we really think after it turned out such a cheat should be rechristened *le grand filou*—and turned westward towards the Red Sea. Mounted on his dromedary Captain Burton exulted in the freedom of the desert, in the brilliancy of the sky, and in the purity of the air. The sunrise was of surpassing wildness; the giant hills wore gorgeously-tinted gala robes, and the nostrils of the caravan were filled with 'the fragrant vegetation of the desert, 'small and dainty as that of Iceland, and filling the liberal air with its lavish odours.' If a man mounted on a Syrian dromedary did not feel himself like Rufus Choate, 'a child of freedom and a child of nature,' in such a scene as that, he would have been quite unworthy to accompany Captain Burton in his explorations. The next day they reached Wady Sharma, another ancient smelting place, after a march of 16 miles. Thence Mr. Clarke and some Bedawin were sent to bring up the Haji Wali and the rest of the caravan from Aynúnah while Captain Burton and M. Marie inspected the ruins of Wady Sharma, which they found to present much the same features as those of Aynúnah. The next day's march brought them to another wady, rejoicing in the name of Tiryam, and very like the others, except that it was now waterless, though there are abundant signs of water floods in the days of old. Soon after they had breakfasted the remainder of the caravan came up from Aynúnah. Along with the rest Haji Wali rode with all the air and spirit of a middle-aged man. He 'nakh'd' his dromedary; that is, he made it kneel as he dismounted, and, according to Captain Burton, 'he carried his baggy galligaskins with a *jarret tendu.*' He was in excellent spirits, for he had heard of their 'good fortune,' and no longer feared to return with 'a black face' to his family. Beer, we believe, is not forbidden in the Koran, but if it is, the prohibition had no terrors for the old Hadji; he drank beer at the rate of two bottles a day, and declared that it suited his constitution. Altogether he was so light-hearted that he talked of marrying a fourth wife. After his return to Zagazig we are told he was reticent both as to his beer and to his matrimonial intentions.

After inspecting the ruins at Wady Tiryam the caravan made for El Muwaylah, as Captain Burton calls Mowileh of the map,

and found the corvette lying safe at anchor off the fort. They were received with 'all the effusion which their success deserved.' The officers of the corvette had done little in the way of collecting specimens; but a fine specimen of free gold in a water-rolled specimen of porphyritic greenstone had been found. According to local tradition it had been long lying about the fort. As it was, it was eagerly seized, and at present adorns the Museum of the Princesses in Cairo, the only specimen of gold which was found in that fortnight's expedition in the land of gold. On their return to the corvette the sailors gave them a 'Fantasia,' the broad humour of which completely threw into the shade the freaks of Neptune and crossing the line as displayed under the discipline of a British man-of-war. The chief actor was a clown from a circus in Alexandria, who had been condemned to serve in the navy for riotous behaviour. It was narrated on board the 'Sinnar' that the captain of the corvette once hanged him up by his heels for an hour without the least prejudice to his health or to his good-humour.

Next morning they sailed in the corvette south on the discovery of a mine of turquoises, like those which led to the ruin of the unfortunate Major Macdonald, nicknamed 'the King of Sinai,' who, though beggared by the pursuit, actually did discover a perfect stone 'about the size of a hen's egg;' which we may remark, by the way, is nothing to one which may now be seen in the British Museum, and which was looted out of the Summer Palace at Pekin. Arriving at Burj Ziba, the Zibber of the charts, the corvette was moored in a dreadfully foul bay, and there the explorers landed amongst heaps of Red Sea fish of all hues and shapes, so that Burton expected to behold the lovely maiden of the 'Arabian Nights' calling them to their duty. But, though the fish were beautiful, they could hear nothing about turquoise mines at Zibber, and so on April 15 the 'Sinnar' steamed out of that horrible harbour, and, passing El Muwaylah, anchored for the night in a snug cove on the western side of Senafir Island, which may be found on the map not far from the Straits of Tiran, at the mouth of the Gulf of Akabah, an inlet, as we have already said, which forms the western limit of the Peninsula of Sinai. Next day they steamed through the strait and entered the gulf so terrible to Arab ears. In their imaginations it fills the place of the Maelstrom in Norway and the Pentland Firth in Scotland. They were bound for Makna, at the mouth of the wady of that name, on which an ancient city was built, which Captain Burton identifies as the capital of Midian. There the corvette landed them, and then steamed off to safer quarters on the west of the gulf. At Makna they remained a day or two prospecting in the wady, which was evidently the seat of ancient mining works. Besides fancy specimens intended for the Khedive, the expedition carried away for analysis eight boxes of metalliferous quartz, greenstone, porphyry, basalt, syenite, and chloritic slate; besides fourteen water-bags of granite and other gravels. Add to these twelve baskets of sand for laboratory works, and the fact, attested by Captain Burton, that almost every stone broken contained spots or lines of mineral, and that even the 'hard black and porous basalt on the shore showed silvery streaks, which upon analysis proved to be free gold;'—add all these together, and if the reader does not believe, in the face of all this evidence, that Midian is the Land of Ophir, and that in it, if properly explored, the Khedive has the means, not only to relieve himself of his present difficulties, but to retain what must be a handsome balance for himself—why, then, he must be one of the most incredulous of men.

The 18th of April found the corvette steaming out of the Gulf of Akabah, proudly freighted with the spoil of ancient Midian. Sailing under a cloudless sky, or, if there were any clouds, clouds all *couleur de rose*, the adventurers wrote their reports and pounded their specimens, even borrowing the mercury from the captain's artificial horizon to form an amalgam for the golden dust. On Saturday, the 21st of April, they took leave of the 'Sinnar' and her gallant crew, landed at Suez, and sent off a telegram to the Viceroy announcing '*succès complet*' and demanding a special train, which was at once graciously granted them. When they reached Zagazig the Haji Wali, despite a drenching shower of rain—a phenomenon less frequent in Egypt than it has been this summer in London—rushed off to his wives and children after taking the shortest of leaves. Having arrived at his home, he was so bullied by his friends for having confided such a secret to the Franks, and so laughed at for allowing them to monopolise all the profits, that he dashed up to Cairo and caused an 'infinity of trouble.' In strange contradiction to the valuable specimens which were added to the treasures of the Khedive, the old man distributed at Zagazig to his cronies 'as presents of great price, valueless bits of quartz.' Perhaps, too, the Haji felt that

he had not filled so prominent a place in the expedition as he had expected. As for Captain Burton himself, having presented his report to the Khedive, he was received and thanked by his Highness, with a promise that a more 'serious' exploration of ancient Midian should be undertaken in the spring of the present year. On that second expedition Captain Burton embarked a month or two ago, just before the publication of the present volume. In its concluding pages he claims not only to have proved the existence of gold in the North Arabian peninsula, but to have discovered vast deposits of iron in manifold shapes, thus confirming the biblical accounts of the gold, silver, brass, iron, tin, and the lead taken by the Israelites from the Midianites, and adding to them zinc, antimony, and wolfram or tungsten. More than this: that sixteen days' tour showed that the ancient Midian, far from being the howling wilderness which it now presents, was of old well watered and wooded, with large cities and tall castles on the seaboard, which now are ruinous heaps. That area, of some three thousand square miles, which some 'thirty-one centuries ago could send into the field 135,000 horsemen, is abandoned to a few hundreds of a mongrel Egypto-Bedawin race, half peasants, half nomads, whose only objects in life are to plunder, maim, and murder one another.' To which last sentence we may say that we should not so much object were it not that, besides cutting their own throats, under which process they seem to thrive like laurels, the Bedawin of North-Western Arabia are equally accomplished in cutting the throats of all pilgrims, strangers, and travellers who may fall into their clutches.

This, no doubt, is a terrible state of things; but still, if throats are to be cut anywhere, we do not see why it should not be in North-Western Arabia. As a distinguished philanthropist once said, when he heard that a hundred thousand negroes had been swallowed up by an earthquake in Hayti: 'Well! if men are to be so swallowed up by earthquakes, I would rather that it happened in Hayti than in England.' No civilised man is bound to go to Midian, and if he goes there he carries his head in his hand. Captain Burton is evidently not of this opinion; he is full of his discovery of these sites of ancient civilisation, and he thinks that 'under the progressive and civilising rule of Egypt, which may now be said to have entered into the community of European nations, the Khedive has only to speak the word and Midian will awake from her long and deadly lethargy.' Such is the glorious future which an ardent enthusiast has constructed on the ruins of three or four old mining-establishments on a line of coast about eighteen geographical miles in extent. But it is not so evident that, even supposing gold to exist in the mountain ranges of that barren coast, it can be found in such abundance as to repay the cost of producing it. Iron, the expedition seems really to have discovered; but it cannot have escaped the observation of so old a traveller as Captain Burton that metals and other minerals exist in enormous quantities in many parts of the world, and yet are impossible to be worked on the score of expense. Let him remember the pure native copper on the shores of Lake Superior, the iron of Lapland, and even his own old favourites, the palagonite tuff and the virgin sulphur of Iceland, and he will readily conceive that the titaniferous iron of the *grand filon*, on the White Mountain in Midian, may be very abundant, and yet in such a position as to afford no profit to the worker. As to the proposal that the Khedive should undertake that onerous duty, we should be glad to learn what Mr. Rivers Wilson, his Highness's new Finance Minister, has to say to it. The Khedive has certainly brought Egypt into the 'community of European nations,' but hitherto only by incurring such enormous liabilities as to be unable to pay his way except under foreign tutelage. And now we take leave of a very amusing book, which, if it does not record the discovery of gold in Midian, we sincerely hope will cause a considerable amount of that metal to pass into the pockets of our veteran explorer. We anxiously await the confirmation of Captain Burton's discoveries as the result of the second 'serious' expedition; but in gold mining, above all other pursuits, it is well to remember the proverb 'All is not gold that glitters.'

Art. IX.—*A History of Greece from the Conquest by the Romans to the Close of the War of Independence.* By George Finlay. Seven vols. 8vo. Republished by the Clarendon Press. Oxford: 1877.*

In November 1823, two years after the outbreak of the Greek rebellion and four years before the battle of Navarino, the island of Cephalonia, which was then under British

* The last two volumes of the previous edition, containing the history of the Greek Revolution since 1821, were reviewed in vol. cxvii. (p. 293) of this Journal. We therefore confine our present remarks to the previous volumes.

protection, was the gathering-place for a motley company of Philhellenes. There was Lord Byron, just arrived from Italy, helping the insurgents freely both with money and with counsel ; there were officers from Germany, doctors from England, and financial agents from Greece eager to negotiate a loan on behalf of the new State. To them entered, after a six weeks' voyage from Venice to Zante, a young Scotchman —Scotch by extraction, though English by the accident of birth—who, in the course of his studies for the bar, had resided for some time at Göttingen, and there, while intending to read Roman Law, had been secretly and almost unconsciously falling in love with Greek liberty. The magnetic influence of Philhellenism was all over Europe in that year, in the class-rooms at Göttingen as well as in Lord Byron's *palazzo ;* and this young law-student, though his favourite study seems to have been rather political economy than the classics, had felt it too, and, drawn by its subtle attraction, found himself one of that strangely assorted group in the island of Cephalonia. His name was George Finlay, and he was destined not to win fame or fortune in the Parliament House of Edinburgh, nor yet to distinguish himself by any dashing exploits in the War of Independence, but to make a contribution of lasting value to literature, as the cold, learned, slightly sarcastic historian of the Hellenic nation under foreign domination.

Sir Charles Napier, the future conqueror of Scinde, was then British Resident, in other words virtually governor, in Cephalonia. Individually he was friendly to the cause of Greek liberation ; but certain proprieties had to be observed towards an allied and friendly government like that of the Sublime Porte. Moreover, there was over Napier a somewhat despotic Lord High Commissioner, Sir Thomas Maitland, otherwise called King Tom, who was very much disposed to insist that these proprieties should not be violated, and who was by no means certain not to make his authority felt even by Lord Byron himself. So, as an offering to Nemesis, the German officers and young Finlay were ordered to quit the island in the same boat which had brought the Greek deputies, intent on the negotiation of their loan. A terrific storm arose just as the boat, in the thick November night, was leaving the port of Argostoli, the capital of Cephalonia. Fortunately the boatmen, who were timid sailors, put back to another Cephalonian creek for safety. When day dawned amidst torrents of rain, Finlay saw on the shore the figure of Napier mounted on horseback and muffled in a shaggy Suliote capote. He had passed the night in an agony of apprehension lest the boat sent off by his orders should have gone down in that terrible storm, as she certainly must have done had she held on her course for Zante. 'Now,' he shouted to them through the buffets of the tempest, 'you may bring back your boat to Argostoli, and I shall go to bed.' In a couple of days the wind abated, and Finlay, with his portmanteau, but without a servant, and with a very scanty knowledge of any of the languages spoken in the country, was landed on the shore of Greece.

The thirteen months which he spent in Greece from November 1823 to December 1824 were chiefly important by reason of two friendships which he formed. At Athens he met Frank Abney Hastings, to whom he became warmly attached, whose fortunes he followed in the War of Liberation, and who is almost the only one of the Philhellene leaders of whom he speaks in terms of unqualified praise. At Missolonghi, where he spent two months, he was in almost daily companionship with Lord Byron, who was then drilling his little band of Suliotes, endeavouring to reconcile the discordant factions of Mavrocordatos and Odysseus, and directing the repair of the fortifications of Missolonghi. Finlay quotes with a little inward chuckle the remark made by Mr. Parry in his 'Last Days of Lord Byron,' that the poet 'wasted too much of his time in conversation with Mr. Finlay and such light and frivolous persons.' From Finlay's history of this period it appears that already during the few months of Lord Byron's connexion with the cause of the Greeks he had suffered considerable disenchantment as to the character of the insurgent leaders, though he still admired the brave and independent spirit of the people. One chief urgently invited his lordship to Salamis. Another chief told him he would be of no use anywhere but in the island of Hydra. A third was sure that Greece would be ruined unless he remained at Missolonghi. A fourth, more plain-spoken, was sure that Greece would be saved if Lord Byron would lend him a thousand pounds. The poet himself wrote to a friend : 'Of the Greeks I can't say much good hitherto, and I do not like to speak ill of them, though they do of each other.'

At what time the same feeling of disenchantment crept over Finlay himself it would be difficult to say. He sometimes writes as if he had shared it with Byron at the very outset of his own career ; but when we look at the story of his life we feel that this can hardly have been so. Having sickened with fever, he left Greece in December 1824,

passed the summer and winter of 1825 in Scotland, and resumed his training for the Scottish bar. An invitation, however, from his friend Hastings to go out with him to Greece in his steamer the 'Kartereia' ('Perseverance') decided him finally to relinquish the legal profession and to devote his energies to the great work of assisting in the liberation of Greece. Surely he must have been still a Philhellene when he took this resolution, however the chagrins and disappointments of later life may have been read into the history of his youth when he surveyed it after an interval of nearly forty years.

As to Finlay's share in the dangers and glories of Captain Hastings's expedition to Greece he is modestly silent. When it was ended, and when Greece was recognised as an independent state, he resolved to settle in the country.

'I believe,' he says, 'that its many advantages would enable the Greeks to show the world that an unlimited command of uncultivated soil in the Old World is just as much an element of national prosperity as in the New World. I hoped to aid in putting Greece into the road that leads to a rapid increase of production, population, and material improvement. I purchased a landed estate in Attica when the Turks were allowed to sell their property, and when at last (after a long period of hope deferred) order seemed to be established under King Otho, I engaged in farming, and endeavoured to improve my property. I lost my money and my labour, but I learned how the system of tenths has produced a state of society, and habits of cultivation, against which one man can do nothing. I did not feel any disposition to farm tenths, and buy up agricultural produce by advances to the peasantry, which are the only means of carrying on farming operations with profit at any distance from the sea.'

In the year 1850, Finlay's name was brought somewhat prominently before the world, the high-handed proceedings of Lord Palmerston against Greece being partly founded upon a long-standing claim of our historian against the government at Athens. A portion of this land had been enclosed by King Otho in his garden, and it was impossible to obtain redress for this injustice in the Greek courts of law. At the same time, M. Pacifico, an English subject, 'whose name was curiously inappropriate to the manner of his sole appearance in history,' set up a claim for compensation for injuries done to his property by a mob against which the police had failed to protect him. Eventually, after the appearance of some British ships of war in the Greek waters, the affair was settled by Mr. Finlay's receiving 1,200*l.* compensation and M. Pacifico about 5,300*l.* The whole affair would have sunk into oblivion but for the memorable 'Pacifico debate' on the policy of Lord Palmerston, in which Sir Robert Peel uttered his last words in Parliament.

From 1843 to 1861 Finlay was engaged in publishing the successive volumes of his 'History of the Greeks under Foreign Domination, and of the Greek Revolution.' From 1864 to 1870 he was the correspondent of the 'Times' at Athens, and at various periods, from 1842 onwards, he contributed articles to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' the 'Saturday Review,' and other periodicals. He does not appear to have visited England later than 1854. He died at Athens on the 26th of January, 1876, having just completed his seventy-sixth year.

The whole series of his historical works, which had been revised by him in 1863, and subsequently continued in manuscript to 1864, has now been republished by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The task of editing them has been entrusted to the Rev. H. F. Tozer, author of 'Researches in the Highlands of Turkey,' and one of the very few men competent to correct even Finlay's statements with reference to the ethnography of the district between the Adriatic and the Ægean. The editor's work has been thoroughly well done, and the whole book is one of which English scholarship may be justly proud. We regret that the few illustrations and yet fewer maps which appeared in the original work have been entirely withdrawn from this edition. We would rather have seen the number of the latter greatly augmented. Few authors require from their reader more constant reference to a good map than Finlay; and just now a map illustrating the geographical distribution of Ottomans, Slavonians, Greeks, and Albanians, in the country which it is the fashion to call 'the Balkan Peninsula,' would have been as useful as the celebrated map annexed by General Ignatieff to the Treaty of San Stefano.

Finlay's own estimate of the future success of his works was far too desponding. We quote a few more sentences from the autobiographical fragment from which we have already made some extracts:—

'When I had wasted in farming as much money as I possessed, I turned my attention to, study, and planned writing a true history of the Greek Revolution, in such a way as to exhibit the condition of the people. I wished to make it useful to those who come after us. It grew gradually into the history of Greece under foreign domination and the history of the Greek Revolution. I have hardly been more successful in my writings than in my farming. I fear I may say

'"I am one the more
To baffled millions who have gone before."

I am declining into the vale of years, and there is now nothing left for me but to walk along calmly and quietly. Declining health as well as age have deprived me of energy not less than activity, and I trifle away my hours in my library.'

But already this melancholy verdict upon the fruit of his literary labours has been reversed in his favour by the scholars of Germany as well as of England. Till Finlay wrote, it might fairly be objected to the historical students, at any rate of our own country, that they showed a strange inequality of interest in the fortunes of the Hellenic people at different epochs of their existence. 'Of all Greek history,' it might be said, 'previous to the battle of Chæronea, you are determined to know, if possible, more than the Greeks themselves. To throw a fresh light on the ethnic affinities of the Dolopes or the Leleges, has been considered occupation enough for a lifetime. Whole treatises have been written on the order of the Dionysiac festivals and the names of the Athenian months. The sixth-form boy at a public school has known more about the Peace of Antalcidas than about the Peace of Westphalia, about the expedition to Syracuse than about the American War of Independence. And yet, like fair-weather friends, you have been content to drop the acquaintance of this marvellous Hellenic nation as soon as their fortunes declined. You knew, indeed, just so much of later Grecian history as enabled you to follow with your fickle applause the conquering fortunes of Rome, but then the knowledge of the average English student came to an end. The inner life, and most of the external vicissitudes also of the Greek race, from Sulla's sack of Athens to Byron's landing at Missolonghi, have been a sealed book to most of you.'

From this reproach Finlay's labours have rescued the scholarship of our country. Like a romantic wooer, he devotes himself to Hellas precisely when she becomes portionless. He asks himself, as each succeeding wave of conquest sweeps over Eastern Europe, 'How fared it with the Greeks under these new masters?' The effects upon them of the domination of Rome, of Constantinople, of the Crusaders, of the Venetians, of the Turks, are discussed with unwearied patience and industry, with the learning which is attainable by a man who has not the social attractions of a great capital to divert his attention, and with a bias towards the economic and juristic aspects of history, which is no doubt due to his early studies at Edinburgh and at Göttingen.

For more than a thousand years the stream of Finlay's narrative runs parallel to that of Gibbon, and strenuously as he himself would have deprecated any appearance of rivalry with the great historian, it is impossible not to compare them. The two works are not only unlike; they are almost complementary one to another. Gibbon's conception and arrangement of his history are essentially artistic. Finlay seems scarcely to apprehend that a good history is a work of art at all. Each one of Gibbon's chapters, as a rule, is complete in itself, and has an epic unity of subject. Finlay's chapters are often mere lengths cut out of his volume, and might be made twice as long or half as long without affecting the internal arrangement of the book. Gibbon's narrative, whenever he has to do with action, is concise, rapid, and spirited. There is life and colour in every page, and the reader, even when most provoked by the affectation of the style, still follows the author and wants to hear the end of his story. Finlay's historical narrative, we must admit, is too often heavy. He does not make his reader feel with sufficient vividness the personality of the actors, or the features of the landscape through which they are moving. Abstracts of campaigns are with him, as with so many others of his brethren of the craft, too often but an opiate. But on the other hand, in that far more important part of the historian's office, the enquiry into the internal condition of a people, their institutions, their social relations, and their domestic life, he is, we think, decidedly superior to Gibbon. We miss the element of human sympathy in the imperial panorama. Finlay, on the other hand, writes of the inner history of the Greek nations and of the nations by which its fate was moulded, out of the fulness both of knowledge and of interest. His studies in jurisprudence and political economy enable him to tread with firmer step than Gibbon through the obscurities of bygone systems of law and finance, and it is astonishing how even his cold unpicturesque style changes when he begins to describe the details of daily life, for instance, of the sailors of Hydra or the mountaineers of Suli.

Again, Gibbon's often enigmatic brevity contrasts as sharply as possible with Finlay's anxious elaboration of his meaning. The latter often tells his reader the same thing three times over; but sometimes the former only half tells it to him, and of the two errors we must hold the last to be the greater. Finlay, we believe, always uses the original authorities at first hand. Gibbon obviously avails himself—it is true with wonderful instinct in the choice of his guides—of the

labours of the great scholars of last century, of Tillemont, D'Herbelot, De Guignes, Ducange. Gibbon is always polished, Finlay is always thorough. The one wrote a chapter on the legislation of Justinian, which held its place for more than half a century as the best popular introduction to the study of Roman law; the other has thrown in as a mere appendix to his first volume a short treatise on the monetary system of imperial Rome, which is referred to as an authority by the experts in the coin-room of the British Museum. The art of history finds incomparably its best exponent in Gibbon; the science of history is, we venture to think, more worthily treated by Finlay.

The absence of this artistic element is most observable in the first volume, which is, as the editor remarks, rather a 'series of essays on subjects connected with the history of the Eastern Roman Empire at various periods,' than a continuous narrative. From an artistic point of view we think this manner of commencing the history is a mistake. Even at the risk of telling a twice-told tale, it would have been better to begin the story of Greece in her subjection by a few striking pictures of her fall. The last flicker of independence in the Achaian league, the lives of the patriot statesmen, Aratus and Philopœmen, Flamininus at the Isthmian games proclaiming the liberation of Greece amid the silence, the bewilderment, and then the enthusiastic shouts of the assembled multitude, the bold words of Lycortas to the Roman ambassadors, the sack of Corinth, and Mummius haggling over the freight of his cargo of statues—though these are old stories, we might well have heard them once again before tracing the sad and uneventful path along which Greece, led by imperious Rome, walked down into wretchedness.

This, however, is but an objection to the form of the work. There can be no doubt that the substance of the first volume is of the highest value, worthy, as we think, to rank with the social political disquisitions of Guizot and De Tocqueville. The author first shows us the Greek as he was when the Macedonian conquests had made his language and his religion supreme in the East. Demoralised he was certainly by the enormous opportunities for the acquisition of wealth which were thus suddenly opened out before him by the weakening of the bonds of public opinion, and by the decay of his ancestral faith. But at least it may be said that the Greek was not more demoralised by his two centuries of ascendency than the Roman at the end of half that period, and that the corruption of Rome pervaded all classes from the highest to the lowest, while that of Greece left the middle and lower classes comparatively unpolluted. Perhaps, as our author contends, the repulsive pictures drawn by the Roman satirists of the 'Græculus Esuriens,' applied rather to the inhabitants of the Hellenised cities of Asia and Egypt than to the dwellers in Hellas proper. The latter were sufferers rather than gainers by the great triumphs of their race, which drew off all the best talent of the nation into the service of the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ, while the great influx of wealth made it harder both for the smaller states politically, and for the smaller landowners socially, to maintain their old position. Continental Greece, side by side with these vast and sumptuous monarchies, was like a man of moderate fortune whose wife's relations have suddenly become millionaires. All the old notions of what constitutes comfort and what is luxury quickly become obsolete, and he is lucky if he is not half ruined by the vain endeavours of his children and his servants to rival the magnificence of the kindred house.

Upon this state of things supervened the Roman conquest of Greece, which may be said roughly to have occupied a little more than a hundred years, from Flamininus to Sulla (B.C. 197–86). We think that Finlay scarcely does justice to the equitable and even friendly spirit in which the Romans first approached the land which they looked upon as

> 'Mother of arts as once of arms.'

Mommsen, in his slashing way, says:* 'It is only contemptible disingenuousness or weakly sentimentality which can fail to perceive that the Romans were entirely in earnest in the liberation of Greece; and the reason why the plan so nobly projected resulted in so wretched a failure is to be sought only in the complete moral and political disorganisation of the Hellenic nation.' But true as we believe this to be of the earlier transactions between the two countries, no one will deny that, two or three generations later, Rome laid a heavy and a cruel hand on her Hellenic sister. Especially does this stigma rest on Sulla, whose spite against Athens seems to have in it something vulgar and personal, as if the Attic gibe, 'Sulla's face is a mulberry sprinkled with meal,' was the cause of his vengeance, rather than the alliance concluded with Rome's great enemy, Mithridates. The wounds which he and his Pontic antagonist between them inflicted on the unhappy

* Hist. of Rome, vol. ii. pp. 251-2. Dickson's Translation.

country were deep and permanent. It is perhaps chiefly to this period that we must ascribe the devastations which called forth the well-known remark of Cicero's correspondent, Sulpicius, as to the desolate condition of Ægina, Megara, Corinth, and the Piræus.

When the world was conquered and Rome began to turn her sword against herself, the course of events was still disastrous for Greece, which was for a time, like Belgium, the cockpit of Europe. Pharsalia, Philippi, Actium, every piece in that great trilogy was played upon what was now virtually Hellenic soil or in Hellenic waters, and we need not enquire at whose expense the performance was put upon the stage.

Throughout these dissertations Finlay plays the part of *advocatis diaboli* against the Roman ruler. He shows us the darker side of the character of the patriot. Brutus, insisting on his 48 per cent. from the men of the Cyprian Salamis. He brings before us Caius Antonius, for his rapacity in Macedonia banished to Cephallenia, yet there comporting himself as if the whole island were his slave plantation. He charges the Romans with having been the great squanderers of the capital of the ancient world. He points out how the hoards of the Syrian, Egyptian, and Pergamene dynasties vanished in their avaricious grasp, how they destroyed cities, vineyards, and oliveyards in Greece, and contributed, practically, nothing—a temple perhaps here, a hippodrome there, but nothing worthy of the revenues which they drew from the province, nothing which really replaced the ruin that they had caused. He is right probably as to the countries at the eastern end of the Mediterranean ; but in Britain, Gaul, and Spain, the Romans present themselves under a totally different aspect, as the great road-makers, the great city builders, the great sowers and planters of the land. Here, at least, instead of squandering capital, they created it, and it may be said that the barbarian monarchies of mediæval Europe lived for centuries on the capital which Rome had bequeathed to them. But the fiscal administration of the Roman Empire deserved all the opprobrium with which Finlay covers it. The taxgatherer paved the way for the usurer—who, as we have seen, thought 48 per cent. a reasonable rate to charge for his advances—and these two between them even more than the barbarian ruined the Empire. Finlay considers that Greece reached her lowest point of misery and depopulation about the time of Vespasian. That distinguished Philhellene, Hadrian, adorned the cities of Greece with temples, baths, and libraries, and enriched the country with baths and aqueducts. As he also remitted the accumulated arrears of taxation, his reign was the commencement of better times for the country. But, notwithstanding this improvement, our author emphatically traverses, on behalf of his clients, Gibbon's celebrated assertion that if a man were called on to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to that of Commodus.

Three events of primary importance for the Eastern populations occurred in the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era. They were, the edict of Caracalla, A.D. 211–217, conferring the full right of citizenship on all free provincials, of whatever nationality, within the Roman Empire ; the foundation of Constantinople, A.D. 330 ; and the protection and adoption of Christianity by the State, A.D. 313–380. The first of these changes probably improved the condition of the Hellenic people ; but the true history of the edict, its causes and effects, has yet to be written, and Finlay evidently wavers in his estimate of the results which flowed from it. Constantinople, though it long struggled to preserve its Roman character, was bound to fall more and more under Greek influence as time rolled on, and was undoubtedly the chief fulcrum by which the whole Greek-speaking nationality raised itself from a position of dependence into one of privilege and ascendency.

Christianity, eagerly embraced by the great mass of the Hellenes, had even a more powerful effect in raising them to the highest place in the Eastern Empire. The holy books of the new faith were written in the Greek tongue ; Greek philosophy helped to mould the new theology ; the controversies of the fourth century found their best, sometimes their only, expression in Greek terms ; most of the great disputants in that age of world-wide polemic, Athanasius and Basil, the two Gregories, Chrysostom and Cyril, were Greeks in language and in feeling. From such an atmosphere, at once Hellenic and ecclesiastical, emerged that institution which has so mighty an influence even on the politics of our own day, the Orthodox Greek Church. There is a peculiar significance in the names, Orthodox and Catholic, by which the two great churches of the East and of the West have ever loved to designate themselves. Of course each church is in its own esteem both Orthodox and Catholic ; but the church which, from its seat in Rome, was to go forth and conquer a

wider domain than the Cæsars governed, chose the title which pointed to vast territorial extension, while the church which identified itself so closely with the Hellenic nationality that, but for its almost accidental conquest of the Russian people, it would have been now limited to the shores of the Ægean, cherished the name, symbol of many a hot day of victorious word-splitting in many an angry council—Orthodoxy. Against the Arianism of Roman emperors like Constantius and Valens, against the Arianism of Teutonic invaders like Theodoric and Genseric, this spirit of Greek Orthodoxy, with perhaps unconscious patriotism, asserted itself. Unfortunately both for herself and the Empire, the Orthodox Church clung even too closely to the Greek nationality. She saw with too great equanimity the Armenian sundering himself from her communion on one side of the great christological controversy, and the Nestorian of Mesopotamia on the other. In Finlay's words, 'as soon as any question arose, the Greek clergy, from their alliance with the State and their possession of the ecclesiastical revenues of the Church, were sure of being orthodox, and the provincial clergy were in constant danger of being regarded as heterodox merely because they were not Greeks.' There can be no doubt that this narrow, national un-catholic spirit on the part of the Orthodox Church prepared the way for the Mohammedan invader in Egypt and Syria. On the other hand it created a sort of new and enlarged Greek nationality, founded on religion and extending from Trebizond to Dalmatia, and in the decay of the old Roman traditions it gave a new bond of cohesion to what was left of the Eastern Empire.

Side by side with the Orthodox Church subsisted for two hundred years the pale ghosts of her once mighty rivals, the schools of the philosophers. In reading Finlay's account of Athens in the sixth century, we feel that we are indeed looking for the last time on the face, faded, but not utterly changed, of classical antiquity. The Academy, the Lyceum, and the Porch were still open to students. The garden of Epicurus had perhaps ceased to attract its votaries.

'Athens was not then a rude provincial town. It was still a literary capital, frequented by the aristocratic portion of society in the Eastern Empire, where Hellenic literature was cultivated, and the doctrines of Plato were taught; and it is not improbable that in elegance it rivalled Constantinople, however inferior it may have been in luxury.'

'At Athens the philosophers distinguished themselves by purity of morals; and the Christians would have been ashamed, in their presence, of the exhibition of tumult and simony which disgraced the ecclesiastical elections of Rome, Alexandria, and Constantinople. At the same time the spirit of Christianity had penetrated into heathenism, which had become virtuous and unobtrusive as well as mild and timid. The habits of Athenian society were soft and humane; the wealthy lived in palaces and purchased libraries. Many philosophers, like Proclus, enjoyed ample revenues, and perhaps, like him, received rich legacies. Ladies wore dresses of silk embroidered with gold. Both sexes delighted in boots of thick silk, ornamented with tassels of gold fringe. The luxurious drank wine of Rhodes, Cnidos, or Thasos, as we find attested by the inscribed handles of broken amphoræ still scattered in the fields around the modern city. . . . At last, in the year 529, Justinian confiscated all the funds devoted to philosophic instruction at Athens, closed the schools, and seized the endowments of the academy of Plato, which had maintained an uninterrupted succession of teachers for nearly 900 years.' (Vol. i. pp. 278, 285, 287.)

The Emperor Justinian, who closed the schools of the philosophers at Athens, was also, little as he imagined or intended it, a powerful agent in preparing the triumph of Islam, and so in transferring the whole of the primeval world of civilisation from the Hellenic to the Semitic intellect. His conquest of the Vandal kingdom in Africa destroyed what might have been a powerful barrier against Mohammedan invasion. His wasteful though brilliant reign exhausted the resources of the empire. His religious bigotry sowed disaffection in the plains of Syria and the mountains of Kurdistan, and, strange to say, one of his most statesmanlike projects—that of diverting the silk trade with China from its old course through Persia to a new route by Arabia and the Red Sea—failing in its immediate end, caused a stir and a throb of new life through the long slumbering Saracen race, which probably had some share in kindling the mystic enthusiasm of Mohammed. Six years after the death of Justinian was born, A.D. 571, the camel-driver, the son of Abdallah, whose successors were to rule over all and more than all the kingdoms which had formed the empire of Alexander. A lifetime passes, and we find ourselves spectators of that strange death-grapple between the religions of Jesus, of Zoroaster, and of Mohammed, which signalised the era of Heraclius. That great though unsymmetrical man conducted seven campaigns in the heart of Persia to a successful issue, and so accomplished what Crassus, Valerian, and Julian had attempted in vain—the humiliation and virtual subjugation of the Partho-Persian monarchy.

But he conquered not for himself. The very year of his first campaign was that memorable Hegira of Mohammed from which 190,000,000 of the human race still date as the beginning of their history. In 629 Heraclius visited Jerusalem in great pomp, and restored to its place the holy cross recovered from Persia, where, like the ark of Israel, it had been prisoner for many years in the hands of the idolaters. Only six years after this the Roman Augustus, flying before the ragged troops of Abu Obeidah Ebn Jerahh and Khaled the Sword of God, was quitting Syria in despair, taking the holy cross with him. He had had three years of war with the lately despised Saracens, war in which every battle had been a defeat, and every siege a surrender. His parting words, 'Vale Syria et ultimum vale,' ring like that cry, 'Roll up the map of Europe,' which the news of Austerlitz forced from the breaking heart of William Pitt.

It is said that a prophecy had been current for some time, towards the end of the sixth century, that a circumcised people would overturn the Roman Empire, that it was understood to refer to the Jews, and had quickened the pious zeal of Heraclius and his predecessor, Phocas, in the extermination or the baptism of the Hebrews. We, looking backward over the past, know that it was not from the race of Isaac, but from that of Ishmael, that 'the destined destroyer would come.' We also know—what our ancestors in the middle ages hardly appreciated—how vast an interspace, ethnologically speaking, separated the Turanian sons of Othman, who actually destroyed the Roman Empire, from the Semitic Saracens, who for so long time threatened it. We are apt, however, to foreshorten somewhat too boldly the distance of time which intervened between the first struggles of the Eastern Empire with Islam and the final consummation of those struggles in the fall of Constantinople. Heraclius uttered his 'Farewell, a long farewell,' to Syria in the year 637. Before the end of the seventh century, Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Cyrene, Carthage, had all fallen into the hands of the Saracens. They rapidly lost all traces of Greek or Roman civilisation. But, as everyone knows, it was not till A.D. 1453 that the last Constantine fell before the second Mohammed, and Constantinople became Stamboul. Heraclius, therefore, occupies a position much short of halfway between the birth of Christ and the fall of the Eastern Empire.

In this interval, to which the second, third, and fourth volumes of Finlay's history are devoted, is to be found some of his most valuable and original work; but we must not allow ourselves more than a glance at the chief results of his investigations. We cannot doubt that Byzantine history has suffered from being treated as part of the history of the Fall of the Roman Empire. From Constantine I. to Alexius V., for a period of nearly 900 years, an unbroken series of emperors reigned at Constantinople. The Fourth Crusade and the enthronement of a Latin emperor by the shores of the Bosporus broke the spell; but the revived Greek Empire struggled on, it is true in a maimed and sickly condition, for 250 years longer. As human affairs go, on this planet, a state which has lasted 1,150 years must be admitted to have done something in the way of standing; in fact, the English monarchy, dating from Egbert, has not yet shown similar proofs of durability. As Finlay reminds us, the Byzantine Empire, threatened with speedy extinction by the Saracens in the eighth century, did in the event survive by a long interval all its most powerful rivals and contemporaries—the Caliphate of Bagdad, the kingdom of the Bulgarians, the empire of Charles the Great, the Caliphate of Cordova. Its standard coin, the golden *solidus* or *nomisma*, retained its weight and fineness unaltered for 900 years, and circulated far and wide through Europe and Asia, amid many semi-barbarous peoples, who all knew it as the 'Byzant.' By coupling together, as Finlay observes, 'events as far removed from one another in point of time as our own misfortunes in India at the Black Hole of Calcutta and the massacre of Cabul, the impression is conveyed that the Byzantine government was incapable, and the Byzantine army unwarlike and feeble.' But the truth is that during a considerable part of the Middle Ages the Byzantine government was the best and strongest in Europe, that its army was well equipped, well led, and, though certainly deficient in the fiery valour of the Norman and Saracen hosts, yet sufficiently brave to make it an efficient instrument in the hands of a capable general. For a long period the Eastern Empire was Europe's true safeguard against the attacks of Islam, and the baffled siege of Constantinople (A.D. 717–718) marks, in Finlay's opinion, far more truly than the over-vaunted repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel, the true turn of the tide of Mohammedan invasion.

For the insufficient interest generally taken in Byzantine history we think Gibbon must be held partly accountable. A desire to terminate his great historical epic with a striking situation led him to prolong his work till the Ottoman conquest of Constan-

tinople, and consequently to compress the whole interval between Heraclius and Alexius V. into one chapter. As he himself says, 'In a composition of some days, in a perusal of some hours, 600 years have rolled away.' But the result is, that he has furnished us with a mere string of Court anecdotes, leaving unattempted the task of investigating the true causes of the events which he briefly records. In the period thus cursorily treated of by Gibbon, Finlay discovers three main epochs. In the first (A.D. 716–867) the stalwart forms of the great iconoclast emperors stalk across the scene. They reinvigorate the armies, they replenish the exchequer, they control the Church. Leo III. is the hero of this period whom Finlay and his German competitor, Schlosser, have rediscovered for posterity.

At the commencement of the second period (A.D. 867–1057) Basil, the tall and handsome Slavonian groom, chamberlain, colleague, and assassin of the drunken debauchee, Michael III., founds a dynasty which endures for nearly two centuries, from the days of our Alfred to the days of Edward the Confessor. This period witnesses the final and fatal breach between the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople, between the Catholic and the Orthodox Churches. The uphill toil of their predecessors enables the monarchs of the Basilian line to walk along a level plateau of power, not without glory. Their disinterred hero is Basil II., the slayer of the Bulgarians (Bulgaroktonos). 'Basil's indomitable courage, terrific cruelty, indifference to art and literature, and religious superstition all combine to render him a true type of this empire and age.' The frontispiece to the *first* edition of Finlay's second volume is copied from a psalter of the tenth century, and represents this Basil Bulgaroktonos receiving a blessing from Heaven and homage from men. He stands erect, clad in the coat of mail under which, as historians tell us, he wore ever the sackcloth garment of a monk. Christ looks down upon him from above, one angel touches his crown, another the top of his spear, beneath his feet crawl eight men, the representatives of as many subdued nationalities, with various degrees of abjectness depicted on their countenances, and with skinny hands outstretched for mercy. On each side of the emperor runs the legend, written perpendicularly, Βασίλειος, ἐν Χριστῷ πιστὸς, βασιλεὺς Ῥωμαίων ὁ νέος, 'Basil the Younger, the believer in Christ, King of the Romans.'

The third period reaches from 1057 to 1204, and is occupied with the long decline of the empire under the feeble and foolish rule of the Comneni. In the two somewhat flaccid sentences with which Gibbon prefaces the history of their dynasty he says that 'they upheld for a while the fate of the sinking empire.' But Finlay argues, and seems to prove, that but for the disastrous changes which the Comneni, following, it is true, the example of some of the later monarchs of the Basilian dynasty, introduced into the administration of the State, the empire need not have sunk. These changes caused the Armenian bulwarks of the empire to be overthrown, and laid the then flourishing regions of Asia Minor open to the invasion of the Seljouk Turks. Against the Seljouks, Alexius Comnenus, thirty years after our own battle of Hastings, implored the assistance of the Pope and of Latin Christianity. They came, that motley host of crusaders, full of virtues and of vices, of ignorant prejudices and of noble enthusiasms, which were all alien to the spirit of Byzantine statecraft, and all fatal to it alike by the good and the evil that was in them. True, they beat back the Seljouk Turks; true, they established a Kingdom of Jerusalem, which was a barrier of a certain kind against the assaults of Mohammedanism; but the real barrier of Europe against Asia, the Eastern Empire, the Crusaders destroyed, and, if we may say so, could not help destroying.

It is somewhat disheartening to compare the effect produced by a novelist and by a painstaking historian like Finlay, when they are engaged on the same material. Our author's portrait of Alexius Comnenus is carefully drawn, and is no doubt correct in every feature; but, unfortunately, the wily old Byzantine monarch does not *live* in these pages. Now turn to 'Count Robert of Paris,' confessedly one of the poorest of Sir Walter Scott's novels, written when the fatal cloud of paralysis was hovering over that wonderful brain, a novel full of inaccuracies, inconsistencies, must we even say puerilities? And yet the picture of Anna Comnena, the daughter of Alexius, reading her story of the siege of Laodicea in the bower of the Muses to her courtly old father, her pompous mother, her bored but handsome husband, the crafty Greek *secutor*, and the simple-hearted Varangian guardsman, is one which fixes itself for ever in the memory; while Finlay's Alexius fades like an ill-developed photograph.

After about a century of strained diplomatic relations between the emperors of the East and the successive hordes of Latin crusaders, came, A.D. 1204, the catastrophe

and the scandal of the Fourth Crusade. Then did astonished Europe see the hosts which had been raised for the delivery of Jerusalem from the hands of the infidels, assaulting, pillaging, burning the capital of Eastern Christendom, and thereupon quietly sitting down to divide the Roman Empire, 'clarum et venerabile nomen,' three-eighths to the money-lenders of Venice, three-eighths to the rabble of Frank marquises and barons who led the crusading army, and one miserable quarter to the Latin Emperor of 'Romania'—to the count who, coming from the fogs and marshes of Flanders, donned the purple buskins of the Cæsars and planted his unstable throne by the banks of the swift-flowing Bosporus.

We must confess that whenever we read the strange story of the Fourth Crusade our sympathies, revolting from the control of our judgment, will persist in attaching themselves to the side of the invaders. They seem more like schoolboys robbing an orchard than like grave statesmen and fierce warriors overturning an empire. The schoolmaster, Pope Innocent III., growls and threatens when he hears of their attacking Dalmatian Zara instead of taking his message to the Holy Land. But what matters it? They are out of the schoolmaster's reach, and very short of pocket-money, and so they repeat the offence, with infinite aggravations, in the siege and sack of Constantinople. And their impudence is crowned with success. The Pope withdraws the excommunication which he had hurled against the besiegers of Zara when he finds them masters of Constantinople; and the troop of 20,000 men wins imperishable renown by the capture of one of the strongest cities of the world, with a population of 500,000.

Yet, though the brisk audacity of the crusaders, the heroism of blind old Dandolo —one of the grandest figures of the Middle Ages— the piety of the Flemish emperor Baldwin, and the martial virtues of the Marquis of Montferrat, contrasted with the effete, emasculated character of the Byzantine monarchs and people, win our sympathies almost in spite of ourselves, we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that the Latin conquest of Constantinople was a great blunder as well as a great crime. It was a link in the long chain of causation which brought the Ottoman across the Bosporus to be as great a perplexity to us in his weakness as he was a terror to our ancestors in his strength. In all probability, if Dandolo's ships had been sunk to the bottom of the Golden Horn, if Baldwin of Flanders and Boniface of Montferrat had perished before the gate of Blachernæ, we should not at this moment be tormented with the perplexities of the Eastern Question.

Whatever be the results of the Congress at Berlin, it can hardly lead to such fantastic folly as was wrought by the pious adventurers of Western Europe when they sat down in the inheritance of the Cæsars. There was a King of Thessalonica in the north and a Prince of Achaia in the south, a Duke of the Archipelago, a Count of Cephalonia, and a Duke of Athens, all doing homage to the Latin Emperor of Romania; and scattered about all over the coasts of the Ægean and Ionian Seas, like pepper from a pepper-castor, were the towns, islands, and harbours which made up the 'one quarter and one half of a quarter of the Roman Empire' allotted to the Republic of Venice. At a little later period the Genoese and the Catalans appeared upon the scene to claim their share of the plunder. In short, what the New World was to Cortez and Pizarro in the sixteenth century the old Hellenic world was to the crusading buccaneers of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The story of these feudal principalities of the Latins, and of the equally short-lived petty sovereignties or despotats of the Greeks which existed side by side with them in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is told with sufficient minuteness in the fourth volume of Finlay's history. It is not likely that the record of states so essentially fragile and unenduring will ever possess much interest except for the collectors of historical *bric-à-brac*. They may yet, however, furnish the novelist or the painter with a motive, in some combination of mediæval colour and costume which has not yet been worn threadbare; and it is possible that to the influence unconsciously exerted on his mind by these chevaleresque lords of the shrines of classical antiquity we are indebted for the Dukes of Athens and Princes of Tyre who figure so strangely in the pages of Shakespeare.

But their work, as we have said, was essentially selfish and unenduring. Into the stately old-world empire, into the impassible and changeless East, they brought, it is true, even as English engineers and French canal-makers are now bringing, the spirit of change, of audacity, and of adventure; but there the parallel ceases. The Frank now brings with him into the countries of the Levant at least a theoretical respect for law: he would admit, at least in theory, that government exists for the good of the governed. The crusading adventurer had no such prin-

ciples as these among the postulates of his political philosophy. Loyal he might be to a person, but law he despised. Generous and humane to the weak he might be, though not always conspicuous for these virtues; but he was firmly convinced that between the knight and the mechanic there yawned a chasm which neither expediency nor duty could ever bridge across. Thus even the Byzantine Empire, effete, overtaxed, misgoverned as it was, had in it a certain element of respect for the rights of the people, a degree of willingness to recognise all classes as equal in the eye of the law, which was utterly wanting in the feudal governments sets up by the Villehardouins and the De la Roches, the Acciainoli and the Crispi, in the old Dorian and Ionian cities of Hellas.

Add to feudal pride the bitterness of Christian hate, and you will have reason enough why the crusading kingdoms should not endure. Was it possible for the Catholic baron to treat his Orthodox serf with anything else but insolence and scorn when that serf omitted the 'filioque' from the Creed of Nicæa? Was it possible for the Greek peasant not to chafe under the yoke of his Latin master when that master received unleavened bread at the altar from the hands of a priest with shaven chin? After the capture of Thessalonica, when the Archbishop Eustathius (the great Homeric commentator) was engaged with his clergy in celebrating divine service with that nasal intonation which other portions and later ages of the Christian Church have also supposed to be symptomatic of holiness, the Norman soldiers from Sicily mimicked the sacred office with a chorus which sounded like the whinings of a pack of beaten dogs. Nineteen years later, the pious soldiers of the Fourth Crusade violated the nuns in the convents of Constantinople, and shrieked with delight when one of the prostitutes who followed the army seated herself upon the patriarch's throne in the church of St. Sophia, and then danced her immodest dances and sang her filthy songs before the high altar of that stately temple. When such was the religious estrangement between the rulers and the ruled, it was not likely that the principalities founded by the Crusaders in Greece would endure. In fact they only ground somewhat smaller the crushed and melancholy fragments of the Greek nation, and prepared the way for the long-delayed advent of the Mohammedan conqueror.

The story of the last siege of Constantinople by Mohammed II., which terminated in its capture on May 29, 1453, is told with some animation by Finlay, but will hardly supersede Gibbon's spirited narrative of the same event. The main outlines, with which every historical student is familiar, are the same in both. The young Sultan at Adrianople working night and day at his plans for the siege, the last Palæologus with equal courage preparing himself to die in defence of the stately ruin which still called itself the Roman Empire, the skill and valour of the Genoese Marshal, Giustiniani (whose military reputation Finlay defends against the calumnies of the Greek historians), the transport of the Ottoman ships overland from the Bosporus to the Golden Horn, the assault at early dawn, at noon Mohammed riding through the streets of the conquered city, humming a distich from Firdousi on the instability of human greatness, the corpse of Constantine discovered under heaps of slain close to the gate of St. Romanos, the Mohammedan preacher standing in the pulpit under the dome of St. Sophia, and announcing that thenceforward that glorious Christian temple was set apart as a mosque for the worship of all true believers in Allah and the Prophet—these are some of the chief scenes in the central tragedy of the fifteenth century. They might have been repeated in our own.

The fifth volume of Finlay's history, 'Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination,' is the shortest, and for a student of modern politics perhaps the most valuable, in the whole series. Having got the two great factors in the problem, the Greek and the Turk, face to face with one another, he sets to work to examine the political and social institutions which made each what he was, and which caused the former to remain for three centuries and a half the hopeless bondsman of the latter. In his sketch of Ottoman institutions, Finlay shows himself the anxiously fair, the almost favourable critic of the race against which he fought in his Philhellenic youth. The reader can partly share his feelings. Wearied with the endless tale of pompous Byzantine inefficiency, he turns with interest to the story of that young and vigorous dynasty, sons of Ertoghrul, 'the right-hearted man,' who, from being leaders of a petty horde of nomads, raised themselves to a position of overmastering strength in the three continents of the Old World. And truly, in personal fitness for rule, no succession of monarchs except our own Plantagenets have been found to compare with the first ten sovereigns of the house of Othman. Fratricide and sensuality might stain the character of many of them, but, with the single exception of Bajazet II., from Othman to

Soleyman 'there was not one feeble person among their tribes.' No doubt also Finlay is right in asserting that in these earlier and better days of the Ottoman Empire their fiscal administration was less oppressive than that of their Byzantine predecessors, and that their religious tolerance, if mingled with something of contempt, was better than the frantic and despicable bigotry of the Comneni and Palæologi. But, in our opinion, he has not called sufficient attention to the fact, obvious but all-important, that their family system rested on two bases, polygamy and slavery, the former of which was new to Europe, and the latter, though long prevailing there, had virtually become obsolete. It was because the Turkish polity reposed ultimately on these two institutions that it could not be harmonised with the increasing civilisation of Western Europe, and was itself, notwithstanding its brilliant successes, doomed to ultimate extinction. When the clouds raised by present controversies shall have rolled away, and when Lepanto, Navarino, Plevna, shall have become wellnigh forgotten names, it will be seen that the wars which they signalised were all parts of one great struggle, which no statesmanship could have averted, which perhaps no statesmanship could have greatly modified, between those domestic institutions which are the ultimate cell-structure of Aryan civilisation and those which the Turanian has inherited from his fathers or has learned from his Semitic teachers.

The period from 1453 to 1821 is undoubtedly the saddest and the most dispiriting in the whole history of Greek servitude. But when we look at it in reference to this contest between two opposing forms of social polity, we shall understand how this might be without any persistent intention of cruelty on the part of the Turkish master towards his subjects. Eastern travellers have long been telling us that the Ottoman had finer moral qualities than the races over whom he has been lording it for for the last four centuries. Granted, with reservations which it is not necessary now to set forth. Granted also that this moral superiority did not proceed entirely, as it certainly did in part, from the fact that the Ottoman was lord and so could show himself lordly. But for one race to lead others, for one race to mould others into a permanently enduring dominion, it must be superior not only in character but in institutions. Herein lies the great difference between the Ottoman and his Roman forerunner, of whom in many respects he so continually reminds us. Strong, warlike, disciplined, loyal, despisers of trade, rapacious but free-handed, unjust but not untruthful, were both the people of Quirinus and the people of Othman. But while the former bore on their banners the name and cherished in their inmost hearts the thought of 'Senatus populusque Romanus,' the latter conceived of the state as of a magnified imperial household, and that household the gorgeous temple of luxurious sensuality, the vast unhomelike home, the Seraglio.

A small conquering race, moreover, that persists in prolonging from generation to generation those outward and visible signs of superiority which make the keen delight of its early days of conquest, is almost sure, sooner or later, to fall a victim to the long arrears of hate in the bosoms of its vassals. So it has been with the Turk and his Rayah. The Turk has been by no means uniformly cruel; but he has been always proud, and it seems as if subject races had a longer memory for humiliation than even for bloodshed. The Rayah was forbidden to ride on horseback, to wear spurs, to carry arms. He was ordered to wear a particular costume by which his servile condition might be at once recognised. One writer* says that it was not an uncommon thing for a Rayah who had worn slippers of a forbidden colour, and so usurped the privileges of a true believer, to be put to death, and for his dead body to be trampled upon for three days in the public street. At first the Greek acquiesced almost with contentment in the rule of the Ottoman, who interfered less with his business and his religion than the Latin baron had done. But gradually, during the three centuries which we are now looking back upon, there grew up in his breast a feeling towards his oppressor like that which the *roturier* of France entertained towards the noblesse of the sword and of the robe, like that which in the days of Protestant ascendency the Irish Catholic entertained towards the Orangeman; and, just as in those two cases, it was after some of the worst features of misgovernment had been removed, after some disposition had been shown to make the yoke a little less grievous, that the fury of the oppressed reached its greatest height.

It was a galling thing, doubtless, for the Greek and for his brother Rayahs under the Turkish dominion to have to pay the *haratch* or poll-tax from which his Moslem fellow-subject was exempt, but this was a cheap equivalent for the burden of military service. The amount of the tax was not exorbitant, varying as it did from five shillings to fifteen shillings a head; but it was

* Thornton, 'State of Turkey,' vol. i. p. 173.

annoying for the Rayah, marked out as he was by his special costume, to be constantly stopped in the street by an insolent tax-gatherer, and ordered to produce his ticket which showed that he was *haratch*-free for the year. It was vexatious for the Rayah to have to pay five per cent. duty on the export and import of all his merchandise, while the true believer was charged only two and a half per cent. But even the larger sum was light in comparison with the duties charged in most European States; and the officers of the revenue generally contrived to influence business in the direction of the five per cent. Rayah rather than of the two and a half per cent. Mussulman. There was, therefore, little that was burdensome, though much that was invidious, even here.

But by far the bitterest drop in the cup of servitude for the Greek Rayah must have been the tribute of children. As every fourth year came round to the villagers on the coasts of Greece, a ship with the Sultan's flag flying at the mast-head would be seen in the offing, and when she anchored a boat would put off bearing a Turkish officer. On landing he would order all the little fellows between the age of six and ten to be mustered before him by the *protogeros*, or head man of the village, in presence of the priest. Of these he would take one-fifth, choosing, of course, the strongest, the healthiest, the brightest. The little Theodorus, or Gregorios, carried off in the Sultan's ship to Constantinople, after some months of miserable yearning for his home, his parents, his sisters, would in great measure forget his country and his father's house. He would unlearn his name for the Ali or Achmet by which his captors called him, and change his childish prayers to the Panaghia for the repetition of sentences from the Koran, and for a perpetual 'Lo Ellah il Allah! Mohammed resul Ellah.' The strong and sturdy lout was made a gardener or a sentinel in the precincts of the Seraglio; the handsome lad, whose features still recalled some likeness to the Apollo of his dim progenitors, served as a page in the palace of his Mongolian lord. The quick-witted boy was trained under able teachers to take a place in the great bureaucracy of the Sublime Porte; while the larger number of tribute children passed, as a matter of course, when they reached the age of adolescence, into the ranks of the Turkish infantry or cavalry, the far-famed janissaries and sipahis. Many of these involuntary apostates rose high in the service of their Sultan; and thus it may often have happened that when the little captive next visited his half-forgotten home it was as a stern, black-bearded Mussulman pasha riding at the head of his janissaries, or rowed in his galley by a hundred miserable Christian slaves, and bearing the warrant of the *hunkiar*, the imperial manslayer, for the ruin of his kindred and the devastation of his country.

We scarcely understand Finlay's frame of mind towards this terrible scheme of infant conscription, by which the Christian populations under the rule of the Porte were made to contribute the living machinery for keeping themselves in perpetual subjection. He remarks, indeed, that 'in no case did injustice so directly confer strength and dominion, and in none did it ever more evidently produce decline and ruin.' * But he appears to be so fascinated by the cleverness which secured to the Sultan a body of soldiers devoted to his orders and absolutely independent of the ties of country and kindred, that he forgets his censure, and seems to have no words left but of praise and admiration. Yet it is quite clear that the tribute of Rayah children was by no means simply a piece of statecraft, however ingenious. It was partly devised in order to minister to the vices of sultans and grand viziers, vices condemned quite as sternly by the Koran as by the Pentateuch. And, considered as a piece of statesmanship, an institution which systematically presented the ruler in so odious an aspect to the ruled was surely bad from the beginning. How would the Norman ever have led the Saxon, or moulded him into one mighty commonwealth with himself, if he had persisted, century after century, in making the agony of the bereaved English parent the corner-stone of his polity?

The tribute of Christian children ceased to be exacted about 1676. The reasons for its cessation were various. The janissaries, now a proud and powerful body, began to insist upon the right of transmitting their privileges to their own children. The Ottoman cultivators of the soil had so far increased in numbers, that they could supply recruits to the army on a scale which would have been impossible while they were still a thinly scattered and alien horde. Above all, the tribute itself, and the depopulation caused by the flight of parents with their children in order to escape its exactions, had so drained the country that the feudal Ottoman landowner could no longer get Rayahs sufficient to till his estates. The tribute had been exacted without mercy,

* Vol. v. p. 41.

and was now discontinued without remorse. Our author, who is almost ready to praise the statesmanship of the exactors of this dreadful tribute, has no words of scorn too strong for the unhappy sufferers from it. 'Had the Greeks resisted the payment with any degree of national vigour, they might have saved their national honour from a stain which will remain as indelible as the glories of ancient Greece are enduring. . . . Extermination ought to have been preferable to the dishonour of breeding recruits to extend the sway of Mohammedanism . . . ' and much more in the same strain.

An advocate of the Hellenic race might reply that they were not the only people who submitted to this cruel brand of degradation as to an inevitable evil. It was exacted from all the Christian subjects of the Ottomans, and consequently the hardier races of Northern Turkey, the Slav, the Rouman, even, we suppose, the proud and fiery Magyar during his time of submission to the Porte, had to bear their own share of this humiliation. We think Finlay's own pages supply the answer to the question, why the Greeks did not sooner venture on armed resistance to the terrible Ottoman. All round the political horizon there was not one speck of blue sky visible for the unhappy Hellenes. Latin Christianity, which should have had pity at least, if she could not spare assistance for her hapless sister church, was as hard and bitter as ever. She could not forget the miserable controversies about the 'filioque' and the unleavened bread and the primacy of Peter. But, it may be said, a truly noble people would not have counted the cost, would not have been disheartened by the utter absence of allies. The men of Marathon, the men of Morgarten, Hofer in the Tyrol, and Palafox at Saragossa, knew that they were utterly outnumbered ; they had not an ally in the wide world to look to, and yet they fought for freedom. It is true, but perhaps on a survey of the history of the world we should come to the conclusion that these apparently hopeless battles for freedom have generally been fought by nations in the primary state of society, before civilisation and commerce have extended their range of vision, and shown them what was the relative magnitude of their own resources and the resources of the enemy. The Greek of the sixteenth century was, we fully admit, in all moral attributes, greatly the inferior of the simple-hearted Spartan who fell at Thermopylæ in obedience to the laws of his country ; but intellectually his knowledge of the world beyond Parnassus and Malea was far wider and more accurate. Perhaps that knowledge enervated and depressed him ; but it was his, and he could not dispossess himself of it.

There is certainly one not able instance of a nation in an advanced stage of civilisation, educated, wealthy, and highly organised, commencing a struggle for liberty against a hopelessly superior foe. We refer to the revolt of the Jews against Rome. But there religion was involved, and even down to the last day of the siege of Jerusalem many Israelites reckoned confidently on supernatural assistance. Now, in the Greek servitude, strangely enough, the influence of religion was for centuries on the side of the oppressor, alien though he was in race and in creed. Here again, the deep antagonism between Catholic and Orthodox reveals itself as the key to the strange cipher of the politics of the East. Much as we all know that the two Churches hate one another, we should scarcely have expected to find that so late as 1798 Anthemius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, printed a book at Constantinople in which he 'congratulated the Greeks on having escaped the artifices of the devil who had enticed the Catholics, the Lutherans, the Calvinists, and other sects into the path of perdition, and told them that the particular favour of Heaven had raised up the Ottoman Empire to protect the Greeks against heresy, to be a barrier against the political power of the Western nations, and to be the champion of the Orthodox Church.' Of all the strange uses which statesmanship has discovered for the trenchant blade of the house of Othman, this one of protecting the doctrine of the Single Procession and the practice of celebrating mass with leavened bread from the attacks of rival churches, is one of the most curious.

The coalition between the Greek Church and the Ottoman State was, however, a very real fact, and, though thoroughly discreditable to both parties, it has proved till the present time a very successful piece of statecraft. The last Palæologi, in their desperate attempts to obtain aid from Western Europe against the Turk, had sold themselves body and soul to the Papal court. The aid obtained was of the most shadowy description, the alienation produced among their subjects was but too obvious. As soon as the sack of Constantinople was over, one of the first acts of the Mussulman conqueror was to replace an Orthodox patriarch on the episcopal throne. While nominally conceding the right of election of this dignitary to an assembly of Greek bishops, the Sultan has practically

retained as much voice in his appointment as our own Sovereign has in filling up a vacant English bishopric ; and as he has always possessed the undisputed power of condemning every Greek ecclesiastic, however high his rank or however low, to exile or death, the Orthodox Church has practically been in far more complete subjection to the Padischah than the Anglican to the Defender of the Faith. Simony has been almost the rule in a church thus strangely governed. The patriarchs have paid enormous sums to the Sultan for their nomination to office, and have recouped themselves by selling the subordinate bishoprics to the highest bidder. The bishop again sells the cure of parishes to the subordinate priests, who reimburse themselves by fleecing their flocks, as we had recently occasion to show from Mr. Evans' ' Rambles in Bosnia.'

The picture drawn in these pages of the condition of the Greeks during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is indeed a most deplorable one. The *haratch* and the tribute of children paid to their Ottoman masters, the extortion practised upon them by their spiritual superiors, were not the sole causes of their impoverishment. All over the waters of the Levant hovered the black sail of the pirate. He was of any nationality and of every religion. Moor, Venetian, Catalan, Algerian, Dalmatian, all plied the accursed trade and stole not only gold, and garments, and jewels, but bodies of men. The re-establishment of the slave market at Constantinople and Alexandria had given a motive and an extension to piracy such as it had not had since the days of Pompey. And the monster devoured slaves as well as sold them. In the whole long catalogue of human suffering there are perhaps no blacker pages than those which record the miseries of the galley-slave, toiling under the blazing sun of the Mediterranean, in hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness, with the crack of the master's whip for ever in his ears.

To the devastations of these sea-rovers, most of them Italians or Spaniards, Finlay attributes the peculiarly desolate aspect of many of the shores of the Archipelago at the present day. The ravaged soil was left uncultivated, the ruined wine-vats and olive-presses were not restored, the dwindling wealth of the inhabitants was converted into a few portable commodities, so that when the Maltese or Florentine corsair hove in sight the inhabitants might as speedily as possible betake themselves with their possessions to the mountains. Greece had strangely reverted to that Homeric state of society described by Thucydides, in which ' all the dwellers by the shore, rich as well as poor, betook themselves to piracy, and fell upon the unwalled towns and villages, from the robbery of which they derived the greater part of their livelihood. Thus did the occupation of a pirate bring with it no shame, as is shown by the constantly recurring question of characters in the early poems, " Are you a pirate ?" ' But the freebooting habits, which were comparatively harmless to the rude and early civilisation of Hellas, fell with crushing weight on the impoverished and effete society of Greece in the seventeenth century.

Venice had borne a conspicuous part in the ruin and humiliation of the Greek name. Let it therefore be recorded to her credit that the first dawn of a brighter day for the long oppressed people came from the Rialto. The Republic, which ceased after the League of Cambray to play a great part in Italian affairs, continued for two hundred years to be the protagonist of Europe in the struggle with the Ottoman. She had to withdraw, it is true, from Cyprus and from Crete, but a century elapsed between these two losses ; and the desperate conflict for the latter island, prolonged over a quarter of a century, which has made ' una guerra di Candia ' proverbial in Venice as a synonym for a life-and-death struggle, can have been only less exhausting to the winner than to the loser. In 1685, sixteen years after the capitulation of Candia, the winged lion of St. Mark's, to the astonishment of the world, descended upon Greece, and, after a five years' struggle, succeeded in wresting the Peloponnesus from the Turks. It is a curious tale, and one which seems to blend the classical, the mediæval, and the modern, as our Laureate has blended them in his immortal ' medley.' The hero of the expedition is Morosini, surnamed ' the Peloponnesian,' the last of the great doges of Venice, and the only citizen whose portrait, while he yet lived, was hung in the *Sala del Maggior Consilio.* He successfully besieges Corinth, Sparta, and Athens, but fails to occupy Eubœa. Among his most trustworthy troops are 2,400 red-coated Hanoverians, farmed out to the Republic by the Elector Ernest of Brunswick, husband of that Princess Sophia who was declared next in succession in the Protestant line to the imperial crown and dignity of England. Her son Max William, brother of our George I., a lad of nineteen, full of fun and frolic, gives his vote in the council of war for attacking the Turks without loss of time, overrules a hesitating general, and may claim a good share of credit for the victory which ensued. But the calamity which darkens the whole history of this

little war is the wreck which it wrought in the Parthenon at Athens. So lately as the year 1677 our countryman, George Wheeler, saw this, 'the most beautiful piece of antiquity remaining in the world,' still nearly perfect, with all its columns but one erect, and 'the frieze round about the temple charged with historical figures of admirable beauty and worth.' Ten years after this, during the siege of Athens, a Venetian bomb fell in the Parthenon, where the Turks had deposited all their most valuable effects with a considerable quantity of powder and other inflammable materials. A terrific explosion took place; the centre columns of the peristyle, the walls of the *cella*, and the immense architraves and cornices they supported were scattered around the remains of the temple. Much of the unrivalled sculpture was defaced, and a part utterly destroyed. The materials heaped up in the building also took fire, and the flames mounting high over the Acropolis announced the calamity to the besiegers, and scathed many of the statues which still remained in their original positions.

But the Venetian conquest, though so disastrous to Hellenic art, produced favourable results on the condition of the Hellenic people. During the thirty years that a Proveditor of the republic ruled the Morea, trade increased, a considerable revenue was raised without flagrant oppression, municipal institutions were planted again in Hellenic soil, and the Latin clergy who accompanied the Venetians, sharing in that softened tone of religious controversy which was characteristic of the eighteenth century, lived in harmony with their Orthodox rivals, and exerted themselves with some success in the cause of popular education. In short, 'the first productive seeds of social improvement were sown in the minds of the Greeks by their Venetian masters during the short period of their domination in the Morea. The hope as well as the desire of bettering their condition became then a national feeling, which gained strength with each succeeding generation, until it ripened into a desire for national independence.'

In 1715 the beneficent rule of the Venetians in the Peloponnesus was terminated by a great expedition under the rule of Ali Kumurgi Pacha. This man, son of a charcoal-burner, then page in the Seraglio, then chamberlain, finally rose to the dignity of grand vizier, and delighted to sign himself 'First Minister and Generalissimo of the most powerful Emperor of the universe. and the most high among the monarchs of the earth.' Though a civilian, he acquitted himself creditably at the head of the Ottoman army, and in one campaign recovered the Morea, which it had taken Venice six years to conquer. Lord Byron's 'Siege of Corinth' has given the name and deeds of Kumurgi a permanent abiding-place in English literature.

One more attempt, not to liberate Greece but to change her lords, must be noticed before we close this rapid summary of the history of her servitude. In 1770 five men-of-war, bearing the Russian flag, anchored under the shadow of Mount Taygetus, and landed 500 men, who, announcing themselves as the deliverers of Greece from the Turkish yoke, at once proceeded to administer to the Greek peasants an oath that they would live faithful subjects of the Czarina of all the Russias. The leaders of this expedition were men of a very different stamp from the noble son of Venice, Morosini. Eight years previously, Alexis Orloff had been the main actor in the revolution which seated Katherine II. on the Russian throne. The sequel of that revolution, a well-known story, shall be told for us in the few and sinewy words of Carlyle:—

'On Saturday, Alexis Orloff and four other miscreants, one of them a prince, one a play-actor, came over and murdered poor Peter, husband of Katherine, in a treacherous and even bungling and disgusting and altogether hideous manner. "A glass of Burgundy" (poisoned Burgundy), "your Highness?" said they at dinner with his poor highness. On the back of which, the Burgundy having failed and been found out, came grappling and hauling, trampling, shrieking, and at last strangulation. Surely the Devil will reward such a five of his elect?' (Carlyle's *Friedrich II.* vol. vi. p. 279.)

This Alexis Orloff, with his brother Feodor, were now leaders of an expedition for the liberation of Greece, on the throne of which liberated country some said that Gregory Orloff, chief of the brotherhood and prime favourite of the Czarina, was to take his seat. One of the subordinate leaders of the expedition was a young ship-master named Psaros, who once wore a livery in Orloff's servants' hall. Paramours of empresses, their bravo brothers and the lacqueys from their kitchens do not make up a promising company to play the new drama of William Tell on Grecian soil. And in fact the story of this enterprise of theirs is on its own account scarcely worth the trouble of reading or remembering. The Orloffs' operations in the Morea were marked by military incapacity, by cruelty towards the Turks, and fickleness towards the Greeks, whom they easily abandoned to their deeply offended masters. The war between Russia and Turkey, in which this

Peloponnesian invasion was an interlude, was terminated by the celebrated treaty of Kainardji, in which no stipulation of any value was contained on behalf of the insurgent Greeks. Katherine's restless mind was drifting off in other directions, intent on the partition of Poland, and all the by-play of intrigue which was needed to accomplish it. Her correspondent, Voltaire, who saw clearly how the Czarina's thoughts were changing, and who knew well the truth of the proverb, '*Odisse quem læseris*,' began in his letters to decry the Greeks as much as he had previously extolled them, declared that Sophocles, Homer, and Demosthenes no longer gave him any pleasure, and that he should detest even the Greek religion itself if her imperial Majesty did not happen to be the head of that church. When a free-thinking leveller does flatter a crowned head, no Stuart bishop could be more courtly.

In taking leave of Finlay's history, we earnestly recommend it to our readers, who are desirous to get down to the roots of things and study this Eastern Question for themselves, in its origin and its essence. They will find here, what we have not had space even to glance at, the history of those Slavonian and Wallachian kingdoms, whose relation to Byzantium was almost as difficult a matter to settle at the time of our Plantagenets as it is in the days of Queen Victoria. The ethnology of Greece proper, and the question how far the modern Greeks may be considered the true representatives of the ancient Hellenes, are also discussed with great fulness. Possibly, too, our readers may learn a useful lesson from Finlay's own character. Europe has now before it the difficult task of reconstructing out of the crushed fragments of nationalities, pulverised by centuries of Turkish misgovernment, a new and enduring state-system for the lands between the Danube and the Ægean. In addressing ourselves to this most difficult task, let us avoid, if possible, errors similar to the exaggerated Philhellenism of Finlay's earlier years, or to the cynical miso-Hellenism of his later life. Let us not expect from nations brutalised by long servitude the manly instincts and the capacities for self-government which come as it were in the blood to the scions of a race which has been free for countless generations. Let us resolve not to be disheartened by apparent failure or disgusted by apparent ingratitude. It is, after all, but a very small part of the great curve of the world's history that we shall see in our day ; but the true statesman, amid all the provocations of the politics of the hour, strives to find out and follow the path of progress which leads to the fulfilment, by freedom, of the destinies of nations.

Art. X.—1. *The Second Volume of the Life of the Prince Consort.* By Theodore Martin. 8vo. London : 1876.

2. *The Crown and the Constitution.* First Article in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 290, April 1878.

The relations between the Crown and the Constitution have recently been discussed in a contemporary journal of the highest authority as an expositor of Tory doctrine, and the subject is one of such gravity that we must tax the patience of our readers for a short time, while we examine the remarkable manifesto to which we refer. No human ingenuity could have contrived such a system as that which we call the British Constitution. It has a theory, but the practice is the reverse of the theory. It would be perfectly accurate to describe the Crown as the most powerful member of the State ; the Lords, though at a long interval, as the next in power, and the House of Commons as the least ; but nothing could be further from the fact than such a description. The King can do no wrong ; he is the fountain of honour ; he can create hereditary legislators ; he can call into existence and dismiss parliaments ; he can frustrate the legislation of both Houses by withholding his assent ; he can make war or peace at pleasure. But practically he can do none of these things except ministerially, and at the instance of advisers virtually nominated by the House of Commons. Whatever might have been the practice in the earlier ages of the monarchy, when the lines of the Constitution were ill defined and irregularly observed, it is certain that the powers attributed to the sovereign have been exercised in modern times in the capacity of a trustee, and that their exercise is as strictly regulated by law and custom as the fiduciary duties of ordinary men are prescribed by the rules and practice of the courts of equity.

It is precisely this peculiar relation between the Crown and the Constitution which the Quarterly Reviewer fails to see, and this failure has led him into misstatements and misapprehensions of English constitutional history such as, we venture to say, have not been seen in print since the times of the Stuarts. The writer undertakes to instruct us first by the light of

'reason,' in 'the nature of constitutional government in general, and then of history and our own experience, what is the character of the English Constitution in particular.' He tells us Aristotle's opinions on these subjects, and quotes from Thucydides the hasty sentence passed by the people of Athens on the revolted city of Mitylene to warn us of the dangers of democracy. We learn from Macchiavelli also that tyrants disguise their 'dark and selfish aims' under various pretences, and we are informed, on the authority of the writer himself, that the power of the President of the United States cannot be touched except by impeachment —a fact which, like many others in this remarkable paper, is new to us.* These rambling, unconnected remarks are the sum of the information we receive on the somewhat extensive theme of constitutional government in general. But what concerns us most is 'the character of the English Constitution in particular,' and upon this point our oracle is not more explicit. He enumerates the five checks upon the Crown, which certainly 'all Englishmen are supposed to know.' The sole right of Parliament to grant supplies, the power of Parliament to make laws, the securities for the liberties of the subject, are elementary axioms to be found in the first page of Hallam's 'Constitutional History of England.' These five checks, which derived their origin from the great Charter, were in full force at the accession of Henry VII., and the development of the Constitution from its first principles would have been an interesting if not a novel inquiry. But no such summary is attempted. It is difficult indeed to trace through this obscure and random treatise what the author is driving at; but, so far as his argument is intelligible, he appears to contend for two principles—first, the right of the Crown to direct and control foreign policy, and, secondly, to take the initiative in legislation. We shall endeavour to follow him on these two points. 'Our empire,' we are told, 'rests upon opinion, and the Crown is the centre, to which all sound opinion, independently of party, should gravitate.' It is easy to escape from an examination of this doctrine, for we defy human intelligence to define its meaning. No empire can rest on a foundation so vague and shifting as opinion, and the stability of every empire depends on the degree in which the action of opinion is restrained by law, by custom, by tradition and faith. If by 'the empire' is meant the administrative government, which does rest upon opinion, modern experience has amply proved the insecurity of its tenure; and it is upon this fact that the reviewer must be taken to rest his plea for strengthening the power of the Crown. The following passage may be quoted as an illustration of the confusion of ideas which pervades this essay, and of the mode in which the writer confutes his own theory :—

'Modern historians are apt to dwell solely on the benefits we have derived from the resistance of our ancestors to the encroachments of the Crown, but it is also salutary to reflect how the discord between the Crown and the people brought trouble and dishonour on the nation. Force, wielded by feeble hands, strove in vain against the irresistible rush of opinion; opinion, breaking beyond all bounds, found itself promptly overmastered by armed force; this again was swept away by a tide of opinion running in favour of legitimacy, on which despotism was once more borne triumphantly along, till the sudden ebb of the royal force in 1688 manifested to the world how vast a revolution had been effected in the relative position of the Commons and the Crown. During this period the country, under one monarch, had become obsequious to Spain, two others of its kings were the pensioners of France; one of them had agreed, in consideration of a price, to make a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion, while, as a crowning disgrace, the Dutch fleet rode up the Thames, and insulted us on the Medway.' (Pp. 152.)

If this article had appeared in a publication of questionable orthodoxy, we should have inferred from the passage above quoted and from many other passages, that it was a clumsy attempt to satirise monarchy. The professed object of the writer is to revive the power of the Crown both in its executive and legislative capacity; and in support of government by prerogative we are reminded of three monarchs who governed the country in this wise. Of these three monarchs the first lost his head, the third lost his crown, and the second brought upon the country a shame and humiliation which it had never before experienced. After the lapse of a century another monarch attempted to rule England after the like fashion. George III. strove to fulfil his mission with an energy and persistency of purpose worthy of a better cause. He severed himself from the Whigs, who had kept his family upon the throne, but preferred the Constitution to the Crown. He got rid of minister after minister, until at

* The power of the President is directly under the control of Congress, and especially of the Senate, which frequently exercises that control. Impeachment applies only to such misconduct as justifies removal from office.

length he found a minister to his mind in Lord North, who was content to become the agent of the sovereign in furthering his policy. The result of that policy was the loss of the American colonies, a debt of one hundred millions, and the appearance in the Channel for the first, and we hope the last, time of foreign fleets. The Quarterly Reviewer rises almost to eloquence in his glowing eulogy on this policy. He quotes as his text a passage from a letter of his favourite authority, Baron Stockmar, to the Prince Consort.

'In all my observation of the English State machine,' writes that gentleman, 'I have never been able to discover that balance of the elements of their Constitution of which Englishmen boast so much. Previous to the Reform Bill, the theory of this balance was perhaps much more defective than it has been since; but the system worked better in practice than it does now. *It admitted of a vigorous government.*'

'Under such conditions'—such is the commentary of the reviewer—'there was manifestly scope for vigorous government; and vigorous government we had. Our commerce and enterprise laid the foundations of our Empire in all parts of the globe. If we lost America we gained Canada and India. We occupied the all-important military positions of Gibraltar and Malta. We put down rebellion in Ireland, and upheld freedom in Spain. And we endured without flinching a war of twenty years, in which we had more than once to stand alone against the associated power of Europe, and worse still to confront at home the tyrannous anarchy with which we were contending abroad.'

We hardly know how to deal with these amazing statements. The 'Quarterly Review' is read by the educated classes; but every tyro in English history should know that Canada had been conquered before the accession of George III., under the direction of a minister whose proud boast it was that he held himself accountable to the people who had called him to power, and that he would never be responsible for measures which he could not control. The foundation of our Indian empire was laid by a joint-stock company, and its richest provinces were conquered by a clerk from a counting-house at Madras, in the reign of George II. Gibraltar was taken by Sir George Rooke in the reign of Queen Anne. Malta was an early prize of the French revolutionary war.

If the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Spain can be called upholding the freedom of that country, it was not owing to the 'vigorous government' of the Crown, since George III. had practically ceased to reign before the commencement of the Peninsular war. Neither is that monarch responsible for the atrocious conduct of the Orangemen in 1798, which the Reviewer calls putting down rebellion in Ireland. The revolutionary war was in its origin forced upon this country by the insolent aggressions of the French republic. In its earlier stages we had a specimen of the way in which war is conducted by the head of the State. Pitt, who did not inherit the warlike genius so conspicuous in Chatham, suffered the King to nominate the Duke of York to the command of an expeditionary force. The result was a speedy termination of the enterprise in ridicule and disaster. A more important command was given to the same prince five years afterwards with the same result; but, happily for the safety of the empire and the credit of her arms, a sailor of fortune was found to cover the incapacity of the court generals with oblivion by achievements unparalleled even in the British navy. Notwithstanding these facts, the writer in the 'Quarterly' undertakes to 'demonstrate from experience that the only way in which the nation can hope to steer safely between the Scylla of Absolutism and the Charybdis of Anarchy, is by leaving the Executive—we will *go further, and add the Sovereign herself*—just liberty in the conduct of foreign affairs.' (P. 161.) Again:—

'The monarch is at once the head and the arm of the Constitution, in whose judgment rests the decision of peace or war, and on whose will depend the movements of the military and naval forces of the country. Moreover, the sovereign, and not his ministers, is the visible representative of the national majesty in the eyes of all foreign Powers. . . . Hence the English sovereign has a double interest in the conduct of foreign affairs; first, the security of his country, and next, the maintenance of his personal honour. Therefore, though, on the principle of self-government, the opinion of the Queen may not in the decision of home affairs be of more value than that of her poorest subject who possesses a vote, yet in foreign questions it is obvious that her interest is beyond all comparison greater than that of any single Englishman, and may even be compared to that of the nation itself. Hence it follows that, not only by virtue of her prerogative, but by the nature of things, she must be allowed a large personal share in the control of our foreign policy.' (P. 158.)

We quote these remarkable passages to make clear what might otherwise seem incredible, that in claiming for the Crown a decisive voice in determining vital questions of foreign policy, the writer means,

not the responsible advisers of the Crown, but the sovereign personally. 'A House of Commons,' we are told, 'elected on the principle of numerical representation is utterly unqualified for the functions which its flatterers would thrust upon it.' That is to say, it is unfitted for the control of the foreign policy of the country; and inasmuch as the executive administration are virtually nominated by, and responsible to, this incompetent body, it follows that the ministers of the Crown must act independently of Parliament, and in the narrowest sense of the term, ministerially, so far at least as matters of foreign policy are concerned. But assuming for a moment that a dozen English gentlemen could be induced to form a cabinet on such terms—what then? A negotiation is going on with some foreign Power. The House desires information on the subject. They vote an address to the Crown for papers. Are the papers to be refused? They would either be given, or withheld on the ground that their publication would be injurious to the public service, and this excuse is to be accepted on the faith of the minister, who, according to the 'Quarterly' theory, may have had little or no discretion in the matter. But let us suppose that Parliament is content to leave ordinary transactions of foreign affairs in the hands of the Crown; what is to happen if the Queen determines to exercise her prerogative by a declaration of war? War cannot be carried on without supplies; supply will not be granted without a full explanation of the objects and purposes for which it is required; and thus the whole question comes round again to the arbitrement of that assembly which, according to the new doctrine, is only fit to discuss domestic matters of the parochial kind. Many of the greatest debates that illustrate the history of Parliament have concerned questions of peace and war, of treaties and other high matters of foreign policy. Ministers have been censured, and parties have been deprived of power upon such questions. But if the sovereign is to be 'allowed a large personal share in the control of our foreign policy,' such debates must cease. The monstrous spectacle of the House of Commons canvassing directly the policy of the Crown would be intolerable. Parliament cannot censure the sovereign. The Queen can do no wrong.

It would be a feeble and inadequate description of the 'Quarterly' dogma to call it unconstitutional. It is absolutely incompatible with the existence of the Constitution. If it were to be known that the policy of the country was in any sensible degree dictated by the Crown, we do not hesitate to say that the days of the monarchy would be numbered. The decent maxim of the Constitution, which places the Crown beyond the range of party conflict and the buffeting of public opinion, is essential to its safety; and we cannot too solemnly protest against the wild temerity which would expose this sacred institution to insult and peril.

We should not have thought it necessary to take serious notice of the 'Quarterly' doctrines, had they not received some colour from still higher authority. Two cabinet ministers, Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Derby, have recently spoken with contempt of public opinion on questions of foreign policy; and the Prince Consort, with 'considerable humour,' as we are told, derided the capacity of the people to form a rational opinion on such matters. And when it is considered that these views have been practically exemplified by the latest act of the executive government, the employment, namely, of forces in British pay without the consent of Parliament, it is high time for those who are unwilling that the Constitution of this realm should be altered, to be outspoken on the subject.

Putting aside for the moment the inevitable fact, that whether right or wrong, logical or otherwise, public opinion through its constituted organs must ultimately determine questions in which public interests of magnitude are concerned, let us consider what this public opinion is. The gentlemen of the new school speak of public opinion as if it were some vague accidental product, generated from a fortuitous concourse of atoms. In former days—those happy days when, to quote the reviewer once more, 'affairs were directed by a ministry supported by the whole power of the Crown, and answerable only to a House of Commons elected from the close boroughs—it was possible for men like Grenville and Castlereagh to hold a firm and consistent course.' No doubt the people sunk in ignorance were easily kept in subjection. The middle classes were not represented in Parliament; there were neither materials for forming public opinion, nor facilities for its expression. Then, indeed, the Crown and its ministers, with the aid of a few great lords, could have their own way. But we have fallen on evil times. The population is vastly increased. Education has made proportional progress, and there is hardly a mechanic who is not better taught than a tradesman was fifty years ago. The country has been opened up, and interchange of

ideas has been thus facilitated. By the incessant action of the press, the platform, and the telegraph, information of every kind is supplied ; and every side of every question is exhibited with a force and perspicacity heretofore unknown. The difference between the quality of the opinion thus created and finished for public use, and the opinion of princes and statesmen, is not very great ; it is hardly sufficient to justify the withdrawal of any particular question of public policy from the influence of public opinion, in order to refer it exclusively to the Crown.

These conditions of modern times, which appear to us unfavourable to the recovery by the Crown of its ancient power, are not, we are bound to say, of much importance in the estimation of the Quarterly Reviewer. His contempt for the ' policy of the masses ' is impartially extended to ' their more educated representatives, who claim to give an intelligent reflection of public opinion.' Nor has he much more respect for the House of Commons itself. He commends, indeed, ' its readiness to grant supplies,' but he proceeds to show, in more sentences than we care to quote, that the House of Commons is unfit to exercise control over the action of the Executive. We had thought, however, it was conceded that Parliament might apply its parochial mind to domestic legislation, as involving only subjects upon which ' almost everybody is capable of forming an opinion.' But we had not read far enough. The writer is not content with claiming for the Crown a control over foreign policy, but insists on conferring upon it a similar discretion in its legislative capacity. The House of Commons, it seems, is incompetent to discharge the duties which ' its ambition has undertaken ;' and the incompetency is dated from the time when ' it abandoned its old functions of control to take the *initiative in legislation.*' The various sections of the Opposition are of course denounced for criticising the measures of the Government ; but we were not prepared to hear that any fault could be found with the docile majority which follows the Conservative minister. Nevertheless, they come in for their share of censure. ' The irresponsible supporters of the ministry,' we are told, ' conscious of the strength which their leaders derive from their serried phalanx, seek to share in the enjoyment of power by bringing the Executive more and more under their influence.' The necessary inference is that party government should be abolished. The reviewer is prepared for the result. ' Let us suppose,' he says, ' that parties disappeared, and Parliament, once more deliberately confining itself to its own office of control, left all initiative in the hands of the Executive.' What then ? Honour or place would still be open to all who distinguished themselves in *council.* Ministers would be selected more at the discretion of the sovereign, and, though still responsible to the people, would cease to be its creatures ; and if the monarch should be so ill-advised as to encroach upon his subject's liberties by *force,* there would be found means of resistance. Public opinion, indeed, must be respected in an age when public opinion is in the ascendant ; but in the opportunities of collecting, centralising, and directing opinion, it is plain that no influence can compare with that of the monarch. Finally, we are informed that the policy of Conservatism—that is, the policy which should guide the Crown—is plain. ' It is to localise whatever of our interests is domestic, and to centralise whatever is imperial.' This is precisely the policy of the Irish Home Rulers. We cannot encumber our pages with lengthened extracts in support of the strange doctrines which we have summarised nearly in the words of the reviewer ; neither shall we tempt the patience of our readers by a formal refutation of his postulate that the Crown had ever possessed the initiative in legislation. Such a restriction was, indeed, imposed on the Irish Parliament by the famous law of Poyning in 1495 ; but even the Irish Parliament was emancipated before its final dissolution. No such pretension has ever been set up by a sovereign of the realm since our English Parliament has existed. The Crown, indeed, is a member of the legislative body, but its place is strictly assigned. It can neither originate nor alter a bill submitted by the Houses of Parliament ; its function is limited to a simple assent or veto. If the House of Commons were to renounce its independent right of originating measures of legislation, this position would be practically reversed : the Crown would become the motive power, and Parliament would be reduced to the necessity of adopting or rejecting its decrees. We have quoted several passages from the ' Quarterly Review.' It may be more to the purpose, to quote the measured language of Hallam on the relations between the Crown and the people.

' It has always been reckoned among the most difficult problems in the practical science of government to combine an hereditary monarchy with security of freedom, so that neither the ambition of kings shall undermine the people's rights, nor the jealousy of the

people overturn the throne. England had already experience of both these mischiefs; and there seemed no prospect before her, but either their alternate recurrence, or a final submission to absolute power, unless by one great effort she could put the monarchy for ever beneath the law, and reduce it to an integrant portion instead of the primary source and principle of the Constitution. She must reverse the favoured maxim, "A Deo rex, a rege lex," and make the Crown itself appear the creature of the law. But our ancient monarchy, strong in a possession of seven centuries, and in those high and paramount prerogatives which the consenting testimony of lawyers and the submission of parliaments had recognised, a monarchy from which the House of Commons and every existing peer, though not perhaps the aristocratic order itself, derived its participation in the legislature, could not be bent to the republican theories which have been not very successfully attempted in some modern codes of constitution. It could not be held, without breaking up all the foundations of our polity, that the monarchy emanated from the Parliament, or, in any historical sense, from the people. But by the Revolution, and by the Act of Settlement, the rights of the actual monarch, of the reigning family, were made to emanate from the Parliament and the people. In technical language, in the grave and respectful theory of our Constitution, the Crown is still the fountain from which law and justice spring forth. Its prerogatives are in the main the same as under the Tudors and the Stuarts; but the right of the House of Brunswick to exercise them can only be deduced from the Convention of 1688.' (*Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 90.)

It would be easy to prove by accumulated citations from the Statute Book the immense importance of maintaining intact the independent rights of Parliament in matters of legislation. The Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus, and the Place Bill were all passed against the strenuous opposition of the Court; and many minor measures of great practical utility are due to the knowledge and public spirit of legislators unconnected with the Government. For the first century after the Revolution there is no trace of any pretence on the part of the Crown to initiate bills in Parliament. So little concert indeed was there even in the Executive Government itself that we frequently find one Minister opposing the measure of another; and it was only by the arbitrary dismissal of whole batches of officers, civil and military, that the discipline of the public service was occasionally asserted. In process of time the course of legislation has undergone a change, although the principle remains unaltered. The rapid increase of parliamentary business has imposed upon the Government the necessity of united action, and has gradually transferred to their hands the initiative of almost every important measure submitted to Parliament. But this innovation, so far from being regarded by the independent members of the House as an encroachment on their rights, is considered a convenient mode of facilitating the progress of measures in which they are interested. In the good old days of packed Parliaments, the House of Commons was the passive instrument of the Crown; but under a free and extended suffrage the minister, in carrying bills through the House, is not so much the organ of the Executive as of the House itself; and the minister in shaping his measures must consult the bent and temper of the majority for the time being. This, in the opinion of the 'Quarterly Review,' may be a deplorable state of things; but it is the state of things, and we do not think it will be changed for the purpose of giving the Crown the right to determine what shall be the law of the land.

Parliament is well able to protect itself against any encroachment on its province. We cannot rely with the like security on the safeguards which exist against the pretensions set up for the Crown with regard to the foreign policy of the empire. The 'Quarterly' writer is never weary of reiterating his doctrine on this subject. 'There is only one quarter in which the knowledge (of foreign policy) exists, in which the unity and continuity of England's policy is kept ever clearly in view apart from the illusions of party warfare. That quarter is the Crown represented by the ministry. There is only one member of the nation on whom the foreign relations of the country in respect of its honour and majesty bear with an immediate and personal effect. That member is the Queen.' (P. 173.) It is unquestionably within the prerogative of the Crown to negotiate and conclude treaties with foreign powers, to declare war, and to make peace. The power of making war is, indeed, effectually controlled by the necessity of applying to Parliament for supplies; but the power of the Crown to contract engagements which may commit the honour of the country and affect its vital interests is subject to no such immediate restraint.

'The sovereign,' we are reminded, 'and not his ministers, is the visible representative of the national majesty in the eyes of all foreign powers.' Quite so; and therefore the only security which the country possesses against the rash exercise of an arbitrary discretion is the personal responsibility of the minister. But responsibility

implies power, and if a public man could be found so deficient in sense and public spirit as to become the mere mouthpiece of the sovereign he would soon learn that the position of a minister of the Crown in Parliament bears no analogy to that of an advocate in a court of law. There is nothing which Parliament insists upon more strictly than the absolute responsibility of the Executive Government. The House of Commons expressly declares this responsibility on the first day of every session. Her Majesty's gracious Speech from the Throne is immediately claimed as the speech of the minister, and is thereupon canvassed with a freedom which would be indecent and disrespectful if the document really was what it purports to be, the manifesto of the Crown itself. Every act of State formally communicated to the House in a message from the Crown is treated in like manner. Finally, a vote of censure upon the ministry is invariably followed by their retirement from office. The control of Parliament being thus complete, what need, it may be asked, of further precaution? We ask, on the other hand, why it is sought to disturb the constitutional relations which now exist between Parliament and the Crown? The pretensions set up on behalf of the sovereign to direct the foreign policy of the country are wholly incompatible with those relations. There is no probability that the attempt will be made with the impolitic frankness of the 'Quarterly Review.' A more cautious and insidious course must be adopted. No minister will be appointed on the condition, either express or implied, that he is to be the agent of the sovereign in carrying a policy through Parliament. Some man of character and station, of supple loyalty and yielding temper, will be chosen as a fit instrument for the purpose. A minister of this cast might be imperceptibly guided, or he might find himself, like Lord North, committed to measures which his private judgment failed to approve. We may take it for granted that the sovereign would be actuated by a sincere desire to maintain the honour and the interests of his country. But unless he was stubborn and self-willed like George III., he would be under the influence of some secret adviser—a consort, or perhaps a mistress, a foreigner, a friend, a tutor, or even a body physician.

The revelations contained in the remarkable book, the second volume of which stands at the head of this article, prove that these are no wild speculations. We wish to speak of the late Prince Consort with the respect and admiration due to his eminent virtues and talents; but it is impossible to disguise the fact that his Royal Highness took a more active part in public affairs than was convenient or becoming in one so highly placed. A frank communication between the sovereign and the minister is conducive to the transaction of the business of the State; but when this correspondence extends to the details of administration, and even includes admonitions as to the terms in which the minister is to deliver himself in Parliament, it becomes somewhat embarrassing. When the sovereign insists on advising the minister, instead of the minister advising the sovereign, it is difficult to maintain those constitutional relations between Parliament and the Executive, which are essential to the harmony of the realm; but when it happens that the sovereign, in pressing a policy upon the minister, is prompted by somebody in the background, the position of affairs becomes almost perilous. We do not censure Baron Stockmar, who acted no doubt with the best intentions. He was a clever man, but like all foreigners he was incapable of understanding the English Constitution; and had he been wise, he would have counselled the young prince, a foreigner like himself, to be cautious and reserved in attempting to influence the troubled course of politics in a country governed by free institutions, and in which no recognised political position was assigned to him. The idle stories which were at one time circulated to the Prince's prejudice showed the strong dislike with which the public viewed any interference on the part of the Queen's husband with public affairs. In the House of Commons this feeling was more intensely manifested. On one occasion when a vote was proposed in the Committee of Supply for the purchase of the site of the Exhibition building at South Kensington, the prevalent belief that this vote had been suggested by the Prince gave rise to a scene of excitement and irritation which has rarely been witnessed. Mr. Gladstone, in the absence of Lord Palmerston, in vain endeavoured to allay the storm, and Mr. Disraeli, when it was understood that he rose to support the vote, could with difficulty obtain a hearing. The House of Commons reflects the national abhorrence of secret advisers and irresponsible councils.

It will be said of those who condemn the doctrine of the 'Quarterly Review' that they want to reduce the Crown to a cipher. This is a convenient mode of deterring criticism upon a delicate subject. The pretence, however, is as shallow as it is impudent. The sovereign has, at least, as much

right as the meanest of his subjects to express an opinion on public affairs ; and he has means at his command of giving effect to that opinion, which the most powerful of his subjects does not possess. He cannot, indeed, impose a policy either upon his minister or his Parliament ; but he can dismiss his minister, and he can appeal to the country against the judgment of Parliament. George III. was strictly within his rights when he dismissed the Coalition, and dissolved the Parliament which supported the Coalition. William IV. was equally within his rights when he dismissed Lord Melbourne, and appealed to the country. In these several cases a great question of policy was raised and determined by competent authority. In the one case, the action of the king was confirmed by the nation ; in the other, it was reversed. Everything was done constitutionally and in order.

Such are the great powers which the Crown can employ when a question of supreme importance justifies their use. But the modern sticklers for prerogative are not content that their sovereign should abide within the limits of constitutional monarchy. They claim for their king a position of that kind which no man of spirit or honour would condescend to occupy. They desire that he should have the direction and control of transactions, for which *other people are to be responsible.* The master's orders are to be obeyed, but the servant is to bear the consequences of obeying them. The control of foreign policy is at present exercised by Parliament ; it cannot be exercised by the Crown and Parliament conjointly ; unless, therefore, Parliament is prepared to relinquish this function, and to be content with such information on foreign affairs as the Crown may think fit to communicate, the members of the Executive Government must remain accountable for every step which is taken in relation to foreign powers. George III. once attempted to exact from his ministers a promise that they would not take a certain course with reference to the Catholic question, and the reply was an immediate tender of their resignation. We do not anticipate that any sovereign of this country will make conditions with his ministry on the subject of foreign policy or any other question, and we are sure that no body of English gentlemen would accept office on such conditions ; but we are not so sure that a weak and hesitating ministry might not yield to a consistent purpose and a persistent will. We do not wish to see the Constitution shaken to its foundations by a collision between the Crown and the people ; but this would be, sooner or later, the certain result of shifting responsibility from the Executive Government to the Crown.

We have already dwelt at greater length on the article in our contemporary than its argument deserves, but regarding it as the manifesto of the Tory party, now for the first time since 1830 in the full possession of power, and connecting it with the recent policy of the Government, a few more words of criticism on this significant paper will not be out of place.

The main obstacle to the ascendency of the Crown is the independence of Parliament ; until this obstacle is removed, there can be no scope for the free action of prerogative. Accordingly, Parliament must be educated in the new school ; and in the process of education, the rod is not to be spared. The House of Commons is to learn that in its legislative capacity, it should be directed and set in motion by the Crown ; that in its particular function of providing for the exigencies of the State, it must be content, where foreign policy is concerned, with such information as the Government may think fit to afford, or to dispense with information altogether. If millions are demanded on a vote of credit, the House must be satisfied with any frivolous or unreal explanation which the minister may vouchsafe to offer ; to hesitate about giving the money is factious ; to raise a question as to the policy for which it is required, is unpatriotic. In this very article, the Whigs are distinctly charged with refusing to grant supplies to their sovereign, because they presumed, on a recent occasion, to discuss the policy of the measure. The charge is as untrue as it is absurd. The Whigs, as it happened, took no part in the division, by which many members of the Opposition deemed it their duty to record their disapproval of the vote.

The plan which we have described, has the merit of simplicity. George III. was driven to the necessity of adopting a more circuitous process for attaining the same end. The Whig statesmen of that day could not be bent to his purpose ; and he could not immediately break with the party which had limited his prerogative while it had confirmed the stability of his throne. The King, who gloried in the name of Briton, therefore hit upon a device worthy of kingcraft. A scheme, which Burke describes as a double cabinet, was contrived. The ministers holding the great offices of state were discredited, and virtually superseded by a cabal consisting chiefly of subordinate ministers called 'King's friends,' whose business it was privately to convey

his Majesty's pleasure to members of Parliament and others, who, for various reasons, desired to be on good terms with the Crown. The plan had a negative success in disabling the ostensible ministry and thwarting their measures, but was less efficient in obtaining for the sovereign a positive and direct increase of political power. The cabal, however, answered its purpose in driving from the council chamber every man of independent spirit, until it was finally broken up, when Lord North consented to take office on the King's terms.

The plan of a double cabinet, or cabal, would not work with a reformed Parliament. When the House of Commons for the most part belonged to a few proprietors, and when the sovereign kept the patronage of the Crown in his own hands, it was possible for him to exercise a great personal control over public affairs. In these days, it is not very likely that an attempt will be made to revive personal government through the medium of any artificial contrivance such as the double cabinet of George III. There is but one way in which prerogative can be exalted in modern times, and that is by lowering the authority and undermining the independence of Parliament. All that Parliament loses, the Crown must gain. The representatives of the people can no longer be influenced by the coarse expedients of bribery and corruption; and the lines of party division are so strongly drawn, that no man can change sides without subjecting his motives to a severe scrutiny, and losing the weight and influence which he may possess. But while the personal honour of its members never stood so high, the reputation of the House of Commons as a body is not so secure. The Quarterly Reviewer, for whose purpose it is necessary to disparage the House of Commons, scoffs at its incapacity to dispose of the enormous mass of business with which it is charged. 'At one time,' he says, 'transformed into a debating society, at another into a vestry, it becomes every year more incapable of accomplishing the task which its ambition has undertaken.' There is truth in these remarks, notwithstanding their exaggeration, and the sinister design which prompts them. The redundancy of debate with which every bill is overlaid, the prolixity with which every detail of legislation is canvassed, the garrulity with which every question is overwhelmed, all tend to lower the great assembly in public estimation, and to impair its efficiency. And recently the unchecked efforts of a few members, who, for a special object, have abused their privilege, to retard public business, have contributed in no slight degree to lessen the dignity and weaken the authority of Parliament. The House has partially the remedy in its own power; but the Government of the day are chiefly responsible for the conduct of business, and the maintenance of the discipline which is necessary to prevent the House of Commons from degenerating into an unwieldy and tumultuous congress. The 'Quarterly' writer and the friends of prerogative may regard this state of things with complacency; and it is no doubt calculated to advance their views. The people of this country love freedom, but they also love orderly government; and if they can no longer look for it from a distracted and unruly legislature, they will turn towards the executive power. Relieved from the pressure of a restrictive policy, and soothed by the beneficent legislation of fifty years, the present race of Englishmen have grown to be heedless of liberties which are no longer in danger, and to leave the administration of affairs in the hands of the Government without much heed to public affairs in which they have no apparent interest. A favourable opportunity seems to be thus offered of restoring the preponderance of the Crown which existed before the era of parliamentary reform; and though the project is not likely to be successful, it would be unwise to treat it with contempt.

We have pointed out the existing tendency of the House of Commons to sink in public confidence and respect. On the one side we see a Tory Government supported by a homogeneous majority; on the other we have a heterogeneous and disorganised minority. There are two extreme parties in the State, each aiming to bring about an essential change in the Constitution. The one seeks a republic as the logical result of liberal principles; the other desires to exalt prerogative on the ruins of parliamentary government. The great bulk of the nation oscillates between these two opinions, without touching either. Of late years, this floating mass has leaned towards the side of progress; sometimes it is swayed by events and circumstances over which political parties have no control; sometimes it seems to be actuated by mere wilfulness and caprice; but generally its inclination is determined by one or the other of the two great parties—Liberal and Conservative. This great force of public opinion, acting directly through its representatives in Parliament, has for the last five-and-forty years governed the country; and it therefore becomes statesmen and leaders of party who would give a particular direction to public affairs to study its

temper, and watch its varying moods. The Liberal party, secure in the long enjoyment of power, have, of late years, neglected this duty. Relying on their principles, and animated by an honest zeal, they carried reform too far; and the reaction which invariably follows when public opinion is outstripped, set in with a strong tide. The present Parliament owes its origin to selfish alarm and resentment at the threatened invasion of vested interests in the triumphant march of reform under the energetic guidance of Mr. Gladstone. It would be idle to deny that the reaction against Liberal principles is extensive and may be lasting. That the Tories believe their position to be better assured than it has been since the time of Lord Liverpool, is evident from the policy they have pursued, and the ulterior designs to which their more eager partisans seek to commit them. The united counsels of the Liberal party can avert these dangers. But how are the different sections of the Liberal party to be reconciled? By common sense, we hope, and a perception of the common danger. It is no longer a question of a particular policy. The Liberal party must be rallied upon the principle which is common to the whole connexion—the independence of Parliament. When this is successfully asserted, it will be time to adjust minor differences, which are only differences of degree. We do not presume to censure the advanced section of the Opposition for insisting upon a vigorous policy; we would only remind them that the rate of progress must be measured by public opinion; and we submit that no doctrine can be more favourable to the permanence of Tory government than an uncompromising adherence to dogmas which a few earnest and high-minded men may think just and right. On recent occasions when the Tories have been provisionally in office, our Radical allies have thought they could extort from the weakness of their opponents more than they could obtain from their own party; and experience perhaps justified this anticipation. But the conditions are essentially changed. The Tories are not merely in office, they are in power; and with an assured and compact majority they have no longer the same inducement to make concessions. The experience of the past four years has taught us that Tory government is in spirit, and, so far as times admit, in action, the same that it was fifty years ago. The progress of real reform is stopped. Parliament is amused with petty measures, few even of these being passed. Warlike agitation is encouraged, and attention is thus diverted from domestic affairs. A lavish expenditure, which always secures popularity of the lowest description, has replaced an unpopular economy. We submit that the first object of the Liberal party under such circumstances should be, a riddance of Tory government. It will be time enough to settle vexed questions, when this essential preliminary has been passed. For the purposes of party warfare, the Conservatives are far superior to their opponents. They are perfectly organised; they have no differences of opinion; or if such differences exist, they are not suffered to interfere with the common action. The Liberals, on the contrary, are a body of freethinkers, who can with difficulty be induced occasionally to subscribe to a common opinion, or to act under a common head. There are numerous sects, each insisting on its own particular tenet, and keeping aloof unless that tenet is recognised and adopted as the creed of the party. Even upon critical questions of policy which involve no question of principle, it has been difficult, of late years, to obtain a united vote. But when a minority of a minority persists in going to a division on which the bulk of the party cannot join, the result is that, in addition to a signal parliamentary defeat, a false impression is given of the strength of the Government and the weakness of the Opposition. Government by party is essential to our parliamentary system; but parties cannot exist, unless party conflict is carried on upon equal conditions. The new policy of government by the Crown cannot co-exist with government by party; and it is obvious that everything which impairs the force and coherence of the Liberal party must be altogether in favour of the prerogative policy.

It would be a grave error to treat this article in the 'Quarterly Review' as the rhodomontade of a crazy fanatic. Having regard to the connexion of that journal with the party in power, the article on the Crown and the Constitution has a special significance. It coincides with a remarkable act of State. It is, in truth, a declaration accompanied by an overt act. The assertion by the ministers, in both Houses, of the right of the Crown to call out military forces not sanctioned by Parliament, and to charge the payment of those forces upon the revenue of the United Kingdom; the studious contempt of the House of Commons in delaying the announcement of this proceeding until the day after Parliament had adjourned for the recess; the unwarrantable extent to which ministers have trespassed on the forbearance of Parliament in demanding explanations—are all consistent with the high prerogative doctrines in which

the new generation is to be educated. Nay, we suddenly learn that engagements have been entered into by the Ministers of the Crown, entirely without the knowledge of Parliament, which affect in the most material manner the whole foreign policy of the country, and pledge us to a large and unauthorised expenditure of our resources, now and hereafter. It is impossible to afford a more signal example of that secret, arbitrary, and unparliamentary power for which the Tories of the present day contend.

But something more is necessary to establish this new faith. The party of the Revolution which limited the rights of the Crown must be discredited. Accordingly, we are assured that the Whigs were extinguished by the Reform Act, or the Revolution, as it is called, of 1832. Since that period, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell have been successively at the head of the administration composed almost exclusively of Whigs. Sir Robert Peel governed the country for five years upon a policy which was vehemently denounced by the present Prime Minister and the Tories, and as warmly supported by the Whigs. The most distinguished followers of Sir Robert Peel subsequently became prominent members of the Liberal party. Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone were not indeed educated in a Whig school, but they were surrounded by Whig colleagues, and adopted Whig principles. Among the foremost ministers since 1832, without reference to lists of cabinets, such names as the following occur to our recollection :—Lords Lansdowne, Duncannon, Holland, Howick, Minto, Morpeth, Granville, Sir John Hobhouse, Sir George Grey, Sir Charles Wood, Sir George Lewis. All these, we apprehend, were Whigs ; and the survivors were members of the administration which quitted office in 1874. The Liberal party, we are glad to say, now rests on a wider basis than the historic designation would accurately describe ; but so long as the Constitution exists the principles of its founders must remain in the ascendant. The Whigs, it seems, according to the 'Quarterly Review,' have had little or nothing to do with—nay, they were either opposed or unfriendly to—the reforms of the last fifty years. We learn that they supported the Test Act until it was repealed by the Tories in the time of George IV. ; that they are the authors of the Navigation Laws of Cromwell ; that they hated the Reform Act ; and that the credit of the new system of education is due, not to the Liberals, but to the clergy of the Established Church. We refer to these remarkable statements, not for the purpose of refuting them, but to lay before our readers a curious specimen of what we freely admit to be the exceptional amount of candour and intelligence which a writer in a publication of high character can bring to a question of grave importance. The argument for 'loyally upholding the constitutional prerogative of the Crown against the invasion of democracy' is one which may be stated with precision and temperance. We think, indeed, that such an argument, however well sustained, would admit of a sufficient answer. But we can truly say that our task would have been less irksome had it been our fortune to encounter an argument founded upon a fair statement of facts and directed by a reasoning faculty.

We have on two previous occasions reviewed in this Journal the first and the third volumes of Mr. Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort ;' the first deriving its chief interest from the details of the Prince's early life and courtship ; the third, from its historical connexion with the Crimean War and the foreign politics of that period. The second volume of this important work has not been noticed, as yet, in these pages, because it contains matter which we reserved for a fuller discussion of the great constitutional question of the prerogatives of the Crown. It is, we think, unfortunate that this question should have been raised at all, especially in the fortieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria. But since these extraordinary pretensions have been put forward, and made the subject of a formal declaration of principles by the leading organ of the Tory party, we cannot hesitate to accept the challenge, and to vindicate, as forcibly as we can, the true doctrines of the Whig party and of our Parliamentary Constitution.

We do not propose again to enter into the interesting details of public and domestic life which these volumes contain. They have been eagerly read by thousands, and are calculated, we need hardly say, to increase and confirm the respectful affection which the Queen has won during her long reign. Her illustrious consort had not the like opportunity of becoming known to the country of his adoption, and his life was cut short before the misconceptions in which ignorance and prejudice had involved his name could be wholly dissipated. The moral character of the Prince was never indeed impeached, but an opinion prevailed among many who knew and respected his

blameless life that his Royal Highness took a more active part in public affairs than his peculiar position seemed to warrant. At the age of twenty-six, when he was an Englishman of five years' standing, his Royal Highness prepared for the instruction of Dean Wilberforce, in view, we suppose, of his approaching advance to the episcopacy, an elaborate theme, defining the duties and proper functions of the bishops as members of the House of Lords. It is true that the courtly churchman (who was a man of infinite humour) appears to have solicited this information; but the serious earnestness with which the request was met, raises a presumption that among the many admirable qualities of the young Prince a sense of the ridiculous was not included. Though much addicted to general principles, his Royal Highness was chiefly engaged with the affairs of State. On the Eastern question alone his biographer informs us that the difficult task had been imposed upon him of making selections from fifty folio volumes, which the Prince compiled in four years.

It is impossible not to admire the energy and ability so displayed; but it is permissible to consider whether they were well directed. The Prince had not been resident many years in this country, and his position precluded him from cultivating a practical acquaintance with the people. He had studied English history and the Constitution under the direction of a foreigner named Stockmar, who had for many years been attached to the household and person of the Prince's uncle, the King of the Belgians, in the capacity of private physician; and we shall presently see what sort of tuition he received. Baron Stockmar had been consulted by King Leopold on the momentous question of his royal niece's marriage, and it was to the Baron's suggestion that Prince Albert was, in the first instance at least, indebted for the high honour and happiness which he attained. Stockmar was an able and honest man, personally worthy of the friendship with which he was honoured by his illustrious patrons. But it is in his capacity of political preceptor to the royal pair that we take much interest in the worthy doctor or his opinions. Regard being had to his influence at Court, the Baron necessarily occupies a very conspicuous place in these memoirs, and his opinions on public affairs are quoted at great length. The Baron, after the fashion of his compatriots, is philosophical and dogmatic. It would be easy to gather from the dicta scattered through these volumes the character and tendency of the political lessons in which Baron Stockmar instructed his royal pupils; but we are saved the trouble of collating detached passages by an elaborate paper, in which the Baron stated at length the doctrines of his political creed. We regret that the space at our disposal will not admit a complete transcript of this important paper, every passage of which is full of meaning. We must be content, however, with a few quotations, sufficient to convey the sense and spirit of what Mr. Martin describes as 'a vigorous political essay.' The circumstance which seems to have suggested this valuable disquisition was a remark attributed to Lord Palmerston that the Court was pursuing 'a dynastic policy,' an imputation which the Baron repels with indignant scorn 'as the offspring of wounded self-esteem.' Lord Palmerston was one of her Majesty's Ministers, and though not at that time (1854) Minister for Foreign Affairs, his authority on such matters was higher than that of any of his colleagues. He was, of course, mistaken in his view of the Court policy, as Baron Stockmar says so; and Baron Stockmar tells us that he 'could judge whether the accusation was well founded or not better than any man in England.' But whether the views of the Court were dynastic or not, Baron Stockmar claims for the Queen and for the husband of the Queen the right to control not only the foreign policy, but the whole policy of the Government. At the commencement of the paper from which we are about to make extracts the Prince is informed that he 'could not marry the Queen of England without meaning, and without being bound, to become a political soldier.' This was in reference to the attacks which had been made upon his Royal Highness by certain portions of the press as well as by public rumours. The Baron then proceeds to define the position of the Crown in regard to the Constitution. The passages in italics are so emphasised in the original:—

'Constitutional monarchy has, since 1830, been constantly in danger of becoming a pure Ministerial Government. . . . The old Tories, who before the Reform Bill were in power for fifty years, had a direct interest in upholding the prerogatives of the Crown, and they did uphold them manfully. . . . As a race, these Tories have died out, and the race which in the present day bear their name are simply degenerate bastards. Our Whigs, again, are nothing but partly conscious, partly unconscious Republicans, who stand in the same relation to the Throne as the wolf does to the lamb. And these Whigs must have a natural inclination to push to extremity the constitutional fiction—which, although undoubtedly of old standing, is

fraught with danger—that it is unconstitutional to introduce and make use of the name and person of the irresponsible sovereign in the public debates on matters bearing on the Constitution.

. . . . . .

'Now, in our time, since Reform, the extinction of the genuine Tories, and the growth of those politicians of the Aberdeen school, who treat the existing Constitution merely as a bridge to a Republic, it is of extreme importance that this fiction should be *countenanced only provisionally, and that no opportunity should be let slip of vindicating the legitimate position of the Crown.*'

The Baron then proceeds to argue that the king has a right to be the permanent president of his ministerial council, because the nominal premier, however able and honest he may be, is only the chief of a party, and must prefer the interests of his party to the good of the State. The Baron has hardly words to express his contempt of 'the political sciolist' who makes light of this objection; and he shows how easily the sovereign can become the real, instead of the nominal, head of the Executive Government. We do not know whether this gentleman's political studies extended as far as Bolingbroke; but his theory is stated by the eloquent and accomplished Jacobite with a conciseness and eloquence which, truth to say, the worthy doctor did not command.

'To espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people, is so essential to the character of a patriot king, that he who does otherwise forfeits the title. It is the peculiar privilege and glory of this character that princes who maintain it, and they alone, are so far from the necessity that they are not exposed to the temptation of governing by a party, which must always end in the government of a faction; the faction of the prince, if he has ability; the faction of his ministers, if he has not; and either one way or other, in the oppression of the people. For faction is to party what the superlative is to the positive. Party is a political evil, and faction is the worst of all parties.' (*The Idea of a Patriot King*, p. 82.)

But again we must allow Baron Stockmar to speak for himself.

'The twaddle about ministers being responsible to the nation for every fault of head or heart will not keep matters straight. Where the question is how to keep the State in health our object should be, not to cure a complaint by severe remedies after it has broken out, but to protect it against disease. Ministerial responsibility in these days for such ministers as are incapable, and at any rate for such as are unscrupulous, is a mere bugbear. The responsible minister may do the most stupid and mischievous things. If they are not found out, he may even continue to be popular; if they do come to light, it only costs him his place. He resigns or is removed—that is all—the whole punishment, the whole restitution made for the mischief done to the common weal.

'But who could have averted, whose duty was it to avert, the danger either wholly or in part? Assuredly he, and he alone, who, being free from party passion, has listened to the voice of an independent judgment; to exercise this judgment is, both in a moral and constitutional point of view, a matter of right, nay, a positive duty.

'The sovereign may even take a part in the initiation and the maturing of the Government measures; for it would be unreasonable to expect that a king, himself as able, as accomplished, as patriotic as the best of his ministers, should be prevented from making use of these qualities at the deliberations of his council. In practice, of course, the use so made will be as various as the gifts and personal character of the occupants of the throne are various; and these are decided not merely by the different degrees of capability, but also by their varieties of temperament and disposition. Although this right has, since the time of William III., been frequently perverted and exercised in the most pernicious way: since 1830, on the other hand, it has scarcely been exercised at all.' (*Life of the Prince Consort*, vol. ii. pp. 548, 549.)

Among the contrivances for redressing the balance of forces in the State, Baron Stockmar frequently refers to a 'phenomenon' which 'Englishmen call the self-adjusting principle of the Constitution.' We never heard any Englishman mention such a thing, and, for our part, we confess we know nothing about it. The Baron attributes to our countrymen a knowledge of the recondite machinery of the Constitution, which we fear they do not possess, and we must therefore credit him with a discovery which his modesty would decline. We wish that our learned instructor had vouchsafed us some explanation of this invaluable 'phenomenon which is what the *vis medicatrix naturæ* is in disease;' * but as he fails to throw any light upon it, we must remain in our darkness.

There is a good deal more; but our readers have probably had enough of this dissertation, curious and instructive as it is. The paper is not quite so ill written as the article in the 'Quarterly Review,' though the one is merely an amplification of the other.

* The Baron is very metaphorical, and all his metaphors are drawn from his profession.

The only difference between the two is that the letter was drawn up for the instruction of the writer's illustrious pupils. The article is intended to indoctrinate her Majesty's subjects. The teaching is made plain by constant iteration, and resolves itself into two or three simple propositions. 1. The sovereign is to be the real as well as the nominal head of the Executive Government, or, in the language of the court oracle, he is to be perpetual prime minister. 2. He is to have the absolute nomination and dismissal of the subordinate ministers. 3. He is to exercise exclusive control over foreign policy, and to initiate domestic measures. Parliamentary government must cease, and parties must be annihilated. Whigs and Tories indeed are alike denounced as mischievous or worthless. The former are republicans more or less disguised ; the latter are the spurious offspring of a race of men who once upheld the prerogative of the Crown under every difficulty and disadvantage. The halcyon days of the monarchy ended with the Reform Act.

'Prior to 1831, the centre of gravity of the combined forces of the State in their relation to each other had lain in the Upper House, where the Tories for sixty years had commanded the majority. . . . The Reform Act, while it gave to the democratic element a preponderance in the Constitution over the aristocratic, removed its centre of gravity from the Upper to the Lower House, and thereby threw all political life into a state of feverish excitement and oscillation, which was very apt to have proved fatal to it.'

Notwithstanding this adverse state of affairs, the Baron was of opinion that a favourable opportunity for the restoration of the monarchy was afforded by the personal popularity of the sovereign. In the particular case, the sovereign being a woman, the exercise of power must devolve upon her husband. Baron Stockmar does not in plain terms claim for the Prince Consort the government of the country in virtue of his marital rights, but he justly points out that this consequence naturally follows. The House of Lords is in some way or other to be a party to the scheme ; while the minister is to aid and abet by discharging 'his foremost duty in sustaining the present well-deserved popularity of the sovereign.' Now all this is not the rambling of a distempered brain, nor the fulsome adulation of a silly courtier ; but the deliberate counsel of a man of mature years and good understanding, who wrote essays on the British Constitution, and was honoured with the entire confidence—nay, the respectful deference—of the Queen and her consort. It is not surprising that the Prince should implicitly accept the views of a preceptor and friend who had lived more than thirty years in this country, and in close proximity with its courts and cabinets. 'It has been,' he writes in reply to the Baron's constitutional essay, 'a great pleasure to me to receive your wise words at a time [1854] when we might fancy we were living in a madhouse. I heartily agree with every word you say. The state of affairs is precisely what you indicate.' * And we learn from these volumes that his Royal Highness was indefatigable in the endeavour to fulfil his mission.

Now we will say nothing of the late Baron Stockmar inconsistent with respect for his sincerity ; but the letter from which we have very sparingly quoted proves his utter incapacity to comprehend the subject upon which he wrote with such assumption of knowledge and authority. If there is any man of English birth and education so foolish as to believe it possible that we can go back to the times before the Reform Act, that party government can be abolished, and that the House of Lords can be got to league with the Crown in setting up personal government, such a man is not likely to be found among the readers of this Journal. Excepting Tories of the lower organisation, we should do injustice to the great Conservative party if we attributed to them any design to subvert parliamentary government, or a policy so rash as that which would stem the tide of democracy by directly opposing the throne as a barrier to its progress. A limited monarchy is not fitted to encounter the shock of public opinion, and it is not by converting a limited into an unlimited monarchy that the inroads of democracy can be stayed. The power of the Crown may be enhanced for the time by the ability or popularity of the sovereign ; but, inasmuch as wise and good kings are only happy accidents, a free people seek and find the best security for good government in representative institutions. Consistently with these arrangements, the executive power is lodged in a minister or sub-king, who does the work, and is directly responsible to the Parliament, from which he has indirectly derived his appointment. The boundary between the legislative and executive powers is thus maintained, and the Crown is protected from the variations of popular opinion. This contrivance may be a rude one ; it is not so captivating as the idea of a

* Life of the Prince Consort, vol. ii. pp. 537, 538.

patriot king ; but, like some other anomalies in our political system, it works well, and no sensible man, however high a monarchist he may be, will seek to disturb it. Baron Stockmar contemplated the erection of the Crown into a paramount authority in the State, as a permanent institution ; and this he proposed to found, in the first instance, on the personal popularity of the existing sovereign. But he made no attempt to meet the practical objection which immediately presents itself. Popularity is fleeting, and life is precarious. A succession of capable and popular rulers cannot be secured even by election, still less by hereditary descent. Thus the scheme breaks down at the outset. A regulated government, like every other political system, has its faults ; but, however defective the regulations may be, it is preferable, we submit, to government by Accident.

In the 150 years or nearly so between the re-settlement of the Crown and the accession of her Majesty there have been seven reigns. Excepting William III., can it be said that any of the other six sovereigns was capable of being permanent prime minister, and of directing the foreign policy of the nation ? Anne was governed by bed-chamber women. George I. was a stranger to the language and laws of the country to which he was called in the decline of life. George II., incompetent himself, had the good fortune during a part of his reign to be guided by a sensible wife. We were spared the reign of a King Frederick. The long life of George III. was obscured by mental disease. Of George IV. and William IV. we need say nothing. All these princes were well meaning, and loyal to their trust. They were simply, one and all, incapable of forming a reasoned opinion upon any important question, civil or military. The earlier sovereigns of the House of Hanover, taking little or no interest in the domestic politics of this country, were chiefly concerned with foreign policy, and their foreign policy consisted entirely in using the resources of England for the protection of their petty electorate. George III. not only involved this country in a war which dismembered the empire, but he meddled with every detail of administration, and, by keeping the patronage of the Government in his own hands, was enabled to do a great deal of mischief. George IV., as Regent and King, found congenial ministers in the Percevals, the Castlereaghs, and Liverpools. The attempt of William IV. to assert his royal will, and its signal failure, are matters of recent history. Even William III. valued the Crown of England only as it aided him in accomplishing the sole object of his life—the humiliation of France, and the readjustment of the balance of power. Hallam, writing some years before the Reform Act, makes some striking observations on this subject—

'Comparatively with the state of prerogative before the Revolution, we can hardly dispute that there has been a systematic diminution of the reigning prince's control, which, though it may be compensated or concealed in ordinary times by the general influence of the executive administration, is of material importance in a constitutional light. Independently of other consequences which might be pointed out as probable or contingent, it affords a real security against endeavours by the Crown to subvert or essentially impair the other parts of our Government ; for though a king may believe himself and his posterity to be interested in obtaining arbitrary power, it is far less likely that a minister should desire to do so. I mean arbitrary, not in relation to temporary or partial abridgment of the subject's liberty, but to such projects as Charles I. and James II. attempted to execute. What, indeed, might be effected by a king, at once able, active, popular, and ambitious, should such ever unfortunately appear in this country, it is not easy to predict. Certainly his reign would be dangerous, on one side or other, to the present balance of the Constitution. But against this contingent evil, or the far more probable encroachments of ministers, which, though not going the full length of despotic power, might slowly undermine and contract the rights of the people, no positive statutes can be devised so effectual as the vigilance of the people themselves, and their increased means of knowing and estimating the measures of their government.' (*Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 297.)

The development of the democratic principle in the Constitution during the last half-century and the increasing vigilance of Parliament in regard to the conduct of the Executive Government have reduced prerogative within very narrow bounds ; and if it could be shown that prerogative had been actively exercised since the Revolution for the public good, we might regard the future with anxiety. But, whether the influence of prerogative is wholesome or otherwise, there never was a time less favourable to its revival than the present. The recent movement on its behalf is no doubt owing to the fact that the Tories are, for the first time since 1830, firmly established in power. But this fact has put the Liberal party on their guard and redoubled their vigilance. Not a day passes without a prying investigation into some branch of the public service, and ministers are sharply interrogated upon

the minutest as well as the most important matters of administration. The inquisitiveness of the House of Commons may be inconvenient, and the cheap privilege of asking questions is sometimes abused; but there is no part of the proceedings of Parliament more interesting to the public than these pointed enquiries, and there is none, we think, more useful under existing circumstances. The revelations which have been recently made and the practical commentary on those revelations supplied by the policy of her Majesty's Government are not calculated to relax the jealous scrutiny of the Opposition. We freely admit that there is no cause for alarm in the general composition of the Cabinet. Some of its members are Conservatives of the modern school, who maintain that there is no essential difference between their views and those of the moderate Liberals. However that may be, the principal ministers are not men of a cast of mind to attempt innovations, or to wrench the Constitution from its centre. But under the control of a master intellect, the members of a cabinet are little more than heads of departments, and on all the great lines of policy they are carried forward by the impulse of their chief. Such 'sole ministers' were aforetime Godolphin, Walpole, Chatham, and his son. The genius and ambition of the Earl of Beaconsfield entitle him to a place among these great names; but his dazzling qualities are not those of an English statesman. He resembles some eminent predecessors indeed in the conflict of his opinions at different stages of his public life, but here the resemblance ceases. Some have changed their opinions from conviction; others have had them changed by circumstances; but we know only one English statesman who has changed his opinions for personal convenience. The abandonment of one political creed for another for the purpose of obtaining a seat in Parliament is a fault which may be expiated by subsequent good conduct; but when this is the commencement of a career throughout which no political faith is professed and no public principle can be traced, it is a career to which the history of England can show no parallel. In place of a consistent and intelligible policy, we find sensational starts, melodramatic performances, mysteries, and surprises. The English Constitution is described by Lord Beaconsfield as of Venetian origin; the Church 'as a corporation for the promulgation of certain Asian principles' which were founded by the Jews. His lordship's opinion of the great ruling parties in the State is pretty much that of Baron Stockmar. The Whigs, we are informed, are 'a factious aristocracy' which sprang from the 'plunder of the Church at the Reformation.' They have pulled down thrones and churches, changed dynasties, abrogated and remodelled Parliaments; they have disfranchised Scotland and confiscated Ireland. . . . They introduced sectarian religion; sectarian religion led to political exclusion; and political exclusion was soon accompanied by commercial restraint.' Conservatism and the Conservatives are painted by the same master in many graphic sketches, from which we make one or two selections.

'What,' he asks, 'will you conserve? The prerogatives of the Crown, provided they are not exercised; the independence of the House of Lords, provided it is not asserted; the Ecclesiastical Estate, provided it is regulated by a commission of laymen. Everything in short that is established, as long as it is a phrase and not a fact.

'In the meantime, while form and phrases are religiously cherished in order to make the semblance of a creed, the rule of practice is to bend to the passion or combination of the hour. Conservatism assumes in theory that everything established should be maintained; but adopts in practice that everything that is established is indefensible. To reconcile this theory and this practice, they produce what they call "the best bargain;" some arrangement which has no principle and no purpose, except to obtain a temporary lull of agitation, until the mind of the Conservatives, without a guide and without an aim, distracted, tempted, and bewildered, is prepared for another arrangement, equally statesmanlike with the preceding one.

'Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disowns progress; having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future. It is obvious that for a time, under favourable circumstances, such a confederation might succeed; but it is equally clear, that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all states, and which such an unimpassioned system is even likely ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting; the barren course of political infidelity will paralyse all action, and the Conservative constitution will be discovered to be a "caput mortuum." . . .

'Whenever public opinion, which this party never attempts to form, to educate, or to lead, falls into some violent perplexity, passion, or caprice, this party yields without

a struggle to the impulse, and, when the storm has passed, attempts to obstruct and obviate the logical, and, ultimately, the inevitable results of the very measures they have themselves originated, or to which they have themselves consented. This is the Conservative Party.' (*Coningsby*, Book II. ch. v. and Book V. ch. ii.)

These were the professed opinions of Mr. Disraeli in 1849, two years before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, leader of the House of Commons, and virtual head of a Conservative Ministry. We invite particular attention to the following passage from the same work, which, though in the form of a fiction, is chosen by the author 'as a method which, in the temper of the times, offered the best chance of influencing opinion.' (Preface to fifth ed., 1849.)

'We should so act that when the occasion arrives, we should clearly comprehend what we want, and have formed an opinion as to the best means by which that want can be supplied. For this purpose, I would accustom the public mind to the contemplation of an existing, though torpid power in the Constitution, capable of removing our social grievances, were we to transfer to it those prerogatives which the Parliament has gradually usurped, and used in a manner which has produced the present material and moral disorganisation. The House of Commons is the house of a few; the Sovereign is the sovereign of all. The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne.'

In a subsequent paragraph he is more explicit. The difficulty is suggested of reconciling the revival of monarchical rule with the representative principle. The answer is:

'Representation is not necessarily, or even in a principal sense, Parliamentary. . . . Opinion is now supreme, and opinion speaks in print. The representation of the press is far more complete than the representation of Parliament. Parliamentary representation was the happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilisation, when there was a leading class in the community; but it exhibits many symptoms of desuetude. It is controlled by a system of representation more vigorous and comprehensive; which absorbs its duties, and fulfils them more efficiently, and in which discussion is pursued on fairer terms, and often with more depth and information.' (*Coningsby*, Book V. ch. ii.)

These are not the crude utterances of a presumptuous boy, like the author of 'Vivian Grey,' but, we repeat, the grave opinions of a man of mature years, deliberately confirmed after he had become leader of the Conservative party, and when he was proximate minister of state. We do not believe that at his time of life Lord Beaconsfield can hope to see the day when parliamentary government shall be supplanted by prerogative under his direction; but having mystified his intellect in penning original theories of the Constitution and fantastic histories of party until his perception of the difference between truth and fiction has become confused, it is possible that he may have brought himself to entertain some idea of the kind. If prerogative is to be exalted, it is necessary to prepare the way by lowering the character and authority of Parliament; and it is certain that the House of Commons has sunk in public confidence and respect under the present administration. The Commons are degenerating into an assembly without rule or guidance, impotent to repel avowed insult or to put down organised obstruction. The business set before the House is of the quality which is dealt with by town councils and local boards, and it is on the whole not quite so important as that which is transacted by the Metropolitan Board of Works. All this could be prevented and set right by a due exercise of the control and management for which the minister of the day is responsible. It is among the educated classes that the constitutional securities for freedom and good government are mostly appreciated. The mass of the people care little for forms of government so long as their liberty is not unduly curtailed and they are not oppressed by taxation; and if it could be made to appear that the House of Commons was becoming incompetent to transact the business of the country, the Executive Government would insensibly take its place, and thus the Crown would eventually recover the prerogative of which it had been so long dispossessed. We cannot, therefore, reckon upon any national movement to avert this threatened disturbance of the balance of the State. The danger is too uncertain and remote, and its character is too refined to excite popular apprehension. It is only by insidious and slow degrees, all but imperceptible to ordinary ken, that such an inroad could be effected. We must confide, as we have done aforetime, in the firmness of our leading statesmen and in the vigilance of the party who are the traditional trustees and guardians of the Constitution. We can only regret that after a reign of forty years, which has re-established monarchy in the respect and attachment of the people, an insufferable pretension should be set up by officious courtiers, with the tacit approval, we fear, of those whom they desire to flatter or to serve.

We cannot close these observations with-

out some notice of a name which must ever be identified with the constitutional history of England. Lord Russell has passed away in the fulness of time; and the shadow of death spared his latter days the pain of witnessing the slights and sneers cast upon the principles which he revered, and which have made this country pre-eminent among free nations. The public life of Lord Russell commenced in the dark age of administrations, when the principles of civil and religious liberty had fallen into disuse, when trade and commerce were restricted, when the press was coerced and public opinion was silenced, when the country was governed by Black Acts and military force. But he lived to see the dawn, and even the meridian, of a brighter day, and to take a prominent part in demolishing the machinery which ignorance and timidity rather than malevolence had constructed. From 1828, when he struck the first successful blow at religious intolerance by obtaining the repeal of the Test Act, until his retirement in 1866, Lord Russell either originated or took a leading part in every measure which contributed to the restoration of the great edifice of liberty and law. Ever diligent in the cause of progress and reform, he never went out of his way to court popular applause; and he never fell into popular courses except when he found them the most convenient road to the particular end he had in view. The popularity of Lord Russell was, to use a fine expression of a great English judge, 'the popularity which follows, not that which is run after.' It 'was that popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.' It is impossible that a public career which extended to nearly half a century should be free from faults and errors. But this is not a time to review in detail either the merits or defects of a life which fills so large a space in English history.

THE

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ART. I.—1. *Report of the Copyright Commission.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. London: 1878.

2. *Minutes of the Evidence taken before the Royal Commission on Copyright.* With Appendix. London: 1878.

ENGLISH authors and the publishers of their writings have been indicted before a Royal Commission on the most singular charge which was ever preferred against human offenders. Their works, or at least many of them, are admitted to be excellent. A cheap and abundant supply of good literature is declared to be of the highest importance in the education of the people. The manufacturers are accused of setting a price so unnaturally high on their productions, that the circulation of them is confined to the wealthier classes. Contemporary literature is made an expensive luxury, and the public are defrauded of their legitimate share of instruction and amusement. The accusation is the more remarkable, because the offence increases with the goodness of the work which is produced. The better the work, the more desirable it is that the public should possess it; and therefore the less tolerable is it that the author should himself define the terms on which his work shall be disposed of. The chief prosecutor is no less a person than the Secretary of the Board of Trade, the department of Government which is specially charged with the administration of copyright. After endeavours, vainly pursued for several years, to bring the offenders to their senses by indirect pressure, the Board of Trade has laid its case before a Commission, being convinced apparently that their conduct needs only to be exposed for an instant remedy to be applied.

Has the Board of Trade been converted to Socialism? Is it reverting to the exploded policy which punished 'regrating' and 'forestalling'? Is Government preparing again to fix the prices at which articles of necessary consumption are to be admitted to the market? Men do not live by books alone. They require bread, and meat, and clothes, and lodgings, good and abundant if possible. The better the quality of beef and mutton, the more desirable it is that the public shall have access to it on easy terms. Are authors and publishers to be made use of to try the experiment of resuming the rejected methods of economic distribution? Why may not the author sell his wares at his own price like every other producer? Why is he to be singled out and to be told that he is an extortioner, because the public want his books at a lower price than he is inclined to sell them for? Do authors require the discipline of poverty to stimulate their energies? Are they, of all classes in the community, so highly rewarded in proportion to their services, that in the interest of the commonwealth the protection which they have abused must be taken away from them? Or are the publishers the offenders? Are the profits of publishers so notoriously enormous that an interference, admitted to be mischievous in every other branch of business, has in theirs become indispensable? The returns of authors, we believe, form no large item in the income-tax. The most successful of them rarely achieve more than a modest independ-

ence. As to publishers, so many are the risks, so great are the uncertainties of the trade, that no occupation brings profit so moderate in proportion to the capital and intelligence expended upon it. The coal-owner, the shipowner, the merchant, the banker, even the retail London mercer and jeweller, would smile at the balance-sheets of Paternoster-row. No one ever heard of a publisher who was a millionnaire. Marshall and Snelgrove, Howell and James, Peter Robinson, or Moses and Son, are commercial princes by the side of Longman and Murray. Books cannot be brought out without publishers. Authors, as a rule, cannot afford to venture into the market on their own account, and are without the machinery to bring their work before the world. They and their publishers are joint partners in a business which the Board of Trade is required by its argument to admit to be peculiarly useful. They ask only for the same protection to their industry which the law extends to all other innocent employments. They require that their work shall not be stolen from them. And they can only be secured against thieves by a prohibition against outside persons from taking what does not belong to them and has cost them nothing, and from selling it for their own advantage. If it be essential for the public good that an author's liberty of doing as he pleases with his own property is to be taken from him, in order that his books may be made cheaper, he will plead that the principle be extended all round, and the State shall reduce his own cost of living at the expense of the butcher and baker. Exceptional hard treatment of himself, when the gravamen of the charge against him is the peculiar value of his services, he will naturally protest against.

Nor will the bewildered book-producers be less perplexed when they learn the rejoinder of the Board of Trade and their allies. My good people, these gentlemen answer, you are under the most absurd of mistakes. You protest against interference. We entirely agree with you. We interfere at present, and we wish to cease to interfere. You call your books your property. They are your property as long as they are in your own desks, but not a moment longer. The police will take care that no one breaks your desk open and carries away your manuscripts ; but when you yourselves have taken your manuscripts to the printer and have published your works to the world, your right of property has passed from you. The State, by special legislation, has consented hitherto to give you a monopoly in the sale of them for a limited number of years, that you may have some moderate remuneration for the trouble which you have taken. But you have no right to such protection. Your writing your books was your own free act—nobody asked you to write them—and if you do not like the consequences, you have no one to blame but yourself. All monopolies are injurious to the public interest, and this of yours is especially injurious. The principle of property is the limitation of supply. A piece of land is property, and a manufactured article is property ; because one special piece of land or one particular article is limited to itself, nothing else is identical with it. Two separate persons cannot possess the same thing at once, and therefore, to prevent quarrels, the law gives it to one or the other of them. But your books, as soon as they have once been written, can be reproduced in indefinite quantities at the mere cost of paper and printing. Any number of persons may possess the same book, and therefore property it neither is nor can be. If it was property, it would be yours in perpetuity. But it is not yours in perpetuity, nor ever has been. You hold it only for a time ; and this alone might show you that you have only so much right over it as the State consents to allow you. Most civilised governments in modern times have thought it good to encourage literature by conceding some limited right of this kind, and our own Government has done so among the rest ; but you have abused your privilege. You and your publishers are selling your books at five or six times the price at which they could be sold if the production of them was thrown open to the wholesome action of competition. You are plundering the public. We must take a power out of your hands with which you are obviously unfit to be trusted ; and perhaps, if we can, we will, by-and-by, devise some less mischievous form of protection for you.

Men of letters do not understand rigid formulas, or much believe in them. They look at questions from a broad point of view, and they know the inadequacy of all moral definitions. If the theory that the principle of property leads to the conclusion that the book which one man has written, and which no one else could have written, is not his property, they will refuse to be bound by such a theory. The paper and print, an author will say, is not my book, but the shell of my book. The book itself is the information in it which my industry has collected. It is my thought, which I have shaped into form by intellectual effort ; it is the creation of my imagination, in

which I have embodied the observation and reflection of my entire life. The paper and ink of a book are like the paper and ink of a bank note. The bank note derives its value from what it represents. The book derives its value from what it conveys. The difference is only that the forged bank note can be detected and repudiated. The illegitimate copy of a book carries its spiritual quality inseparably attached to it. The pound of flesh cannot be cut without the author's intellectual work being appropriated along with it, and this intellectual work, he humbly submits, is as much his own as any other artificially created thing, and as little ought it to be stolen from him. If the State, out of consideration for the public good, has decided that it shall be his only for his lifetime and for a few years beyond, the State has done no more than it has done with the most solid of all properties, *land*. The State in various times has attached conditions of endless variety to landed tenures. In the last century a man forfeited his estate if he became a Roman Catholic. To-morrow, if it so pleases, the State may enact a compulsory distribution at death among a man's children. A time may come when all land shall be held under the Crown under an expiring lease, and shall revert to it every forty or fifty years. It will not be the less a man's property as long as the State allows it to him. A limited tenure may be as complete while it lasts as a tenure in perpetuity.

The publisher's case is as strong as the author's. The publisher will perhaps be more amused than frightened by the threatened attack upon him. The Board of Trade, he will perceive, knows nothing whatever of the details of the business with which it proposes to interfere. It may be true, he says, that books are sold when first issued at a price far above what the cost of printing necessitates, and if books could command an extended sale in proportion to their merit, and if the marketable merit of a book could be tested with as much ease and certainty as the marketable merit of a piece of calico or a sample of sugar, then the system of the book trade would be anomalous and inexplicable. But he too, on his part, submits honestly that he has been studying this question all his life ; that the prosperity of his business depends on his understanding it ; and that if his mode of conducting business had been as preposterous as the Board of Trade supposes, he would himself have made the discovery. In point of fact, the most experienced person can do no more than guess whether a book by an unknown author will succeed or fail. Books eventually admitted to be admirable are not immediately palatable, and, like Wordsworth's poems, make their way but slowly. Others have a brilliant momentary reputation, and are then forgotten ; others, though they may have genuine worth, never take the public taste at all. The reception given to a new publication depends on conditions of the public mind which cannot be gauged beforehand, and therefore four books out of five which are published do not pay their expenses. The Board of Trade looks to the few which have an extended sale. It hears of the cheque for 20,000*l*. which Messrs. Longman paid to Lord Macaulay. It compares the selling price with the cost of printing, and holds up its hands in horror. The truth is simply that the successful books pay for the unsuccessful. The author of the successful book is the person most injured. But he bears with it because he knows that he can himself do nothing without the publisher's help, and that unless the publisher's losses are covered he cannot carry on his business. If the publisher is asked whether he might not calculate on as large a profit from the wide sale of a cheap edition of a popular book as from the more limited sale of a dear edition, he announces that he produces a cheap edition as soon as he safely can ; but no two cases are the same, and in the details of trade experience is the only guide. If the public were unfairly dealt with, signs would be forthcoming in the fortunes which authors and publishers were accumulating. Yachts, deer forests, and suburban palaces fall neither to poets nor novelists nor to their partners in the Row. Of all persons who contribute to the comfort or enjoyment of society, those whose names figure on the title-pages of popular works are contented with the most modest reward.

These arguments might be thought strong enough to prevent an uncalled-for interference with the existing order of things. But the Secretary of the Board of Trade and his friends are inexorable. A good book once published, they say, is like a spoken word or a secret of nature discovered. Few men have been greater benefactors of their kind than Jenner, but who would pretend that Jenner should have had a monopoly in vaccination ? Authors and inventors ought to be influenced, and the best of them are influenced, by higher motives than money payments, and they receive a higher reward. They should be encouraged indeed to give the public the benefit of their talents. But there are many kinds of encouragement. Splendid literary

works were produced before copyright was heard of, and will continue to be produced after copyright has been abolished. Nay, when all is said, an author's work is but partially his own. His ideas and sentiments he has in common with his age. His facts are generally collected by the labours of others. How much of any book is the author's own it is impossible to say. All that he certainly provides is the form, and the form is far too slight a contribution to entitle him to exclusive ownership. The form, to those who know what literature means, is the essence of the art. Homer himself did but seize the materials of the 'Iliad' which were floating in popular tradition, and made them immortal in the form which he bestowed upon them. The materials of the human body are but common clay till they are possessed by the genius of life. But the practical intelligence of the Board of Trade cannot enter into subtle refinements. Shakespeare borrowed 'Hamlet' from Saxo Grammaticus. Dante took his 'Inferno' from Catholic theology, combined with contemporary history. Neither 'Hamlet' nor the 'Inferno' is really original. They are due to a thousand influences besides the mind of the poet. The author deserves something for his trouble. A government official may be appointed to fix the price of the book and determine how much may be allotted to the author for the labour which he can prove that he has spent upon it. Mr. Macfie, an intelligent member of Parliament, who gave evidence before the Commission, considers that six months may be the average time consumed in producing an ordinary volume, and, if the author is a clergyman, two or three hundred pounds may not be too much for him. We shall return again to Mr. Macfie, but he is not the only or the most important authority who looks at literature from so remarkable a point of view. It will be a mistake to treat such views disrespectfully. Something real must admit of being said for them when they command the assent of a man of such unquestionable ability as Sir Louis Mallet.

But the position of the question will be more intelligible if we examine the history of the phases through which it has passed. Copyright, or the right of an author to prohibit the unsanctioned multiplication and sale of copies of his book, derived its importance from the discovery of printing. New books were brought out and disposed of by booksellers before Caxton and his types. Cicero's orations were published and offered for sale. But Cicero probably did not aim at making a direct profit out of his work; and we are too ignorant of the conditions under which the trade at Rome was carried on, to say whether the writer's interests were in any way protected. It was not till the mechanical process was invented, by which copies of a book could be struck off in thousands, that the right of ownership assumed a practical form. The courts of law, when the point came before them, gave contradictory judgments. Blackstone, Lord Mansfield, and Chief Justice Erle were of opinion that an author can claim an interest in his productions by natural justice. 'Their arguments' (we quote from Sir James Stephen) 'come to this: It is the duty of the judges to declare everything part of the common law which appears to them to be analogous to existing law, and to be in itself just and reasonable. The existence of copyright fulfils these conditions; therefore copyright exists at common law.'

But another view, Sir James Stephen says, is supported by equally eminent authorities.

'Copyright at common law ceases at publication because the general principle that a man has property in everything which he produces by intellectual labour, and can treat as an injury any use of it without his leave, would lead to absurd results. It would give a man copyright in his conversation. It would enable an author to prevent any one from lending copies of his works to friends. It would make all the work of the human mind private property vested by the various chances of life in persons utterly unconnected with, or very remotely connected with, their author. The judges who took this view agreed that it was expedient that some right should be conferred by law upon authors and artists, but they regarded its proper limitation and definition as a task for the legislature and not for themselves.'

By this second principle the law upon the subject has been governed. The lawyers indeed have not known their own minds bout it. 'It has been decided,' says Sir James, 'that the proprietor of a newspaper has copyright in the articles in his paper; but that a newspaper is not a book, and that therefore the omission to register the paper is not fatal to the proprietor's right to apply for an injunction to restrain piracy. How that can be consistent with the doctrine that publication destroys copyright, except in cases where the statutes preserve it, Sir James Stephen does not understand.' * On the whole, however, the legislature has assumed a power of limiting the right which the author or

* Report, Appendix, note A to Article 4.

his assignees or representatives may possess in his works, apparently for the reason given above, that the productions of a distinguished writer are too important to be left to the accident to which they might be exposed, were they to share the condition of ordinary property. Books of the greatest value are sold often by authors ignorant of their pecuniary value to booksellers and publishers who would derive an extravagant profit from them if copyright was perpetual, while the author's descendants would receive nothing. This difficulty might be met by a provision suggested by Mr. Macmillan, that after a fixed period of years all copyrights should revert to the authors' heirs. But Lord Macaulay, in a speech on the copyright question, set his finger on a more real objection. A man's heirs or successors are not always the best judges of his merits. Richardson's grandson was a clergyman who disapproved of novels, and would have suppressed 'Sir Charles Grandison' and 'Clarissa.' Boswell's son regarded the 'Life of Johnson' as a blot upon the honour of his family. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' might have fallen to a disciple of Mr. Keble; or the 'Christian Year' to a disbeliever in the real presence, who might withdraw it from circulation in consequence of the altered line. It has been held unfair and unsafe to leave literature at the mercy of individuals; and after the author's death, or within a few years of it, the right of ownership lapses to the nation. An act of Queen Anne gave him protection for fourteen years, with a renewal for fourteen years if he was still alive. In 1814 the term was extended to twenty-eight years, and to the life of the author if he outlived the twenty-eight years. In 1842 it was extended further to forty-two years, or to life and seven years after, whichever period might be the longer. This last act was passed under the virtual direction of Macaulay. With characteristic frankness, Macaulay admitted that copyright was a monopoly, and that a monopoly was a mischievous form of protection. But no other security could be found which would answer the purpose desired. He did not admit that copyright was property. He did not say that it was not. 'The case stands thus,' he said: 'It is good that authors should be remunerated, and the least objectionable way of remunerating them is by a monopoly. Monopoly is an evil. For the sake of the good we submit to the evil; but the evil ought not to last a day longer than is necessary for the purpose of securing the good.' On this ground Lord Macaulay recommended the forty-two years as the period for which the monopoly should continue; but he resisted Serjeant Talfourd's proposal to extend it to sixty years.

Thus the question was settled. Other nations had adopted the same principle, and had granted protection to their own men of letters for slightly differing terms. The European Powers agreed also to an international copyright arrangement among themselves, by which there was a mutual security against piracy; and the British act was made co-extensive with the sovereignty of the Crown. Authors and publishers, though they obtained less than Serjeant Talfourd had attempted to gain for them, were satisfied with the compromise, and were not curious about the name under which the protection was extended to them, so long as it was a practical reality. But the uncertainty whether copyright was 'property' had been allowed to remain, and unexpected fruits were yet to grow from the ambiguity. A natural right is generally respected. A right created by statute is supposed to originate in convenience, and carries its obligations no further than the countries which have agreed to respect it. The European nations consented to an international act. The Americans did not. They considered that as there was no moral wrong in appropriating the work of English authors, neither reason nor expediency required that they should become parties to an embarrassing convention. The American population, being generally well educated, desired naturally to possess themselves of such contemporary English books as had risen into reputation, on easier terms than they could be supplied by London publishers. High prices might be necessary in the United Kingdom, because the London publishers had to cover their risks and losses. But the risk had been run; the experiment had been made; the public verdict had sifted the good books from the bad or indifferent. The American publisher, secure of his market because he was dealing with articles of ascertained merit, was able to bring out at once cheap popular editions of such books as he knew would be in demand, and he for his part did not feel himself called on to remunerate further the English author who had a public of his own at home. Thus copies of Macaulay's 'History' and Tennyson's 'Poems' were circulating in hundreds of thousands through the states of the Union, no fraction of the profits on which ever reached either the historian or the poet, unless perhaps occasionally in the form of some trifling present. English authors, not Macaulay we believe, but many others who suffered almost

equally, and had not like him resigned the idea at the bottom of their minds that their books were their own, were loud in their outcries. They denounced the American editions as piracies. They appealed again and again to the conscience of the American Government. The Americans were courteous, but they had a fair answer, that their first duty was to their own public. The authors injured were not American subjects, and could not claim protection on those grounds of expediency on which copyright was held in England to be founded. The literary advantage which they enjoyed was too considerable to be sacrificed to sentiment. The American argument, so far as it concerned themselves, was perfectly sound. If the only justification of copyright is the encouragement of a national literature, the Americans were not bound to tax themselves for the benefit of Englishmen. Unfortunately the action of the Americans extended beyond their own borders. Canada became impatient of burdens which their neighbours had successfully resisted ; and the Canadians could appeal to the example of India, which, before the Canadians stirred in the matter, had led the way in shaking off the English monopoly. It was considered an important object by Indian statesmen to spread a taste for English books as widely as possible through the peninsula. Sir Charles Trevelyan informed the Copyright Commission that as early as 1835 the Indian Council had decided to admit without duty the American reprints.* When English schools were largely established in India, Sir Charles and Lord Macaulay, whose authority was then supreme in such matters, concluded that it would be unjust to burden the Indian revenues with the high price of English school books, and they directed the introduction of the cheap American copies of them. If a violation of the copyright law was thus sanctioned in a British possession immediately under the control of Government, it was but natural that colonies with constitutions of their own should demand the same privilege. The American reprints had free entry into Canada. It was found practically impossible to keep them out. And in 1847 an act was passed permitting the introduction, with a reservation, to save appearances, of a duty of 12½ per cent. to be paid to the English authors. The act was not passed without vigorous resistance from the copyright owners. It could not have been passed at all without an engagement that the duty should be honestly levied ; but levied it never was, and we cannot help thinking that, in the minds of the persons concerned in obtaining the concession, there was no real expectation that it ever would be levied. Again a light is thrown upon the matter by the action of India. 'An Indian Act,' we learn from Sir Charles Trevelyan, 'gave powers in 1844 to the Secretary of State, by which foreign copies could be imported on payment of a customs duty of 10 per cent.;' but Sir Charles says : 'The question of importing foreign reprints into India has not practically risen, because India is entirely free. The demand of India is supplied to a great extent from America.'* Thus it appears that no duty has been raised for the benefit of the author in India, when nothing would be wanted for its collection but an order from Downing Street ; and there is the less reason to be surprised at the apathy or opposition of the colonial local authorities. Perhaps we are mistaken about India. It may be that the authors of the school-books, which are used in improving the morals and intellect of the boys and girls in Bengal, have duly received what belongs to them, and that thus our suspicions are unjust. But the total silence on the subject points to a negative conclusion ; and if it be as we suppose, we are certainly not entitled to reproach the Canadians with any special breach of faith.

A law deliberately disobeyed is demoralising, and must either be enforced or repealed. The copyright owners in England, finding themselves defrauded of their duties, demanded the repeal of the act of 1847. The Canadian Government proposed, on the other hand, a further extension of the principle of that act. The restriction no longer having a meaning, they requested that their own publishers might be allowed to reprint English books instead of being supplied from the United States. They would thus be able to keep the foreign reprints out, and supply their own market. The author's 12½ per cent. they were willing to pay as an excise duty, which could not be evaded. He would then receive something where now he received nothing, and all parties would be gainers. This would have been perhaps a step in advance. The colonists could not be expected to consent to be thrown back on the mercies of the English publishers, which would have been the effect of the repeal of the Reprints Acts. Their proposal involved a per-

* This, we presume, is what Sir Charles means by saying that 'India was on the free list as regards foreign reprints.'—Evidence, p. 1.

* Evidence, p. 4.

mission to English subjects to take possession of the work of other English subjects, and reproduce it, whether the authors consented or not; but it was clear that the Canadians meant to have their cheap editions on some terms or other, and the author being helpless might have been willing to make a virtue of necessity.

But now a fresh difficulty arose. The Americans were beginning to discover the virtue of honesty. The American publishing firm which was first in the field with an expected English book had an advantage in the market, for which it was willing to pay, and handsome sums were remitted to the author for advance sheets, when his book was passing through the press, that it might appear simultaneously in New York and London. Nor was this all. The American publishers, finding that it did not answer to them to issue competing editions of English books, had come to an arrangement among themselves. Unrestricted competition not only destroyed the value of their own editions, but it was injuring literature itself. The books issued were negligently printed; were even abridged or altered to make them palatable to the American taste. A feeling grew up that there might be prudence as well as propriety in forming a close connexion with the English authors, and it was coming to be understood that an 'American' edition of an English book published with the author's sanction was not to be interfered with in the American market. Thus any distinguished English writer found one or other of the New York houses willing to enter into correspondence with him. When the profits on the publication of his books were considerable, he was allowed an increasing share in such profits. And thus insensibly an international system was quietly shaping itself, which, if let alone, would perhaps have developed into legal form. But of course the success of such a method implied the absence of disturbance from Canada. If the American publishers had abandoned competition with one another, and were thus able to admit the claims of the authors upon them, they expected to be protected against the competition of the Canadians; and if the Canadians were to be allowed to treat English books as freely as they had themselves treated them in times past, the old confusion would return. No international arrangement, tacit or avowed, could act successfully to which the Canadians were not parties, and the English copyright owners were warned to make it a condition of the reprint of their books in the colonies, that their own consent should first be asked and obtained.

So matters stood in 1872, when a bill was sent over for approval by the Canadian Government, embodying their own proposal; and the opposition of the copyright owners was so decided, that the Crown was advised to disallow it. And there perhaps it would have been well had the question been left for a time at rest, till the course could be seen which events were taking for themselves. So long as the American reprints could be introduced into Canada duty free, as they practically were, the Canadians had no wrong to complain of which could not have waited for removal. But at this point the Board of Trade, or the genius of its secretary, Mr. Farrer, struck in as a new factor in the problem. Mr. Farrer had meditated on the contrast between the cost of the mechanical reproduction of popular books and the price at which they were sold in the United Kingdom, till his economic soul could bear it no longer. If the profit had gone to the author, it would still have been contrary to all sound principles, but that a second party, a publisher, should come in for so large a share of it was still less permissible; and if there was a prospect that the present system of publication by monopoly was to be extended so as to comprehend America, and be thus coextensive with the English-speaking world, Mr. Farrer and his supporters felt that they had no time to lose in protesting before it was too late. Their alarm is frankly confessed by Sir Louis Mallet. 'It is doubtful,' Sir Louis says, 'whether, so long as the parasitic growth of the publishing interest is so inextricably intertwined as it is with that of authors, it would be right to create an international monopoly, which, however advantageous to a particular class, could hardly fail to enhance unduly the cost of literature to the people of the two countries.' * The Board of Trade (we speak of the Board of Trade, for Mr. Farrer appeared for his department as well as for himself) determined not only that the Canadian liberties should be conceded, but should be so far extended that the United Kingdom should get the benefit of the concession, and that the copyright system should be virtually annihilated. Not only should the Canadians and Americans keep their cheap literature, and be preserved from the extortion of publishers, but here at home our own people should have cheap literature also. The intolerable

* Separate Report by Sir Louis Mallet.

anomaly should no longer exist, that 'the United Kingdom, the chief producing place of our literature, should be the only part of the world where it was so dear as to be beyond the reach of the people.' At present the condition of free access to contemporary English books was exile. The services of the very officials of the Custom Houses were called into operation to exclude the cheap reprints and keep up the price. Warming into eloquent admiration of the English authors whom he was endeavouring to ruin, Mr. Farrer exclaimed 'that the most valuable productions of the human mind were proscribed and kept from the English public with the same stringency and in the same clauses and terms as false coin, obscene books, and the rinderpest.' *

From the author's point of view, Mr. Farrer's argument means no more than this. The Americans have cheap editions of his book, because they took it without paying him for it. The Canadians, after insisting on getting the advantage of the theft, demanded to be allowed to steal also, and Mr. Farrer considers that both Canadians and Americans have received so much spiritual benefit from their plunder, that the British public ought to share in it also. The author probably thinks that our cousins across the Atlantic would receive more spiritual improvement by keeping the eighth commandment than from the most abundant supply of 'Daniel Deronda' or 'Cometh up as a flower.'

The Canadians being dissatisfied with the rejection of their demand and showing a disposition to take the matter into their own hands, a fresh bill, known as Lord Kimberley's Bill, was drafted in the following year with the approbation of the Board of Trade, and was sent round for consideration among the colonies. Lord Kimberley's proposal not only conceded the privilege for which the Canadians contended, but a further right was held out to them for which they had never asked or thought of asking, a right not only to take the books of English authors and reprint them for themselves in what form and at what price they pleased, but a right also to import these pirated editions into other parts of the British dominions,† to compete with the editions published at home, and thus force the copyright owners to lower their prices. It would have been more straightforward, it would have been better in every way, to propose at once to abolish copyright than thus attempt to destroy it by a side wind. If booksellers at Quebec or Montreal might send cheap copies of English books into the market of the United Kingdom, it would be a mere absurdity to forbid competing London publishers from imitating them and supplying their own public with the same article. That this would be the consequence could not be for a moment doubtful to so experienced an observer as Mr. Farrer, and we cannot commend an indirect attempt of this kind on the part of a high government official, or of the department which he represented, to overthrow a system on which an important business had been long carried on, which had been repeatedly sanctioned by Parliament, and in dependence on which a large number of well-deserving men had made literature the profession of their lives. There is a certain frivolity in the assumption that so grave a question could be dealt with in so light a manner. Copyright may be an anomaly, and it may be necessary to do away with it; but the legislature should be invited to act with a knowledge of what it is doing, and other methods ought to be provided and thought over by which authors can be paid for their work, before their familiar securities are taken from them. Mr. Farrer may plead that political economy is on his side. His conclusions may have appeared so irresistible to him, that any means may have seemed legitimate by which the opposition of the copyright owners can be overthrown; but the more his scheme is considered the more hasty and ill-digested it appears. We can hardly conceive that Mr. Gladstone's Government would have attempted really to pass such a measure. But, whether Mr. Gladstone was converted or not, the opportunity was taken away. The Government went out; Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet came into office, and the revolutionary bill of 1873 was no more heard of. In 1875, a modest act was passed by the Canadian Government, empowering the publishers in the Dominion to reprint English books with and not without the authors' consent. There was a wish of course, after the notion had been put into their heads, that the English market should be opened to such editions; but the Colonial Office declined to sanction it. An imperil act was required to legitimatise the colonial act, and in the imperial act a clause was inserted forbidding the importation of colonial reprints into the United Kingdom, *although* issued in the colony with the author's sanction. Around this clause the battle of the Board of Trade is now being fought. If copy-

* Evidence, p. 208. Mr. Farrer.

† The Board of Trade undoubtedly intended to include the United Kingdom in this phrase, although there is a doubt whether the language of their intended measure actually covered it.

right privilege appeared so intolerable to Mr. Farrer and his supporters that the most violent means were justifiable to break it down, much more has it seemed monstrous to them that an author should have the advantage given him of protection in the Canadian market, where his consent must be obtained before an edition of his work can be brought out, and should retain at the same time his injurious monopoly at home. The question, however, was considered at the Colonial Office in all its bearings. It was immediately perceived, that glad as the author might be to have his rights secured to him in the colonies, and to be able to keep his books there under his own control, the certain loss which he would incur by the admission of the colonial editions into the United Kingdom would oblige him in every instance to refuse his sanction. A great writer, Mr. Tennyson for instance, in a wealthy country like England can charge high for his work. People here will buy his poems, as they buy pictures, at prices proportional to the merit of the work. An edition which could be sold widely in Canada must necessarily be cheap. The profits which it could yield would be nothing in comparison to the profits of the editions sold in England ; and if the condition of the issue of such an edition was to be the opening to it of the home market, Mr. Tennyson's income from his works might be reduced to a mere fraction of its present amount. Obviously no author, no copyright owner, would commit suicide, and the result could only be that the colonies would lose their privilege altogether. They would remain as they were dependent on the foreign reprints. The author would go without the small additional return which he might have obtained from his colonial publisher, and this would be all. If, therefore, the request of the Canadian Dominion was *bonâ fide* no more than it pretended to be ; if the Canadian Government desired simply to secure a right for its own booksellers to supply its own people, and thus to cease to depend on the United States, it was only possible to give them their wish by removing the feature in their proposal which would have rendered the rest entirely nugatory. For these reasons the Colonial Office introduced the clause which the Board of Trade has so loudly clamoured against. The Colonial Office looked at the professed object of the bill, and thought how best that object could be attained. The Board of Trade was aiming at the cheapening of books at home, and was exasperated at finding its favourite scheme defeated and emasculated. Mr. Farrer sent in a remonstrance in the Board's name, and a correspondence followed between him and Lord Carnarvon, the then Colonial Secretary, in which Mr. Farrer succeeded at least in showing his irritation and disappointment.

'Nothing,' he said, 'can be more intolerable than a system of copyright law under which the inhabitants of the mother country, in which the books are produced, would be the only persons in the world who are prevented from obtaining cheap editions of them. The Board of Trade desires to place on record the observations which occur to them on the letter of Lord Carnarvon ; and since it is intended to submit the question of amending the law of copyright generally to a Royal Commission, they are anxious that the question raised by the prohibitory clause in the Government Bill should not be prejudiced by this correspondence.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, Appendix, No. xi. H.)

The Commission which Mr. Farrer anticipated was appointed immediately after, and certainly, when such schemes were afloat, it was time for something to be done. The Board of Trade has had an opportunity of stating its case. Those who are in favour of the existing laws have been able, on the other hand, to cross-examine Mr. Farrer. It is only natural that over so complicated a question the commissioners should have been unable to agree. They have presented a report, but out of fifteen members five only have signed it without reservation. One of them, and one of the most able, Sir Louis Mallet, has withheld his signature entirely, and has presented a separate report of his own. The rest have attached their names, but with qualifications, some trifling, some affecting the vital principle of copyright itself. The Commission itself was fairly composed of representatives of the conflicting interests. It consisted of experienced statesmen, lawyers, men of letters, rising members of Parliament, Sir Julius Benedict for the embarrassed claims of music, and an eminent publisher Mr. Daldy. The subjects for enquiry were 'the laws and regulations relating to home, colonial, and international copyright.' Under home copyright were included various questions of detail, affecting the term of protection, the rules of registration, the drama, the rights of artists and musicians, lecturers and preachers. On some of these points the law is confused and definitely requires amendment. But the real question at issue was whether copyright itself was to be maintained or abandoned.

The evidence to which we first turn is as voluminous as it is curious. It exhibits views entirely contradictory, the conflict-

ing opinions being often delivered with the precision and confidence which result from inability or refusal to allow the force of the opponents' arguments. The witnesses who held that copyright was property in the same sense as other productions of human industry, drew one set of conclusions. Those who held that authors had parted with their rights over their works as soon as they were published, and that copyright was a monopoly conceded from State expediency, drew others equally decided; and the commissioners had to arrive at their resolutions, each apparently under the influence of the opinion which he had himself formed upon the subject, and to endeavour, if they could, to discover some practical compromise.

The first witness was Sir Charles Trevelyan, and to him we are indebted for the interesting information to which we have already referred on the exemption of India from the copyright law. Sir Charles supported the principle of the Board of Trade, though he shrank from the immediate application of it. He explained the intended Government bill of 1873, and gave it his decided approval. Authors, he considered, ought to be remunerated; but the present method of remuneration, involving a partnership with publishers, he considered alike injurious both to them and to the public. To profess a desire to educate the people, and to refuse them at the same time a cheap popular literature, was inconsistent and impolitic; and he illustrated his argument from his son's life of Lord Macaulay, which was produced at a price at which only the wealthier classes were able to become possessors of it. Such books, he said, ought to reach the body of the nation 'fresh and fresh,' that all classes might share in the interest of them before the subject had grown stale. As if a book which was really valuable could ever grow stale; or as if a book which did grow stale could be of real service as an instrument of education.

'For a valuable book like my son's,' said Sir Charles, 'to percolate through the upper and middle classes during long years, and for all the current lively interest of it to evaporate and be lost, and for it to reach the body of the people in the shape of a popular edition only when its freshness is entirely gone and the subject has ceased to be discussed by the upper and middle classes, is a great misfortune. The influence of our literature would be far greater if it were so arranged that books could be presented at once as a whole to the entire people, and if all classes—upper, middle, and lower—could participate in a common interest and discuss them together.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, page 1.)

The mischief, in Sir Charles's opinion, lies in the monopoly of the publisher. Let the monopoly be done away with, and the demand for English books over the widespread British Empire would become so great as to give the authors of them fully as large a reward as they received at present. Any person outside the United Kingdom, and eventually within the United Kingdom also, ought to be allowed to reprint any book that he pleased, and to sell it at any price that he pleased, subject only to a royalty for the author to be fixed by statute. All that was needed was to secure the author a fixed percentage on the sale of his work.

Even Sir Charles, however, hesitated to advise that, in the present state of things, cheap colonial editions of copyright books ough to be admitted into the United Kingdom; and in the absence of such a provision we fail to see what practical remedy he proposes. He does not deny that 'copyright' is property, but 'all property,' he says, 'even the most solid, is the creation of law, and is modified by considerations of public expediency.' The author cannot be allowed to deal with his work as he pleases, and the State must administer it for him. Sir Charles regrets that by the bill of 1875 the right of reproduction in the colonies has been made subject to the author's consent. The author having produced his book, he thinks, should have no more to do with it, as long as a duty on every copy sold continued to be paid to him under what is called the royalty system.*

After conceding these premises, Sir Charles would have been more consistent had he faced the natural inference and declared himself in favour of the introduction of the colonial editions into England. Perhaps he trusted that the author would come to see that it was his interest to agree to it. The author, he is satisfied, so far from losing anything would gain enormously by the introduction of them. The race of authors is strangely blind if this is true. There is nothing in the law, as it stands, to prevent a man from making a present of his work to the public on these conditions if he so pleases. And we never heard of anyone who has been bold enough to try the experiment.

* Thus defined in the Report of the Commission:—'The royalty system may be briefly described as a system under which the author of a work of literature or art, or his assignee, would not have the exclusive right of publication; but any person would be entitled to copy or republish the work on paying or securing to the owner a remuneration taking the form of a royalty—a definite sum prescribed by law, payable to the owner for each copy published.'—Report, p. 1.

Before leaving Sir Charles, we must say a word or two on the point on which he lays so much stress, of the educational value of contemporary literature. For ourselves, we should reverse his conclusion. Books are educationally useful, the merit of which has been ascertained. Books which are still a subject of controversy may be good reading for those whose education is completed. They are certainly not good reading, or not the best reading, for those whose judgment has yet to be formed. Books of real worth survive the copyright period, and, the verdict of continued demand being finally passed, they carry with them their own commendation and become the property of the public. It is idle to complain that the people suffer from a want of books when our standard poetry, our standard novels and histories are all their own. Every book published more than forty or fifty years ago lies freely open to them. Would Sir Charles Trevelyan pretend that an average Englishman who can buy the novels of Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen for a shilling a volume, and neglects to do it, is seriously injured because he must pay thrice as much for 'Edwin Drood' or 'Vanity Fair'? But to return to the royalty system.

The next witness whom we shall quote on the side of the Board has at least the merit of being *thorough*. Mr. Macfie, already known as a free-trader, as an opponent of patent law, as a fierce denouncer of all forms of monopoly, comes forward with most vehement evidence as an enemy of copyright. Of Mr. Macfie's acquaintance with literature we have no means of judging, further than that, like Sir Charles Trevelyan, he prefers to consume his food '*fresh*.' If he has read widely, he has formed no very exalted notion of the character or claims of men of letters. He looks on books as an article of demand in the market, and his one notion is how the public can be most cheaply supplied with the thing which they wish to have. From Mr. Macfie we have none of the exalted commendations of modern authors with which Mr. Farrer gilds the pill of their intended 'disendowment.' He goes to work like a hard man of business, as if he were dealing with soap or sugar. Mr. Cobden, he says, desired to abolish copyright altogether. He will himself be more merciful. He gives the author notice at once that he will listen to no nonsense about copyright being property. He 'cuts that ground from under his feet' by telling him 'that he will not recognise it as property.' 'The government of this country never has recognised it as property.' He denies that the preamble of the Copyright Act defines its object correctly in saying that it is 'for the encouragement of literature.' The object, he says, 'should be fair play to interests and the benefit of competition,' whatever this may mean. Having thus cleared his position, he proceeds to say that under the present system 'the prices are kept high, the sale is limited, and the public do not receive literature when it is fresh.' Strong remedies are necessary. He will allow an author, as a rule, one year to sell his first edition safe from competition. In exceptional instances where books have been long or costly in preparation, he will give a slightly longer term. A public officer is to be appointed to consider the particulars of each case, and where the author can prove that his expenses have been really great, the one year may perhaps be extended to two. As to price during the period of monopoly, the author 'must not make it excessive,' and if the official is not satisfied, it must be cut down. Mr. Macfie furnishes a scale on which he thinks the author's time may be estimated. Six months, he conceives, may be the average period consumed in the composition of a volume. 'If the author was a clergyman,' 'it could not be wrong to say' that he was entitled to half a year's average income. He would have the author as well paid, or even twice as well, as a colonel in the army or captain of a ship, for this time which he can prove that he has been at work. What would Mr. Macfie say if it were proposed to appoint a public officer to look into the business of merchants, his own among them, to overhaul his prices, to examine his profits, to test his income against some arbitrary measurement of his time and labour and cut it down till it is fairly proportioned to the estimated value of Mr. Macfie's services to the State? He does not explain whether the 'clergyman's' 'two or three hundred pounds' are to be the outside of what he is to receive if his whole edition is sold within the period which Mr. Macfie's charity concedes, or whether it is to be paid in advance, or by whom? He allows nothing for failures. His clergymen and colonels and captains are members of a profession, and draw their salaries constantly so long as they do moderately well. The author, when he does only moderately well, receives nothing. In the rare instances in which he has done very well (and a single success may compensate him for his shortcomings in other ventures) Mr. Macfie's government official is to stand by, measure the months which have been consumed over the poor

book, and to dole out to him his possibilities of starvation wages. The most practical men do not escape making themselves ridiculous when they meddle with matters of which they are ignorant.

But Mr. Macfie will complain that we do him injustice ; the one or two years of protection is not the whole of what he is willing to allow. When the first edition has been disposed of, and a book is still in demand, Mr. Macfie proposes to adopt at once what Mr. Farrer calls the ideal system. The public are to have the book, and a reasonable reward is to be secured to the author for the remainder of the term of copyright in the form of a royalty. Anyone, by giving notice of his intention to the original publisher, may bring out another and cheaper edition, subject to a payment in advance to the author of a fair percentage on the retail price at which he proposes to sell. To protect the text, the reprint is to be taken, in all cases, from the latest edition which has the author's sanction. To protect his royalty, the services of the Stamp Office are to be called in. ' On the first sheet of each copy a stamp shall be appended, which has been approved at the Stationers' Hall, without which it shall be a penal offence to print or vend any copy.' Thus, simply by a sweep of the hand, Mr. Macfie has provided for the public, provided for the deserving author, provided for the observance of the sacred principle of free trade. As to the percentage, in his opinion 5 per cent. will be sufficient ; the less the tax which the publisher has to pay, the cheaper the edition which he can bring out. But the all-sufficient official may graduate it according to circumstances.

Had we only Mr. Macfie to deal with, we should be contented to state his recommendations, and leave our readers to amuse themselves with them. But it so happens that although Mr. Macfie is the only witness who boldly recommends the immediate adoption of the royalty system, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Louis Mallet, and Mr. Farrer have all indicated their belief that this is the right solution of the difficulty. They may not have been much delighted with their champion, but the cause must not be confounded with its defenders, and we must say a few words about it.

The ' royalty system ' may sound plausible to those who have never reflected on the manner in which it would act. Let them consider what this would be.

A publisher undertakes a work which is offered to him, with a knowledge that, except in special instances, he is entering on a speculation. Four out of five books which are published, as we have already said, do not pay the cost of printing and advertising. The fifth, which succeeds, remunerates him for his losses upon the rest. It is now proposed that when a book has made a name for itself, and is in general demand, any rival publisher may take possession of it and bring it out in a cheap form, with the sole condition that he is to pay a royalty to the author on every copy which he strikes off. If the royalty can be secured (a very large ' if '), it is possible that authors who aim only at general popularity may not be large losers. But how will it be with the rest ? and how will it be with the publisher ? Is it conceivable that any sensible man will venture the first publication of a book when he knows that it will be made the subject of a general scramble the instant that it is proved to be valuable ? The new adventurer will run no risk, for the popularity of the work will have been already secured. He will reprint from a published copy at a third of the price which the first publisher has incurred in printing from a manuscript. The heads of the publishing houses examined before the Commission declare unanimously that the adoption of the royalty system would revolutionise their entire business. If they undertake the publication of a book at all on such terms, the sum which they can afford to the author of it will be reduced to a fraction, and the writing of serious books will fall under the worst of all monopolies ; it will be confined to men of wealth and leisure, who can dispense with payment in money, and are content to work for reputation and influence. According to Mr. Macfie, the author may not fix the terms on which he will sell his books, even for the year or two of protection which he is to be allowed. Mr. Macfie's government official is to be at his shoulder, examining into the hours which he has spent over his desk. Unfortunate government official ! A good book represents the intellectual experience of an author's whole life—all that he has read, done, thought, suffered, and enjoyed—and it is supposed that the value of it is to be estimated by the number of days, weeks, or months which have been consumed in putting his ideas into words. ' Manfred ' was written in three days—the sum to be paid to the author for it is to be three days' pay of the captain of a man-of-war.

Again, there are books, and books whose value even Mr. Macfie can appreciate—books of information contributed by various persons, encyclopædias, dictionaries—made up of hundreds or thousands of articles, written by separate men specially acquainted

with particular subjects. A publisher who now undertakes such a work, secure, as he supposes, of protection for forty-two years, can afford to pay his contributors handsomely. Take the protection away; distribute it over the trade in the indefinite form of a royalty; and who is to apportion the fraction of the 5 or 10 per cent. which each contributor is to receive; or how are writers to be found for the work? The first publisher can no longer offer them any inducement. He will no longer have any inducement himself to enter on such adventures, and no more such books will be written. Even suppose them written; suppose them published; who is to guarantee the accuracy of the printing, without which such books are worse than valueless, when they are reproduced without the author's supervision, under a mere competition of cheapness? The bill of 1873 provides that the reprints shall be taken from the author's last edition; but who is to search for the errors of the press? Our most useful literature will be defaced with stereotyped blunders.

How, again, are the royalties to be collected? How is the author to be secured against fraud? A new poem by Mr. Tennyson would be instantly reprinted by ten or a dozen competing publishers, and each competing edition would consist of several thousand copies. Sir Louis Mallet and Mr. Farrer object to giving the author the assistance of the Custom House officers in checking the introduction of foreign reprints. They would leave him to the remedies of ordinary law. On the same principle, they would leave Mr. Tennyson to bring his action for each infringement of his royalty rights. How is he to know how many copies each publisher has sold or printed off? Tradesmen of high character would deal honestly with him; but men of all characters will rush into this sort of business, and will be under a perpetual temptation to evade a weight which will be in the way of their underselling their rivals. Moral checks are not to be relied on in such cases. Men who would make a false return to the income-tax would scruple as little to print 5,000 copies of a book and account for but 4,000 or 3,000, and the wretched author must submit to indefinite plunder, or be involved in an equally indefinite number of lawsuits. Mr. Macfie will protect him with a stamp. No copy is to be sold which has not a stamp upon it approved by the Stationery Office. But who is to append the stamp? In times of excitement two hundred thousand copies of a popular tract or pamphlet have been sold in a few weeks. Thirty years ago, a wagon with six horses left the Clarendon Press one morning loaded with copies, for the London market, of a sermon by Dr. Pusey which had been condemned by the Hebdomadal Board. What machinery will Mr. Macfie provide for such an enormous business? The stream of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, books, which are poured out daily and weekly, would require a new public department to attend to them. Or, once more, who is to guarantee that so simple a thing as a stamp shall not be imitated? The whole business of the country, we are told, is carried on under a system of stamps. Yes, because in every other trade a stamp is only forged to cover a spurious article, and every purchaser is interested in detecting and punishing a fraud. But the purchaser of a book with a false stamp on it will have the real article notwithstanding. He receives no injury. He gets what he desired to get, and is satisfied. Whether the author has received his royalty or not is nothing to him. The author himself will be the person injured, and injured on a scale and in a manner in which it will be impossible for him to defend himself. The author whose merit is the greatest will suffer the most from the nature of the case, and while, in Mr. Farrer's opinion, he will be conferring incalculable benefits on his fellow-countrymen, he will be himself given over as a prey to legions of predatory vermin.

These, it may be said, are low considerations. Be it so. There is a further objection to the royalty system, which appeals to another class of feelings. So long as an author is alive he is held responsible for every book, and every part of a book, which is circulating under his name and authority. It follows that so long as he is alive he ought to have full control over it, to be able to alter it, to amend it, or, if he pleases, to withdraw it altogether. It is rare that important works are not found to require enlargement or correction in subsequent editions. The provision in the bill of 1873 will not, and cannot, meet the difficulty. A new edition cannot be brought out while the market is loaded with the unsold copies of earlier editions, and as no law can limit the number of copies which the competing publishers may issue, errors may continue to circulate which the author has detected, or sentiments which he repudiates, while he will be obliged to sit by, perhaps for years, without the opportunity of repairing his mistakes. If this can be endured, there remains the possible wish to recall a book. We live in days when few of us think, in the middle of life,

as we thought when we began it. Men of genius change as much as others, and only fools remain unaffected by wider knowledge and experience. Not a few of our distinguished thinkers have gone from one Christian communion to another, and have repudiated as heresy opinions which they once passionately advocated. Are we to say, is it just and fair to say, that while they are still living they are to be forbidden to withdraw works from circulation which they believe to be working incalculable evil, and that when they have been brought to see their errors, they are to continue themselves propagating them through the reproduction of their earlier writings? Our own age is generally careful of what it calls the rights of conscience; a more ingenious outrage to the rights of conscience it is not easy to conceive. Young men, it is said, will learn to be more cautious in what they publish. Young men will learn nothing of the kind. They will continue, if they are good for anything, to be eager and enthusiastic, and eagerness and enthusiasm do not calculate on the time when the wear and tear of life has done its work, and the most cherished convictions have to be parted with. But we will not press this argument. The more practical objections to the royalty system appear to us of themselves decisive; and if Sir Louis Mallet, and Sir Charles Trevelyan, and Mr. Farrer intend to urge the adoption of it further, or to insist on changes which may render it necessary, they are bound to show how these objections can be encountered.

We return to the evidence. Much of it which is extremely interesting we are obliged to pass over, and we must confine ourselves to representative witnesses. We have heard one side of the subject from Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Macfie. We will now hear the publishers and authors, and we will begin with Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh. Mr. Blackwood was desired to state his views upon the subject generally. He was of course in favour of copyright. He wished the period of it to be extended to thirty years after an author's death. Books, he thought, would at once become cheaper if a longer time was allowed in which a profit could be made upon them. Of still greater value would be an international copyright with the United States. Mr. Blackwood was cross-questioned by such members of the Commission as were in favour of free trade. Sir Drummond Wolff took the leading part, and the following instructive conversation passed between him and Mr. Blackwood, which we regret to be obliged to abridge. Publishers, as we said, are in the habit of bringing out first an expensive edition of a new book, and if it becomes popular they follow it in a year or two with a cheaper one. Sir Drummond Wolff asked whether, if the cheap edition was published 'before the cream had been taken off,' the profit would not be equally great. Mr. Blackwood replied that the risk would be so great that neither author nor publisher would venture the experiment. 'Publishers and authors conducted their business as they could, and named their own prices for their books.' 'We have thought about these points all our lives,' Mr. Blackwood said, 'and we do what we think best according to circumstances.'

'*Sir D. Wolff.*—I grant you that; you publishers and authors make your own arrangements to get the largest amount of profit. But we represent the public; and are we bound to give you special protection to enable you to keep up the price?

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—I deny the special protection. I consider the work of a man's brain as more emphatically his property than any other kind of property.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—No doubt it is; but at the same time we give you special protection for it.

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—It is not special protection at all. Every property in the country is protected; and why should not books be protected? Why should it be called special protection?

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—Because it is special protection to you. In the case of patents you do not have a term for forty or fifty years. You have fourteen years.

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—A patent is a totally different thing. Another man may invent the same patent, but no other man could write the same book. No other man could invent an "Adam Bede."

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—I grant you that; but you have a special protection for your books. That you cannot deny.

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—Yes, I deny it to be a fact. I do not call it a special protection. It is a protection like that which is given to any other form of property.'

Sir Drummond Wolff insisted that the system of expensive editions was prejudicial to the public. He enquired if books would not be published cheaper if the international copyright could be arranged with the United States.

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—The case is one which must be dealt with as circumstances arise. As to the price at which to sell a book, circumstances are the only guide. No legislation can work a change in what is properly a business question.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—I want you to have profit; but I maintain that you are to have it

by paying a regard to public interest, and not by having a machinery which exists in no other trade.

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—You are going into the details of the business which you had better leave to the men who have been brought up to it all their lives.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—I am perfectly aware that you want profit, but we want cheap books.

'*Mr. Blackwood.*—I love the public, I dare say, as much as most people, but I will not pretend such affection for them as to say that I would injure my own business for the sake of the public.'

From Mr. Blackwood we turn to Mr. Huxley, from the publisher to the author. Mr. Huxley gave his evidence with the peculiar clearness which distinguishes him in all that he handles. We receive from him the definite and carefully reasoned conclusions of a man who knows what he thinks and why he thinks it. Interested, of course, he is, for his writings are sought after by every student of science in all parts of the world. But Professor Huxley is not a person who allows his inclination to govern his judgment.

'It appears to me,' he says in his examination in chief, 'that if there be any foundation for property at all, it is as clear in the case of a book as of anything else; a book being the investment of a man's capacity and knowledge and requiring the sacrifice of a vast amount of his time. Under these circumstances, a book has *primâ facie* the same right to be protected as any other kind of property. A practical difficulty rises that a book can be readily copied, and what evidently amounts to stealing the property of the author cannot be brought under the ordinary conditions of theft. But, so far as right is concerned, the right of an author in a book is as complete and extensive as the right of any person to any kind of property whatever. . . . He may make any contract he pleases as to the conditions under which he will sell such copies of his work as are in his hands. If he chooses to make it a condition of sale that the purchasers shall not copy, or multiply by printing, the work which the vendor sells under certain penalties, I apprehend the existing law will enable him to recover those penalties from anyone who violates that contract. I look on the copyright law as a means of overcoming the inconveniences which would arise out of that state of things. It is not any favour which the State confers upon the author, or privilege granted to him by the State, but simply a mode of preventing such an inconvenience as I have referred to, so that in my apprehension the application of the word "*monopoly*" to persons who possess rights under the copyright law is an entire mistake. It is merely a contrivance arising out of the peculiar nature of book property.'

Nothing can be more lucid than this statement. Property in a book is peculiarly easy to steal, and can be protected only by peculiar legislation. Mr. Huxley was asked whether he thought Mr. Macfie's 'public officer' could be of service in fixing the price of books. His reply was equally to the purpose.

'No. Who is to be the judge of the value of an author's work but himself? Who is there in the Government who is competent to form the slightest conception about it? The price should be left to the ordinary operation of the law of supply and demand. Why am I to be debarred from making any bargain I please in regard to a piece of literary property any more than with regard to any other property? I can hardly conceive that such a proposal has been made by anybody who knows anything about the writing of books.'

Mr. Edward Jenkins, himself a well-known author, and a member of the Commission, suggested that, since an author's '*ideas*' might be appropriated and made use of without objection, there must be a difference between property in a book and property of the ordinary kind. Mr. Huxley said:—

'The property is not in the "*ideas*," but is limited to the form in which the author chooses to clothe those ideas. You cannot say how far the ideas in a man's book are his own. He owes them largely to his ancestors, to his surroundings, and to other people. I do not ask for protection for my ideas. It is the form which is mine.'

Mr. Jenkins found a difficulty in the word 'form,' which again he seemed to think had an unusual meaning as Mr. Huxley employed it. Copyright too, he thought, could not be property, for if it was it ought to be perpetual. 'So abstractedly it ought,' Mr. Huxley answered, 'but we do not argue abstract principles. It is not worth while to attempt to get a thing which it is unlikely that you will be able to get in the present state of public feeling.'

The friends of the Board of Trade could not part with so unfavourable a witness without attempting to shake his position. Sir Drummond Wolff tried his hand upon it, but with even less success than he had met with in examining Mr. Blackwood. He persisted, as before, that literature was exceptionally protected, and that the public had therefore an exceptional right to interfere in the disposal of it. The author, he admitted, had a right of some kind, and that right deserved to be secured; but at the same time 'the public ought to be able to obtain his books at the cheapest possible rate.'

'*Mr. Huxley.*—I do not see why the public

has a right to demand it in the case of a book more than in the case of beef, mutton, or potatoes.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—Except that in the supply of beef, mutton, and potatoes there is a regular competition, and there is no competition in books. If you cannot get beef you will get mutton, whereas if you cannot get Macaulay's history you will get nothing else which represents it. You want that particular book.

'*Mr. Huxley.*—But you might say you want six-year-old mutton, and you cannot be content with anything else.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—We do not negotiate with foreign countries to obtain a copyright for six-year-old mutton. Our object is not only to improve the existing law of copyright in England, but to see whether we cannot extend the rights of English authors to other countries. We are the public who negotiate for you. If we do that, are we not entitled to some compensation for the trouble we take in obtaining these privileges for you?

'*Mr. Huxley.*—I am not clear about that. The State should have regard to public justice and public morality without looking for any particular reward from the persons who are served. It is a very dangerous thing to suppose you can regulate matters of this kind by legislation.

'*Sir Drummond Wolff.*—If we get you the American market, ought we not to have your books cheap at home?

'*Mr. Huxley.*—I would much rather you did not interfere with us at all. I would rather you should not afford us special protection, but should consider books as property like any other property, and not meddle with us.'

We should like to know what progress Sir Drummond Wolff has made in negotiating his treaty with America, since he proposes, in anticipation of it, to revolutionise the publishing business at home. Let him get his treaty first, and the copyright owners will know what to say to him. Nor does he tell us what the arrangement with America is to be. An extension of the present system, under which alone copyright has an intelligible meaning, we presume that he regards with as much alarm as Sir Louis Mallet. It is somewhat premature to legislate in reliance upon some future scheme which its promoters cannot define, and which the Americans have not as yet shown the slightest sign of a willingness to adopt.

Leaving Mr. Huxley we pass to Mr. Herbert Spencer, another very interesting witness. Mr. Spencer has forced his way slowly into the front rank of contemporary philosophical writers. He gave the Commission a history of his literary experience. He began to publish nearly thirty years ago. His writings have nothing superficially attractive. The trade was disinclined to undertake his work, and he brought out his books one after another at his own expense. For a long time he found little encouragement. He lost money on every volume which he produced; and at the end of fifteen years he was 'out of pocket,' he tells us, 1,500*l.* Confident that he had something real to say, and that the world would ultimately listen to him, he steadily went on. The tide turned at last. He became known beyond the circle of his personal friends, and as soon as he had secured an audience, his books, being his own property, began to return considerable profits. In 1874 he had made up his losses, and he now receives an income from the sale of his various works, absurdly small, indeed, if looked at as the salary which the public is paying for the intellectual services of a remarkable man, but still sufficient to satisfy Mr. Spencer's modest wishes. His publisher, having no share in his copyright, receives a commission of 10 per cent. On each copy sold Mr. Spencer makes about 30 per cent. Suppose the royalty system adopted, the books given to the public, and 10 per cent. allowed for the author, he would lose two-thirds of his present returns. 'A lower price,' he says, 'would not largely increase the sale. The market is limited. Reduce the price of cod-liver oil, you will not much increase the consumption of it. Principles of Psychology are cod-liver oil to the general public. The interference proposed would be specially injurious to the particular class of books which of all others needs encouragement.' It has been argued, he continues, that it is desirable to secure for books the cheapest possible price consistent with a fair profit to those concerned in the production of them. Precisely the same arguments were used about food and other articles of necessary consumption; but legislation was found powerless to counteract the tendencies of the ordinary course of trade. It produced more evils than it cured, and was long since thrown aside.

'The attempt,' says Mr. Spencer, 'to secure cheap books by legislative arrangements seems to me nothing less than a return to the long-abandoned system of trade regulations. I do not see any reason for believing that, regulations made by law to secure cheap bread for the body having failed, there is likelihood of success for regulations aiming to secure cheap bread for the mind. It is alleged that the author's claim to the product of his brain work is a monopoly. I do not admit it to be a monopoly. I regard both the term "Free Trade," as applied to the unrestrained issue of rival editions, and the term "monopoly,"

as applied to the author's copyright, as question-begging terms. The word monopoly, as applied to the position of authors, reminds me of Proudhon's "Property is robbery." The argument that under the present system the great mass of people cannot buy books when they are new, merely means that people who have less money than others ought to have the same advantage.' (*Minutes of Evidence*, Mr. Spencer, pp. 251, 281, &c.)

Passing by the rest of the evidence with merely the observation that not a witness except Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Mactie could be found to support the view of the Board of Trade, and that there was scarcely one who did not say, in plain terms, that it was a chimæra and an impossibility, we come now to the Secretary of the Board himself. Mr. Farrer was eight days before the Commission, with intervals allowed between them, during which he could study the intermediate evidence and answer it if he could. We cannot perceive that he did more than ring the changes with wearisome iteration on the word 'monopoly.' He reminds us of the magistrate who, when he had heard the witnesses on one side, declined to pay attention to those on the other, because, as he said, he saw his way clearly, and anything further would confuse him. Mr. Farrer sees that books are brought out at a price considerably beyond the cost of paper and ink. He sees that if competition was not forbidden the price would fall. He thence infers an injury to the public, and insists that the protection must be taken away. When an author's thoughts have once been given to the world, he considers that they have become part of the common possession of all mankind, and that mankind have a right to obtain copies of them on any terms and by any means. The one difficulty in the theory is, that, if it be consistently acted upon, the author will probably keep his thoughts to himself, and therefore some inducement must be provided to induce him to admit others to participate in them. Ambition, benevolence, the mere enjoyment of the art of composition, alike will impel him to employ his gifts if he possesses them. But the law, in its generosity, has provided that further motives of a more commonplace order shall be superadded. The law has granted the author a monopoly in the disposal of his writings; but this monopoly it is alike permitted and bound to limit by consideration for the public good. Canada and the United States, Mr. Farrer says (and such an expression of opinion coming from a gentleman high in the service of the Government cannot but encourage them in the course which they have hitherto pursued), 'will never admit the monopoly of the English publisher, and are quite right in refusing to do so.' 'The colonies will not consent to the exclusion of the American reprints.' 'The attempt to extend the English monopoly has failed, will fail,' and, in Mr. Farrer's opinion, 'ought to fail,' while, if cheap editions of contemporary books have a free circulation in other parts of the empire, the anomaly, so odious to Mr. Farrer, that English books shall be easy of access elsewhere and remain dear in the country in which they are produced, will continue to exist as long as the present law remains unaltered. Therefore Mr. Farrer says, if editions are brought out in the colonies, those at any rate which are produced with the author's consent and for the author's advantage, must be admitted to the United Kingdom. The clause forbidding it in the Act of 1875 is a fatal blot. 'It extends the principle of monopoly in its most objectionable form, and so long as it is maintained the residents in the United Kingdom will be the only English-speaking people in the world who remain at the mercy of English publishers.'

Mr. Farrer has so long made up his mind that a change in the law is necessary, and that the monopoly must be restricted, that he ought to have been prepared with some alternative scheme. He admits that authors ought to be paid. He has heard every person practically connected with the publishing trade tell him that to abolish the monopoly and provide no substitute for it will deprive them of most of the little which they at present receive. 'The ideal of a copyright system,' he says, 'is that it should be coextensive with the English language, giving the author the benefit of an enormous market, and the reader the benefit of a price proportionately reduced. But to effect this the monopoly must be in some way restricted, and I have heard of no means of doing this which sounds practicable except that of republication with a royalty.' Make, we reply to him, the now existing copyright system coextensive with the English language. Induce the Americans to consent to a law under which any book brought either among them or among us shall circulate through both countries protected as at present, and Mr. Farrer's object will be gained. The extended and varied market will of itself bring the prices down. But Mr. Farrer will not have protection. The monopoly of publishers must go. Republication with a royalty alone commends itself to him. Yet, when he is cross-questioned as to how the royalty plan

is to work, he declines to answer, and confesses that he has not thought about it. He comforts himself with thinking 'that the best books are written for other purposes than remuneration,' and will continue to be written, whether remunerated or not. It is true that every other civilised country has a copyright of monopoly within its own limits, and that it is held expedient everywhere that men of letters should be fairly paid. The universality of the practice might suggest that it was a reasonable one. But Mr. Farrer is unmoved. 'The best authors,' he says, and Sir Louis Mallet supports him, 'are those who have been least animated by the prospect of pecuniary gain. Some of the greatest works of literature have been written without protection of copyright laws. The most important point of public policy is the education of the people, and to cheapen literature tends to promote education.' Mr. Farrer might as well argue that the best religious teachers, the best ministers and public servants, have occasionally, even in our country, given their services for nothing, and that it is probable, if the occasion arose, men would be found still equally high-minded. Cheap government is essential to national prosperity, and therefore the officials in the public departments ought to be mulcted of their salaries. Mr. Farrer would probably be clear-sighted on a subject which he was personally acquainted with, and would object to such an inference, but we do not see where the distinction lies between the two cases.

Dr. Smith, one of the most useful and moderate members of the Commission, reminds Mr. Farrer that he strains the word 'monopoly.' The subjects of literature are free. No author claims an exclusive right over any department of knowledge or imagination. The field is open to author or artist to cultivate what part of it he pleases, or for those who desire to compete with each other to cultivate the same part. If there was a guild of history or a close corporation of science—were outsiders forbidden to touch the enclosed province of learning without a license from the officers of the order—this would really be a monopoly at which free-traders in knowledge might exclaim. But Mr. Farrer is not contented that every subject shall be open, but he will have each person's treatment of it made public also. A man's writings are only his property while they remain in his desk; once published, they are gone from him. Dr. Smith objects that such property is useless till it is published, and 'property without the power of use is not property.' Mr. Farrer replies that 'property may exist, though it is not a source of profit, and the question is whether a privilege shall be attached to it to make it a source of profit.' He will not allow literature to be compared with other professions; he will not be 'misled by imperfect analogies.' When it is put to him that the author's time and labour enter into the cost of production, he merely says that 'we may use that term if we please.' When he is asked whether he would abandon the changes which he proposes if it could be shown that they would seriously diminish the author's returns, he answers: 'I do not say that. I have to consider the author on the one hand and the public on the other; you have to balance two things—the pecuniary good that you would do to the author by prolonging the copyright, and the intellectual harm which you would do to the public by restricting the circulation of his book.'

Mr. Farrer protests—'protests too much' perhaps, like the player Queen in 'Hamlet'—that he is most anxious to protect the author's interests so far as is consistent with the abolition of the monopoly. This is the weak point of Mr. Farrer's and his friends' argument; so long as they stick to their position, that a book once published becomes part of the natural constitution of things, free as the air and the sea, they are on sure ground. Grant their premisses, and their inferences follow from it. In spite of Dr. Johnson's assertion that no one but a fool would write for anything but money, men of genius will still throw their thoughts into words. Poets will still sing from delight in singing. Men of ardent religious convictions will still teach through the printing press as well as from the pulpit, and under the high discipline of poverty it is even possible that both literature and religion may be elevated and purified. Those who are prepared to accept what gifted men are pleased to offer them on these charitable terms, need be under no fear that the people's minds will be starved for want of food. Sir Louis Mallet seems really to incline to this somewhat cynical conclusion, and when it is boldly stated we feel ourselves a certain respect for it. But once admit the author possesses interests which have a right to protection, and the argument at once falls to pieces. Free trade is not free trade when an unnecessary tax is imposed on the article produced; and if it be urged that the tax is made equal all round, and that the competing publishers will be similarly weighted, Mr. Farrer is still called upon, before he takes away the protection which exists, to provide a substitute admitting the

competitive principle which will answer the same purpose. Books are to be freely reprinted wherever there is a demand for them, and the editions are to have free circulation in every part of the world. This is Mr. Farrer's 'ideal.' But he fails to show, he does not even try to show, how the 5 per cent. or 10 per cent., or whatever it is to be, can be adjusted and collected in different countries under different governments, where there will be a universal temptation to evade or repudiate it. Already it has been found impossible to collect even a fraction of the royalty which was promised on the introduction of foreign editions into the British colonies. Before the action of the colonies the Indian Government precipitately placed itself on the free list. When once cheap literature has been declared to be an object of public policy, it is easy to foresee the fate of such author's interests as are felt to be a clog upon it. Political economy has become a sacred science. An economic heresy is not a mistake, but a crime, and 'monopoly' is as frightful in the eyes of the Board of Trade, the official guardians of orthodox doctrine, as the denial of the real presence was to the Council of Trent. The following extremely able remarks of Mr. Herbert Spencer show that copyright is very far from being monopoly in the forbidden sense of the word :—

'Those who, as members of the Copyright Commission, or as witnesses before it, have aimed, if not to abolish copyright, yet to restrict it in ways which would go far towards its abolition, have done so in the alleged interests of free trade, and have sought to discredit the author's claim, as now recognised, by calling it a monopoly. In the politico-economic sense a monopoly is an arrangement under which a person or body of persons is given by law the exclusive use of certain natural products, or agencies, or facilities, which, in the absence of such law, would be open to all ; and the opponent of a monopoly is one who, asking nothing from the monopolist in the way of direct or indirect assistance, asks only that he also may use these same natural products, or agencies, or facilities. He wishes to carry on a business which in not the remotest way makes him dependent on the monopolist, but which he can carry on as well or better in the absence of the monopolist, and in the absence of everything done by him. Turn now to the commerce of literature, and ask how stands the so-called free-trader and the so-called monopolist ? Does the so-called monopolist (the author) forbid the so-called free-trader (the reprinter) to use any of those appliances or processes, intellectual or mechanical, by which books are produced ? No. These remain open to all. Does the so-called free-trader wish simply to use these open facilities independently, just as he might do if the so-called monopolist and his works were absent ? No. He wishes to be dependent ; he wishes to get advantages which he could not have were the so-called monopolist and his works absent. Instead of complaining, as the true free-trader does, that the monopolist is an obstacle put in his way, this pseudo free-trader complains that he may not utilise certain aids which have arisen from the labour of the man whom he calls a monopolist. The true free-trader wishes only to use natural facilities, and complains of an artificial impediment. The pseudo free-trader, not content with the natural facilities, complains that he may not use, without buying it, an artificial aid. Certain opponents of copyright expressed an astonishment before the Commission that authors should be so blinded by self-interest as not to see that in defending their claims, as now recognised, they were defending a monopoly. These authors might fitly express their astonishment that professed exponents of politico-economical principles should confound the case of a man who wishes to trade just as he might do had a certain other man never existed, with the case of a man who wishes to trade in a way that would be impossible had a certain other man never existed. The entire anti-copyright argument rests on the confusion between two things radically opposed, and with the establishment of the proper distinction the argument disappears.'*

This is clearly and ingeniously put ; but Mr. Farrer will still have his answer, and will insist that it proves too much. The free-trader, he will admit, has a right only to use 'natural facilities,' but a book, in the fact of being published, becomes a 'natural facility.' 'Everyone allows,' he will say, 'that when the author is dead, or at the end of forty-two years, it becomes a natural facility. I only maintain that it has been a natural facility from the first.' This is Mr. Farrer's fortress, out of which no reasoning will drive him. Yet it is as with the famous argument whether the Duchess of Suffolk was of kin to her child. The lawyers proved to their satisfaction that kinship could not ascend, and that the next in blood to the Duchess of Suffolk's infant must be sought in a collateral branch of the family ; yet Captain Shandy, after long meditation, declared that 'after all the Duchess of Suffolk must have been some relation to her child,' and Yorick agreed that 'the world was generally of the same opinion.' Similarly, in spite of the political economists, the world will continue to think that an author must have some right of property in his own productions. The commissioners or a majority of them, after

* Quoted, with Mr. Spencer's permission, from a letter to ourselves.

hearing all that could be alleged to the contrary, were unable to shake off the influence of my uncle Toby's method of reflection. Treading cautiously among the economic pitfalls, they begin their report with saying : ' We have arrived at a conclusion that copyright should continue to be treated by law as a "proprietary right," and that it is not expedient to substitute a right to a royalty, or any other of a similar kind.'

' Proprietary right,' we presume, is meant to be a less decisive term than ' property,' but we know not where the shade of distinction lies, and Sir Louis Mallet disdains the evasion and treats the two expressions as identical. The commissioners' inferences are the same as they would have drawn had they used the more peremptory word. They set aside ' the royalty system ' as impracticable. They point out that while the principle of copyright has been recognised in every foreign state, in no country has the system of royalty been adopted, ' except in a modified form in Italy ;' and in Italy a royalty has been granted to the author, not as a substitute for the ordinary mode of protection, but in excess of it. The Italian author has forty years of copyright, as strict as in any other country, with an additional forty years in which, though his monopoly has ceased, the publishers of his works are required to pay a percentage to his representatives.

The direct revolutionary innovation being thus rejected, the commissioners proceed to the time which this ' monopoly ' is to last. For reasons on which we need not enter, they propose to alter it from the present forty-two years (or life and seven years after, whichever be the longer period) to life and thirty years after without alternative. The average duration, it is calculated, will remain much what it is now. The change may be good or bad. It is, in fact, the adoption of the German term instead of our own. It is a matter of detail, and comparatively of no consequence. English authors, as a body, are content with the law as it stands.

Numerous changes are recommended also relating to registration, to the copyrights of musicians and artists, to the dramatising of novels, to abridgments, to lectures, to articles in newspapers and magazines ; on all these points the law is inconsistent and imperfect,* and some alterations in it are matters of real necessity. But they can be easily disposed of ; it was not for these that the Commission was appointed, and they serve only to veil the questions which are really at issue. The vital struggle lay over the clause of the colonial act, with which the Board of Trade has so passionate a quarrel. By the Act of 1875 the colonists are allowed to reprint English books *with the authors' consent* for their own consumption, and for any market which they can obtain outside the United Kingdom. Attach the condition which Mr. Farrer demands, and open the United Kingdom also to these editions, and every author who understands his own interests will indisputably refuse his consent. The colonists' grievances will thus remain unremedied. As the Board of Trade well knows, they will be restive under disappointment ; and they will take the privilege for themselves, whether the author forbids them or not. The result, therefore, so far, will be to deprive the author of the colonial market which he now possesses ; but as this market is of very little consequence to him, he will not be seriously injured. But this will not be all. The grievance of the Board of Trade is, that English literature is cheaper in the colonies than at home. The colonies will print for themselves, whether we allow them or not ; the inequality will remain, and if the Board of Trade can once persuade the Imperial Parliament that the colonial editions ought, as a matter of expediency, to be admitted into the United Kingdom, it is quite certain that the author's objections will not long be allowed to stop the way. The Board of Trade says now : ' Admit the editions which are published in the colonies with the author's leave. The author will not give his leave. The colonies will then publish in spite of him, and the next demand, as a matter of course, will be to admit these editions anyhow. The question has not been raised by the colonists ; they in their most ambitious moments never dreamt of supplying the market of the United Kingdom. The agitation is of home origin, and has been set on foot, not to benefit the colonies, but to reduce the price of books in Great Britain and Ireland. The commissioners saw clearly what the proposal meant, and they have refused to countenance it. If copyright is to be abolished, which would be the certain effect of consenting to Mr. Farrer's demand, let it be abolished directly and openly after frank and free discussion. To shuffle it out of existence is not statesmanlike policy, but the trick of a card-sharper. If the United

* The labours of the Commission were assisted by an excellent digest of the present law, provided by Sir James Stephen, and attached as an Appendix to the Report.

Kingdom stood alone, the question could never have arisen. An Englishman would have been as secure of protection within these islands as a Frenchman in France, or an American in the United States. The difficulty was created in the first instance by the disregard of the Americans of a right in others which they allowed to their own citizens. They consented to an international patent law, because American inventions are as numerous as ours, and it serves their purpose to secure the British market by allowing Englishmen protection in theirs. They produce fewer books, and we, acting on what we believe to be a just principle, have given American authors of them the same protection in the United Kingdom which we give to our own. Therefore they have no corresponding object to gain ; and they have taken our literature without paying for it, on the Board of Trade's principle that it belongs to nobody. The Americans themselves are showing signs of a disposition to treat English authors with more consideration for the future ; but, meanwhile, British subjects in other parts of the world have demanded, first a share in the plunder, and then to be allowed to steal themselves. If the colonists are to steal, the home economists say that the British public must have a share also, and they will require to steal too. The colonists must do as they please. If they choose to imitate a bad example, the Government will not interfere to prevent them ; but if they choose to act as foreign nations, we can only consider them as foreign nations. They cannot claim at once the advantages of independence and the privileges of fellow-citizens. Other nations secure their home market to their authors. We must secure our home market to ours. And this is all which, as Sir James Stephen said, we ought at present reasonably to expect to do.

This is the principle which the commissioners have adopted. They have declined to advise the repeal of the disputed clause in the colonial act, and they have frankly given to the colonists entire liberty to take their own course. The American publishers have shown signs of alarm at the possibility of Canadian competition. They have found it convenient to abandon the competition for English books among themselves. They are unwilling to have it spring up again on their border. By the law of 1875, the English author's consent is necessary for colonial republication. The American publisher now says to him, 'Refuse your consent, do not allow a rival Canadian edition of your books to appear, and we will deal more liberally with you.' However advantageous it might be to the author to have thus the command of the situation, the commissioners seem to have thought it unfair to use the Canadians to bring pressure on their neighbours. They leave the Canadians and all our other colonies *bonâ fide* free, so long as the United Kingdom is kept from the sphere of their operations. They allow them to reprint for themselves as they like, under a license from the Government, independent of the author, with a reservation only of a small percentage for him. This, under the circumstances, is the wisest arrangement at which they could have arrived. The publishers of the whole North American continent will thus be left to settle their differences among themselves. And if the Americans can see their way, by-and-by, to an international arrangement, the colonies will, of course, fall in with it. For the benefit of our smaller settlements, and perhaps of India, the Foreign Reprints Act is at the same time to be left unrepealed. If the small colonies and the Indian Empire cannot republish for themselves, they may import the cheap editions as they like. The Commission, however, insist that for the future the duties shall be actually levied ; and we express a hope that conditions, with which we expect Australia and New Zealand to comply, will not be dispensed with in India, where we have only to order to be obeyed. Self-governed colonies ought not to be asked to enforce rights which the British Government itself forgets or disregards.

We proceed to the last and most delicate subject which the commissioners had to handle—our literary relations with the United States. They have touched the sensitive points as tenderly as the circumstances allowed, and if our cousins' conduct in the matter was to be entered upon at all (of which we rather question the prudence, since the expression of an unfavourable opinion is irritating when it cannot be acted upon), we see no other reason to find fault with the remarks which they have made.

'The United States,' they say, 'is of all nations the one in which British authors are most concerned, the nation in regard to which the absence of a copyright gives rise to the greatest hardships. Were there in American law no recognition of the rights of authors, no copyright legislation, the position of the United States would be logical ; but they have a copyright law. They afford protection to citizens or resident authors, while they exclude all others from the benefit of that protection. Their position is the more striking, because, with regard to the analogous right

of patents for inventions, they have entered into a treaty with this country for the reciprocal protection of inventors. Great Britain suffers most from this policy. The works of her authors and artists may be, and generally are, taken without leave by American publishers, sometimes mutilated, issued at cheap rates to a population of forty millions, perhaps the most active readers in the world, and not seldom in forms objectionable to the feelings of the original author or artist.' (*Report*, p. 233.)

Several eminent American publishers were kind enough to offer their evidence to the Commission. From them it appeared that American authors are unanimous in desiring that justice should be done to their English friends, partly for their own sakes, because the more easily the American market can be supplied cheaply with foreign works, which cost the American publishers nothing, the less encouragement is offered by them to original American writers; partly in the interest of literature itself, which suffers from so rude a handling as it now meets with. The opinion of these gentlemen is the more important because an international copyright law would give them no rights in the United Kingdom which they do not already possess, or cannot easily acquire. The existing law protects an American author who publishes his book in London simultaneously with the issue of it in New York; and the commissioners, we are pleased to observe, discourage the proposal that we should make the privilege contingent on reciprocity. They are contented to state the case and to indicate that the injury is aggravated by the difficulties which it has caused in the British colonies. They propose nothing. They leave America to provide a remedy if her sense of justice leads her to offer it. But they draw attention to a suggestion made by one of their most accomplished witnesses, Mr. Edward Dicey.

'Mr. Dicey,' they say, 'thought it might be possible for a mixed Commission to arrange terms for a Copyright Convention which would be mutually acceptable. Looking to the great importance of securing an international convention with the United States, we venture to express our opinion that the appointment of such a mixed Commission to enquire into and report upon the whole subject might be attended with advantage.' (*Report*, p. 252.)

If the action of the Americans was to be alluded to at all, it could not have been approached with better temper. Perhaps it is as well that they should have their attention drawn to the embarrassment which they have caused beyond their own frontiers in an official and authoritative form. But we have already said that we think the question should still, for the present, be allowed to rest. The good feeling of the American people, from which alone any solution can be looked for, is already tentatively approaching the problem and beginning to deal with it; and unless Mr. Farrer persuades them that their consciences are unnecessarily alarmed, the time is not distant when a practical arrangement will have shaped itself. We must leave them meanwhile to their own sense of what is right, being careful only that by no rash experiments of our own we break down the principle on which copyright subsists.

This we must congratulate the Commission on having refused to do either by direct attack upon it, or by methods insidiously disguised under the plausible name of Free Trade. They have admitted the 'proprietary right' or right of property in the author, whichever we please to call it. Everything which can be done consistently with this acknowledgment to consult the interests of the public has been carefully thought over. Within the limits of our proper jurisdiction and proper responsibility, they propose to maintain our traditional policy of protection, which we believe to be founded in justice. The Americans and our fellow-subjects in the colonies must act as they think proper, and as they will answer to the opinion of the world.

Thus for the report itself we have nothing but praise. The Commission has steered its difficult way, amidst arguments passionately conflicting, with judgment and moderation. We can only wish that it had been unanimous. Unhappily this was not the case—so far from it that one of its most cultivated members was unable to attach his name to it even with qualifications, and has presented a separate report of his own.

Sir Louis Mallet modestly tells us that he is conscious that his personal opinions can carry but little weight unsupported by those of his colleagues. Sir Louis Mallet's high qualities give so great a consequence to what he says, that no one can differ from him without regret, or without, to some extent, distrusting the soundness of his own conclusions. But the difference is fundamental: we must agree with him wholly or dissent from him wholly. There is no middle term. Sir Louis Mallet cannot admit that an author's work is in any true sense his property. His right, such as it is, he says, derives its value from the discovery of printing; and there is no reason for giving to authors a larger share in the value of a mechanical invention, to which they have con-

tributed nothing, than to any other member of the community. He considers that an easy access to contemporary popular literature is of the greatest consequence to the education and improvement of the people, and that the interests of individuals ought not to stand in the way of so great an object. Whether the people really benefit so much as he supposes from the current opinions of the time, may be a matter of question; but, supposing him right, the invention of printing has enabled the author to extend enormously his influence for good. At the worst his books are immeasurably more accessible than when they could only circulate in MS. Is it not expedient to encourage him to exert such influence by allowing him some advantage out of this invention? The people have already gained prodigiously. Is he to gain nothing beyond the consciousness that he is the benefactor of his age?

It is admitted, Sir Louis says, as if the admission were of importance, that the author has no property in his *ideas*. 'It is *merely the form* in which they are presented for which this claim is advanced.' 'Merely the form!' The ideas in Shakespeare's sonnets, in 'Childe Harold,' or in Newton's 'Principia' lie undefined in all men's minds, or we should not recognise their truth when laid out before us in language. The man of genius sees clearly what others half perceive at moments and lose again. He seizes upon it and fixes it in a shape visible to all, and the rest of us ever after are put in practical possession of the treasures of our own minds. As it is said of men of science, that he only discovers who proves, so the poet or philosopher who throws into intelligible form the knowledge and sentiment of his age is the person who really makes it available for the instruction or the delight of mankind. *Merely* the form! What a light that little word 'merely' throws upon the argument into which it is introduced!

'Property,' Sir Louis Mallet insists, arises from limitation of supply. There need be no limitation to the supply of copies of books, and to create an artificial scarcity, in order to create property along with it, is mischievous and absurd. If copyright laws are to exist, the justification of them, he says, must be looked for 'in another order of ideas.' Unrestricted competition, subject to a duty for the author's benefit, will increase the spread of literature, will benefit the public, and, through the largeness of the sale, will benefit, ultimately, the producer himself. This is Sir Louis' 'fixed idea,' and being, as it seems to him, so reasonable in itself, he refuses to believe it incapable of realisation. He is too wise to recommend the direct introduction of a reform which will disturb vested interests; he is willing to proceed in a gradual and tentative manner; but he sets the royalty system before him as the object to be held in view in every alteration which is made He disapproves of the change in the term of copyright proposed by the Commission, and perhaps the advantages of it are insufficient to counterbalance the general impolicy of altering anything which works tolerably well. On the colonial question, as we have already said, Sir Louis wholly agrees with Mr. Farrer, and he advocates the admission of the colonial reprints into the United Kingdom on grounds which apply equally to editions published with the author's consent or without it. 'It appears to me impossible,' he says, 'to recommend the retention of a prohibition which directly favours one portion of your Majesty's subjects at the expense of another, which renders exile a condition of easy access by Englishmen to the contemporary literature of their own language, and causes England to be the only country in which English books are scarce or dear.'

Sir Louis need not have been so scrupulous in deprecating immediate and violent changes. The effect of the admission of the colonial editions will be as immediately violent as the worst which could be expected from legislation directly destructive of copyright; and although he guards himself by saying that the author, as the law stands, can refuse his consent to the issue of such editions, he knows well that the colonies will not be content without them, and that therefore the anomaly which he so much disapproves will continue. As to a treaty with America, he will not hear of an extension of the monopoly system which might benefit authors and publishers, but would 'enhance the cost of literature to the people of both countries.' He will have his royalty system, with a provision that every edition issued on either side of the Atlantic shall have free course in the United States and the United Kingdom. The expression of a willingness on our part to allow such a condition, he believes, would remove the objections which the Americans at present entertain to a copyright convention. We shall share his opinion when we see the Americans adopt the royalty system within their own boundaries. They know that it cannot be worked, and that the protection reserved under it for the author would be a

mere illusion. English authors they might be willing to sacrifice. They will not sacrifice their own.

Sir John Rose, who represents the Canadian interest on the Commission, naturally supports Sir Louis Mallet on this point. So does Sir Drummond Wolff, who is anxious that the cheap editions of English books published on the continent of Europe under the international treaty should also pass our Custom Houses unhindered. The position of these editions is of course the same as that of the colonial reprints, and the objection to one is the objection to the others. The remaining partially dissentient commissioners accept the principle of the report, but have small hobbies of their own, which they prefer to air under their separate signatures. Their proposals are innocent at any rate, and will deserve consideration should the report lead to serious alterations in the present law.

But will Parliament, in the face of the results of the present Commission, be induced to meddle with the question at all? Minor amendments may be required where the present law is found defective; but will the broad issues be again raised which were supposed to be settled in 1842? We greatly doubt it. Parliament is not fond of theories, and unless stronger pressure is laid on than there are present signs of, we expect they will 'let sleeping dogs lie.' Authors and publishers might prefer a longer term than the law now gives them, but they acquiesce in what they have, and ask for nothing but to be let alone. The Board of Trade can hardly expect that when, at the end of two years of enquiry, three commissioners, out of fifteen, alone can be found in favour of their views, Parliament will enter upon a course which every single person practically connected with literature consents in condemning. There is no agitation for it. No complaints are heard from the public. The press is silent. The press, it may be said, is interested. But protests might be signed; public meetings might be held, where publishers might be denounced for their inordinate prices. But there are no meetings and no protests. The English people are ignorant that they have wrongs to be impatient of. Nor is there agitation in the colonies. If the colonies are allowed to reprint our books for themselves they have all that they ever thought of asking for till the home market was suggested to them from this side. The movement against copyright has originated with, and been carried on by, two or three speculative gentlemen in a Government department, who cannot reconcile the existing book trade with the orthodox theory of the nature of *value*. Parliament will consider a causeless disturbance of an important business a greater evil than an economic inconsistency, and will surely hesitate before they gratuitously exasperate the whole body of the literary profession. The evidence before the Commission will show them that all literary men are of one mind upon the subject, poets and novelists, philosophers and journalists. They have the ear of the public, and if provoked may be dangerous and troublesome. Mr. Macfie treats them as no better than manufacturers of spiritual sugar-plums. Mr. Farrer tells them that their thoughts are so precious that the nation languishes for want of easier access to their writings. Mr. Macfie and Mr. Farrer come to the same conclusion, that their productions are not their own, and that they may not do as they please with them. They persist that their productions are their own, that during their own lives, at least, they may, and will, do as they please with them, and all the political economy in the world will not convince them to the contrary. If the Board of Trade attempts to force a bill through Parliament in the spirit of Mr. Farrer's recommendations, it will find itself surrounded by a swarm of infuriated hornets.

Suppose that, under some extraordinary infatuation, Parliament should be persuaded to listen, what would be the effect upon literature itself? The highest kind of men would not be touched except in their outward circumstances. Mr. Tennyson would be a poor man instead of being a moderately wealthy one, but he would still be Mr. Tennyson; and men of private fortune, like Gibbon or Buckle, could still command leisure for historical investigation and patient digestion of their reading. But the writer of average ability, who has adopted literature as the profession by which he is to live, will lose his inducement to do his work well, and will be driven in spite of himself into the sensationalism which secures immediate popularity. His object will be to sell rapidly his first edition, for that is all which he will have to depend on; and for this purpose he needs nothing but courage, smartness, and originality. In the market of the moment there is no appreciation of exactness and laborious research. In novels and poetry the imaginative writer will seek to please the prevailing taste of the hour. Labour and judgment will tell in the long run; but for a quick sale the more showy the style the better it will take. At present a man knows that if he does his best his work will be recognised in time, and, like

Mr. Spencer, he may hope to receive some reward before his copyright is out. Take the time away from him, and if he is wise he will choose some other profession. If he is not wise, he will swim with the stream. His books will be got up like the latest fashions in dress. They will be as brilliant and as ephemeral. It matters little how they will look to-morrow, if no to-morrow is allowed the author to benefit by them. Enough for him if they will last attractive for the day, for the day is all that he has. 'Cheap and nasty' has wrecked the reputation of our calicoes and our iron work. 'Cheap and nasty,' under the same system, will be the fate of our average literature.

Another effect of the change will be to increase enormously the growth and influence of periodicals. If able men are refused protection for what they write under their own names, they will make their harvest at once in the popular journals, which already bid high for their assistance. It will not answer to competing publishers to reprint 'weeklies' and 'monthlies,' or, at least, no competing edition of them can be brought in from abroad. Writers will therefore naturally betake themselves to a mode of publication in which nature itself protects them; and the style of their work must follow the conditions of that mode. Magazines and reviews are not meant to last. The articles in them may be excellent in their kind, but they must address the sentiments, or passions, or interests, which happen to predominate at the time; and how transient these passions and interests are we may satisfy ourselves by turning back over the files of old newspapers or old volumes of the quarterlies. Articles once fresh on every lip, which delighted and electrified society, are now weary, flat, and unprofitable—dry and dusty as the sermons of the Puritan divines, which also, in their turn, were once listened to as the outpourings of inspiration. Such all our average literature will become if solid copyright is removed. The history will become the brilliant sketch; the scientific treatise will become the smart essay; the novel will become the *feuilleton*. So far as the law can affect it, the motive will be taken away from everything which gives sterling worth to the written thoughts of men. And Mr. Farrer himself will come to doubt whether popular intellectual cultivation has been so much benefited after all by the possession of them.

And what is the real occasion of the agitation which he has set on foot? What is the present pressing cause of his and Sir Louis Mallet's impatience? Sir Louis Mallet, at least, is too sensible to repeat the light assertion that the people must have literature 'fresh and fresh;' that books grow stale and lose their flavour as if they were herrings or mackerel. He knows as well as anyone that a book that grows stale might as well never have been written; and yet he has persuaded himself that national education is affected injuriously unless each new novelty that streams from the press can be dispersed among the ignorant and half-ignorant in greatest haste and in greatest abundance. What are the books which competing publishers at home or in the colonies will most eagerly snatch at? Are they the works of Hallam or Carlyle, of Herbert Spencer or Mill, of Wordsworth or of Tennyson? Great writers almost invariably find a cold reception on their first appearance. Tennyson himself, who in his own lifetime has seen his poems become household words throughout the English world, had to wait ten years before a second edition was called for of the 'May Queen' or of 'Locksley Hall;' and far less than ten years is far beyond the farthest date which Mr. Macfie will allow for the monopoly. The instant demand is for the last new novel, the last political pamphlet, the last scientific speculation which will account for the world's existence without a God as the maker of it, the last fashionable 'Life of Christ,' an 'Essays and Reviews,' a 'Tract 90,' or an 'Ecce Homo.' If we turn over the lists of books of twenty years back, we see volumes advertised, the very names of which we now hardly remember. Yet in their day they blazed through edition after edition, they circulated in thousands and tens of thousands of copies. At the end of twenty years they are extinct as if they had never been. They flamed up like tar-barrels, and for the moment nothing else was to be seen for the smoke and glare of them. But they go out in the dark and are forgotten, while a Wordsworth, long despised and neglected, takes his place as a new fixed star, and shines calmly and perennially in the intellectual sky.

Yet, in the name of education, a paternal government is called on to interfere, that the multitudes may not be defrauded of their share in each prevailing and passing delirium. They must have each new book as it comes out, or they are robbed of their spiritual nutriment. They cannot be wholly shielded from the influence of these epidemic excitements. Enough, and too much, of the light from such meteors will stream in upon them, reflected through the newspapers. But that a paternal government should be expected to exert itself in such a cause is a new conception of its duties. The

half-educated are the last to benefit by sensational imaginative literature, or by a share in the discussion of still debated subjects. Poetry elevates and purifies, if it is true poetry. But time must try it before we can be sure that it is genuine. New truth becomes of service to education only when it is ascertained to be truth, as food is only known to be wholesome by repeated experiments. Free countries do not tolerate a censorship of the press, because no one can be trusted to exercise it. Yet who would not approve a censorship which would really divide the good from the bad? And the close period of copyright answers the purpose of a censorship more effective than was ever enforced by civil or ecclesiastical tribunal. It allows a time for public opinion to weigh the merits of each new contribution to its art or to its thought. If at the end of the period it continues in demand, it is thus proved to be really valuable; and then, and not till then, it is passed on to become the property of the nation. What more ought to be demanded in the name of education? Do the people want cheap wholesome entertainment when Scott and Marryat have long passed out of copyright? Are they injured because they must wait a few years for an equal supply of the works of George Eliot and Wilkie Collins? Do they want history and philosophy? There are few modern writers from whom they will not learn less than they will learn from Gibbon, and Hume, and Butler. The best writings of each generation are gathered by natural selection out of the contemporary rubbish. Can a public be in a state of spiritual destitution which has a more splendid literature than any nation in the world, with the ascertained best of it at as cheap a rate as it pleases? Better for the people, better for every one of us whose stomach is not seasoned by antidotes, to read books whose worth has been tested, than to devour every new dainty. Sir Drummond Wolff is distressed that we get so many of our modern books from circulating libraries, and are then content with a single perusal of them. He would like to see them on our own shelves, that we might study them at leisure. Which of us, who has purchased for himself each year the latest novelties that come out, does not look with despair at the space filled by volumes which he will never open a second time? Which of us has not reflected on the treasures of true literature of which he might have been the happy possessor, had he laid out his money more wisely, and bought only what he knew to be worth buying? Of all motives for the abridgment of copyright, the injury done to the public by the comparative dearness of new books least bears examination. Let us hope that we have heard the last of an argument which we can scarcely believe is brought forward in seriousness.

Art. II.—1. *History of the Indian Navy* (1613–1863). By Charles Rathbone Low, Lieutenant (late) Indian Navy. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1877.

2. *General Report of the Operations of the Marine Survey of India, from the commencement in* 1874 *to the end of the official year* 1875–76, *and for the year* 1876–77. Prepared for submission to the Government of India, by Commander A. Dundas Taylor (late I.N.), Superintendent of Marine Surveys. 2 Parts, fol. Calcutta: 1876, 1878.

When the government of India was reorganised after the Sepoy mutiny, the several military services enrolled under the immediate flag of the Company were either remodelled, absorbed, or altogether done away with. Of these last, the navy was one. It was considered unadvisable to admit its officers to the lists of the Royal Navy, and they were therefore retired on pensions calculated in some way according to their rank, their seniority, and the prospects which these had held out to them. This enforced retirement, carried out with unnecessary haste and undue rigour, naturally gave rise to many heart-burnings which might have been avoided by the exercise of a little tact on the part of the government, a little consideration for the interests and sensibilities of officers bound up in their profession, whose aspirations or memories all stretched seaward, and who were rightly jealous of the honour of a service dating back to the earliest English settlement in India, and which, more distinctly than even the famous 39th Regiment, was entitled to the proud motto of *Primus in Indis*.

It is the history of this service that now comes before us, written by one of these officers whom a hard fate has compelled to exchange the sword or the 'kennynge' glass for the pen. The author is therefore entitled to our most favourable consideration in his endeavour to perpetuate the memory of the past, and to record the achievements of his predecessors and brother officers. He has had many difficulties to struggle with, but the labour has been to him one of love; and notwithstanding some slips, more curious than important, it has been per-

formed with an earnest, painstaking, thorough-going industry which deserves praise. We cannot, however, but regret that a want of literary skill, an ignorance of artistic proportion, or perhaps even a too great earnestness of purpose has led to an excess of detail which has little or no interest to anyone not personally connected with the subject-matter of each particular page; and has swelled the volumes to an inordinate bulk by a lengthy discussion of grievances and wrongs which the officers of the Indian Navy consider they have sustained at the hands of an unsympathetic government. This, if wanted anywhere, is out of place here. As we look through Mr. Low's volumes we are more strongly than ever reminded of the great truth that lies hid under Talleyrand's seemingly cynical maxim, *Pas de zèle.* The defect is a serious one. It does not indeed impair the sterling value of the work; but the necessary result of it is, that to many, even of those for whom it has been more especially written, the book will prove tedious. It may be studied: it may be glanced through: we fear it will not often be simply but honestly read.

Whatever its later development, our Indian Empire was, in its origin, essentially naval. It was by sea that our forefathers went to India; it was by sea that they first won the right to stay there. They won that right by cannon and by cutlass; not from the native princes, to whom—at the beginning, at least—the white traders were not altogether unwelcome, but from their European rivals; men of other nationalities, who had gone before or went with them; men keen, eager, bold, and unscrupulous; men ready to fight for their interests, or to defend them in any way that came to hand. Downfallen as Portugal and Spain now are, it is almost difficult to realise the position which they took and held, for nearly two hundred years, as seamen, as soldiers, and as merchants. We are apt to forget that, up to the very end of the sixteenth century, English commerce was both absolutely and relatively small; that England had no part in the great discoveries of the fifteenth century, and was forestalled, not only in the quest for the precious metals in the treasure-houses of Mexico or Peru, but also in the still more gainful traffic which was carried on beyond the Cape of Storms—

> 'where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.'

Vasco de Gama made his first voyage in 1497. It was not till 1591 that English ships passed the Cape, outward-bound; and then to a fate that might well have been disheartening. One of the ships, indeed, had to be sent back from Saldanha Bay, with the sick. The 'Admiral,' as in those days the senior officer's ship was called, separated from her consort in 'an extreame tempest' off Cape Corrientes, and was never heard of again. There is no doubt that she foundered at once. 'In the evening,' says the relation of an eye-witness preserved by Hakluyt, 'we saw a great sea breake over our Admirall the "Penelope," and their light strooke out: and after that we never saw them any more.' This was the end of brave old George Raymond, captain of the 'Dreadnought,' when she fought against the Spanish Armada in 1588. One ship only remained and went on: the 'Edward Bonaventure,' commanded by James Lancaster, whose memory lives, not only in the early history of the East Indian seas, but in that of others far distant, embodied in the name of Lancaster Sound. It is then to the expedition of Lancaster and the 'Edward Bonaventure,' that our East Indian trade must be dated back. With a crew sorely reduced by a murderous affray with the natives of the Comoro Islands, he waged a successful and lucrative war against Portuguese commerce, capturing and ransacking several of their ships. He did not, indeed, reach the mainland of Hindostan, but he visited Ceylon, the Nicobar Islands, and got as far as Penang. Here he had to stop. Of his crew, thirty-three men and a boy were all that were left alive; of these not more than two-thirds were fit for service, and they were mutinous: his provisions too were run short, so that he resolved to make the best of his way homeward. On the voyage he touched at St. Helena, and the difficulty of early navigation is illustrated by the notice, that on leaving that island 'they were hurried away by the trade winds' to Trinidad, from whence they got to Mona near Porto Rico. There Lancaster was left, and with him the greater part of the crew who had gone on shore with him. The few remaining on board, five men and the boy, were said to have cut the cable; hoping probably to get the whole benefit of the adventure. They did manage to bring the ship, with an extraordinarily rich cargo, to England; but Lancaster and his companions soon followed, having obtained a passage in a French ship. His voyage had lasted, in all, a little more than three years: it could scarcely be called fortunate: it was not considered, at that time, specially unfortunate: it gave Lancaster a great reputation; it pointed out the way to the Indies; and it was the seed of

that extensive and flourishing trade which immediately sprang up.

With this example before them, our countrymen were not slow to imitate it. In 1599 was formed the Company of Merchants trading unto the East Indies, which, as the Honourable East India Company, with various changes and revolutions in its government and organisation, continued down to our own time. Its charter was dated December, 1600. Lancaster was appointed General, or Admiral of the Company's fleet; and the first Governor was Alderman (afterwards Sir) Thomas Smith, whose name, thus associated with Lancaster's in East Indian history, is also associated with it in Arctic geography, where it stands, as Smith Sound, on the Threshold of the Unknown Region. In this second voyage, Lancaster followed nearly the same route as before. He did not even sight the mainland of India, but made straight for the Nicobar Islands, from whence he passed on to Acheen, which, for some months, he made his head-quarters: and whilst his smaller ships carried on an honest trade with the natives in the Straits and beyond, gathering rich cargoes of cinnamon, cloves, pepper, and such like commodities then rare and costly, Lancaster, in the 'Red Dragon,' a ship of 600 tons and 200 men, with some of the larger of her consorts, adopted the more speedy method of plundering the Portuguese galleons.

When he returned home after an absence of three years, the gains of the expedition, what with commerce and barter, what with privateering, amounted to 95 per cent. on the money adventured. It is mentioned, as an instance of the enormous sums realised in this early trade, that, in a subsequent voyage, a parcel of cloves bought from a Java junk for 2,948*l.* was sold in England for 36,287*l.*; and it appears from the detailed notice of several other expeditions, that the net profits were seldom below 100 per cent., and were often more than 200.

A great part of these gains was due to bold and successful privateering; the Portuguese collected the staples of commerce; the English garnered them; for their ships which sailed to the East Indies, were, from the beginning, quite as much ships of war as of trade. This was, of course, in the outset, legitimate enough; for Portugal, being at the time a province of Spain, was rightly subject to the attacks of Spain's enemies in every part of the world. But the Portuguese felt not only injured, but insulted; they had persuaded themselves that, by virtue of the Papal Bull, ships of other countries coming into eastern seas, were acting in defiance alike of the law of God and man. They held, therefore, that the English were heretics, blasphemers, and pirates; that no measure was to be observed towards them. They were vermin to be destroyed, rather than enemies to be warred against. Such a feeling was naturally reciprocated; and the struggle became exceedingly bitter and murderous.

The war in Europe had come to an end in 1603; but the conflicting interests in the East still carried it on with even greater ferocity. The Company's ships were by no means peaceful traders, and they sailed, most commonly, in fleets sufficiently large to resist any force the Portuguese could bring against them. These, on their part, fitted out expeditions from their local factories, expressly to maintain the exclusive supremacy which they claimed: their ships were no longer mere merchantmen, cumbered with cargo, or with families of women and children, such as had fallen easy prey to Lancaster; they were equipped as ships of war; they went to look for the English intruders, and when they found them they attacked them, if, indeed, the English waited to be attacked. In this way took place some of the most stoutly contested actions on record; actions, the stories of which as related by the old chroniclers in quaint, rugged, and often grotesque prose, are as wildly and terribly poetical as anything in the wide range of English literature. Nor is there any reason to doubt the essential truth of these narratives. When they can be compared with Portuguese records, they stand the test. The writers were Englishmen; national and personal enemies of the Portuguese: that their tales have, therefore, an English colouring is far from a blemish; it is the very intensity of their feeling which constitutes one of their greatest charms, and it cannot mislead any critical reader—if indeed it is possible for a reader of these prose ballads to be historically critical. But apart from mere matters of detail, of which, so far as the Portuguese were concerned, our authorities must have been frequently ignorant or misinformed, the result, in gross total, is part of the world's history. The Portuguese were in India; the English are. The change was wrought, not in any imperial cataclysm, but by the continued mining of a persistent and untiring foe; by the never-ending recurrence of engagements between forces, for the most part, numerically insignificant, but representing the energy and the strength of their several nations.

Of these early battles, the most important not only in its results, but as giving a definite tone to all that followed, was one fought

in the roadstead of Surat, on October 29th, 30th, and 31st, 1612. The Portuguese squadron had been fitted out with the distinct object of destroying the English, who, in two ships, had arrived from England only six weeks before. These ships were the 'Red Dragon,' the same in which Lancaster had made his second voyage, but now commanded by Captain Best, and the 'Hosiander,' a small ship described as not much bigger than a pinnace, but probably of about 100 tons burden. The Portuguese, on the other hand, mustered four galleons, each as large as the 'Dragon,' and some twenty so-called frigates, large rowboats with no guns, but carrying great numbers of men, useful friends and dangerous enemies in shoal water or a calm. Without doubt, the Portuguese had a very positive superiority, not only in their numbers and in their special equipment as ships of war, but also in the presumably weak state of the English crews after such a long voyage. Nevertheless, they were unable to gain any advantage over their stubborn foe. The bulk of their mariners were probably natives; their seamanship was certainly inferior to that of the English, and their shortcoming in this respect neutralised the power of their numbers.

The stoutness of a ship's timbers, the small calibre of the guns, the badness of the powder, the excessive windage of the shot, and the impossibility of taking aim by the line of metal, all combined to render it, at that time, difficult to attain a decisive result against a stubborn defence. But the English had long since learned to defend themselves by attacking. As soon as the Portuguese appeared off the mouth of the river, Captain Best, in the 'Dragon,' weighed anchor and met them. He 'never shot one shot till he came between their admiral and vice-admiral, and then gave each a broadside and a volley of small shot which made them come no more near for that day.' The 'Hosiander' was unable to get out, and took no part in that first engagement; 'but the "Dragon" had supplied her want very well, and it drawing near night, they came on all sides to anchor within sight of each other. The next morning they weighed anchors again, and began their fight, in which the "Hosiander" bravely redeemed the time she lost the day before. The fiery "Dragon" (bestirring herself), in about three hours' hot fight, drove three of the galleons on the sands; and then the "Hosiander," drawing little water, danced the hay about them, and so payed them, that they durst not show a man on their decks, killing and spoiling their men, and battering their ships exceedingly.' * As the flood made, the frigates towed them off, and the fight again continued till dark. The events of the third day were singularly like those of the second; the galleons again grounded on the bank, and again got off. The fight ended with an unsuccessful attempt, on the part of the Portuguese, to burn the 'Dragon,' by means of a frigate converted into a fire-ship, which, as she came down before the wind, Best was able to sink. The loss on the part of the English was curiously small; three killed and one wounded: this one had his arm shot off: slighter wounds were probably not counted. On the other hand, the loss of the Portuguese was supposed to be very heavy; it is very differently stated, but it is said that they themselves returned it at 160 killed. No doubt, it fell heaviest amongst the frigates, in which the men were much more exposed than in the galleons, and the natives, of course, would largely share it; but, in any case, the aggressiveness was beaten out of them; and when, after four days spent in refitting, Best put to sea, determined to fight it out under way, the Portuguese did not choose to follow him; nor, though he continued in the Gulf of Cambay, did they make any further serious attempt to interfere with him, and towards the end of November they withdrew altogether, leaving it open for him to renew his intercourse with Surat.

The reputation of the English was enormously raised by the fact of their having maintained themselves against the superior force fitted out to destroy them. The action, fought within sight of the shore, had been witnessed by thousands. The English in India at once took a high position, as Mr. Low says, 'recognised by the great Mogul, and not as mere interlopers, picking up the crumbs of commerce under sufferance of their European rivals, the Portuguese.' The Company obtained permission to establish factories not only at Surat, but at Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo; and to secure these and the ships trading to them against the Portuguese and the native pirates, they formed a small service which afterwards developed into the Bombay Marine, and, later on, into the Indian Navy. At first, this was known as the 'grab service.' Its force consisted of a few grabs or galivats, country vessels often, though inaccurately spoken of as galleys and half-galleys; they mounted five or six guns or even fewer, were officered by volunteers from the Company's ships, and their crews,

* Journal of Mr. Nicholas Withington, factor in the voyage; in Purchas, vol. i. p. 482, and Lediard, p. 433.

partly English, principally Indian, were picked up as opportunity offered.

To restrain,—if possible, to annihilate the new power rising within what they claimed as their own jurisdiction, was a first object with the Portuguese ; but in aiming at it they insulted and quarrelled with the Mogul, the Emperor of Hindostan, by whose authority the English were now supported. When in the latter end of 1614 an English squadron, commanded by Captain Downton arrived at Surat, they determined to crush it. The Viceroy of Goa, as admiral, assembled the whole of the Portuguese force in Indian waters, amounting, it is said by Portuguese writers and witnesses, to six large galleons, three smaller ships, two galleys, or probably grabs, and sixty frigates, mounting in all 134 guns, some of which are described as 42-pounders, and manned by 2,600 Europeans and 6,000 native mariners—an armada worthy of the national interests it was called on to support. Against this, the English could oppose only Downton's four semi-merchant ships, two of which might rank with the Portuguese galleons, and the three or four galivats of the newly-formed ' grab service :' all told, they are said to have mounted an aggregate of eighty guns, mostly of small size ; the ships' companies numbered 600, and of these many were sick. The Nawab of Surat, terrified by the apparently overwhelming superiority of the Portuguese, sent off an embassy to the Viceroy, humbly petitioning for peace. This the Viceroy haughtily refused, and the battle began.

The roadstead of Surat, now known as the Sutherland Channel, but formerly as the Swally, is a strait about a mile and a half wide and seven miles long, between the land on one side and a sand-bank, partly dry at low water, on the other. It may be described as having a certain rough resemblance to the Downs, sheltered by the Goodwin Sands. In this Channel the English ships were at anchor ; and the Portuguese attack was necessarily confined, by the shoal water on the bank and by the wind which set from seaward, to their smaller ships and frigates ; these crossed the bank and confusedly swarmed about the ' Hope,' the least of the English. Downton, with the others, at once made sail for her rescue ; but—in his own language, which is too graphic to paraphrase—' the enemies' ships were aboard her and entered their men before we came sufficiently near them ; their men being entered with great show of resolution, but had no quiet abode there, neither could rest in their own ships, nor make them loose from the " Hope," for our great and small shot : so that when the principal were killed, the rest in great number, for quietness sake, leaped into the sea, where their frigates took many of them up.' Before leaping, however, they set fire to their ships, and these, grappled to the ' Hope,' as they flamed up, put her in great danger : she managed to cast them off, when they drifted on to the sands and burnt harmlessly to the water's edge.

It was now the Viceroy's turn to seek for peace. The Nawab refused it, unless the English were included. To this the Viceroy would not consent ; and having received, a few days afterwards, a reinforcement of country vessels, he converted several of them into fire-ships, and sent them in, night after night, in tow of the frigates. For these attempts Downton was prepared. Night after night he opened such a heavy fire on the frigates that they were compelled to cast off the fire-ships and trust to the wind to drift them down on the English, who were always happily able to fend them off. After carrying on the war in this way for about three weeks, on February 13 the Portuguese, beaten or frustrated in all their attacks, retired to Goa. The galleons, in which lay their main strength, had never been really engaged ; they had not attempted, as they might have done, to pass round the north end of the bar, when a fair wind would have taken them down the channel ; they had contented themselves with firing from a distance across the bar, so that, as before, their loss, which was estimated at 350 killed, had fallen entirely on the small vessels and the frigates. Downton went shortly after to Batavia, where he died on August 6 ; but his name will ever live, associated with his gallant fight in the Swally, and, scarcely less than Best's, with the birth of the Company's power in India.

We shall not attempt to follow in detail the several steps by which the Portuguese were ousted from the position which they had previously won ; but there is one action which we would not willingly pass unnoticed —an action more glorious to them in their disaster than many of their successes. It was on August 6, 1616, that a carrack of enormous size—that is, of 1,500 tons burden —commanded by Don Manuel de Meneses, outward bound to Goa, was met near the Comoro Islands by four English ships on their way to Surat. These also were large ships ; but no English ship at that time was of anything like the tonnage of the carrack ; two of them, the ' Charles ' and the ' James,' were of about 1,000 tons, the others of less ; but, says the chronicler, Mr. Edward Terry, student of Christ Church and

chaplain of the 'Charles,' 'our Charles looked but like a pinnace when she was beside her.' This might, however, very well be the case, even without any great difference in tonnage, owing to the lofty fore and stern castles which the Spanish and Portuguese then built on their great ships. Confident in her vast size and the numbers of her crew, the Portuguese answered the hail of one of the smaller English ships with insulting language, followed by a broadside. Later on, when the English commander, Captain Joseph, in the 'Charles,' ranged alongside and hailed, ordering the Portuguese admiral to come on board and explain his conduct, the reply was that Don Manuel had promised his master, the King of Spain, not to quit the ship, out of which he might be forced, but never commanded. And so the fight began. 'Our captain,' says Mr. Terry, 'cheering his company, ascended the halfe decke, where hee had not beene the eight part of an houre, but a great shot from the carrackes quarter depriued him of life in the twinkling of an eye: it hit him on the brest, beating out of his bodie his heart and other of his vitals, which lay round about him scattered in his diffused bloud.' Half an hour later the darkness ended the combat for that day; but the carrack 'put forth a light in her poop for us to follow her,' and about midnight she anchored; so also did the English ships. The next morning 'early before it began to dawn we prepared for a new assault, first committing ourselves in prayer to Almighty God; towards the close of which exercise I spake some words of exhortation and encouragement to all the people of the ship there together assembled, but was presently outrhetoricked by our new commander, who spake to the company thus—"My masters, I have never a speech to make unto you, but to speak to the cooper to give every one of you a good cup of sack, and so God bless you."' But as the enemy remained at anchor, close in shore, it was resolved to wait till she weighed, so as to attack her at sea; and 'in the afternoon we chested our late slain commander, and, without any ceremony of shot usual upon such occasions (because our enemy should take no notice), cast him overboard against the island of Mohilla.' It was night before the carrack weighed, again putting forth a light, 'unwilling, as it should seem, to escape.' All the next day the action continued, the English ships '*alternis vicibus*, one after the other, shooting at our adversary, as at a butt, and by three of the clock in the afternoon had shot down her mainmast by the board, her mizen mast, her fore topmast, and, moreover, had made such breaches in her thick sides, that her case seemed so desperate as that she must either yield or perish.' Deliberately and steadfastly she chose the latter fortune. She drove on shore on the island of Angaziya, where her crew set fire to her. Numbers of her men died; the rest were picked up by some Mohammedan vessels, and, after many hardships and sufferings, arrived at Goa. From all which it appears that the English had not, as we are prone to believe, any special monopoly of courage or endurance: the defence of the Portuguese carrack against very great odds is an instance of bravery and devotion which we might be proud to find recorded in our own annals, and which, as it stands, may well be compared with the achievements of those early *descobridores* who won for Portugal, to all time, a place of honour in the list of the nations of the world.

But under the governance of men like Best, or Downton, or Joseph, the Company's ships, representing the armed might of the Company, quickly became a power in India, and the native governments were not slow in setting them up as a counterpoise to the authority which the Portuguese had assumed. The first expedition which they undertook really against the territorial influence of the Portuguese was that against Ormuz in 1622. Ormuz, a small island on the northern or Persian side of the Persian Gulf, without water, without vegetation, without anything at all except salt, which, in a glittering efflorescence, covered the soil, had been, some 300 years before, settled by the Arabs, and established by the Arab merchants as the emporium of Eastern produce. Under these it had attained an almost unexampled prosperity, which was acknowledged in a proverb handed down in a Latin form as

'Si terrarum orbis, quaqua patet, annulus esset,
Illius Ormusium gemma decusque foret.'

Elegance, luxury, and riches, such as one is accustomed to think of as existing only in 'Arabian Nights,' were here realities of every day. According to Raynal, 'persons from all parts of the globe exchanged their commodities and transacted their business with an air of politeness and attention which are seldom seen in other places of trade. The streets were covered with mats, and in some places with carpets; and the linen awnings which were suspended from the houses prevented any inconvenience from the heat of the sun. Indian cabinets, gilded vases, china filled with flowering shrubs or aromatic plants, adorned their apartments. Camels laden with water were stationed in the public squares. Persian wines, perfumes, and all the delicacies of the table

were furnished in the greatest abundance, and they had the music of the East in its highest perfection. In short, universal opulence, an extensive commerce, politeness in the men, and gallantry in the women, united all their attractions to make this city the seat of pleasure.' It had become the capital of a large kingdom, whose territory extended on both sides of the Gulf, and whose influence reached far beyond its territorial boundaries. But early in the preceding century the Portuguese, under D'Albuquerque, had forcibly seized on the island, had built forts, established their factory, and had reduced the king of Ormuz to a dependent condition. Its glory had waned, though it was still the richest town in the East, and in reputation richer even than in fact.

The King of Persia had long looked on its wealth with a covetous eye, and on its foreign owners with suspicious jealousy. The time seemed fitting. The enmity between the English and the Portuguese promised him assistance. The English ships would take the part in which his armies had altogether failed. Without a strong naval force it was impossible for him to wage war against an island, even though almost within cannon shot of the mainland. The Company's officers at Surat at once closed with the proposals of the King of Persia. Nominal cause for hostilities was easily found. The Portuguese had all along asserted their right to prevent foreign ships navigating the Indian seas without a passport, and cases were not wanting in which they had enforced this assertion. The opportunity of breaking the Portuguese power in the Persian Gulf and of establishing their own on its ruins was not to be neglected; and accordingly Captains Blythe and Weddell, with four great ships and the four pinnaces which constituted the newly-formed 'Marine' or 'grab service,' were sent to the Gulf, with general orders of reprisals against the Portuguese, who, on their part, had collected a strong fleet, ready to defend their own interests or to attack those of the English.

The operations commenced on the 20th January, 1622, with the siege of a fort on the island of Kishm, commanded by D'Andrade, the Portuguese admiral, in person. The Persians had been beaten off with loss; it surrendered to the English within ten days; D'Andrade and the garrison of 1,000 men became prisoners; the stores were the prize of the captors; and the whole island, important as supplying Ormuz not only with provisions, but with water, was in the hands of the invaders. After this Ormuz was attacked in form. A landing was effected on February 9. In a few days the Persians numbered, it was said, from 40,000 to 50,000 men, forming an indifferently-armed mob rather than an army. The brunt of the work and of the fighting fell on the English, who by sea blockaded the enemy's ships, and on shore acted as engineers and artillerymen. Cut off from their supplies, without water or provisions, their walls mined and blown up, and with heavy batteries playing on them and crushing them, the Portuguese, after holding out bravely for ten weeks, surrendered expressly to the English on April 23, and to the number of 2,500 were sent to Goa. The agreement between the allies was to share the spoil equally; but the Persians at once broke it, and looted the place to their own advantage. The English also doubtless did their best, but they were few in comparison; many of them were on shipboard, and in any case, in mere thieving, they were no match for the nimble-fingered Persians. What booty they had—pearls and specie and rich merchandise—was put on board the 'Whale,' one of the four ships, which on the passage down was utterly lost on the bar outside Surat. In direct gain the Company was little, if any, the richer for the capture of Ormuz. This, however, was not the opinion of the authorities in England. The Duke of Buckingham claimed for himself, as Lord High Admiral, a tenth of the spoil. He established, by the evidence of Blythe, Weddell, and the others, that the prize money, what from Portuguese ships captured, what from Ormuz, amounted to 100,000*l.* Of this, even if correct, a great part had been lost in the 'Whale,' and the whole cost of the expedition had fallen on the Company; but none the less on this sum of 100,000*l.* the Duke claimed his tenth. The Company maintained that they had not acted under any letters of marque from the Lord High Admiral, but under their own proper charter, and that the Duke had, therefore, no just claim to the tenth. If, the Duke replied, they had no letters of marque, they were pirates, and the whole was forfeited to the crown. It was in those days difficult to argue against the absolute power of Buckingham and the besotted idolatry of the King. The ships of the season were stopped at Tilbury; the Company was put in arrest; their petitions were rejected; and eventually they had to pay—and deem themselves fortunate in being allowed to pay—not only the 10,000*l.* to the Lord High Admiral on account of their letters of marque, but an additional 10,000*l.* to the King as a fine for not having letters of marque.

It was not, however, the Portuguese that

proved, in the long run, the most dangerous enemy of the East India Company. Almost at the same time as the English, the Dutch had found their way round the Cape of Good Hope and into Indian waters. Their first voyage was begun in 1595, under the guidance and command of Houtman, who had been for some time as a prisoner of war in Portugal, and had there picked up the requisite information as to the route. Immediately on Houtman's return in 1597, the Dutch East India Company was started, nearly three years before the English; and their early voyages followed each other with even greater rapidity. To the Portuguese the Dutch were quite as objectionable as the English; the war of Dutch independence, then raging in the West, was transferred to the East—further embittered by commercial jealousies—and was continued without pause even after it was put a stop to in Europe by the armistice of 1609. Between the English and the Dutch, friends in Europe, and bound to each other by policy, by religion, and by a common hatred of Spain, a close alliance might have been expected. The Indies might have been thought large enough for both.

It was not so, however. The jealousies and bickerings of the two became exceedingly violent; and though they did not take the form of open enmity, as between either people and the Portuguese, they were more personal and almost more angry; and, after many efforts on the part of the home authorities to appease them, culminated in what is generally known as the massacre of Amboyna. But the term massacre does not exactly describe this event. We associate with the word massacre the idea of an indiscriminate and illegal slaughter of unoffending people. The slaughter at Amboyna was neither indiscriminate nor illegal; the people slaughtered may have been unoffending; we believe that they certainly were so; but there was, none the less, grave suspicion of their guilt, and the evidence of it was deemed sufficient by a legally competent court.

The trade of the Spice Islands had been, more distinctly than any other branch of the Indian trade, the subject of jealousy and dispute. These had been, it was hoped, finally arranged by the treaty of 1619, in which it was agreed 'that the Molucca Islands, together with those of Banda and Amboyna, should belong to the English and Dutch, but in such manner that the English should have but one-third of the trade, and the Dutch two-thirds; that the expense of the fortifications in those islands should be defrayed by a duty on the spices exported from them; that the fortresses should remain in the hands of those then possessed of them, and that neither should attempt to shut out the other by fortifications, or contracts with the natives.' This, then, was the actual state of things at Amboyna in February 1623. There was a large fort held by the Dutch with a strong garrison of between two and three hundred Dutch soldiers; there were many Dutch merchants resident in the town, and there were several Dutch ships in the roadstead. On the other hand, the English had no fort; their factory was unarmed; they had no soldiers; they had no ships; and they numbered, all told, not more than eighteen. But a suspicion arose that some Japanese soldiers, in Dutch pay, were conspiring to seize the fort. They were put to the torture, and, under pressure, confessed that they were doing so, and had been instigated by the English residents. The English were made prisoners, and, also under pressure of extreme, of diabolical torture, confessed everything that was laid to their charge. In the last quarter of the nineteenth century we know how worthless as evidence is testimony wrung from a tortured patient. Two hundred and fifty years ago such testimony was considered by English, as well as by Dutch judges, perfectly conclusive. It was held to be so at Amboyna; and by the Dutch Governor and his judicial council, ten of the English residents, and as many of the Japanese soldiers, were calmly and deliberately sentenced to be put to death, and were put to death, February 27, 1623.

The cold and unflinching cruelty with which the Dutch carried out the trials and the sentence struck terror into even the stout-hearted mariners and merchants of England. The executions were probably decreed under the influence of panic rather than of cupidity; but, for the time being, they answered every purpose which avarice could have desired. In the Spice Islands, the English gave way almost without opposition; the trade was left entirely to the Dutch. In the Indian Sea, a semi-piratical war of reprisals was waged, with great loss to both, but which tended to the advantage of the Dutch, as being better able to afford the loss. At home, the Company vainly sought for support at the hands of the English Government. They claimed redress for the wrong that had been done them at Amboyna. Buckingham was unable or unwilling to help them. The political relations with Holland rendered the general feeling of the country averse to any extreme measures, and whilst the case was being urged,

the disputes between the King and the Parliament absorbed the public interest. It was not till the Civil War was ended, till the government and the people were again in unison, till Cromwell was at the head of affairs, that Dutch insolence was curbed, Dutch pretensions were checked, and, after two years of obstinate war, the Dutch Government was compelled to draw back from the position it had taken up, and to pay compensation for the damage that had been done to English private and commercial interests. But the conclusion arrived at by a joint commission, in which the English sat with the prestige and authority of their decisive victory off the Texel (July 31, 1653), may be taken as a satisfactory proof that the damage done, the injuries sustained, had not been altogether one-sided. The English Company claimed as compensation 2,696,000*l.* ; the Commission allowed 85,000*l.* : they claimed satisfaction for the massacre at Amboyna ; it was held that 3,615*l.*, paid to the representatives of the slaughtered men, met the requirements of the case.

But notwithstanding the hostility which existed between the English and the Dutch, they seem to have made common cause against the Portuguese, who looked on them as equally interlopers. A curious instance of this occurred in January, 1625, whilst the outrage at Amboyna must still have been fresh in the minds of all. An English and a Dutch squadron were lying off Gombroon, when a Portuguese fleet, fitted out at Goa specially to avenge the wrongs done by English or Dutch ships, came in sight. The English and Dutch commanders consulted. Captain Weddell, who had fought at the capture of Ormuz, said, on the part of the English, that ' he would fight it out as long as a man was living in his ship to bear a sword ;' and the Dutchman responded that ' they were in the like resolution, and would stick as close to the English as their shirts to their backs.' As the allied fleet was equal in numbers to the Portuguese, and their ships, though probably inferior in equipment, had European crews, whilst the others were filled up with Indians, they held their own in the action that followed, and beat off the enemy with great loss. The affair is noticeable chiefly as showing how the English and Dutch could shelve their differences when occasion required it, and also as being one of the last energetic attempts of the Portuguese to uphold or restore their waning empire. There were, indeed, some other hard-fought actions ; but they began to trust to diplomacy or intrigue rather than to arms ; and as a power, they ceased to have any great weight in Indian history. The Dutch, on the other hand, had firmly established themselves : they held undisputed possession of Java and Ceylon : they were paramount throughout the Archipelago: they had factories all along the coast of the mainland ; and in matters of trade and policy were shrewd and stirring rivals to the English East India Company. They no longer, however, attempted any irregular hostilities ; and though sundry engagements took place during the wars between the two countries, the old bitterness seems to have died out in a mutual understanding.

But the enemies against which the Company had to be always prepared were the native pirates that swarmed along the coast, from the Persian Gulf to Cape Comorin, to the mouth of the Hooghley and to the Straits of Malacca. On the Malabar coast, more particularly, the small creeks, estuaries, and harbours offered a ready and safe shelter to vessels of light draught, and were the homes of numberless craft that put to sea when their look-outs signalled a probable prize in the offing. From the earliest times, piracy, or, more correctly speaking, war against all strangers, had been the rule and the custom on this coast ; and since the arrival of European ships and the enormous development of trade, their employment had become more lucrative, and their numbers and activity had increased. The curbing or rooting out these pirates was, for more than 200 years, the special duty of the Company's Marine Service, the Bombay Marine, as it was officially called after Bombay was ceded to the English as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and became the Company's chief naval station. It is almost difficult, in the present day, to realise the fact that a few thousand predatory savages could exercise the influence they did on the affairs of what became the richest association in Europe ; that small, badly-armed rowboats could be a source of continual danger and alarm to the huge, well-found ships that sailed between Europe and the East. Nor is it perhaps without an effort that we can remember the absolute inefficiency of artillery and musketry in the seventeenth century, or understand that slings and bows and arrows, though proved, in the long run, to be inferior to falconets and musquetoons, were not then so far out of the range of comparison as to be considered despicable weapons of attack or defence ; that in the absence of modern firearms, the combat might always have to be decided by the spear and the sharp sword, with little advantage on either side, save that due to fiercer courage or greater physical strength. In this way, the danger real-

ly lay in the pirates' numbers, and in their independence of the caprice of the wind. Their boats attacking a becalmed ship, clustering under her stern, or round her bow, out of the reach of her broadside guns, and boarding by hundreds, were not always to be repelled; and even large ships were occasionally captured.

When, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Mahratta chiefs were able to associate these spoilers of the sea with themselves, the spoilers of the land, their force, having a unity of purpose and action till then wanting to it, became formidable, even on a large scale. In 1663, Sivajee, the chieftain under whom the Mahrattas first became a power, gathered together a fleet of eighty-seven vessels, carrying an aggregate of 4,000 men, captured and plundered many ships belonging to the Mogul, made many descents along the coast, and finally, in concert with a large body of cavalry, the real force of the Mahrattas, swooped on Surat. But the residents and the crews of the merchant ships made the English factory impregnable against any such irregular assault; the vessels of the Company's Marine, grabs and galivats, moored in the river, defended the narrow channel against all attacks, which do not, indeed, seem to have been more than mere threats: for finding the place adequately defended, Sivajee withdrew.

The naval power which the Mahrattas had thus developed, brought home to the Company the necessity of strengthening their own; and their numerically small force was, in consequence, nearly doubled. The building of the new ships at Bombay, in 1669, must be regarded as the commencement of the withdrawal of the Company's Marine from Surat to Bombay; a step which gave to the service the name by which it was known until the year 1830. But it left Surat with a halo of distinction. In 1670, Sivajee again attacked the place, and this time with his army alone. He easily made himself master of the town; enforced a ransom from the French and pillaged the Persian factory; left the Dutch uninjured—possibly in return for some unknown equivalent—and attacked the English. This was defended by the officers and seamen of the Company's Marine, and Sivajee's thousands were beaten off. Of this success, the Indian Navy rightly treasured the memory. It was the first won in India against native armies: it was won against a force flushed with victory, of overwhelming numbers and of imposing prestige. Had the two or three hundred sailors who defended the factory walls in Surat been less sturdy, the fortunes of the Company then and for many years to come would have been trodden under foot. The defence is scarcely to be ranked as a 'decisive battle' even in Indian history, but it is an important one; and if nothing else, it is as the drift of the upper clouds which foretells the coming gale.

The history of the settlement of Bombay and of its condition under the earlier presidents, which Mr. Low has given at some length, is rather that of civil misgovernment, of party dissensions or of political relations, than of the Bombay Marine. Jealousy and intrigue had brought the colony to the verge of ruin; and the war with Holland, and still more that with France, which began on the accession of William III. to the English throne, pressed heavily on the Company. This was a strong, perhaps the strongest, period of the French navy. It was not so of the English. It was the time of Beachy Head and of Bantry Bay: it was the time of Herbert and of Kirby and of Wade: it was the time of Tourville and Forbin, of Du Guay-Trouin and Jean Bart. French cruisers of force, ships of sixty or more guns, ranged the Indian seas, and took or destroyed many rich vessels. The 'Herbert,' as the result of a brave defence against great odds, blew up. The 'Elizabeth' was captured off Bombay. The 'Berkeley Castle' was sunk in the English Channel, and four large ships, homeward bound, were captured by a French squadron on the west coast of Ireland: the value of the loss is not stated, but it called for a subscription of 300,000*l.*; which, taking into account the difference of money value, must be estimated as equivalent to more than a million.

About the same time, too, European pirates infested the Eastern seas. Avery, Sawbridge, England, Tew, Kidd, and others, whose crimes have won for them a corner in the temple of fame, carried on their depredations on the largest scale. Avery established himself for a time on Perim, which he converted into a veritable toll-gate of the Red Sea; he was driven out only by the want of fresh water. He then settled on the coast of Madagascar, and formed there a colony of the choicest rascals of Christendom, which allied itself by marriage with all the neighbouring chiefs, and which, scouring the adjacent seas, was the scourge of Eastern commerce. Amongst other prizes is mentioned a large ship belonging to the Mogul, on board of which, according to the story, was the Mogul's daughter. Her jewels and the merchandise were extraordinarily rich; the booty is said to have amounted to upwards of 300,000*l.*;

and the fair prisoner, carried to Madagascar, became Avery's consort and the queen of the pirates. Kidd's name is more widely known. He was captain of a privateer, a man of fair repute, who about the year 1698 was put in charge of a king's ship, the 'Adventure,' of 30 guns, and sent out with a special commission to wage war against the pirates. He became a pirate himself, and his ship's company with him. The havoc wrought by him and others, in command of really large and formidable ships, mounting 40, 50, or even 60 guns, was ruinous to all trade; nor was it put an end to, till the magnitude of the evil compelled the home government to send out a strong squadron of ships of war, under Commodore Warren. The pirates were dispersed; many surrendered on proclamation of pardon; many were taken and executed; and the arch-scoundrel, Kidd, was sent home and hung in chains at Tilbury, in sight of all homeward or outward bound ships.

The Mogul, like Shylock, robbed of his jewels and his daughter, held that the Europeans should be responsible for the damage done by European pirates. The Governor of Bombay had, in conjunction with the French and Dutch agents at Surat, to sign an undertaking to make good all losses so sustained by the Mogul's subjects; and till it was signed, an embargo was placed on European trade at all the ports. The three companies were therefore compelled to make arrangements for the protection of the coast; the Red Sea was assigned to the Dutch, the Persian Gulf to the French, and the coast of Hindostan to the English; but Captain Hamilton, in his most interesting 'Account of the East Indies,' says that a Scotch ship, commanded by one Millar, did the public more service in destroying the pirates than all the chargeable squadrons that were sent out in quest of them, 'for with a cargo of strong ale and brandy which he carried to sell them, in anno 1704, he killed about 500 of them by carousing.'

At this time the affairs of the Company were at a very low ebb. Quarrelling and pettifogging contention amongst the members of the board at home; ignorance and incompetence and greed amongst the governors and presidents abroad; dishonesty amongst the officials, debauchery amongst the men; powers and privileges badly defined; interlopers forcing an illegal traffic; European, Arab, or Mahratta pirates preying on their commerce at sea; the Mogul arbitrarily taxing their property or their liberty on shore; and the rivalry of the Dutch, the French, even the Portuguese—all had combined to reduce the Company to a mere shadow, and it was a question almost from day to day whether it might not cease to exist. Through this trying time its sole stay seems to have been the small Marine. It was all it had. Did the contending factions of natives—the Mogul or the Mahratta army—threaten Surat, the Marine garrisoned the factory and manned the ramparts; did the trade need convoy, the Marine supplied it; were interlopers to be seized, the Marine executed the arrest: were pirates to be quelled, it was the special duty of the Marine to root them out or to assist the king's ships.

We have already spoken of the very real force of the European pirates; that of the Arabs was scarcely less. In 1715 it consisted, according to Hamilton, himself a Company's officer, of one ship of 74 guns, two of 60, one of 50, 18 small ships of from 32 to 12 guns, and some rowboats mounting from four to eight guns each; with these they kept all the sea-coast in awe, from Cape Comorin to the Red Sea. But even than Europeans, even than Arabs, the Mahrattas were more dangerous; they were as powerful, they were more persistent; they had harbours and stations all along the coast, and were everywhere present. In 1706 their naval force received a new impulse, and became more formidable than ever. A certain Kanhojee Angria had, by skill, energy, and courage, raised himself from a low rank to a high command amongst them. He became the unquestioned and despotic chief by sea; obtained possession of all the forts and harbours, and completely did away with all peaceful traffic. No merchant ship could venture near the coast without convoy, nor even then without considerable risk; and this went on for years. The Company's Marine, efficient for purposes of convoy or casual encounter, was not equal to an offensive war against such adversaries; it consisted in 1716 of one ship of 32 guns, four grabs mounting from 20 to 28 guns, and twenty galivats of from 5 to 12 guns; the cost of this amounted to 51,700*l*. The king's ships were called in to help it. In 1722 a squadron under Commodore Mathews—the same who, twenty years later, commanded our fleet in the Mediterranean—co-operating with a body of Portuguese troops from Goa, attacked a piratical stronghold on Kolaba, an islet about twenty miles south of Bombay. They were repulsed; the attack was not renewed; and the pirates were more active than ever. In 1728 the old chief, Kanhojee Angria, died; but, like the Lernæan hydra, when the one head was cut off two new ones sprang up; he left two sons, Sum-

bhajee and Manajee, who, each without reference to and often at variance with the other, scourged the coast with a twofold vigour. The never-ending war between the two Angrias, between them and the officers of the Mogul, or the Mahrattas, from whom they had separated, or the Portuguese, who were rich enough and weak enough to attract the cupidity of all, filled up the next five-and-twenty or thirty years ; but throughout the troublous time, Bombay, whilst maintaining a strict neutrality, and by its small Marine enforcing a due respect, became the focus of Indian trade, and flourished beyond expectation.

The piracies of the Angrias were, nevertheless, a most serious evil. In 1738 the President and Council of Bombay entered into an alliance with Manajee ; they directed their agents to assist him with money and military stores and 'to take all opportunities of spiriting him up to carry on his resentments against his brother.' Commodore Bagwell was sent with a squadron of four ships to cruise off Sumbhajee's harbours ; but, though he could chase the pirates into their shallow rivers, he could not strike any blow, and as soon as he was out of sight they again put to sea to rob or to kill. And Manajee Angria was not a man to be relied on ; he professed to be a close ally of the English, but he could not resist temptation when it came before him in the guise of a rich and unarmed English ship ; he was compared to a coal, 'which when hot burns the hand, and when cold blackens it.' Even whilst his envoy was at Bombay, making protestations of friendship, he seized two vessels laden with grain for the island, and almost at the same time two others belonging to the factory at Surat. The President remonstrated and issued orders for reprisals ; but, when ill-fortune brought him a suppliant to Bombay, a squadron was sent to assist him against his brother, who was besieging Kolaba. Sumbhajee's fleet was driven back to Severndroog, and he, with his army, had to get there by land as he best could. Still, no decisive measures for ridding the coast of these scourges could be carried out, for their principal strongholds, Severndroog and Gheriah, to which on emergency they retired, were considered to be secure against any attack which the Company could bring against them.

It was not till the year 1755 that this prestige was broken down. Sumbhajee had died a year or two before, leaving his power to a half-brother, Toolajee Angria, who, by increased activity, endeavoured to win the good opinion of his subjects, and brought on himself the resolute enmity of the East India Company. A squadron of their ships, under the command of Commodore James in the 'Protector,' of forty-four guns, appeared off Severndroog. This was to cooperate with the Mahratta fleet and army. The commodore's instructions were to blockade, but to leave the actual attack to the Mahrattas. These, however, behaved with much indecision and timidity. The harbour of Severndroog is the narrow channel between a small rocky island and the mainland ; the fort on the islet dominated the channel ; the forts on the mainland swept it with a searching fire. On shore, the Mahratta troops threw up their batteries two miles from the enemy's walls ; on the sea, their vessels would not come within gunshot of the island ; and James, feeling that the reputation of the Company and its Marine was involved, made up his mind, despite his instructions, to assume the offensive. He accordingly pushed his ships into the very harbour, and between the forts ; after a smart action, lasting till midnight, the forts surrendered. 'In one day,' says Orme, 'the spirited resolution of Commodore James destroyed the timorous prejudices which had for twenty years been entertained of the impracticability of reducing any of Angria's fortified harbours.'

But James was a man of great and original merit. He was the son of a farm labourer near Milford Haven, and at the age of twelve had been promoted from the hereditary occupation of scaring crows, to be boy on board a Welsh coasting vessel. From that humble station he rose rapidly, and, at the age of twenty or thereabouts, was master of a ship trading to Virginia. In her, he was captured by the Spaniards and taken into Havana ; and after various adventures, being released, shipwrecked, exposed to the greatest hardships and privations for several days in an open boat, and thrown back on Cuba, he at last returned to England. He would appear to have there joined the service of the East India Company : he is said to have entered the Bombay Marine in 1747, when he was twenty-six years of age. Two years later he was promoted to the rank of commander. A severe action with Angria's fleet whilst he was in charge of convoy, won for him the thanks of the government, and shortly afterwards the rank of Commodore and Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Marine. James's services had, no doubt, been most important ; but the fact that it was possible for a young officer of a merchant ship, with a very narrow education, without special training, without interest, even though of exceptional merit, to rise to the

rank of Commander-in-Chief in less than four years from his first entry as a lieutenant, shows on what a very small scale the Bombay Marine of that time was kept up.

When Severndroog had fallen the squadron moved up to Bankot, which surrendered without a blow. The Mahrattas were anxious to press their advantage. They offered James 200,000 rupees to join them in an attack on Dahbul, and other of the enemy's forts ; but James, conscious that he had already far exceeded his instructions, refused to do so without permission from Bombay. This the Governor and Council would not give ; it was the middle of April, the monsoon might break any day, and they were nervously afraid of bad weather. James was ordered to bring his squadron back into harbour ; and, according to agreement, Severndroog was handed over to the Mahrattas.

In the following November, Rear-Admiral Watson, who, with a strong squadron of king's ships, had been sent out the year before to watch the French on the Coromandel coast, came round to Bombay. He found there a body of troops just arrived from England on their way to Fort St. David, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Clive, a young officer already favourably known to the East India Company, and soon to be known to the whole world as England's most daring, most skilful, most fortunate soldier. This accidental meeting at Bombay seems to have suggested the possibility of breaking the power of the pirates. It was resolved to attack Gheriah, a fortress on a rocky peninsula, covering extensive slips, and affording shelter to large fleets. Gheriah was said to be impregnable. Commodore James was sent with a small squadron to reconnoitre it. This he did with a coolness and judgment that gave a very real value to his report, ' that the place was not high, nor nearly so strong as it had been represented.' Watson's ships had, meantime, been hove down, cleaned, and refitted ; the expedition sailed from Bombay on February 7, 1756, and arrived off Gheriah on the 11th. The next afternoon, the ships and bomb-ketches, sailing straight into the harbour, anchored abreast of the fortress on the inside, and opened a fire that in the course of a few hours silenced the enemy's guns and destroyed the whole of his shipping, which was moored close together. In the evening the troops were landed to the south-east of the town, thus occupying the neck of the peninsula, cutting off the enemy's retreat, and hindering the communication of the Mahrattas, whose good faith was considered doubtful. As the pirates refused to surrender, the bomb-ketches continued, during the night, to throw shells into the fort, and at daybreak the ships, warping in to within 200 yards, opened fire on the walls with the lower-deck guns only. There were few or no guns to reply ; but notwithstanding this, and though a shell exploded one of the enemy's magazines, such was the strength of the walls that for nearly twelve hours they offered a passive resistance to the lower-deck guns of four ships of the line and the ' Protector,' at a distance of less than 200 yards. The fort did not capitulate till five o'clock in the afternoon. The capture of this place, which for half a century had been the terror of the coast, the capture of the fort and with it of the accumulated stores and treasure, was effected with very trifling loss. The number of killed and wounded was not more than twenty. That this was so, was due in great measure to the skilful pilotage of Commodore James, who, on the night before the attack, went in the ' Protector's ' barge well inside the harbour, and personally took the soundings which proved to the admiral, against the statements of the pilots, that the ships could go in. The fort was thus taken in rear ; the guns were, for the most part, mounted on the sea face, and the return fire was comparatively trifling.*

After the capture of Gheriah, the troops went on to Fort St. David, of which Clive had been appointed governor. The fleet with Admiral Watson accompanied him ; war with France was known to be imminent, and it was necessary to provide against the probable danger. The settlements at Calcutta or Madras, and on the Coromandel coast, which seemed afterwards the fountains of the English Empire, were still purely trading stations depending, almost for their very existence, on the whim of the native princes, the nominal deputies of the Mogul, or the Mahratta chieftains who supplanted them. The quickening of Madras and the neighbouring forts under the influence of French rivalry and French war, as carried on by Dupleix, La Bourdonnais, and afterwards by Bussy, is a story which has been told too often to need more than a passing mention. On the part of the English, the naval war was waged by King's

* This harbour, the mouth of the river Viziadroog, has silted up considerably since 1756. We have before us, as we write, a copy of a survey then made by Sir William Hewett, the first lieutenant of the ' Kent ; ' and a comparison of this with the latest Admiralty chart shows that where Watson's ships lay in three and a half or four fathoms, there is now not more than from two to three fathoms.

ships, and not always with success, or even with credit. The incompetence and timidity, if not cowardice, of Peyton or Griffin at sea, the failure of Boscawen on shore, brought the English name into disrepute all along the Eastern coast, from Cape Comorin to the mouths of the Ganges ; and prepared the way for the horrors of the Black Hole of Calcutta, from the ashes of whose victims sprang forth, in a blaze of glory, the fortune of Clive, leading in the sovereignty of England.

But the splendour of Clive's victories and conquests has caused the important services of the fleet under Watson to be overlooked —services which cleared the way for and rendered possible the advance on Plassy. It was the fleet whose guns beat down the walls of Buj-Buj fort ; and whilst the soldiers were waiting for daylight to assault, it was a half-drunken sailor belonging to the flag-ship who, in violation of all the laws of tactics or of discipline, stormed the place single-handed, and, with wild shouts, drove out the panic-stricken garrison. It was again the guns of the fleet that drove the enemy out of Calcutta, and it was an officer, acting under the immediate orders of Watson, who took possession of the town ; it was the small ships and the boats of the fleet that breached the walls of Hooghley, and it was the ships of the line that battered down the defences of Chandernagore. In all these operations, the share of the troops was small, and even in that, they were acting under the orders of the admiral, the commander-in-chief of the expedition. It was only after the capture of Chandernagore that the work of the army commenced, and that Clive fairly entered on that career, by the brilliance of which all minor achievements are thrown into darkness and obscurity.

The ships of the Company's Marine which had been placed under Watson's command, were small ; their force, as compared with that of the ships of the line, was insignificant ; and unless perhaps at Hooghley, their services as ships of war were of little value. In carrying despatches they were more useful ; and Commodore James astonished the maritime world by a passage which he made from Bombay to Calcutta during the winter months. The passage up the Bay of Bengal against the north-east monsoon had always been difficult and tedious, if not impossible ; James made it in rather less time than was usual with a fair monsoon. By keeping well to the south and crossing the line, he got into that westerly streak of wind which at that time of the year prevails, under the name of the middle monsoon ; in this he made his easting, and, keeping over to the coast of Sumatra and making Acheen Head, was able to lay up to the mouth of the Hooghley. It was an important discovery in navigation, and James, in making it, brought to the expedition a welcome reinforcement of 500 soldiers, and to the admiral the news of the declaration of war with France, which immediately led to the capture of Chandernagore.

James's career throughout seems to have been marked by the intelligent adaptation of technical science, as much as by practical skill, and by unflinching bravery. He was only thirty-eight when he returned home in 1759. The spoils of the enemy had furnished him with an easy fortune ; he married and settled at Eltham ; the king made him a baronet ; the Court of Directors presented him with a sword of honour ; he was for many years Chairman of the Board, and he died in 1783. His widow erected a monument to his memory on the top of Shooter's Hill ; a castellated tower, which is still conspicuous enough to travellers by road or rail, and may (it is said) be seen on a clear day from many parts of London : but the day must be clear.

During the war with France, the command of the English ships, after the death of Watson, devolved on Vice-Admiral Pocock, a good but not brilliant officer, who, in the course of the years 1758–9, fought three battles against M. d'Aché, but without any decisive result ; and in these some two or three of the Company's ships were present, but took no further part than was then usual for frigates. The Bombay Marine, from its small size and force, was somewhat out of place in the crash of contending navies ; its recognised duties lay in the protection of the local interests and privileges of the Company, and in performing them it rendered very valuable services.

The conquest of Surat was one of these. The native rule had long been in a most unsettled condition. The authority of the Mogul existed only in name, and the Nawab or governor ashore, and the Seedee or commander afloat, fought between themselves for the real supremacy. It was the special duty of the Mogul's fleet to insure the safety of the Mogul's subjects trading in Indian waters, but to this its force was altogether unequal ; the Mahrattas and the Angrias had driven it from the sea, and the Seedee was admiral only in name, and in the receipt of the emoluments of his office. The jealousy which had long existed between him and the Nawab, in 1759 broke out into actual war. The Seedee seized on the castle, and held the Nawab in subjection. The Nawab ap-

pealed to the Bombay Government for aid ; they were apprehensive that he might deliver up the town to the Mahrattas, and undertook his cause. To this end they despatched a force of 2,500 soldiers, and five of their ships, under the command of Commodore Watson. Complete success attended the expedition. The Seedee's outposts, one after the other, were carried, although against a stout resistance ; and the castle surrendered as soon as the Seedee realised the meaning of a battery of 13-inch mortars which opened on it. The Company took on itself the government of Surat, and appointed an officer of the Bombay Marine to do the duties of the Seedee. For seventy years this post was held by a captain of the Marine, appointed annually, whose fees for convoy and other perquisites amounted to about 8,000 rupees a month ; his pay as a captain of the Marine being eighty-seven. This, in 1759, was the established principle on which the Company remunerated its servants ; assigning them, that is, an absurdly small pay, but with permission to trade on their own account. It will be remembered how, in the civil and military services, this system led to gross abuses, and was formally abolished not many years later ; but this particular instance of it remained in full force till 1810, and indeed to the marked advantage of the native trade ; for whilst the Seedees of old took three times the money, and as much more as they could get, but did not do the work, the Company's officers did honestly perform the duty for which they were paid. It is mentioned that in the first ten years, ending 1768, nearly one hundred vessels belonging to Kutch or Kattywar pirates were captured or destroyed by the Surat squadron.

The increase of the duties, responsibilities, and rewards necessarily led to an increase of numbers and efficiency, and told favourably on the Bombay Marine. It took an important part in the reduction of Salsette in 1774, and in Keating's expedition to Guzerat in 1775, and in other minor affairs during the first Mahratta war. The French war of 1778–83 and the campaigns of Sir Edward Hughes do not seem to have effected it in any way. None of the Company's ships were at any time attached to the fleet under Hughes, but were entirely occupied with what may be called their natural enemies, the Mahrattas. And this service was a very real one. The Mahrattas were, on occasion, bold seamen as well as brave warriors, and made up for any inferiority in equipment by their superiority in numbers. It was in this way that they captured the 'Ranger,' on April 8, 1783. The story has often been told, but of all sea-fights which have taken place in Eastern seas none is more worthy of remembrance. The 'Ranger,' a small brig, though mounting twelve 12-pounders, was carrying a number of military staff officers from Bombay to Calicut, when, off Gheriah, she was met by the Mahratta fleet, consisting of two large ships, one smaller, and eight galivats. Peace with the Mahrattas had been concluded, but the Mahratta admiral either did not know that, or chose to ignore it. 'Without speaking or ceremony, they attacked the "Ranger" with great fury.' It would appear that the 'Ranger,' not expecting any such hostility, allowed them to close : they thus laid her on board at once ; and for nearly five hours, the two ships and the ketch being lashed alongside of the 'Ranger,' the engagement was continued with musketry only. When almost every officer and man was killed or wounded, the brig was captured and taken into Gheriah.

But this fight, though differing in degree and happily in result from almost all others, is similar in kind to many, the accounts of which crowd the annals of the Marine for the next thirty years. In 1797 the 'Vigilant,' of six guns, was attacked off the Gulf of Kutch by four large ships, each double her size and force ; but after a desperate struggle of four hours' duration she succeeded in beating them off. The Court of Directors presented her commander, Lieutenant Hayes, with a magnificent silver cup, on which was engraved a curiously detailed narrative of the action, ending with the statement that in 'this memorable contest Lieutenant Hayes received a severe wound, having the lobe of his right ear shot away, his right cheek cut in two, and his upper jaw-bone shattered to pieces.' Mr. Hayes lived to distinguish himself on many other occasions, received the honour of knighthood for his services in the Burmese war, held the highest offices of the Indian navy, and died in 1831.

In the same year, 1797, the 'Viper,' whilst at anchor off Bushire, was treacherously attacked by a large fleet of piratical dhows, which, by order of the British Resident, she had that morning supplied with powder and shot. She cut her cable and made sail, and by smart manœuvring prevented the enemy from boarding ; she finally beat the dhows off, with very great loss, for amongst their crowds of men every shot told ; but her commander, Lieutenant Carruthers, was killed.

These are only typical instances of the kind of war that seems to have been always going on. The Company possibly thought

their officers over-zealous or too anxious to win distinction ; possibly they did not believe in the reality of the piratical attacks, or imagined that the maritime Arabs were anxious only to carry on peaceful trade. They issued strict orders to the commanding officers to avoid provoking native craft, and on no account to begin hostilities. The result was that the pirates increased in boldness. In 1808, they attacked the 'Fury' on her way from Bussorah to Bombay with despatches ; they were beaten off ; but the commander of the 'Fury,' on reporting the affair at Bombay, 'instead of being applauded for his spirited resistance and his preservation of the despatches under his charge, received a severe reprimand from the Governor himself for disobeying the orders given, and daring to molest the innocent and unoffending Arabs.'

Such orders, so enforced, enormously increased the difficulty of the officers' work ; with a force numerically insignificant, the only chance the little brigs or sloops had against their savage enemies was in outmanœuvring them under sail and beating them with their great guns. Delay in beginning the action was all in favour of the pirates, who approached in peaceful guise, and gave no sign of enmity till they grappled and boarded from three or four vessels at once, on all sides and in overpowering numbers. The 'Sylph,' a small schooner of 78 tons, was captured in this way; and, though she was recovered by the accidental arrival of the English 36-gun frigate 'Néréide,' it was not till after her commander had been maimed for life and the greater part of her crew had been slaughtered. Such a craft as the 'Sylph' was, of course, unworthy of being called a ship of war ; but the fancy for building such was, unfortunately, not peculiar to the East India Company. In 1804 the English Admiralty had twelve of the same class built at Bermuda ; they mounted four 12-pounder carronades, and had a crew of twenty men and boys. James, in his 'Naval History,' suggests that there was a foreboding that their terms of service would be short, and eighteen more were therefore ordered to be built. Before the end of 1806 they were all 'launched, armed, manned, officered, and sent to take, burn, and destroy the vessels of war and merchantmen of the enemy.' Of these thirty 'tom-tit cruisers' three were sold out of the service ; the other twenty-seven 'came to an untimely end, some by falling into the hands of the enemy, and the remainder by foundering in the deep or perishing on the rocks.'

The Bombay Government shortly realised the absurdity of its policy in encouraging the piratical tribes, and in 1809 was compelled to undertake an expedition against them on a large scale. The piratical or Joasmi fleet consisted, it was said, of 63 large vessels and more than 800 smaller ones, and was manned by 19,000 men. To cope with such a force was altogether beyond the unaided power of the Bombay Marine ; two English 36-gun frigates gave weight and strength to the expedition ; the 'Mornington,' of 22 guns, and nine smaller ships made up the squadron ; whilst 1,000 English soldiers and 1,500 Sepoys were carried in four transports. How severely the resources of the Marine were tried is proved by the fact that one of the small vessels, the 'Stromboli,' fitted out as a bomb-ketch, had, years before, been condemned as unseaworthy. She was quite unable to bear the weights now put in her ; on the passage, whilst in tow of the 'Mornington,' her bottom dropped out, and she went suddenly down, taking with her all her stores and most of her officers and men.

The Joasmis drew back to their chief fortress, Ras-el-Khyma, hauled their ships into the close and shallow harbour, and prepared to defend themselves. This they did with obstinate courage. The frigates could not get within three miles of the shore, nor the Company's ships within two ; and the 'Stromboli,' the only bomb, was at the bottom of the sea. The work thus fell principally on the soldiers, supported by the boats of the squadron and by two gunboats which effectually covered the advance of the troops. The town was taken, plundered, and burnt. All the shipping in the harbour—thirty large dhows and a number of smaller vessels—was destroyed. At Linja, another Joasmi port, twenty more ships were destroyed ; at Luft, eleven. The Gulf was circumnavigated ; every Joasmi port was visited ; all the ships found in them were burnt, and the squadron returned to Bombay, having, for the time, effectually broken the power of the Joasmis. The destruction had, however, been almost confined to their ships ; their men remained with a thirst for vengeance. Dhows do not cost much, nor do they take long to build. In a few years the Joasmis were as strong as ever and plundered as before ; and, as before, many hard and desperate actions were fought between their fleets and the small cruisers of the Bombay Marine before the Company was goaded into rooting them out.

The expedition sent in December, 1819, was on even a larger scale than the former one ; 3,000 soldiers, of whom half were Europeans, were embarked on board a number

of transports ; Captain (afterwards Sir) Francis Collier, in the 'Liverpool,' of 50 guns, took the naval command, having with him a 26-gun frigate and a brig belonging to the Royal Navy, and nine small ships of the Bombay Marine. Ras-el-Khyma was again captured by the troops and landing parties from the ships, the ports were again visited, their fortifications blown up, and their shipping destroyed, and on the 8th January, 1820, a formal treaty of peace was concluded, signed by all the chiefs of the Persian Gulf, with one only exception. The articles ran :—

'1. There shall be a cessation of plunder and piracy by land and sea, on the part of the Arabs who are parties to this contract, for ever.

'2. If any individual of the people of the Arabs contracting shall attack any that pass by land or sea, of any nation whatever, in the way of plunder and piracy, and not of acknowledged war, he shall be accounted an enemy of all mankind, and shall be held to have forfeited both life and goods ; and acknowledged war is that which is proclaimed, avowed, and ordered by government, and the killing of men and taking of goods without proclamation, avowal, and the order of government, plunder and piracy.'

There are nine other articles, but these are the characteristic ones. This treaty marks the end of Eastern piracy on a large scale. By acknowledging piracy as piracy, it virtually did away with it. The chiefs were warriors, not thieves ; and had, till then, held their piracy to be a fair and legitimate way of carrying on war, and of making war pay its own expenses. Nor were they, in this belief, more than 200 years behind the seamen of our own and other Western countries.

This important service in the Gulf of Persia was performed with but little loss. It ended in one very terrible calamity, though of a kind more frequent than is commonly supposed. The 'Ariel' brig, with eighty-three men on board, as she was returning from Bussorah, whither she had been sent with despatches, was struck by a squall, and went down head foremost : five men only were saved. Of her class, the 'Ariel' was one of the worst ; but men-of-war brigs have always had an evil reputation. In the Royal Navy they were unpopularly known as 'coffins ;' and even in later days, when larger and in many respects comfortable ships, they still proved unequal to the exigencies of cruising. Their masts were exceptionally taunt, their mainsail extravagantly large, and when a sudden squall struck them, over they went. For the last fifteen years, none have been employed for general service ; but previous to that, the foundering or capsizing of a brig was an almost yearly occurrence : amongst many others, 'Sappho,' 'Nerbudda,' 'Camilla,' 'Heron,' are names still fresh in our memory. But bad as were to the last the brigs of the Royal Navy, the brigs of the Bengal Marine, in the early years of the century, were much worse. They were bad every way ; badly built, badly found, wretchedly manned. The zeal, energy, courage, and seamanship of the officers were expected to do everything, and not unfrequently failed. No critic can be more severe on the shortcomings of the Marine in this respect, than is Mr. Low, its professed panegyrist. His opinion may be supported by a paragraph from a very well-known work by a very popular writer, but which will probably come with all the force of novelty. It is by Captain Marryat ; it occurs in 'Newton Forster,' and is on a page which all readers skip. He says :—

'I have served with them, and have pleasure in stating that, taking the average, the vessels are as well officered as those in our own service ; but let us describe the vessels and their crews. Most of the vessels are smaller in scantling than the run-down (and constantly *going down*) ten-gun brigs in our own service, built for a light draught of water, and unfit to contend with anything like a heavy sea. Many of them are pierced for, and actually carry, fourteen or sixteen guns ; but as effective fighting vessels ought not to have been pierced for more than eight. . . . The crews are composed of a small proportion of English seamen, a small proportion of Portuguese sea-cunnies, a proportion of Lascars, and a proportion of Hindoo Bombay Marines. It requires two or three languages to carry on the duty ; customs, religions, provisions, all different, and all living and messing separate. How is it possible that any officer can discipline a ship's company of this incongruous description ? The vessels and the crews are equally contemptible, and the officers, in cases of difficulty, must be sacrificed to the pride and meanness of the Company.'

But he also says that the merchant ships in the Company's service are of dimensions equal, if not superior, to our largest class of frigates ; that they carry thirty to forty guns ; that their commanders are men of superior attainments, and the complement of seamen under their command is larger than on board of many of the king's ships.

These remarks are suggested to our great naval novelist by the celebrated engagement between Commodore Dance and Admiral Linois, between the Company's China fleet, homeward bound, and a squadron of French ships of war. Mr. Low has passed this ac-

tion by without even a bare mention. He considered, we must suppose, that, as it was fought by the Company's merchant ships, not by ships of the Bombay Marine, it did not come within the limits of his work. We think that in this he has made a twofold mistake : for many of the actions which he has described in detail are equally outside of these strict limits ; and we are sure that more than nine out of ten general readers, on taking up the volumes, would first look for his account of this, one of the most singular incidents in naval history.

It was on February 14, 1804, the anniversary of the battle of St. Vincent, that the homeward fleet from China, sixteen large Indiamen, ten country ships, and a brig belonging to the Marine, were met, near Pulo Aor, by the French squadron under Admiral Linois. Owing to his reputed success at Algeçiras, in 1801, Linois was then the darling of the French navy ; and even now minor French writers speak of him as at least the equal of Nelson, whom untoward fortune never permitted him to meet. At Pulo Aor, his squadron consisted of the 'Marengo,' of seventy-four guns ; the frigates 'Belle-Poule' of forty, and 'Sémillante' of thirty-six ; a corvette and a Batavian brig. Between it and even sixteen merchant ships there was no comparison of fighting power ; but Linois had been informed that the fleet would consist of twenty-three ships and the brig of war ; he saw twenty-six, and jumped to the conclusion that the three largest of the Indiamen were ships of the line. The resolute attitude of the merchant-ships confirmed him in this idea. Dance argued that if he attempted to escape, the fleet would be scattered and picked up piecemeal. He determined that, at all hazards, they must stick together ; and formed line of battle under easy sail, with the country ships to leeward. When night came, he hoisted position lights, and lay to. Linois was completely deceived : he had concluded that night would test their character, and that if merchant-ships unprotected, they would try to escape : as they did not, he was convinced that the three extra ships were men-of-war. It was therefore with great caution that he tried, the next day, to cut off the sternmost merchantmen. Dance made the signal to tack in succession, and boldly stood towards the enemy. Captain Timmins, in the 'Royal George,' led ; the 'Ganges,' and Dance's own ship, 'Earl Camden,' closely followed ; and then others. A smart interchange of firing took place. Linois, possessed with the idea that he was engaged with ships of the line, did not observe that neither the number nor weight of the guns agreed with it : he hauled his wind, and fled under a press of sail. Dance made a general signal to chase, and the merchant-ships did chase the ships of war : but mindful of the commercial interests at stake, he presently recalled them and pursued his course. That Linois might and should have destroyed or captured the whole fleet, probably no sailor has ever doubted : that he did not do so, furnishes a remarkable proof of the value in war of that audacity which has been described as everything. There are on record many instances of East Indiamen beating off or capturing French frigates ; but the defeat of a squadron headed by a line-of-battle ship bearing an admiral's flag, is without a parallel. It is pleasant to add that Dance was knighted on his return to England ; and that the Bombay Insurance Society, the Court of Directors, and the general meeting of the Company vied with each other in making solid acknowledgments, not only to the commodore, but to the several captains, officers, and seamen.

In their necessarily small way, the Bombay Marine participated in the capture of Mauritius in 1810, and, in 1811, in the capture of Java and the dependent islands, which Mr. Low, with a rather far-fetched memory, speaks of as the revenge for Amboyna ; but their services on these occasions scarcely require any special notice. The capture of the brig 'Nautilus,' on June 30, 1815, by the United States sloop 'Peacock,' in the full knowledge that peace had been signed, has been often and never too severely commented on. Nearly forty years ago it was stigmatised in this Review as 'utterly disgraceful to Captain Warrington and his officers,' * and we have seen no reason to modify that opinion. Captain Boyce, or, in the words of James, 'what Captain Warrington had left of him,' having survived his severe wounds, lived to a ripe old age, and died only a few months ago. But quite independent of Captain Warrington's conduct, so far as related to active war with civilised powers, the Marine contrasted unfavourably with the Royal Navy ; and though its cruisers did, to some extent, hold the enemy's privateers in check, there were but few of them of adequate force ; their real work then and for many years lay, as has been described, on the northern coast and in the Gulf of Persia, where the maritime tribes were always threatening and generally dangerous.

We do not propose to follow Mr. Low

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi. p. 92.

through his needlessly detailed account of the share which the Bombay Marine, or the Indian Navy as it officially became in 1830, took in the Burmese, or China, or Persian wars. That this share was important and honourable, even if not very satisfactorily honoured, we would most fully concede; but the operations, however they were carried out, were so distinctly imperial, that the co-operation of the Company's ships must be regarded rather as a fortunate accident than as proving any necessity for a separate establishment. Nevertheless we doubt whether the suppression in 1863 of the Indian Navy, thus specially distinguished only thirty years before, was a measure of sound policy. It had shown itself useful on emergency as an ally of the Royal Navy, and more especially on the rivers of Burmah, when pestilence and malaria were sweeping off the English seamen by hundreds. It had shown itself most useful in the police duty of the Persian Gulf, for which a familiar knowledge of the coasts, the people, and the languages, peculiarly fitted its officers. The ships, too, were small; though frail as ships of war, they were specially adapted for those seas, and being manned principally by Lascars were kept up at a cost small absolutely, smaller still as compared with the cost of life to our unacclimatised English crews in the sweltering heat of the Persian summer. But, rightly or wrongly, it was decided that the police of those Eastern seas should be entrusted to the regular service; that the old Indian Navy with all its old Indian traditions—traditions of Best and Downton, of James, of Watson, of Hayes, and of many others—should be done away with. This was properly within the judgment and discretion of the Government. But the hurried and arbitrary way in which the service was abolished, in which claims were ignored, in which the very memory of the past was sought to be blotted out by the wholesale destruction of piles of journals and logs, pulped in a Vandal's trough as so much waste paper—in this we cannot but think that the action of the government was ill-judged, that those who advised it were wanting in discretion.

In any case, the government, having suppressed the Indian Navy, was bound to take care that the public service did not suffer; and this it did not do. The ships sent out to do the police duty did it well and thoroughly, although at a much greater cost of money and of life; but the hydrographic work, which under the old rule had been excellent, was altogether neglected. The conduct of surveys in the Indian seas had been a recognised and important branch of the service. Many of the Company's officers had been men of world-wide repute as scientific geographers or hydrographers. In 1795, when the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty was established by Order in Council, it was to India that the Government looked for its first hydrographer, Alexander Dalrymple. Dalrymple's successor, as the Company's surveyor, was Horsburgh, well known as the author of the 'East Indian Directory;' and amongst a crowd of others, all eminent, may be especially named old Michael Topping, M'Cluer, Blair, Wood, Fergusson, and Felix Jones. Perhaps no service, in the same short time, has ever had so many distinguished surveyors. By implication, at least, the Hydrographic Office of the Admiralty was bound to continue and extend their work. But for many years past the Hydrographic Office has kept its original work at an ebb far below the requirements of our commerce;* and the Indian seas were not a favoured exception. From the abolition of the Indian Navy, and the transfer from the India Office to the Admiralty of all the materials for the construction of charts, in 1861, up to the year 1871, a period of ten years, little or nothing was done, with the exception of certain desultory operations undertaken by the different local governments as the need arose, without any combined plan and with inadequate means, the work being in most cases left in the hands of persons who were quite unacquainted with nautical surveying except in its rudest form. In many localities extraordinary changes had taken place in the configuration of the coast since the surveys had been made. Lights, buoys, beacons had been erected. Ports, formerly of no importance, and which had consequently been examined in the most cursory manner, were now open to commerce, and yet the charts remained as they were drawn fifty years ago, and were practically useless.

The urgent necessity for immediate action was pointed out to the Secretary of State for India by Mr. Clements Markham, Mr. Trelawney Saunders, Captain Taylor, and others; in consequence of which representation, Captain Taylor was sent out to India to consult with the government in Calcutta, and eventually after various delays and difficulties, originating, we are led to believe, with the hydrographer to the Admiralty, the present Marine Survey Depart-

* The Unsurveyed World, 1874. By Staff Commander T. A. Hull, R.N., Superintendent of Charts, Admiralty; in the 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution,' vol. xix.

ment was established at Calcutta in 1874, —the legitimate daughter of the old Indian Navy, and destined, we would hope, to rival her parent, not indeed in the arts of war, but in the arts of peace. The reputation of Captain Taylor, both as a surveyor and the editor of the 'East Indian Directory,' is almost a guarantee for the accuracy of the work which has been and will be turned out; and under his superintendence we may feel satisfied that the sequence of Indian hydrographers will be continued, that the merit of Indian hydrography will not pale.

Art. III.—*The Personal Government of Charles I. A History of England from the Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham to the Declaration of the Judges on Ship Money.* 1628–1637. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. In two volumes. London: 1877.

The times immediately preceding a period of revolution cannot fail to afford material of great interest for the historian to work upon, and yet it is no exaggeration to say that in Mr. Gardiner's 'History of the Personal Government of Charles I.' for the first time is to be read a full and consecutive narration of the events of the nine years extending from 1628 to 1637. The volumes before us, like their predecessors, represent the result of much study and research, on which a large amount of thought has been brought to bear; and form a complete political history of the time, in which events are treated in due proportion, new light is thrown upon Charles's transactions with foreign princes, the rise and development of new principles in politics dispassionately traced. The book opens with a detailed account of the session of 1629, an accurate knowledge of which is indispensable for fairly apportioning the responsibility that rests with Charles and the Commons for the breach between the two that then took place. The chief causes of division were, the past levy of customs duties ungranted by Parliament, and the publication of a royal declaration, forbidding controversy on disputed points of doctrine, and shutting Parliament out from the sphere of ecclesiastical legislation. Charles, on his side, was eager to obtain a grant of the customs duties, but was not prepared to abandon the policy laid down in his declaration. The Commons on theirs called for the suppression of liberty to maintain doctrines or practise ceremonies not in accordance with the received Calvinistic theology of the day, and refused to pass a Tonnage and Poundage Bill until the King should give way to their demand. The course taken by the House in disputing the King's claims is severely censured by Mr. Gardiner. In dealing with the question of customs duties, not content with seeking security for the future, they demanded satisfaction for the past. Thus they irritated the judges by questioning the law laid down by them; abandoned the strong position offered them by a close adherence to the principle that the taxing of the subject without consent of Parliament was unconstitutional, in order to vote that there had been a breach of privilege in the seizure of the goods of a member for refusal to pay duties; and, finally, deeply offended the king by proposing to call to account the Custom House officers engaged in the transaction, without regard to the fact that they had acted under the authority of royal warrants. In like manner, when they dealt with the religious question, instead of definitely taking their stand on the broad ground that the nation had a right to a voice in the settlement of its own religion, the Commons sought out charges against the foremost men of the High Church party, and rashly undertook to define the doctrines held by the Church of England. It cannot be doubted that the aggressive course pursued by the House gave needless offence to Charles, besides appearing unjustifiable to the nation, which was not as yet prepared to support Parliament in seizing the reins of government from the king's hand. Still it does not therefore follow that the responsibility for the breach rests solely or even mainly with the Commons. In forming a judgment on that point the question to be asked is not only whether the Commons acted moderately, liberally, and advisedly in their mode of disputing the king's ecclesiastical settlement, but also whether that settlement formed a possible meeting ground. If, as was the case, it did not, all possibility of union was from the outset precluded. The strongest justification of the Commons' refusal to accept it may be read in the pages of Mr. Gardiner's book describing the system of Church government pursued by Laud. Charles's justification of the dissolution of the Parliament was based on the ground that the Commons were making use of the formal right of granting the customs duties to grasp at supreme power. The answer was that the king, to use the words of Mr. Gardiner, was treating the religion of the nation as a matter in which the nation had no concern.

To ask the question which of the two religious parties, High Churchmen or Puritans, was the more tolerant, is to seek a line of distinction that did not exist. The idea that religious liberty was a good thing was nowhere admitted. On the Continent, indeed, in France and in Holland, the necessity of establishing internal unity in order that foreign enemies might be effectually resisted, was forcing on statesmen the adoption of principles of toleration. In England no such political necessity was apparent, while mutual fear of repression acted as a spur on the intolerant spirit of the age. Charles was wholly incompetent to play the part of mediator. Puritanism was offensive to him if only because of the mental agitation and the self-reliant and independent habits of mind to which it gave rise ; while no recognition of the principles of toleration or fear of the consequences of transgressing them was likely to keep him in a fairly equitable course. As the event proved, it was not merely fanatical prejudice, but true political sagacity, that led Eliot to attack the policy contained in the declaration, as preluding alterations in the religion of the country opposed to its hitherto essentially Protestant character. Laud acquired the large influence which he exercised over Charles because he had the brain to conceive, and the practical qualities requisite to carry out, a scheme for the suppression of Puritan fervour. In his mind secular and ecclesiastical politics were as closely interwoven as web and warp, to the disadvantage of his point of view alike as churchman and politician. His zeal as a churchman dulled his political insight, while the fact that in his government of the Church he never lost sight of political ends rendered him less heedful than he might otherwise have been of moral and spiritual interests. The highest duty of the Church in relation to the State was, in Laud's eyes, to prevent the growth of political divisions ; the highest duty of the State in relation to the Church to enforce the carrying out of ecclesiastical law. National unity was to be attained by unquestioning obedience to the royal will ; formalism in religion to be used as the means of training men's minds in habits of submission to external rule and order. Free criticism of ministerial acts in Parliament ; free discussion of religious questions in the pulpit ; whatever led to political or religious excitement amongst the people, appeared to Laud to have its orgin in purely factious motives. 'Never heretic,' he says, 'rent the bowels of the Church, but he pretended he raked them for truth ; never unquiet spirit disorders the union of the State, but he pretends some great abuses which his integrity would remedy.' Though Laud refused to the laity a voice in the settlement of ecclesiastical affairs, yet he claimed for his own order no right of church government independently of the royal authority ; nor for the Church, as represented by the clergy, any independent position in right of spiritual authority by the side of the State, as represented by the king. 'His counterpart in our own times,' Mr. Gardiner writes, 'is to be found not in the ecclesiastics who magnify the authority of the Church, but in the lawyers, who, substituting the supremacy of the House of Commons for the supremacy of the crown, strive in vain to reply to all spiritual and moral questionings by the simple recommendation to obey the law.' To this, however, it might be observed that the position which Laud in his system assigned to the king was rather that of overseer of the clergy than representative of the laity. The thoroughly practical point of view from which Laud regarded ecclesiastical questions helps in part to explain the large place that he gave to the royal supremacy, as also his inability to understand why he was so hated by the Puritans.

'For speculative thought Laud cared nothing. Not truth but peace was the object which he pursued. The pursuit of peace in preference to the pursuit of truth was certain to be accompanied by an exaggerated estimate of the importance of external influences over the mind. It was characteristic of him to speak of Aristotle, the philosopher who taught that virtue owed its strength to the formation of habits, as his great master *in humanis*. His love of outward observances, of the beauty of holiness, as he fondly calls it, was partly founded on a keen sense of the incongruity of dirt and disorder ; partly upon the recognition of the educative influence of regularity and arrangement. There was in his mind no dim sense of the spiritual depths of life, no reaching forward to ineffable mysteries veiled from the eye of flesh. It was incomprehensible to him why men should trouble themselves about matters which they could not understand. His acts of reverence had nothing in common with the utter self-abnegation of the great Italian, falling as a dead body falls before the revelation of those things which eye had not seen, nor ear heard. If he is called upon to defend his practice of bowing towards the altar upon entering a church, he founds his arguments not on any high religious theme, but upon the custom of the Order of the Garter. To him a church was not so much the temple of a living spirit as the palace of an invisible king. He had a plain prosaic reason for everything that he did.'

Mr. Gardiner has been careful to draw

special attention to the fact that, although the party spirit displayed by the government between 1629 and 1633 awoke a considerable amount of disaffection, it does not appear that during these years the Puritans, as a body, desired either to break from the Church or alter the ecclesiastical institutions of the country. It was not until after Laud's promotion to the archbishopric of Canterbury in 1633 that uniformity was rigorously enforced throughout the whole country, while at the same time changes were introduced in the services of the Church against the wishes at once of ministers and congregations. The most marked innovation, and that which gave deepest offence, was the removal of the communion table from the position which it ordinarily occupied in the centre, to the east end of the church. The compulsory observance by royal and episcopal authority of practices regarded with strong disapproval by the Protestant of that time, because he attached a special meaning to them, was naturally bitterly resented by many besides Puritans. The number of the archbishop's enemies was further largely increased owing to his conception of the position that the Church ought to occupy in relation to the community at large, and the unflagging energy with which he set his hand to reform abuses, correct morals, and raise the position of the parochial clergy by employing them in the civil administration, and giving them a special if not a privileged position apart in the nation. His efforts on this side rendered him exceedingly unpopular with the upper classes, more especially as he carried on his work, causing churches to be repaired, recovering land that had once belonged to the Church from the hands of its lay possessor, calling to account the evil liver, regardless of the rank or social position of those with whom he came in collision.

The means by which Laud sought to win the respect of the laity for the clergy and raise the standard of morality was, like much of his work, dealing with evil on the surface rather than attacking it at the root. In either case he could not do better than secure the services of a high class of men in the ministry. But so little regard did he pay to the scruples of conscience of others, that it was ever becoming more difficult for a really able and conscientious man who did not think with himself to remain in the Church. Neither on questions of ceremonial, nor of disputed points of doctrine, nor of Church government and discipline, was any expression of opinion whatever allowed unless on the part of supporters of Laud's views. The proceedings against Ward in the High Commission in 1634 show how tightly the rein was drawn, and how closely an influential Puritan was watched. Ward was a Conformist and a man of moderate views, who had won the respect and affection of the people of Ipswich by the virtues of his character and his ability as a preacher. His offence was that he was dissatisfied with the existing system, and in his sermons sought to counteract its tendencies by teaching that religion did not consist in the observance of ceremonies and the repetition of set forms of prayer. Charges were brought against him founded on passages of his sermons preached during a course of four years, related from memory without the context. Ward flatly denied some and explained away others. Yet on this very imperfect and probably malignant evidence he was suspended from the ministry, and, on his refusal to sign a submission drawn up by the court, committed to prison.

'The proceedings against Ward are of special interest, as indicating the limit to which the Court of High Commission was prepared to go. No one who has studied its records will speak of it as a barbarous or even a cruel tribunal. Its chief characteristic was its fixity of aim, and the resoluteness with which disobedience to its orders was overcome, though not without considerable moderation in the treatment of individual offenders who showed an inclination to give way before the pressure put upon them. It now appeared that the court of which Laud was the soul would not be content with obedience. At least in public there must be no criticism of the system which it imposed upon the clergy. Such a result was but the logical consequence of Laud's conception of a Church. If the living spiritual forces moving in the hearts of men were not to be taken into account, a clergyman could no more be permitted to call in question the rules under which he lived than a colonel can be permitted to call in question the regulations of the army in the face of his regiment. It was because this conception was in itself a false one, not because the mode in which it was carried out was harsh and tyrannical, that Laud went astray. His system left no place for the infinite varieties of the human mind, and looked with horror upon the irregular action of individual life. The pulsations of the religious heart of England were too vigorous to be thus controlled. They called for a form of discipline more flexible, and less restricted to the expression of a single mood. Orderly freedom of speech and thought was the only remedy for the disease from which the English Church was suffering, and unfortunately Laud was never able to comprehend that freedom was more than another name for disorder.'

The measures taken by the High Commission to obtain obedience were assuredly not harsher than requisite for its end.

Cruel the court was not, except in so far as there was cruelty in leaving in prison for an indefinite time men whose consciences were too stubborn, or whose purses too scantily filled, to allow them to comply with its orders. Nor yet, so long as it could obtain submission, was the court inexorable; it would always sooner that the drunkard should mend his ways, and, unless in the case of special zeal and ability, the Puritan recant his errors, than suspend either the one or the other from his functions. Mr. Gardiner points out that the whole number of ministers suspended and deprived by the High Commission between February 1634 and May 1636 did not exceed fourteen. But if the court is not to be characterised as a barbarous or even a cruel tribunal, its sentences were none the less exceedingly harsh, exceedingly biassed, and not seldom tyrannical. At least we know not how else to qualify the practice of requiring ministers deprived or suspended to acknowledge, under pain of imprisonment, the truth of the charges on which they were condemned, or, in other words, that they themselves had equivocated or lied. Mr. Gardiner has brought into prominence all that tells in favour of the High Commission; the relief that it gave to injured wives; its refusal to recognise distinction of class; the disorders that it repressed. To perfect the picture he should also have drawn attention to its vexatious and inquisitorial procedure, the character of the evidence that it was willing to receive, the readiness with which it could be made to serve the purposes of private malice, and the large number of cases in which it had a more or less direct interest in finding the accused guilty. It is hard to read its records and not come to the conclusion that its action was mischievous and demoralising, and productive of much more harm than good. The fact, moreover, might be stated that the number of ministers deprived and suspended by the High Commission does not represent the number of those who were made to feel the weight of the Archbishop's hand. Thus when, to insure that in all parts of the country his injunctions were strictly obeyed, Laud forged a new instrument for the exercise of central authority, and revived the practice of his predecessors in pre-Reformation times of holding the metropolitical visitations, in seven dioceses alone south of the Trent* his vicar-general, Sir Nathaniel Brent, suspended seventeen clergymen, nine of whom were Puritans, guilty of not bowing at the name of Jesus, administering the sacrament to persons standing, and other like offences. Eight others, schoolmasters, parish ministers, and lecturers, he threatened with suspension or prosecution in the High Commission; of these six were Puritans. Of five others, inhibited from preaching, three were Puritans, against whom nothing was proved, but they were 'vehemently suspected to be nonconformists.'

There is no doubt that Laud's system of church government was well fitted for obtaining his immediate objects, the enforcement of uniformity and canon law, the reform of abuses, the punishment of sensual sins. But it was not one that would have approved itself to a man with any clear insight into the conditions on which spiritual power is attained. Laud centralised authority in his own hand; in the spirit of a sharp practitioner, made use of the letter of the law to serve his ends; treated bishops and parochial clergy alike as the tools of his will; discouraged private initiative in official and unofficial persons; suffered not the faintest breath of criticism to blow upon his work; took no count of the wounds that he inflicted upon men's consciences or self-esteem, but, were the matter in question small or great, had but one answer to make to all whose sense of right or whose religious convictions led them to dispute his commands: 'Suffer or obey.' By means of such a system the voice of controversy might be unheard, uniformity of services observed, ecclesiastical laws and regulations vigorously carried out, churches repaired, the blasphemer fined, the adulterer forced to confess his sin; but it was all but a whiting of the outside of the sepulchre. How, indeed, could the High Church vicar, who played the part of secret informant against his parishioners, hope to win his way to their hearts? The High Church movement, beneath a forcing system, received a sudden and unnatural expansion, but purchased at the direct loss of moral and spiritual influence. It is to hold a false view of Laud, therefore, to regard him as the leader of a spiritual movement or of a revival of any scheme of faith. He was great neither as a moral reformer nor as a divine. His admirable practical ability and his perfectly honest intention were his strongest points. He was an excellent man of business, of unfailing energy, full of schemes for the advance-

* Archbishop Neile, a man whom Laud could trust to do his work thoroughly, ruled the northern province. Puritanism was less formidable there than in the south. There was great difficulty, however, in getting the churchwardens to present persons who came to church to hear the sermon, but kept away during the reading of the service—a proof how unpopular the Prayer Book was becoming.

ment of learning, an administrator who viewed rich and poor with indifferent eye, and to whom corruption was equally obnoxious in high places and in low. Yet it is easy to set too high an estimate on the best side of Laud's character, and the reader of Mr. Gardiner's book is in our opinion led into the error. Laud's sense of honour was far from keen, and the administration of justice under his guidance in the High Commission, if not corrupt in any gross form, yet of a partial character that could not fail to bring justice into as much disrepute as if the judges had been open to receive bribes. What, for instance, are we to think of the integrity of the judge, who regarded the rich man, against whom a handle could be found to bring into the High Commission, as fair game to fleece, because he had not put down his name among the subscribers to the fund for the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral? In a history of Laud's government of the Church the fact should not be left out of sight that men could believe, with a large amount of truth, that the High Commission was a court that better served to win money than administer impartial justice. Even Laud's sense of the equality of all men before the law, which, we should incline to say, sprang merely from the desire to impose a level uniformity of submission before the Church and the king, became dull whenever advantage was to be won for forwarding a favourite scheme. Though none might escape the disgrace of a public performance of penance in his parish church by setting money in Laud's palm, the opportunity was open to him who could contribute several hundred pounds to the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral.*

Correr, the Venetian ambassador in England, aptly described the path that the government was treading, when he wrote of the king: 'With the key of the law he seeks to open the entrance to absolute power.' The responsibility for the action of the government as a whole rests far more with the king than with any other man who took part in it. Charles was not, as heretofore, the nominal but the real ruler of the land. He exercised a general supervision over every branch of the administration; often himself decided minute questions of detail; and, except as a formality, rarely asked the advice of the united council on broad questions of policy. Nor did any one of his ministers gain a dominant position at the council board. The amount of influence exercised over him by Wentworth and even by Laud during these years is ordinarily exaggerated. Charles had little appreciation of strength in others, nor did the finest moral or intellectual qualities in themselves offer attraction to him. In the government of the Church, indeed, the brain and hand of Laud prevail throughout; in the government of Ireland the brain and hand of Wentworth; but outside their respective spheres, the influence of these two ministers was rivalled or exceeded by men in all respects their inferiors. Foremost amongst these was the Lord Treasurer Weston, the sole aim of whose action was to let England grow rich, in order that material prosperity might induce obedience to the royal will. His policy was purely conservative. He was opposed to reform in the administration, to investigation into the state of the revenue, and, unless very hardly pressed, to resorting to new measures for raising money. In opposition to Weston, Wentworth and Laud were at one in the desire to carry through measures of reform and find resources for paying the debts of the crown and making the revenue meet the expenditure. Weston's policy was not of a high type, but there was much in it suitable to the circumstances of the time. Had it been consistently pursued, there might have been formed a nation within the nation, composed of moneyed, commercial, and official classes, with interests dependent on the existing state of things. On the other hand, the pursuance of the policy advocated by Laud and Wentworth had the advantage of releasing the government from the pressure of financial difficulties, besides giving it a moral claim to the support of the nation. Charles made neither policy his own. His sense of justice was too strong, his idea of duty too high, to allow him to seek support to his government by leaving ill alone; but he had far too little moral or intellectual vigour to carry out reforms at the sacrifice of his personal inclinations or the interests of friends and servants. The outcome of the struggle between the rival influences at the council board was, that the government tacked from one course to the other, with the disastrous result to itself of reaping solely the disadvantages that belonged to either. It harassed all classes and all in-

* For instance, on the petition of the defendant, a young man about to be married, that he should be much disgraced and overthrown in marriage and estate if compelled to do public penance, the Court commuted the penance to a fine, and declared that his estates were able to bear a fine of 1,500*l.*, but left the business to the further pleasure of the Archbishop of Canterbury. (Cal. Dom. Ser. 1635, p. 234.) In another case the penance was commuted into a fine of 300*l.*, to be employed on the repair of the west end of St. Paul's. (Cal. 1635–6, p. 501.)

terests, official and unofficial, without making effective reforms in the administration, or freeing itself from financial embarrassment. Its poverty may be illustrated by the story that went the round of the court, that the queen directed the shutters of her chamber to be closed, in order that a French lady coming to visit her might not observe the ragged coverlet on her bed. Its corruption by the words with which Charles, when he had to appoint a new treasurer, delivered the white staff of office into the hands of Juxon: 'Among the clergy, my lord of London, I hold you the fittest, because you have no children.'

It was more especially between the years 1634 and 1637 that the council had resort to various new measures for raising money, which, while they created much discontent, only brought a few thousand pounds into the exchequer. These measures have been recounted again and again, nor does Mr. Gardiner's judgment of them differ in any material respect from that of other historians. We therefore propose, in the remaining pages of this article, to let our readers into the secrets of Charles's diplomacy. Owing to Mr. Gardiner's researches at Paris, Brussels, Venice, and Simancas, we are enabled from a new side to gauge the antipathy of feeling between the king and his subjects, and to trace the true origin of the ship-money fleet, a point on which hitherto considerable obscurity has prevailed.

Charles reigned at a time when questions were being fought out in Germany, of which the settlement involved the interests of every country in Europe. On one side was at stake the existence of Protestantism in North Germany, on the other the unity of Germany itself. Was the Protestant to maintain itself on an equality with the Roman Catholic faith, or was Protestantism, and of necessity with Protestantism the principles of toleration, to be brought low? Was German unity to be bought at the price of the establishment of a despotism resting for support on the soldier and Jesuit, or was Germany to be reduced by division to political impotence? Such were the issues involved in the war. In the midst of this great crisis of European history, the director of the foreign policy of England was without any policy at all. In desiring to influence the course of the war, Charles was actuated by a purely personal motive, the recovery of the Palatinates and the electoral vote for his brother-in-law. So long as he gained this end, he was ready to give support to any side or any cause. Neither German interests nor the interests of Protestants nor yet of Catholics, the interests of no country and of no population, engaged his thought or care. Unscrupulousness as to means may often aid a statesman in gaining his end, provided that it does not render him incapable of seeing what means carry with them a possibility of success. Richelieu, as Mr. Gardiner points out, was a most selfish and unscrupulous politician, but one with a great capacity for making out the winning side and joining himself to it. Charles had no such talent. His thoroughly unsympathetic nature left him as grossly ignorant of the moral forces at work amongst foreign nations as of the potential energies of Puritanism at home. This of itself was likely enough to cause him to build on the sand, there being nothing in diplomacy more fruitful of error than disregard of national feeling. But, in addition to this cause of weakness, Charles was so enveloped in the mantle of his own self-esteem, that he was blind to facts which were fully recognised by men whose intellects were in no way superior to his own. His ministers and courtiers saw clearly that if he wanted to influence the course of events on the Continent, he must be prepared to draw the sword; and that war, in its turn, implied the calling of a parliament and the renunciation of his ecclesiastical policy. Charles perceived that if he went to war, he should have to meet a parliament; but he could not bring himself to acknowledge that, as he was determined not to meet a parliament, his interference was not likely to produce great results, nor yet that if other powers, Catholic or Protestant, were to undertake to restore the Palatinates to his brother-in-law, he must make it their interest to do so. His diplomacy consisted in trying to bind some foreign power down to do his work for him in return for offers that were either inadequate or made without any serious intention of carrying them into effect, and backed by threats that, in case of their rejection, he would join the other side. As Mr. Gardiner most justly observes in his preface, it is impossible to read of the intrigues which Charles carried on alternately with France and Spain, without being reminded of the very similar intrigues which he afterwards carried on with Presbyterians and Independents, with parliament and army.

The man who possessed most influence over the direction of Charles's negotiations with foreign princes was the Lord Treasurer. Weston was a Catholic, though one who for sake of pelf and office reserved for his death-bed an open profession of his faith. Unlike Charles, he had a foreign policy.

He was an advocate, in its baldest form, of the doctrine that England ought to abstain completely from interference in foreign politics unless some material interest of hers was endangered. Though this policy was never adopted by Charles, Weston's counsels always had weight with him. To the obsequiousness of his character the treasurer's influence was largely due. Far from thwarting Charles's projects, he gave him as much rope as he would, confident that, in the end, fear of having to call on the nation for support would cause him to maintain peace. The fact that in their general views there was much in common between king and minister acted as a tie between them. The treasurer's desire to avoid meeting a parliament was one cause of his desire to avoid war. Charles had as little sympathy with Puritanism as Weston with Protestantism, and king and minister were alike afraid of encouraging the national feeling in favour of the German Protestants, lest they should let loose forces too strong for their control. Charles, indeed, was ready to compass the restitution of the Palatinate by any way that offered, but of the two he preferred to act in alliance with Catholic rather than with Protestant powers.

After Buckingham's death and the failure of the attempt to relieve Rochelle, Charles did not again renew hostilities either with France or Spain. Peace with France was concluded shortly after the dissolution of Parliament, and negotiations were already in course which eventually led to peace with Spain. In return for a treaty of peace, Charles hoped to obtain from Spain the restitution of the Palatinates. The Spanish ministers were willing enough to hold out large promises of what they were ready to perform for Frederic and Elizabeth in return for the friendship of England, but very slow to endorse their promises in definite terms. They had indeed neither the will nor the power to perform them. In case of the success of the Imperialists it was highly improbable that Spain would be able to disregard the wishes of her allies or deal with the Palatinates at her pleasure; while before the making of a general peace it was certain that she would not lightly give an advantage to the Protestant side by causing the evacuation of fortresses garrisoned by her troops. At Charles's court the advocates of a war policy, based on a Protestant alliance and parliamentary government at home, outnumbered the supporters of Weston. The opposition, however, that they formed, was merely that of a court faction, whose hope was that war and a parliament together would bring their party into office. The Earl of Holland, their leader, sought, by supporting proposals for a French alliance, to gain interest with the Queen, and make use of her influence over Charles to unseat Weston. His efforts, however, were unavailing. Henrietta Maria had no liking for the parsimonious treasurer; but she had also no liking for politics, and, unless engaged by some personal interest, could not be brought to take an active part in them. It does not appear that she made any serious effort to prejudice her husband against Weston, and Charles invariably supported his minister against the intrigues of her partisans.

In order to have a support to fall back upon if Spain should fail him, Charles sent Sir Thomas Roe to the Baltic, to mediate peace between Sweden and Poland, with the aim of setting the King of Sweden's hands free for an invasion of Germany. Roe, who was a bold and persistent exponent of the Protestant policy, had already filled with great success two embassies in the East, in India and at Constantinople. A diplomatist of undoubted sagacity and insight, with a thorough knowledge of Continental affairs and a wide and varied experience, he was the one really able man whom Charles employed in his service abroad. As the king did not propose to render Gustavus any material support in invading Germany, Roe did not deceive himself into supposing that his mission would be effective so far as this end was concerned. A treaty of peace between Poland and Sweden, he pointed out, would set the King of Poland free to join the emperor, as well as Gustavus to invade Germany. 'And I think no man can convince me with reason why the King of Sweden should marry our quarrel for charity and without a dower.'

The lesson that no power would marry his quarrel for charity and without a dower was one Charles could not learn. While he was hesitating whether to gain his end through Philip or Gustavus, overtures came from France for an offensive alliance against Spain, to which was added the unwelcome advice that he should summon a parliament, so as to have means to engage in war. Such a proposal, instead of enlightening Charles on what terms alone he could hope to recover the Palatinate, only made him more pliable in the hands of the Spaniards. He consented to what he had before refused, and, without first receiving from Philip any definite engagement to surrender the fortresses held by his troops in the Palatinate, sent an ambassador to Spain to treat for peace. A member of the Privy Council, Sir Francis Cottingdon, was selected for the post: 'a

man of the world,' Mr. Gardiner writes, 'without enthusiasm, believing that the Roman Catholic belief was the safest to die in, and that Weston's policy ran less risk than any other in the immediate present.'

Cottingdon went to Spain in the autumn of 1629. In the summer of the following year, while peace negotiations between England and Spain were still dragging on, Gustavus, who for months had been biding his time, landed in Pomerania as champion of the Protestant North against the emperor. Charles did not wish to break off his negotiations with Spain, nor yet to lose the chance of regaining the Palatinates through Gustavus. While, therefore, continuing to treat with Spain, he allowed the Marquis of Hamilton to raise 6,000 volunteers, to serve on the same side as the Swedes, under the supposition that thus he should have a claim on the gratitude of Gustavus, and yet offer no offence to Philip or Ferdinand. Meanwhile the long-drawn-out negotiations with Spain resulted in a mere treaty of peace. Instead of the evacuation of the fortresses, Charles had to content himself with a written promise that Philip would do his best for the restitution of the Palatinate. Behind the treaty of peace, however, lay an understanding that in return for the good offices of Philip with the emperor, Charles should mediate a peace between Spain and Holland, and, in case of the refusal of the Dutch to accept mediation, join Philip in making war on them. While Charles, in pursuance of this agreement, made offers of mediation to Holland, he characteristically enough held out hopes that if he should fail to recover the Palatinate by Philip's aid, he would take part with the States against Spain, if they would guarantee its restitution. The Dutch, who set little worth on any help Charles was likely to render them, and who were enjoying a full tide of success against the Spanish arms, persistently refused all offers of mediation. The result was, that in January 1631 a secret treaty was signed by Cottingdon and Olivarez at Madrid, by which Charles and Philip agreed to join in making war on the Independent Netherlands, and to partition the provinces between them. This partition treaty was undoubtedly one of the most immoral of its kind known in history. There were no motives of religion or race, no material interests, no outside pressure, the flattering unction of which Charles could lay upon his soul, to conceal the blackness of the crime. The reversal of England's traditional policy, and the destruction of the dearly won independence of the Dutch, were proposed merely as a means to the advancement of his sister and her family. The best that can be said for Charles is that probably his intention was simply to outreach the Spaniards. He did not himself sign the treaty, or take any steps towards its execution. It was not to be expected, therefore, that he should gain any advantage through it. Neither the Emperor nor Philip had any belief in his power or will to aid them, and let his ambassador pretty clearly understand that there was no possibility of the restoration of the Palatinate to a Protestant in face of the impending struggle with Gustavus.

Repulsed by the Emperor and by Philip, Charles late in the day sent an ambassador to see what terms could be got from Gustavus. The step was greeted with applause by the nation. The entrance into the war of the Swedish king had revived in full force the old passionate enthusiasm for the cause of the German Protestants. The name of Gustavus was in every mouth, stories concerning him as eagerly repeated, his actions followed with as close an eye, as though he been a national hero. The news of his victory over Tilly at Breitenfeld sent a thrill of delight through the country, which, penetrating the walls of the Tower, gladdened the short remainder of Eliot's life. 'If at once,' wrote the prisoner, 'the whole world be not deluded, fortune and hope are met.' At court Weston's opponents echoed the cry for a Protestant policy. Save Charles himself, there was none who believed that he could recover the Palatinate without seeking the support of the nation. Rumours went about that a parliament was to be called, and that men high in office were seeking to conciliate Eliot. Charles had no intention of being dragged into a war against his will, no thought of calling a Parliament. A sharp check was given to the reports about Eliot. The prisoner's friends were forbidden access to him, and he was placed in a close confinement which hastened the end of his life. Charles asked the advice of his council on the best means of assisting Gustavus, but, when the council suggested as the only means the calling of a parliament, replied that the very mention of a parliament was derogatory to his authority. Had Charles been able to raise money at his will, it would have been difficult for him and Gustavus to come to terms. Gustavus, who, as Mr. Gardiner observes, was as little to be bargained with as Cromwell, was not prepared to bind himself in any way about the Palatinate unless Charles was prepared to throw in his lot with the Protestant side by breaking with Spain. 'I will let my brother of England

know,' he once said, 'that my intention is more generous towards the King of Bohemia than that I should have any mercenary dealing with him.' His final demands were the aid of the English fleet to assure his communications with Sweden, and a contingent of eight regiments of foot and 3,000 horse under his own command. In return he would do his best to restore Frederic to his lands and dignities. Charles would not give ear to such terms for a moment. He wanted Gustavus to do the work, while he avoided the annoyance of meeting a parliament or the risk of a breach with Spain. He accordingly made him an offer of 10,000*l.* a month, only binding himself, however, to the payment of the first month's contribution—an offer which Gustavus absolutely rejected.

The failure of the negotiations did not disturb Charles's equanimity, for he harboured no doubt that he should yet effect his object by means of a Catholic power. The appearance of Gustavus on the field had been mainly a source of perplexity to him. It had involved him in misunderstandings with Philip and the emperor, and, stifled as the voice of England was, had raised cries for war and a parliament that were displeasing to his ears. Henceforth he was less ready than before to listen to advice from men who supported a Protestant policy. The very applause with which the people, who, in the words of Roe, were 'too hungry' for news, greeted the onward march of the conqueror through Germany, was so much a matter of offence that an order of council was issued forbidding the publication of foreign news. The fact that Roe was a supporter of a purely Protestant policy was an effectual bar to his advancement. He was the candidate of Holland's party for the post of secretary left vacant by Dorchester's death. Charles, however, passed him by and bestowed the office on Windebank, the clerk of the council, a supporter of Weston's policy, and, if a Protestant, yet one who hoped for the union of the Churches of England and Rome. Talent or force of character he was without. Roe, who aspired to office, was bitterly disappointed when he found himself set aside. 'The way to heaven,' he sarcastically remarked, 'is straight and narrow, and in this only is the Court like to it.' To Weston and his followers the failure of the negotiations with Gustavus was a matter of rejoicing, as it relieved their minds from the fear of seeing England involved in war. Not less so was the death of Gustavus, a few months later, on the battle-field at Lutzen, which aroused a mourning amongst their countrymen unparalleled since the death of Prince Henry.

'In their detestation of war there was nothing noble, no preference of higher objects to be gained in peace, no wise conception of international duties. To them material prosperity had become an idol, and the habit of regarding the accumulation of wealth as the sole test of greatness was accompanied by a contemptuous indifference for the trials and sorrows of other nations, of which the hot Protestant partisan of earlier days had never been guilty. Flatterers found their account in praising the skill with which Charles had preserved England from the scourge of war. The low and debased feeling which had been fostered by men in high places found full expression in the lines in which Carew, himself a royal cupbearer, commented on the death of the Swedish king:—

> '"Then let the Germans fear, if Cæsar shall
> On the united princes rise and fall;
> But let us, that in myrtle bowers sit
> Under secure shades, use the benefit
> Of peace and plenty which the blessed hand
> Of our good king gives this obdurate land.
> . . . . . .
> Tourneys, masques, theatres better become
> Our halcyon days. What though the German drum
> Bellow for freedom and revenge? The noise
> Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys."

Perish Europe, if only England may fiddle in safety! Already the sword was sharpening which should chastise the men by whom such things were said.'

With the death of Gustavus the war in Germany entered on a new phase. France took a more forward part in European politics than she had before done. 'Assuredly,' Mr. Gardiner remarks, in comparing the statesmanship of Charles and Richelieu, 'Charles did not stand alone amongst the rulers of the world in resorting to intrigue. Richelieu was quite as ready to veil his intentions in a cloud of words and to cover his self-seeking with an appearance of disinterestedness. But whilst Charles had absolutely no perception of the facts of the world, Richelieu surpassed all his contemporaries in the skill with which he mastered events by adapting his course to the current of opinion around him.' He had brought to a close his long struggle with the French aristocracy. He had established internal unity on a basis of toleration. He now directed all his energies to increase the territorial dominion of France at the expense of Spain and the Empire. With this end he allied himself with the Swedes and German princes at war with the emperor, and offered his support to the Dutch in their struggle against Spain. The threatened interference of Richelieu in the Netherlands, and the

probability of the formation of an alliance between France and Holland for a partition of the country, brought English interests into question. There was a large amount of commercial jealousy existing between England and the Independent Provinces, while the rapidly increasing naval and military power of France already was cause of alarm to her neighbours. The fortified port of Dunkirk—the Constantinople of that day—commanded the Straits, and was the point whence an invasion of England might be most readily attempted. In the hands of the Spaniards the port was a nest of pirates, but presented no formidable danger to England, as Spain was a decaying power, the population of the Netherlands disaffected, and Madrid, the source whence supplies were drawn, distant. It was a question, however, for the consideration of English statesmen for how long Spain would be able to maintain herself in the Provinces. The people of the country would gladly have thrown off the dominion of their foreign masters if at the same time they could have secured their own freedom, but were ready to give them support rather than run risk of becoming subject to France or to Holland. The best solution of the difficulty was the establishment of an independent Belgian State. Charles deserves the credit of having seen this, nor must we fail to notice the one occasion on which, according to Mr. Gardiner, he spoke words worthy of an English king. He informed Richelieu that he was ready to concur in any step for the liberation of the provinces, but that he would not hear of the increase of Dutch or French territory at their expense. Unfortunately, however, neither Charles nor his advisers were competent to propose a settlement able to obtain the approval of other powers by a recognition of their prejudices or interests. The council arrived at the strange resolution to ask Philip to make over to Charles a large part of Flanders, to be held under the Spanish crown, and to offer the help of the English navy to convey the Spanish soldiers home. As well might the present government, before the breaking out of the war between Turkey and Russia, as a solution of the Eastern question, have asked the Porte to evacuate its territories in Europe in favour of English administrators and English troops. Spain would not abandon the Netherlands for the asking. Neither France nor Holland would suffer Flanders to be converted into an English dependency. But no scheme for the liberation of the provinces, however excellent in itself, could thrive in Charles's hands, for the simple reason that he was unable to follow up his words by acts. Negotiations opened with him by the revolutionary party in the Netherlands led to no result but that of strengthening the government at Brussels, to which they were betrayed by Charles's agent, Gerbier, a Catholic, and half a Spaniard by birth. The body of the population stood true to Spain, justly conceiving that in case of their revolt, for any help that Charles could render them, their country must fall under the dominion of Holland or of France.

For the space of a year after the death of Gustavus Charles negotiated both with the Swedes and the French for the restitution of the Palatinate, and with so much of success that in return for an inconsiderable sum of money the Swedes made over the fortresses that they held in the country to the uncle of Charles Lewis, the inheritor of the claims of his father, who died in the course of the previous year. There was no likelihood of Charles and Richelieu coming to terms. For while Charles spoke in strong language against the aggrandisement of France at the expense of the Spanish Netherlands, Richelieu would not stir a finger for the restitution of the Palatinate unless he could bind Charles down to assist him in his meditated attack by cutting off the supplies that reached Brussels from Madrid through Dunkirk. Under such circumstances Charles again took up the thread of his negotiations with Philip in the hope of effecting his object by the exertion of Spanish influence on the counsels of the emperor. Out of negotiations carried on in secret between, on the one side, Nicolalde, the Spanish ambassador, on the other Weston, lately created Earl of Portland, Cottingdon, and Windebank, the momentous project of raising the celebrated ship-money fleet first arose. By an alliance with Spain and the possession of a powerful navy Charles thought to effect two ends at once—recover the Palatinates for his nephew and preserve the Netherlands from falling a prey to France and Holland. Without an actual declaration of war, the Dutch were to be terrified into making peace with Spain, and in return Philip was to obtain from the emperor the restoration of the Lower Palatinate, and some settlement for the ultimate recovery of the Upper Palatinate and the electoral dignity. After weeks spent in discussion, definite terms of a league were sent to Spain for acceptance. A fleet of twenty vessels was to be put to sea by England, five of them at the charge of Philip. This fleet was to keep open the trade between England and Dunkirk, and, Charles's consent being given, convoy into Dunkirk Spanish

vessels bearing men and money. Finally, the Partition Treaty of 1631 was to be revived. In such light account was an English alliance at this time held that although a treaty between France and Holland for the partition of the Spanish Netherlands was concluded in January 1635, the Spaniards were in no haste to accept Charles's offers or give a penny towards the equipment of the fleet. They were too well acquainted with his diplomacy to believe that he would suffer himself to be drawn into war with Holland, which was the one material point to them. To keep him in good humour, however, Olivarez was content that the negotiations should drag on, and instructed Nicolalde on his side to press on the king the immediate signature of the treaty for the partition of Holland.

Meanwhile Charles found a way of raising a fleet without meeting a parliament by following a suggestion of his Attorney-General, Noy, that he should call on the port towns and other places lying along the seacoast to bear the charge. According to former precedents, indeed, the port towns had not been called upon to supply the king with ships except in time of war. England was now at profound peace, and on Charles, therefore, lay the burden of proving that there was some occasion which justified the adoption of such an unusual course. That he should make public his negotiations with Spain was out of the question. Even the desire of securing Dunkirk from falling into the hands of Richelieu could not make a Spanish alliance popular; while, had the nation been aware that the king was meditating to help the Spaniards in destroying the independence of Holland, the unpopularity of the government would have been redoubled, and the levy of ship-money from the first met with open opposition. Even his council Charles dared not let into the secret. 'Except the three ministers who had been treating with Nicolalde, there was probably not a single member of the council who would not have felt outraged by hearing that the proposed fleet was to take the part of Spain against the Dutch.' The ostensible reasons given, therefore, both to council and nation for setting forth the fleet were the suppression of piracy and the maintenance of the old claim of kings of England to the sovereignty of the seas.

Whether or not these grounds could be held to justify the imposition of an unparliamentary tax, there was no doubt that the insecurity of the seas was disgraceful to the government. St. George's and the English Channel were beset by armed vessels of which the crews, if not pirates by profession, made a right of search for contraband of war or letters of marque against the merchants of one nation their pretext for pillaging every bark that fell in their way. From early in June till late in September, privateers from Algiers infested the western coasts, where they waylaid fishing vessels returning from Newfoundland, and merchantmen plying between Bristol and Ireland. Boats found floating on the waves, bereft of sails, cables, goods, and men, first announced their presence, and gave warning to fishermen not to leave sight of land. For guard of the seas, the king maintained afloat during the summer months a little fleet of six vessels which were badly equipped, and so heavily built that the privateers, if sighted, easily outsailed them. The letters of Sir John Pennington, the admiral in the English Channel, abound with bitter complaints of his stores and of his vessels, 'which were not built as they should be, or like the merchant ships.' So little respect was paid to the neutrality of English waters that a fight between two foreign vessels within a harbour was no unfrequent sight.

The new fleet of twenty sail, fitted out at the charge of the port towns, put to sea in the spring of 1635 without any final agreement being come to with Spain, and without Charles having decided in his own mind whether he would maintain or break peace with his neighbours. He was undoubtedly playing a perilous game. His claim to the sovereignty of the seas implied not merely that the waters within any definite distance of the English coasts fell under the jurisdiction of the King of England, but that the entire sea extending from the shores of England to the shores of France and Holland was as completely under his dominion as the soil of England itself. The admiral of the fleet, the Earl of Lindsey, was instructed to permit no hostilities to take place in the narrow seas, and to compel by force, if necessary, all foreign vessels to strike their flags in recognition of Charles's claims. The first action of the fleet was to convoy twelve Spanish vessels laden with men and munitions of war into Dunkirk, the blockade of which Charles refused to recognise on the ground that it was a violation of his own rights. 'No harbours,' said Portland to the Dutch ambassador, 'can be blockaded in the British sea.' Lindsey afterwards sailed west with the object of meeting the combined Dutch and French fleets, which were coming up the Channel to take part in the blockade of Dunkirk. Collision was only avoided by the caution of Richelieu, who ordered their withdrawal to the coast of Spain. In England the desire had natur-

ally been intense to know from what quarter danger was expected. Not merely had Charles put a fleet to sea, but, as though there were probability of invasion, had caused the beacons on the hill-tops to be set in readiness to light at a moment's notice, and the musters to be held in every county. The general feeling at court was disappointment that Lindsey had not met with an enemy. Nothing whatever occurred that could justify the imposition of ship-money in the eyes of the nation. Even piracy was not suppressed. In the immediate neighbourhood of the fleet the sea was safe; elsewhere the pirate vessels drove their trade as boldly as in previous years.

At this time there was no longer any great cause at stake in the war that still raged in Germany. The question, in the settlement of which the interests of England were concerned, had already been decided for good. If at the price of the unity of Germany, yet the independence of the Protestant states had been secured. Henceforth the rival combatants fought merely to gain for themselves material advantages. Charles's motives, however, for interfering in the course of foreign politics were still the same so long as his very natural desire to see his nephew restored to his lands and dignities remained ungratified, while the temptation to interfere was stronger than it had ever been before, now that he had found means of maintaining a navy without seeking for assistance from Parliament. First in 1635, and then again in 1636, the imposition of ship-money was extended over the whole country; and each summer Charles had at his disposal a magnificent fleet of forty sail. We will not detain our readers long over the somewhat wearisome round of Charles's intrigues with one and another state during the years that ship-money was levied on both inland and maritime counties. For twelve months he negotiated at once with Richelieu and the emperor, with the aim of obtaining from one or other of them the restitution of the Palatinate, without entering into hostilities, in the one case with Spain, in the other with France. Eventually various causes induced him to accept terms of alliance with France, calculated to lead to a breach between England and Spain. The Spaniards had repulsed the French attack on the Netherlands in 1635, so that there was no longer any immediate danger of Louis obtaining possession of Dunkirk. When the emperor and the Elector of Saxony concluded a treaty at Prague, no regard had been paid to the claims of Charles's nephew; while the offers that the English ambassador, in his master's name, made at Vienna, received contemptuous rejection. Richelieu was as fully decided as the emperor to give nothing for nothing, but it was worth his while to humour Charles in order to prevent supplies from Madrid passing into Dunkirk under English protection. He now proposed that Charles should undertake to guard the coasts of England and France, lend no aid to Spain directly or indirectly, and put to sea fifteen ships under the command of his nephew. Louis, on his side, was to make no peace without assurance of the restitution of the Palatinate. A conference of the allies of France was to draw up terms of peace, and, in case of their rejection by the emperor, Charles was to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with France. Charles, confident in the possession of his fleet, was ready to run the risk of being involved in a maritime war with Spain, but not of meeting a parliament. To assure his position, he obtained the hands of the twelve judges to the celebrated opinion worded by himself, that when the kingdom was in danger, the king, who was sole judge of the danger and how it was to be avoided, could command his subjects to furnish ships, and compel them to do so in case of refusal. This opinion was made known to the country by a public reading in the Star Chamber; and a few days afterwards, in February 1637, Charles accepted the treaty proposed by Richelieu, and returned it to France for final ratification.

The step that Charles had taken was one that he alone was capable of taking. It required no small measure of blindness to the meaning of existing facts for him to suppose that he could take an active part in foreign affairs, and yet continue to make his will prevail at home. It was between the years 1634 and 1637 that Laud was alienating alike the religious and the irreligious mind of England; it was also during the same years that the council was making use of the letter of the law to raise money by means that left no class of society without its sore, while the imposition of ship-money, besides inflicting a heavy increase of taxation, revealed in an unmistakeable manner, which could leave no doubt on the minds even of the most moderate upholders of constitutional forms, that the king's intention henceforth was to rule quit of all responsibility to the country. To understand, however, how great Charles's infatuation was, it is well to go behind the scenes and know by what means the money was raised that enabled him to put to sea the fleet, the possession of which was tempting him on to the verge of war.

When Charles, in the spring of 1635, determined to impose ship-money on the inland counties, there was no question but that his claim to the money would be challenged. He was demanding a war tax in time of peace. He was refusing to take the nation into his counsel. It was no longer possible to suppose, as in the autumn of 1634, when the writs were sent out to the maritime counties, that there was some sudden danger impending over the country which might justify the levy of the money without consent of Parliament. For aught that men could tell, the tax was intended to be permanent.* When the Lord Keeper, Coventry, in his address to the judges before the summer assizes in 1635, gave the first public intimation of the king's intention, no fresh information was vouchsafed, but the demand for the money justified merely on the principle that where the safety of the whole kingdom was concerned, it was just that all should share the burden. Ship-money was assessed on real and personal property. In each county the sheriff, with the chief officers of the corporations, decided what proportion of the whole sum laid upon the county should be borne by each corporation; the remainder was then distributed by the sheriff between the different hundreds. The high and petty constables of each hundred had the further task of apportioning the charge between the different parishes, and afterwards of assessing individuals and collecting the tax. In order to give as little opening to resistance as possible, the wisest course for the government clearly was to strengthen, by all means in its power, the hands of the sheriffs. But Charles, in the hope of lessening discontent, wished to avoid innovation and to assure that the tax should be fairly assessed. While, therefore, making the sheriffs responsible for the collection of the money, he left comparatively little to their discretion. Thus instead of leaving them to divide the charge between the different hundreds according to their own judgment of their capabilities, the council instructed them to apportion it in the same proportion as the hundreds paid to the county rates, and, instead of accepting their decisions as definite, laid itself open to receive complaints against their assessments and those of their subordinates. It soon had work enough on its hands. The proportions paid by different hundreds to county rates were often far from equal. In Durham, for instance, the assessments were made after a book of rates of the time of Elizabeth, admitted to be 'exceedingly defective;' while in Wiltshire lands of equal goodness in different hundreds paid to the county rates two shillings and fourpence in the pound respectively. Sometimes a hundred paid in different proportions to different rates. Sometimes an outlying parish paid one rate with a corporation, another with the county. Such differences gave rise to endless disputes, all of which came before the council for settlement, and very much delayed the assessment and collection of the tax. Corporations claimed justice against the county, hundred against hundred, hamlet against hamlet, individuals against assessors. Without doubt dislike to paying the tax at all lay at the root of many of the complaints of unfairness of assessment; and it sometimes happened that opposition to the sheriff's orders was boldly based on the ground of their illegality. Thus two of the assessors of the parish of Stoke Newington in Oxfordshire informed the sheriff 'that no money had been or could be gathered in their parish until he made known to them some law or statute binding them thereto.' In October 1636, of the 3,500*l.* assessed upon the county, 1,600*l.* still remained unpaid. The spirit of opposition undoubtedly ran higher in Oxfordshire than in other counties. Situate in Bloxham Hundred, one of the most refractory, was Banbury, a town of such strong puritanical sentiment that according to the jest of the day men hanged their cats there on Monday for catching mice on Sunday; and about three miles south of Banbury stood Broughton Castle, the seat of the Puritan Lord Say, where, as the story went in after times, Pym, Hampden, Lord Brook, and Lord

* The amount of the tax, about 210,000*l.* a year, or 1,050,000*l.* of our money, was only a few hundred pounds higher than the amount that had occasionally been levied in subsidies in any given year; it was, however, much higher than the ordinary average of taxation. Mr. Gardiner remarks that it only exceeded by about 70,000*l.* the annual average of the amount levied in subsidies during the first four years of the reign. He should have stated what that average was, and thus let the reader know in what proportion taxation was heavier in 1636 than in 1628. The annual average of the first nine years of the reign (the subsidies collected being 612,387*l.*) was only 68,043*l.*, and this was very far from being exceptionally low, as two subsidies had been granted in 1625, and five subsidies in 1628. In case, therefore, of ship-money taking its place as a permanent tax, the direct taxation of the country would be increased by two-thirds. The amount may not have been more than the country could bear, but it was much more than the country was accustomed to bear. There is no doubt that even during the two years 1635–6, 1636–7, in many counties the tax was found a heavy burden by the lower classes. The cause lay in part in the mode of assessment. There was, moreover, a bad harvest in 1635, and a severe outbreak of plague in 1636 and 1637.

Say used to meet and conspire against the government. The sheriff of Lancashire paid in the whole sum at which his county was assessed, 3,500*l.*, before the end of December 1635. But if Oxfordshire was exceptionally refractory Lancashire was exceptionally submissive. Mr. Gardiner, we think, rather underestimates the amount of resistance offered. Assuredly in Devon, Essex, Dorset, Gloucestershire, Northamptonshire, Bucks, Warwickshire, and Derbyshire, the sheriff's office was no sinecure, and in numerous cases distresses had to be resorted to in order to get the money in at all.* After the issue of the third writs in October 1636, resistance, if it had before been local, threatened to become national. Again no enemy had approached the shores. A few pirate vessels were captured ; some two hundred Dutch boats in the North Sea compelled to buy fishing licenses in return for the very doubtful protection guaranteed them against Dunkirk privateers. But such results, contemptible in themselves compared with the size of the fleet and the flourish of trumpets with which it was set forth, were not calculated to make the country the more willing to bear a war expenditure or sacrifice the national liberties. Moderate constitutionalists felt as little at ease in submitting without protest to the new imposition, as partisans of the supremacy of Parliament. Charles himself had to hear unwonted language. The Earl of Danby represented to him that the new levies were repugnant to the fundamental laws of England. The Earl of Warwick, accused of encouraging his tenants to resist payment, replied that if his tenants were slow to pay, it was because they were old men accustomed to the mild government of Queen Elizabeth and King James, who would never bring themselves, at the end of their lives, to consent to so notable a prejudice to the liberties of the kingdom. Throughout the country resistance was more general and more violent than before. Hampden and Lord Say were both seeking to bring the question of the legality of the tax to a trial at law, and there was a general expectation that the tax would be declared illegal, and consequently all those concerned in levying it be liable to have lawsuits brought against them. Constables, beset with this fear, absolutely refused to execute warrants to distrain. It was to lay this uneasy spirit abroad that Charles obtained the declaration of the judges before referred to, which declared that the king had the right of levying the tax and compelling payment in case of refusal. The declaration, Mr. Gardiner observes, had its weight. Within six weeks from the time that it was made 45,000*l.* had been paid in ; yet from the reports of the sheriffs it would appear that this was due rather to the active measures taken to break down resistance than to belief on the part of the country that the judges' opinion was good law. The sheriff of Northampton complained that he had as much trouble as before in getting the constables to make assessments. The sheriff of Stafford found himself compelled to make distresses by hundreds, nor was his case an uncommon one.*

Were proof needed of what new growth was absolutism in England, there could be no stronger indication of the fact than this attempt made by the government to raise a largely increased taxation without having a centralised executive and an official class on which it could implicitly rely to carry out its orders. Charles had to employ as his agents country gentlemen and parish officers, who were actuated by exactly the same feelings as their neighbours against whom they had to act. The English sheriff, though the king's nominee, formed but a sorry substitute for the French intendant. And another point highly characteristic of Charles's government is that no single step was taken calculated to convert its agents into servants zealous in its cause. For all the time and trouble they gave to the business, for the expenses it entailed upon them, for the odium they incurred, they got nothing in return whatever. Sixpence out of every pound collected was allowed to those engaged in the assessment and collection of subsidies, to the assessors and collectors of ship-money not a farthing. The sheriff of Salop encouraged his collectors by intimating that they would be allowed sixpence in the pound. The council at once corrected him ; no such allowance was to be expected or had been granted in any county. The case of the sheriff was as hard as that of the constable. Even when the county made no difficulty in paying the tax, he had to expend considerable sums in the service ; when it was refractory, his expenses might amount to several hundred pounds.† The pecuniary, however, was not the only burden thrown upon him. He had in addition the difficult task of steering clear between two dangers—of incurring,

* State Papers, Dom. Cal. 1635, 478, 537, 544 ; 1635–6, 396, 409 ; 1636–7, 102, 113, 150, 155.

* State Papers, Dom. Cal. 1636–7, 406, 471, 493, 501, 510, 526, 566.

† Cal. 1635–6, 168 ; 1636–7, 128, 157.

on the one hand, the odium of his friends and acquaintances; on the other, the king's displeasure. The position, indeed, was most invidious. If the sheriff tried to keep fair with the county, he was sharply rebuked by the council because the money was not paid in; if he dealt in a high-handed manner with the county, he was subject to have complaints preferred against him, his decisions overruled, possibly to have to make up deficiencies out of his own pocket, or even see a commission appointed to make public enquiry into his conduct. The office naturally became detested, and all connexion with the ship-money business disliked. The desire of Charles to cause the tax to be equitably assessed can only merit praise; at the same time the little care that he took to interest his officers in the success of his government forms additional evidence of his incapacity as a ruler and blindness to the danger attending the endeavour to force his will upon the country, in defiance at once of material interests and time-honoured political rights.

No doubt Charles did succeed in breaking the neck of resistance. Defaulters of every kind and rank, sheriffs and mayors held to be slack at their work, constables who would not assess, any who attempted to rescue distresses or used violence towards collectors, were summoned to London, rebuked in the king's presence, possibly by the king in person, and not suffered to leave prison or a messenger's custody until they had paid fees, made a humble submission, and promised conformity for the future. The whole sum demanded, with the exception of a few thousand pounds, was each year gathered in. Yet at this moment of apparent success, when Charles deemed that his authority rested on a sufficiently firm basis for him to engage in foreign wars without fear of a parliament before his eyes, the truth was that his authority rested on no support whatever save some poor remainder of the strong ties which in former times knit together the hearts of king and subjects, and the strong conservative instinct of the country, which made it loth to dispute the king's commands except under legal forms, even when these forms were converted into instruments of the royal will. Of Charles's ministers and courtiers few shared his delusion. Those who desired the meeting of Parliament rejoiced over his acceptance of the French alliance; those who feared its meeting trembled. The isolation of his position may be judged by Mr. Gardiner's statement that alone amongst his subjects Wentworth both foresaw the danger and desired to avert it. In a powerfully written state paper Wentworth laid before him the conditions under which it alone was possible for him to vindicate his throne 'from under the conditions and restraints of subjects.' The paper, Mr. Gardiner writes,

> 'needs no interpreter to explain its meaning. It is the old story of a beneficent despotism —of the monarch who is to cast all personal affections, all dynastic entanglements, aside in order that he may establish a power which he may use for his people's good. . . . . It is not likely that with Wentworth's feeling of dislike towards France there was in him any conscious imitation of Richelieu. But there may well have been an unconscious tendency to aim by the same means at the ends at which Richelieu was aiming. England may well be proud of possessing in Wentworth a nobler statesman than Richelieu, of the type to which the great cardinal belonged. He was more solicitous for the internal welfare of his country than Richelieu was, less solicitous for its external greatness. The prosperity of the poor, of the weak, of all who had none to help them, held a larger place in his imagination.'

Mr. Gardiner's judgment of Wentworth's character is singularly favourable for an historian of liberal views to adopt. It appears to us more favourable than is warranted by Wentworth's policy, words, or acts. As Mr. Gardiner shows, there is no doubt that Wentworth, in seeking the establishment of despotic government in England, intended to advance the prosperity of the people, and secure them against being tyrannised over by the nobility and gentry; but this fact by itself does not raise him to the rank of a noble and high-minded statesman, with a claim to the gratitude and respect of posterity. Belief in the virtue of absolute monarchy was not in his case produced by constant witness of oppression of the lower classes, consequent on the political rights of the upper. The place where public spirit was lacking and self-seeking rampant was the king's council, not the Houses of Parliament. Whatever social abuses required reform in 1630 required reform also in 1628, when Wentworth spoke in defence of constitutional liberty; and it would be hard to show that, so far as the suppression of these was concerned, his hands would have been less free had Parliament continued to meet. France may be proud of Richelieu because, as Mr. Gardiner says, he delivered her from the tyranny of a self-seeking nobility, aiming solely at enriching themselves at the public expense. But England has no like cause to be proud of Wentworth who gave her over to be preyed upon at

will by the king, without having adequate return to offer. It may fairly be argued, that for Ireland, the only alternatives open were absolute monarchy or anarchy: but here again the judgment we pass on Wentworth's policy can be no less severe, for to it were immediately due the rebellion of 1641 and the subsequent miseries that fell upon the island. He sought to strengthen the royal power and provide for the settlement of the country by an odious system of robbery, fraud, and violence. The standard of political morality was, it is true, low, but before Wentworth, English statesmen had at least required that their measures should carry with them some appearance of moderation and right. With Wentworth falsehood and truth, justice and injustice, were entirely subordinate to political interests, or perhaps it would be truer to say, that, when any interest of the Crown was at stake, he had no perception of any difference between them. It is impossible to arrive at a just estimate of a statesman's character by abstracting from his policy the end put forward to serve as its moral justification, and judging him by this alone. We cannot agree with Mr. Lecky, who, in his last work, applies the epithet 'wicked' to Strafford. We cannot agree with Dr. Moseley, who, in the eloquent essays which have just been republished, would raise Strafford and Laud to a high pitch of patriotism and statesmanship. Their statesmanship brought them, not unjustly, to the scaffold. Mr. Gardiner takes a middle course. He gives them credit for honourable motives and a mistaken zeal in the service of the Crown; but he does not forget that the lesson of their failure and their fall rendered a lasting service to the liberties of England.

Art. IV.—1. *Tent Work in Palestine.* A Record of Discovery and Adventure. By Claude Regnier Conder, R.E., Officer in command of the Survey Expedition. Published for the Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund. 2 volumes. London: 1878.

2. *The Temples of the Jews and the other Buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem.* By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. London: 1878.

The interest with which Lieutenant Conder's volumes must be read by all who take them up will not be confined to any one class of readers. They are full of information for the historian and the archæologist, for the lovers of natural beauty and the lovers of adventure; and of all such there are few probably who will rise from the perusal of this work without a feeling of gratitude to the scanty band of explorers who have performed with untiring energy a task beset with difficulty and danger. The perils thus faced were caused sometimes by the fanaticism of the people; but those which arose from the climate were both more constant and more formidable. In spite of all hindrances the results achieved are highly satisfactory. In no field of inquiry was there greater reason to dread the multiplication of theories and hypotheses; and by no explorers has the temptation to multiply them been more steadily resisted than by the officers of the surveying expedition sent to Palestine. It is true that in the volumes before us we have simply Lieutenant Conder's personal history of his own work and that of his colleagues. The Exploration Committee wisely decline to be responsible collectively for the conclusions of any of their officers. But their official sanction will be given to the great map exhibiting the complete result of the survey and to the elaborate memoir by which each of its twenty-six sheets will be illustrated. The enterprise which the Palestine Exploration Society has thus far carried on with signal success is in the highest degree honourable to the members of that body, and to the officers they have employed, and to the British nation. It has given a fresh and lively interest to the oldest records and the most sacred traditions of our race, for nothing in history is so astonishing as the influence which the wild inhabitants of these rough valleys and burning plains have had on the religions of the modern world. The books of Samuel and of Kings acquire an intense reality as we trace step by step in Lieutenant Conder's narrative every locality known in the Jewish annals, and the authenticity of the Old and New Testaments is never more fully established than by a comparison with the sites they describe. Readers who have followed Dean Stanley through his chapters on Sinai and Palestine will find here descriptions, scarcely less vivid than his, of many scenes which the Dean could not visit or to which he could give little attention. It is in truth a land the greater part of which may be swept by the eye from its more commanding peaks; and it may be doubted whether the twin ranges of Lebanon can furnish a view so vast in its expanse as that which is spread out before the traveller from the summit of Hermon.

Stretching to Carmel and Tabor, eighty miles away, to the south, it displays to the west and north the golden sea and mighty masses of mountains even more majestic than itself, and to the east the brown and desolate plain broken only in the distance by the intense verdure of the oasis of Damascus. Words must fail to do justice to such a scene as this when at sundown it clothes itself with excess of splendour in the transparent air of Syria.

'The sun began to set, a deep ruby flush came over all the scene, and warm purple shadows crept slowly on. The Sea of Galilee was lit up with a delicate greenish-yellow hue, between its dim walls of hill. The flush died out in a few minutes, and a pale steel-coloured shade succeeded, although to us, at a height of 9,150 feet, the sun was still visible, and the rocks around us still ruddy. A long pyramidal shadow slid down to the eastern foot of Hermon and crept across the great plain; Damascus was swallowed up by it, and finally the pointed end of the shadow stood out distinctly against the sky, a dusky cone of dull colour against the flush of the after-glow. It was the shadow of the mountain itself, stretching away for seventy miles across the plain—the most marvellous shadow perhaps to be seen anywhere.' (Vol. i. p. 264.)

At the least it would be not less striking than the solemn veil which the peak of Athos throws across wellnigh fifty miles of sea over the island of Lemnos, or the expanse of darkness which is spread by the mightier mass of Teneriffe upon the solitary ocean. But scenes such as these are not to be met with commonly in Palestine, which, as a whole and in its present state, is not a cheerful-looking country; and Mr. Conder is right in presenting to us both the land and its inhabitants as they are, and not as a picture taken in some highly-favoured spots might lead us to imagine them. There is indeed much to interest us everywhere; but of actual beauty there is commonly a great lack. Not a little of the country is gloomy and repulsive, and Jerusalem is a very ugly city. But none the less the country, its cities, and its villages have a charm which they cannot lose, and which may be heightened if happier times should yet be in store for them. The very hewers of wood and drawers of water furnish subjects for curious speculation, and the scanty remnants of some old communities stir up perplexing questions in the history of the chosen people. Have we still in the Fellahin the descendants of the Canaanitish tribes whom the swords of Joshua and his followers failed to exterminate? and in the Samaritans of Schechem do we still see the survivors of the ancient stock which set up its schismatical worship on Mount Gerizim? Mr. Conder is inclined to answer both these questions is the affirmative, and he regards the language of the peasantry as still substantially Aramaic with a large infusion of Arabic words. The genuineness of the Samaritan claims he accepts on the grounds partly of the strong physical likeness between Samaritans and Jews, partly of religious usage and belief, and in part also of statements in the Old Testament. The historical books, it is true, are far from giving countenance to the absurd dreams which discover the lost tribes in Irishmen or in North American Indians; but on the other hand they scarcely warrant the conclusion that the great catastrophe in the days of Hoshea left the main bulk of the population untouched, the nobles and chief men only being carried away. This is practically what is said of Judea after the overthrow of the Jewish monarchy by Nebuchadnezzar; but with regard to Samaria the words are explicit that Israel in a body was carried away captive, and a strange population from Babylon and many other cities introduced in their stead. Nor does the story that an Israelitish priest was sent to this motley people to teach them the manner of the God of the land tell much in favour of the notion that his services were needed for those of the Israelites who had not been hurried away from their homes. It would rather be decisive the other way. The strictly local religion which led the Philistines to see in the ark of the covenant 'the gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues in the wilderness' led the Syrian newcomers to dread the action of the deity or deities presiding over their new homes, and to ask the ministrations of a priest acquainted with the special method of propitiating them. Still less can we infer with Mr. Conder that the Assyrian conqueror would seem to have left a certain proportion of the Israelites behind him, 'as we find Hezekiah sending messengers through the country of Ephraim and Manasseh, inviting Israelites to the Passover which might not be eaten by strangers, and as some actually attended it.' The fact that this invitation was sent is mentioned only in the books of Chronicles; but we are at the same time told not less carefully that the passover to which they were thus summoned was celebrated in the first year of Hezekiah's reign, and six years therefore before the overthrow of the Israelitish kingdom. Nor can the contempt with which the message was treated be explained on any other supposition than that the people of Samaria had thus far no reason to look with less jealous eyes on the spiritual claims set

forth by the priests of the rival kingdom. But although Mr. Conder's conclusion has no direct warrant from the language of the books of Kings or Chronicles, we cannot forget the tendency of the Eastern mind to represent the ruin of many as the ruin of all, and to exaggerate especially the misfortunes of enemies. Hence the chronicler who would be careful to tell us that the countryfolk of Judæa were left in their old homes would for the same reason assure us that from Samaria the whole population had been swept away in a mass. These Anastases, as Herodotus calls them, were probably never effected thus systematically; and we may in this instance fairly note the fact that shortly after the fall of Jerusalem before the hosts of Nebuchadnezzar some fourscore men are said to have come from Samaria, with clothes rent and with offerings and incense in their hands, to bring them to the house of the Lord. This, beyond doubt, is a confession that these men, whoever they were, looked upon themselves as allied in religion and therefore by blood with the subjects of Zedekiah, a confession which stirred up the fanatical wrath of Ishmael, who, having as a patriot murdered the governor appointed by Nebuchadnezzar, showed his religious zeal by treacherously slaying these men also. Nor are we justified in setting aside as worthless the Samaritan tradition that the exiles restored to Palestine by the order of Cyrus were not confined to the house of Judah, that the Israelites and Jews formed themselves into one body at Horan before they crossed the borders of the Holy Land, that here they quarrelled as to the site of the future temple, and that, while Zerubbabel with his followers went off to Jerusalem, the rest of the congregation, 300,000 in all, were led to Gerizim, where they placed their sanctuary. This resolution, we are further told, was determined by the fact that when the Jews sought the sanction of Darius for rebuilding the temple on Mount Moriah, the Samaritans urged a counterclaim for Gerizim, that in order to settle the question copies of the law made by Sanballat and Zerubbabel were thrown into a large fire, and that while the copy written by the latter was at once burnt, that of the former thrice leaped out unhurt. It would be strange, if true, that this fire-tried manuscript is now the property of a poor widow in Jerusalem, and that it has made the journey to this country, where it failed to obtain the sum asked as its price, 1,000*l*. It is scarcely less surprising to hear that the Samaritan community, which, according to their own records, occupied in the seventh century the whole of Palestine except the Judean hills, and has had its synagogues in Rome, Cairo, and Damascus, should now be confined to the town of Nablous, where Jewish hatred has made the Greek name Neapolis triumph over the ancient Schechem, and that here they have dwindled down almost to nothing. In 1872, we are told, they numbered only 135, eighty of these being males. 'The Moslems say that this number is never exceeded, and that one of the eighty dies as soon as a child is born.' (Vol. i. p. 54.) In other towns, Mr. Conder says, they appear to have become extinct about the year 1820 (vol. i. p. 46); but a tradition affirming their simultaneous disappearance from many places would be scarcely less suspicious than the Moslem notion which gets rid of one of eighty males on the birth of every boy. But, whatever be the rate of decay, it seems to be in great part the result of intermarriage and of an exclusiveness which absolutely cuts off all infusion of new blood. Perhaps for this very reason the likeness of Samaritans to Jews is rendered still more striking. Mr. Conder notes the beauty of their priestly family as being especially remarkable, and the contrast of the lean and weedy figures both of Samaritans and Palestinian Jews 'with the obesity of the Turks and the sturdiness of the peasantry.' But during the whole Christian era Jews and Samaritans have probably never intermarried, and the singularly strong likeness still existing between them tells much in favour of the conclusion that both spring from the same stock.

The Samaritans, it would seem, must soon become a people of the past; and perhaps, before they have altogether disappeared, some controversies relating to places or buildings in Palestine may have been set at rest. But, for the present, Mr. Conder's chapter on the temple at Jerusalem is far more important than his account of Gerizim and its sanctuary. Here we cannot too strongly approve his method of procedure, in which actual observation and measurement of sites and buildings, as they exist, precede all reference to tradition and the statements of ancient writers. To these he applies a canon on which we laid great stress when speaking of the topography of Jerusalem eighteen years ago.* The measurements of Josephus are only approximate; and at Cæsarea, for instance, they are for some parts inaccurate, and in one case impossible. These, however, are matters in which a truthful man may be mis-

* No. ccxxviii. October 1860, p. 224.

taken, and in a multitude of figures numbers may even unwittingly be altered by a copyist; but Mr. Conder is unquestionably right in saying that 'general position and arrangement we must accept, unless we condemn the author as thoroughly untrustworthy.' Now, Josephus (and here the Talmudic writers are in accord with him) asserts that the Temple stood on the top of the hill on which it was built, and that this summit was at first scarcely large enough for the Holy House and the Altar. The enlargement of the space and the multiplication of buildings around the sanctuary were the result of scarping and levelling carried on for many generations. It is, therefore, absurd to suppose that when the temple of Solomon was first built any portion of the hill-top remained unoccupied. Consequently no level was higher than that of the altar and the sanctuary; and therefore this statement of Josephus is 'the proper starting-point for any reconstructive plan of the Temple and its courts' (vol. i. p. 357). But the top of the Temple hill is, beyond question, the Sakhrah rock, from which the mountain slopes down on all sides. At the Sakhrah, therefore, adds Mr. Conder, Josephus places the Holy House; and here also, if it were needful to note the fact, it is placed by Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan tradition. The first step, therefore, must be to ascertain the several levels as they are found now, and then to compare them with the levels as described or given in Josephus and the Talmudic Middoth. This task is, indeed, of crucial importance. Restorations of the Temple and its site have been attempted without these precautions, and the result has been only to let out the waters of strife. Starting from the statement of Josephus, that Solomon's building was on the very summit of the hill, we reach conclusions which, in Mr. Conder's words, are not merely satisfactory but exact:—'The various levels of the courts we know from the writings of Maimonides; they agree to a foot with those of the rock round the Sakhrah; but only in this position is it possible to make them agree; in any other, we are obliged to suppose gigantic masonry foundations which are not mentioned by the writer who says the Temple was built on the highest part of the hill, and of which not a trace has been found inside the Haram.' (Vol. i. p. 359.)

The level of the top of the Sakhrah above that of the Mediterranean is 2,440 feet. If this be taken as the level of the floor of the Holy House, the level of the Altar Court should be 2,432 feet, the cubit being taken at 16 inches. The length of the cubit is, indeed, a disputed point; but the reasons which Mr. Conder gives for regarding the cubit of 16 inches as the standard of measurement adopted by Solomon (vol. i. p. 358) seem to be not merely forcible, but conclusive. It surely cannot be accidental that the Court of the Women should by this standard be on a level of 2,418.6, and that the rock, as it is now, should be lower than 2,419 over a considerable area. By this measurement the gates north and south of the Temple led down to a level about 2,425, the level actually exhibited by the rock in their immediate neighbourhood. Mr. Conder gives other examples, and then confesses that lack of space forbids his going into further detail. We have even less space at our command; but we may say with him that these facts speak for themselves.

> 'We see the Holy House in its natural and traditional position on the top of the mountain; we see the courts descending on either side according to the present slopes of the hill; we find the great rock-galleries dropping naturally into their right places; and finally we see the Temple, by the immutability of Oriental custom, still a temple, and the site of the great altar still consecrated by the beautiful little Chapel of the Chain. Push the Temple a little to the north or south, and the levels cease to agree; lengthen the cubit to the Egyptian standard of twenty-one inches, and the exactitude of the adaptation is at once destroyed.' (Conder, vol. i. p. 361.)

Unless all these facts and the conclusions drawn from them are to be swept aside summarily as worthless, it is simply incredible that the Sakhrah should lie far beyond the original area of Solomon's temple; that it should be, indeed, the very spot where his body was laid, the place which David chose as his sepulchre, and which was used as the burying-place of his successors; that in the course of ages its ancient purpose was forgotten, and the rock became a place for the burying, not of kings, but of malefactors; that the area of the rock was converted into a place of execution; that here the body of Christ himself reposed after the crucifixion, and that over it, therefore, was raised the magnificent structure which attested the piety of Constantine. In other words, no room is left for any one of the positions advanced by Mr. Fergusson more than thirty years ago in his 'Ancient Topography of Jerusalem,' and put forward again in his article 'Jerusalem' in the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' in his little work on the Holy Sepulchre and the Temple at Jerusalem in 1865, and lastly in the sumptuous volume in which he now delivers his final verdict after a

personal examination of the site and the structures raised upon it.

We have carefully considered these theories long ago in an article to which we have already made reference ; and so satisfied are we of the correctness of the facts there stated and the arguments based upon them, that we feel as little called upon to scrutinise his present volume as we were to answer his ' Notes on the Holy Sepulchre,' which were designed to be a complete and humiliating refutation of all that we had said. As an architectural critic, Mr. Fergusson has won himself a great name : we are far from wishing to tarnish it or to dim its brightness. But except on the hypothesis that he is altogether right, and that all who differ from him must be wholly wrong, no course is left open to those who are not prepared to submit to his dictation except to protest against both his method and its results. In such a case as this compliments and eulogies are out of place, and assuredly Mr. Fergusson needs neither from us. In his reply to our reasons for declining to allow that the building called the Mosque of Omar is the actual structure raised by Constantine over the sepulchre of Christ, Mr. Fergusson spoke of us as absolutely incompetent to pronounce any opinion in matters connected with architectural and historical evidence ; and he may therefore regret that his ' History of Architecture ' nowhere met with a warmer appreciation than that which it received at our hands. To be praised by one whose judgment is beneath contempt may well be thought a greater trial than the deliberate censure of a judge whose wisdom cannot be questioned ; but, without wasting more words, we may say at once that we have a simple task before us, and that we purpose to perform this task without attempting to depreciate Mr. Fergusson's worth, or to propitiate him with eulogies on his genius, which has never been called into question, or on the learning which no one has ever denied to him. But the history of the world has not shown thus far that men of genius and learning are to be implicitly trusted and blindly followed, especially when they move aside out of the region within which they have acquired their well-deserved reputation ; and the title on which Mr. Fergusson demands not merely our attention, but our assent, is one which we cannot admit without forfeiting our freedom both of thought and speech. He has examined so many buildings in so many countries, and he is so impressed with the orderly and unbroken growth which seems to have marked the sequence of styles in all of them, that he looks on the knowledge so acquired as an instrument enabling him to dispense with those aids on which he has been obliged in earlier days more or less to rely. In judging of styles generally he has been helped by the vast stores of information on all kindred subjects brought together by historians ; and with regard to many, especially in the most important countries of the ancient and modern world, he has had the benefit of a huge mass of documentary evidence often of the minutest kind, determining not merely the date of a building, but the names of the architects and the costs of its erection. He has at the same time learned by a strictly historical process, that in these countries, down to a comparatively recent age, there has been no merely imitative work ; that the annals of architecture exhibit only a natural development, not the adoption of arbitrary and fanciful forms. Having advanced thus far, he has been carried away by the confidence naturally awakened by the possession of an immense apparatus, and he sees no reason why he should not lay claim to a dictatorship to which no one can advance a title more legitimate than his own. Until men made a muddle of everything after the Renaissance, the architecture of all countries showed, he thinks, only the phases rendered necessary by the systematic working out of general laws and principles. What is, therefore, to hinder him from determining the age and the purpose of any structure ? Without a shadow of misgiving that, though his position may be generally true, such calculations may yet be vitiated by some rare exceptions, he looks upon any who may urge the need of caution with mingled feelings of indignation and contempt. To these feelings he has all along given a pretty free utterance ; and we have already felt bound to say that they are absolutely without justification. We all know what came of that semi-divining power which Niebuhr thought that he had attained after years spent in the most laborious historical research. The complicated fabric which he raised with infinite pains soon fell, and fell merely because his theories rested on materials obtained from untrustworthy sources. From a mass of non-contemporary documents he felt himself warranted in reconstructing a genuine contemporary history. Mr. Fergusson claims to give his judgment in matters trenching on history without any documents at all, or in the teeth of such documents as may still be found ; nor does he hesitate to ascribe culpable heedlessness or wilful fraud to writers with whose statements he cannot conveniently deal. Is he not bound to do so when

he knows that he is right, and that therefore they must be wrong? There is nothing mysterious about the matter. If other men's eyes were open as his own, they would see the things which with him blaze as in the light of noonday. They need, in fact, nothing more than that power of discriminating styles which is possessed now by 'any well-educated school-girl,' and this power may be exercised without the least hesitation in the case of any building not erected since the Reformation in Europe, because before that event the world had never seen any of those imitative or 'monkey styles' which have set all law at defiance. The proving of a negative is usually held to be no easy task; and before his position can be made good, Mr. Fergusson would have to deal with some facts duly noticed in his own 'History of Architecture.' No one knows better than himself that the genuine Roman style was that of the round arch, but that Romans also ran after foreign fashions, and in their idolatry of Greek forms either discarded their own, or jumbled together the architecture of the arch and the entablature. It would be a rash thing to say that this interrupted growth and these abnormal changes would carry with them no difficulty, if the works of all Greek and Roman historians, and indeed if all Greek and Roman literature, had perished utterly. Mr. Fergusson is thus rash or bold, and has no doubt that if all the books and records of the United Kingdom were lost irretrievably, thousands or hundreds would still be able to determine, within twenty or at the least fifty years, 'the age of any part of any of our great churches, with absolute certainty, and no one would dispute the conclusions so arrived at.' This is, perhaps, going much too fast. We have an uncomfortable feeling that things are not quite so plain and easy as Mr. Fergusson takes them to be, and that there is by no means this absolute harmony amongst students of architecture and archæology as to the dates even of English, French, or German buildings, where the documentary evidence either is lacking or seems to lie open to suspicion. But Mr. Fergusson can brook no opposition. If he sees cause for asserting that a building exists which a chronicler says has been destroyed, so much the worse for the chronicler. He must be some lying monk, and lying monks were always ready to say that a building had been burnt or levelled with the ground, and 'rebuilt in the next few years by some abbot or prior without money or means of any sort.'

The way is thus cleared for dealing with one at least of the celebrated churches of the Holy Land. The evidence of his eyes convinced Mr. Fergusson in a moment, when more than thirty years ago he first saw the drawings of Mr. Catherwood, that Constantine had no more to do with the church which now passes as that of the Holy Sepulchre than he had with the building of Westminster Abbey, and that the dome of the Rock, more familiarly known as the Mosque of Omar, is the very church built by the pious emperor over the scene of the entombment and the resurrection. It follows of necessity that our written histories tell us only lies when they say that the Church of the Sepulchre has undergone not merely defacement but destruction, for is not that edifice still before us virtually uninjured? The lying chroniclers, according to Mr. Fergusson, assure us that after the entire destruction of the churches of Constantine and Justinian by the Persian Khosrn 'a monk, Modestus, without money or means, in a time of the deepest depression of the Church of Jerusalem, rebuilt and restored to their original splendour, in a very short time, what had taken all the power and all the wealth of these great emperors to accomplish during many years of continuous prosperity.' We cannot say that we have found this story or anything like it in any histories or chronicles which we have ever come across; but, whatever the tale may be, it must be set aside, because the architecture of the place leads Mr. Fergusson to a very different conclusion, and would bring all others to the same goal, if they were not ignorant, or interested, or disingenuous, or knowingly false. Thus we are told that when his theories were first propounded 'in a language of which the rest of his countrymen were ignorant,' they were opposed by some 'who unfortunately were deeply interested in discrediting both the interpretation and its author.' He was assailed, as he will have it, in this Review and elsewhere, by would-be critics who were wholly incompetent for the task; and unluckily he was opposed also by the only man who, in this country, 'was qualified, both by his knowledge of architecture and of the authorities, to give a decided opinion on the subject.' This solitary judge was Professor Willis; but Professor Willis 'had committed himself publicly to the authenticity of the Sepulchre in the town before my theory was published, and it would be demanding a little too much from human nature to ask anyone in his position to confess the error of his ways and to admit the success of his rival.' Mr. Lewin, again, was on the other side; but then Mr. Lewin, though fairly acquainted with Greek and Latin literature, knew nothing whatever of architecture.

Count de Vogüé was at home in both ; but either ' his opinions are biassed by sincere devotion to his infallible Church,' or he reasons after a fashion which to Mr. Fergusson is wholly unintelligible. From Dr. Robinson he expected better things ; but Dr. Robinson was among the first to ' turn upon ' him, and even the Protestant feeling of his countrymen, especially of those north of the Tweed, would not be evoked by ' the clamour of the High Church party in defence of the traditions invalidated by ' these new discoveries.'

This is all sadly inconclusive and very unworthy of Mr. Fergusson. Opposition so general might almost have led him to think that possibly all was not quite right with his theory ; but direct imputations of dishonourable motives (and the wilful suppression of known facts is strictly dishonourable) should not be made without good warrant and the production of ample evidence. Dr. Williams may believe that Constantine laid the foundations of the present Church of the Sepulchre over the spot where the body of Christ was laid ; but his history of the edifice is wholly unaffected by this belief, and has in fact nothing to do with it. Nor do we see why, if the evidence for Mr. Fergusson's notions be so overwhelming, Professor Willis should not have been expected to acknowledge himself candidly in the wrong. As we were ready eighteen years ago, so we are ready still to admit our error, when, instead of dwelling only on the difficulties of the other side, Mr. Fergusson shall have dealt with and removed the more gigantic difficulties which beset his own. That we have done him any injustice, or that we have treated him with any lack of respect and consideration, we altogether deny ; but we have never thought, nor do we think now, of owning ourselves in the wrong, until Mr. Fergusson has grappled with these difficulties severally and laid aside all pretence of deciding the question by appeals to evidence which he holds that we are incapable of discerning, or by the plea that he is speaking ' to those who fail to understand the language in which they are addressed.'

If we cannot see by what road Mr. Fergusson would have us advance, or if we fail to perceive that there is any road, we cannot shut our eyes to the extreme clearness of his conclusions. Constantine, he maintains, built his Basilica, which has been destroyed, and the Anastasis (or the Church of the Resurrection) close to and over the Sakhrah. Of this there is no doubt ; and all the stories of Khosru, Modestus, and others are mere falsehoods. The real blow was dealt, not by the Persian king, but by the Egyptian caliph, Hakem, in the eleventh century ; and when the Crusaders entered Jerusalem not many years later, they were led to a sepulchre on another hill without the faintest suspicion that they were being cheated into belief of a lie. Between the departure of Hakem and the entry of Godfrey and his Crusaders into the sacred city, the Christian priests had agreed to build a new church over a new sepulchre. They could not, it would seem, help themselves, although Mr. Fergusson has little hope that the history of the transaction will ever be elucidated (Preface, p. x.). It is, however, a matter of not the least consequence. If Constantine built the Dome of the Rock, the fact of the transfer is beyond question, and the motive is scarcely less clear. ' It was done because it had become absolutely necessary from the position of the Christians in Jerusalem in the eleventh century. They were forcibly dispossessed of their own church on the eastern hill, and they of necessity erected one on the only available site of the western hill, and there, in consequence, we now find it. It may be unfortunate that this should be so, but I can see no reason why the fact should not be acknowledged if it can be proved.'

This is all very wonderful, but there are more wonders behind. The body of the Redeemer had been laid in the sepulchre of the Jewish kings ; but, however it may have been in the days of the Apostles, the Christians of Constantine's age had imbibed so violent a dislike of all associations connected with the Old Testament that they resolved on transferring the site of the royal tombs to the western hill, where, it is implied, some graves existed already. This transference was as successfully accomplished as the later one, and Jews and Mohammedans were alike convinced that the bones of the great kings of Judah reposed on the hill to which, by the irony of fate, the Christians themselves were constrained to resort in the day of their trouble. If we ask why we are to believe all this, Mr. Fergusson placidly repeats his claim to our credence because he has no doubt that the Khubbet-es-Sakhrah is the work of Constantine, and he must be right since he knows so much about architecture. Our only rejoinder to this can be that we feel a natural repugnance to taking leaps in the dark, and that assuredly we cannot do so unless we have thorough confidence in our guide. It is scarcely more difficult to believe that Constantine built the Mosque of Omar than to believe that Stonehenge and Silbury are the work of the age which in-

tervened between the withdrawal of the Roman legions from Britain and the landing of Cerdic and his followers. On this point we have nothing to add to what we have already said * in our remarks on Mr. Fergusson's 'Rude Stone Monuments;' but the pertinacity with which he reoccupies positions from which in all eyes but his own he would seem to have been dislodged compels us to insist once more on the enormous strain which he puts upon our powers of faith without any apparent consciousness that he is taxing them at all.

It would be ungracious and even churlish thus to stir up the slumbering ashes of buried paradoxes and absurdities, were it not that we are again invited by Mr. Fergusson to accept on his authority alone not a few statements as strange and as startling as his theory of the Buddhists and the palæolithic monuments. We frankly confess ourselves to be amongst the number of his readers 'who fail to understand the language in which they are addressed;' and as it is impossible for us to follow him unless we feel that we can trust him as a guide, we have no option but to test his claim, as best we may, by all that we may know of him in the past. Briefly, then, we have first Mr. Fergusson's theory that the so-called Mosque of Omar is the round church or building raised by Constantine over the Holy Sepulchre which had been unearthed by his orders; that this sepulchre immediately adjoined the place of public execution, and was, in fact, included in it; that the place thus devoted to the burial of malefactors was also the burying-place of David and his successors; that the Temple, therefore, as standing on the same hill which contained this sepulchre, is the veritable Sion or City of David, and that this name was never applied to the western hill until the Christians, in their hatred of Jewish associations, asserted that the kings of Judah had been buried on the western hill, and were blindly believed by the Jews. This being his theory, we have next Mr. Fergusson's assertion that it is in perfect agreement with the records of the Old Testament and the New, and, in fact, explains them all, while every other theory must be more or less at variance with them. This is a statement which may surely be tested by a reference to the Gospels and to the historical books of the Old Testament; and it is obvious that if we are incompetent to judge whether between those records and the words of Mr. Fergusson there is or is not a manifest contradiction, all discussion is useless, and human speech has no more significance than the inarticulate mutterings of beasts. We take, then, the following sentences as crucial:—

'At such a distance of time, and in a place which has undergone such vicissitudes, any tradition that may attach to any particular locality must be received with extreme caution; but it is curious to find that Solomon's sepulchre is still pointed out under the Dome of the Rock on the north side of the Sakhra, and is so marked on the Ordnance Survey. If the sepulchre of Solomon, however, is found here, *a fortiori* we ought to expect to find that of David also. Fortunately, however, as just pointed out, the Bible is too explicit about the identity of Zion and the city of David, and it is equally emphatic that his sepulchre was in the City of David. All this, indeed, was so well known that it became indispensable, when the name Zion was in Christian times transferred to the western hill, that the sepulchres should go there also. In a more critical age the sepulchres of the other kings would have gone with that of David; but as the evidence is not so direct that Solomon and his successors were buried in Zion, their tombs were left where, as I have just pointed out, I believe they are now to be found.' (P. 57.)

When Mr. Fergusson is wishing to disprove the genuineness of a particular site, he sets very little store on the names by which it may chance to be known; but here, where his purpose is to show that the Jewish kings were buried at or in the Sakhrah, he at once accepts the tomb of Solomon as genuine merely because it is so called. The tradition is worthless, and the Ordnance Survey cannot be cited as sanctioning it, as the reader might be led to suppose that it does. Mr. Fergusson, then, will have it that the Sakhrah was the burying-place of the Jewish kings, and that this burying-place and the Temple were both on Mount Zion, because the records say that David was buried in the city which bears his name, and the Sakhrah is unquestionably on the same hill with the Temple of Solomon and of Herod. But if the Books of Kings are to be trusted at all, they must be believed when they tell us that the Temple was not in the City of David. We should have thought that the statement of this fact could be scarcely called for; but when Mr. Fergusson insists that the Temple was in the City of David, we are thrown back on the passages which say that it was not so. In 1 Kings iii. 1, the distinction is sharply drawn between the City of David and the king's house with the house of the Lord; nor is it less emphasized in 1 Kings viii. 1, where we are told that for its transference to the Temple it was necessary to 'bring up the ark of the

* Edinburgh Review, No. cclxxxi., July, 1873.

covenant of the Lord out of the City of David, which is Zion ; ' and, again, before she could enter the house which Solomon had built for her, the daughter of Pharaoh had to come up out of the City of David, 1 Kings ix. 24. While, then, it is thus made certain that the Temple was not in the City of David, and consequently not on Zion, we are also told expressly that the altar was placed on the spot where David had offered sacrifice hard by the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite, 1 Chron. xxii. 1, and that this spot was on Mount Moriah, 2 Chron. iii. 1. It is quite unnecessary to discuss the relative value of the books of Kings and of Chronicles. Whatever may have been the priestly prejudices of the men who compiled the latter, it is simply incredible that the identity of Moriah and Zion should be unknown to them, and that without the slightest motive they should distinguish between them unless they knew that they were separate eminences. Here, then, we have a plain contradiction between Mr. Fergusson's statements and those of books in the Old Testament, and his assertion that the name Zion was transferred to the western hill in Christian times has nothing to rest upon. The Temple hill was the mountain of Moriah, the traditional scene of the offering of Isaac, and thus, as not being Zion, was never within the compass of the City of David. What Mr. Fergusson may mean by saying that ' the evidence is not so direct that Solomon and his successors were buried on Zion,' it is beyond our power to imagine. Whatever may be its value, the evidence for their burial on this hill is precisely that which we have for the burial of David, neither more nor less. As Josephus says of them and of David simply that they were buried in Jerusalem, his authority cannot be appealed to as deciding the question. But the language of the Books of Kings is clear. David sleeps with his fathers and is buried in his own city, 1 Kings ii. 10 ; the body of Solomon is laid in the City of David, his father, 1 Kings xi. 43. There also were buried Rehoboam (1 Kings xiv. 31), Abijam (xv. 8), Asa (xv. 24), Jehoshaphat (xxii. 50), Joram (2 Kings viii. 24), Ahaziah (ix. 28). In these and in other instances the phrase used differs in no respect from that which tells us of the burial of David.

From the Old Testament we may now turn to the New ; and here again we find Mr. Fergusson not merely rejecting other theories because they cannot be reconciled with the language of the Gospel narratives, but claiming acceptance for his own as being in complete accordance with it. Having carried the reader through an elaborate account of the Dome of the Rock, Mr. Fergusson informs him that

' nothing has been said in the preceding pages regarding the so-called Holy Sepulchre in the town, for the simple reason that if I am right in supposing it proved that the four great churches of Jerusalem originally stood in the Haram area, this church is a convicted forgery. This has, indeed, been suspected by many of the best topographers of Jerusalem, from the days of Korte downwards, owing to the impossibility of reconciling the situation with the facts as narrated by the Evangelists ; but the argument has hitherto generally failed to carry conviction to most minds from the inability of those who maintained it to provide a substitute. Now, however, that it can be proved to demonstration that the Dome of the Rock was the building which Constantine built over what he, at all events, believed to be the sepulchre of Christ—*cadit quæstio.* Constantine did not build two sepulchres in Jerusalem. A choice must consequently be made ; and when the subject is honestly and fairly approached, there is little doubt that most people will select that one which accords with every word of the Bible narrative, in preference to the other, with which the events of the Passion, as narrated by the Evangelists, cannot possibly be reconciled.' (P. 258.)

This is said on behalf of a theory which, even according to his own plan (and the Survey seems to show that it is an impossible plan), places the sepulchre of Jesus within 500 feet of the Holy of Holies, which avers that the spot where former generations had reverenced the resting-places of the most illustrious of the Jewish kings had become a scene of public executions, and which includes the spot so used within the circuit of the walls of Herod. On this point the explorations of the Survey Expedition leave no room for doubt, and thus a contradiction is given by Mr. Fergusson's theory to the clear statement in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xiii. 12) that Jesus suffered beyond the walls of the city, a statement founded on a reason the force of which is indisputable. So, again, we are told that the body was laid in the ancient burying-place of the Jewish kings, whereas in the Gospels we hear of the new tomb which Joseph of Arimathea had hewn out of the rock (Matth. xxvii. 60, Mark xv. 46), and more particularly in the third Gospel (xxiii. 53) of the sepulchre hewn in stone wherein never man before was laid. It may be open to Mr. Fergusson, as to anyone else, to question the accuracy of these statements ; but it is simply absurd to pretend that his theory is in exact accordance with them. If the situation of the present

church cannot in its turn be reconciled with every phrase in the Gospel narratives, the objection is not to the point, unless it be contended that the site must be genuine because Constantine built his church over it. The inference is by no means necessary, and this is probably all that is meant by those topographers who lay stress on the discrepancies which must, on this supposition, be dealt with. Among these is Mr. Conder, who, although he feels assured that the present church stands on the very site chosen by Constantine for his edifice (vol. i. p. 327), is not less sure that its spuriousness is determined by that passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews which we have seen to be fatal to the position assigned to it by Mr. Fergusson (i. 371). To this conclusion he is guided by other considerations also ; and Mr. Fergusson would do well to take to heart the lesson that some, at least, who maintain that Constantine here built his church are not impelled by secondary and unworthy motives to declare that he built it over the very spot where Joseph of Arimathea had excavated his grave. With this result Mr. Conder thinks that no one needs to be disappointed, since with the memory ' of the yearly Pandemonium which disgraces the ancient walls, and of scenes which lower the Christian faith in the eyes of the Moslem,' none can ' wish to believe that the place thus annually desecrated is the tomb of Christ.'

This is a question of feeling to which even devout and religious men may give different answers. But what are we to say of the Biblical grounds on which Mr. Fergusson claims our acceptance of his propositions, except that they are absolutely worthless ? We can but protest against all his methods of proof and the results to which they lead, although the necessity of repeating this is singularly wearisome. But as the labour spent at the outset must in this case render further toil superfluous, it may be well to show the nature of the foundations on which Mr. Fergusson rears what we must be forgiven for calling his imposing fabric of fiction. To invent a transfer, whether of theological systems (as in the case of the Turanian Buddhists) or of a geographical site, and then to moralise upon it, is no profitable task ; but by so doing he compels us to challenge his reasoning, if so it may be called, at every step. Thus, having convinced himself of the transfer of the royal sepulchres in the fourth century from the eastern to the western hill, Mr. Fergusson declares it to be

' not only curious but interesting to observe by what a strange stroke of the irony of fate, though one singularly characteristic of the place, the two principal tombs of Jerusalem —those of David and of Christ—should both, after existing for centuries on the eastern hill, have been transferred to the western, where they are now supposed to exist. It does not, however, seem difficult to perceive how the transfer of the first took place. It was simply that when the Christians first became aware that the eastern hill was the scene of the ministration and passion of their Founder, with that hatred of Jewish tradition and localities which characterised all they did at Jerusalem, they determined to clear, as far as possible, their holy places from all connexion with those of the previous dispensation. The Temple and its ruins they could not displace, but by calling the western hill Zion they got rid of the sepulchres of the kings, and of all the associations that made that name so sweet and musical to Jewish ears, and left the new Jerusalem as far as possible dissociated from the old. It was not then, however, nor probably till long afterwards—most likely in Moslem times—that this change of name led to its logical sequence, and a new tomb of David was erected on the new Zion, because everyone who had access to the ancient scriptures of the Jews knew that David was buried on Zion, which was identical with the City of David.' (P. 58.)

We do not charge Mr. Fergusson with a conscious wish to throw dust into the eyes of his readers. The process is not a pleasant one for those who undergo it, but its blinding effects must follow on those who can read this paragraph with unquestioning assent. At what time did the Christians first become aware that the eastern hill was the scene of the Passion ? It cannot have been after the time of Constantine, for the narrative of Eusebius clearly represents him as free from all doubt on the subject. Whether it be on the eastern or the western hill, the Emperor chooses one fixed spot, and there the sepulchre is found, but under conditions with which Mr. Fergusson's theory is as much at variance as it is with the narratives of the Gospels. A temple of Venus, we are told, stood on it ; and not only was this destroyed, but the ground on which it had been built was removed to a great depth.* The Sakhrah is the naked rock on the summit of the hill, and on it this mass of soil could never have accumulated. If, then, the spot was so well known to Constantine, what reason have we for supposing that the tradition had been lost at any time during the preceding generations ? We do not say that it was not lost, but we must insist on the folly of assuming, without clear documentary evidence, either the interruption of traditions or changes of

* Euseb. Vit. Constant. 28.

popular feeling. We have seen that no such evidence is forthcoming for the transference of the royal sepulchres in the fourth century; and we may ask, therefore, for the evidence which attests the hatred of Jewish traditions and localities which marked all that the Christians did at Jerusalem. For them Jesus was pre-eminently the son of David; and, if the Temple was in their minds associated with the memory of a yoke too heavy to be borne, this feeling could scarcely have extended to the tomb of the royal psalmist in whose city of Bethlehem the Saviour had been born. But why, if we are to take Mr. Fergusson at his word, should the Christians wish to get rid of the associations connected with kingly sepulchres when these were dead already? The place had come to be a spot on which malefactors were executed; and this wonderful change had been effected before the time of the crucifixion. The sepulchre of David, St. Peter tells the multitudes, assembled at the feast of Pentecost, 'is with us unto this day,' Acts ii. 29; and if Mr. Fergusson's view be correct, he might have added that their reverence for him might be measured by the desecration to which it had been subjected. But, again, if the transfer of the name to the western hill led ultimately to its logical sequence, why did not this effect follow at once? The erection of the new tomb of David seems to be attributed to the reading of the Old Testament—whether by Jews or by Mohammedans is not quite clear; but why they should not have read, or why they should not have been moved by, the old records in the fourth century, as well as in the sixth or the tenth, it is hard indeed to understand. The subject is one on which we care little to speculate. The genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre is a point wholly distinct from the genuineness of the site of the church of Constantine; and it is altogether more likely that his choice may have been determined by the royal tombs, when he should have gone further, to some spot beyond the walls in the days of Pontius Pilate, for the scene of the Saviour's sufferings and burial. In any case, it is simply incredible that both Jews and Moslems should have believed a lie designedly made by the Christians to discredit ancient Jewish traditions, and that they should act upon it at some time or other in a series of centuries during all of which the Christians were an oppressed and persecuted minority. How again, or why, if the tombs of David and of Solomon's successors were transferred, was that of Solomon allowed to remain? and if this was transferred also, how came it to find its way back again to the Sakhrah hill before the Latin conquest of the city? The truth is, that the reasonings and arguments of Mr. Fergusson involve us in a labyrinth of absurdities and contradictions. Speaking of the Holy Sepulchre, the pilgrim Arculfus tells us that in the round cabin cut out in a single piece of rock there is room enough for nine men to stand and pray. The interior of the rock under the Khubbet-es-Sakhrah exhibits, according to Mr. Fergusson, a quadrangular chamber measuring twenty-three by twenty-four feet; but Arculfus, nevertheless, is regarded as maintaining the Mosque of Omar to be the work of Constantine.

We come now to the far more important transference of site which, in Mr. Fergusson's belief, marked the eleventh century. Down to the time of the mad Fatimite caliph Hakem the church actually built by Constantine, whatever it may have been, was, he allows, acknowledged by the Christians as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In other words, he holds that up to this time the so-called Mosque of Omar was held to be the work of the first Christian emperor. The history of the change which now ensued we must give in his own words:—

'He [Hakem] in A.D. 1009 destroyed the Basilica of Constantine—"*solo coequavit*"—and appropriated the tomb of Christ to the purposes of his own religion, as is abundantly confirmed by the Kufic inscription afterwards added in mosaic on its walls by one of his successors. At the time that El-Hakim committed this outrage on their holy places, he expelled the Christian inhabitants from Jerusalem and allowed them no access to the place during his lifetime. When they crept back after his death, they naturally built for their own purposes a church in their own quarter of the town, and erected therein a sepulchre at which the Easter rites might be performed. As time wore on, this became, as a matter of course, the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem, and pilgrims made their offerings, and had their faith strengthened by worshipping at this shrine. Besides being securely situated in their own quarter of the town, the spot selected for the new church had the further advantage of being in the immediate proximity of a group of ancient Jewish graves still existing there, which gave apparent authenticity to the tradition that the "Tegurium," they had erected was really nigh to the place of a skull.'

It possessed also some other advantages which, in Mr. Fergusson's belief, sufficiently explain the fact

'that the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem willingly accommodated themselves to the new locality, and that pilgrims in the eleventh century were easily persuaded that the locali-

ties pointed out to them were really those in which the scenes of the Passion had actually been enacted. Ninety years had elapsed since the destruction of Constantine's Basilica by El-Hakim before these Western pilgrims came back, with arms in their hands, to rescue from the hands of the infidels the sepulchre where they had worshipped. At that time no one was living in Jerusalem who could have remembered the buildings in the Haram being in the possession of the Christians, and they and their fathers had always worshipped in the church in the town. In the illiterate East, memory soon fades, and the growth of tradition is much more rapid than in the soberer West. The time was, therefore, ample for the obliteration of the knowledge of the true facts of the case, in so far as the general public were concerned; nor should we feel surprised or indignant at the conduct of the priests, or of those who knew the truth, on this occasion. They acted in precisely the same manner, and were actuated by the same motives, as nine-tenths of those who have taken up the controversy in the nineteenth century, and who think that the faith of the multitude must be protected against the inopportune suggestions of scientific investigations.' (P. 259.)

We cannot read these words without a sense of humiliation and shame. That an English writer should charge nine-tenths of those who differ from him on a question of mere archæological fact with raising a tumult of objections which they know to be false is beyond measure amazing; but, without further comment, we may say that the history here given to us has now been written for the first time. If this be true, then the records from which Gibbon gleaned his narrative are all false. From beginning to end the passage implies that the depression of the Christians which began with the furious onslaught of Hakem lasted without a break until the banners of the Crusaders waved victoriously from the walls of Jerusalem. It implies that during this whole time (which, however, covers no more than three generations) the Christians were never allowed to approach the building which for some seven centuries they had regarded as the sanctuary built by Constantine; and their asserted resignation would further show that they had no hopes of ever turning the tables against their persecutors. Now what are the facts? However terrible may have been the devastations of the Egyptian caliph, he was assassinated within twelve years of the time when he laid his sacrilegious hands on the Holy Sepulchre and the Church of the Resurrection; but before his death his mandate had been sealed for the restitution of the churches. His orders were obeyed. In Gibbon's words, 'the succeeding caliphs resumed the maxims of religion and policy; a free toleration was again granted; with the pious aid of the emperor of Constantinople the Holy Sepulchre arose from its ruins; and after a short abstinence the pilgrims returned with an increase of appetite to the spiritual feast.' The truth is, that during fifty years or more which followed the death of Hakem the condition of the Christians in Palestine was pretty much what it had been from the days of Omar onwards, the only difference perhaps being that a toll was now levied on each pilgrim before he was allowed to enter the gates of the Holy City. The number of pilgrims was greater probably than it had ever been. The awful suspense with which Christendom generally had expected the end of all things with the close of the first millennium was now ended, and the impulse to visit the holy places was felt with infinitely greater force. The enterprise had still its difficulties and dangers; but these were as much smoothed down as in a rude and ill-governed age they well could be, and they arose not so much from the hardships imposed on pilgrims at Jerusalem as from the enmity of the peoples through whose lands they had to pass. The tempest which burst upon Palestine towards the close of the eleventh century was excited not by the Egyptian sovereign, but by the marauding Turk. In the year 1076, twenty-three years only before the conquest of the city by Godfrey, Jerusalem fell into the hands of the Seljukian Toucoush, and the Christians soon found that the happier days of pilgrimage had passed away. The sufferings that were inflicted on them may have been exaggerated. Gibbon thinks but little of them. 'The pathetic tale,' he says, 'excited the millions of the West to march under the standard of the cross to the relief of the Holy Land; and yet how trifling is the sum of these accumulated evils if compared with the single act of the sacrilege of Hakem, which had been so patiently endured by the Latin Christians. A slighter provocation inflamed the more irascible temper of their descendants; a new spirit had arisen of religious chivalry and papal dominion; a nerve was touched of exquisite feeling, and the sensation vibrated to the heart of Europe.' If it be as Gibbon represents it, the facts tell more fatally against Mr. Fergusson's theory than would the darker picture which might be drawn of them. It comes then to this, that the twelve years of Hakem's persecution, however fearful they may have been, would serve only to kindle and to keep alive the burning resentment which would be fostered

by all who came from Europe to offer their prayers at the holy shrine, and to stir up a more passionate longing for condign retribution on the enemies of the cross. For the succeeding half-century the feelings of strength and confidence would be excited by the very multitude of pilgrims—princes, bishops, knights, peasants—which showed that little was needed to fan the enthusiasm of Christendom into devouring flame. What then could the oppressions and cruelties of the Seljukian Turks effect, even if they had been fiercer than Gibbon supposes them to have been? There is not the slightest warrant for thinking that there was any voluntary abandonment of the ancient sanctuaries, and it is ludicrously absurd to say that there was ample time for obliterating the tradition that they had once possessed them. It is not to the purpose to speak of the rapidity with which memory fades in the illiterate East. The pilgrims belonged chiefly to Latin and Teutonic Christendom; they were not illiterate; and their devotion to the land of the Saviour's ministrations was strengthened by the most powerful motives which can brace the human heart to resolute action. We reach, indeed, an acme of absurdity if we suppose that the impassioned pleadings of Peter the Hermit and the grave eloquence of Urban II. called the nations of Europe to do battle for the recovery of a site known to be false, and that the crusading hosts accepted this false site as the true one, although the Mosque of Omar, the true church of Constantine, was as completely in their hands as was the miserable collection of edifices which had arisen on the ground covered by that 'convicted forgery,' the present Church of the Sepulchre. Nay, even this is not a complete picture of the strong delusion which had paralysed the minds of the victorious crusaders. The splendid Dome of the Rock became the church of the Knights Templars, and was by them believed to stand on the spot where, according to David's vow, the altar of the Lord arose hard by the threshing floor of Araunah. Of these Templars not a few, as having made the pilgrimage, must have been familiar with that magnificent structure; all surely must have heard it described in minute detail by those who longed to convert it into a Christian sanctuary. If any can think that not one would be found to expose the falsehood of the men who had transferred the sepulchre to another site, we can only say that his powers of belief must be without bounds. Men of little more than middle age might turn indignantly on the craven priests and still more craven laymen who could deliberately fabricate and maintain a wanton and purposeless lie, and might say: 'With our own eyes we have seen the holy sacrifice offered up under this mighty dome; we know it to be the church raised over the grave of the Redeemer; how, then, can any dare to cheat us into the belief that, in so thinking, we have been utterly mistaken?' During twelve years only of the lifetime of Hakem were the Christians deprived of their churches in Jerusalem; and if, as Mr. Fergusson will have it, the Khubbet-es-Sakhrah was the work of Constantine, then for twelve years only had this structure been diverted to the worship of Islam, and for the succeeding half-century it became again, what it had always been, the centre of Christian devotion. Nay, even after the Seljukian conquest, we are not told that the Christians were expelled from the Church of the Sepulchre; and, if they had not the use of the Dome of the Rock, this proves only that that edifice had never been a Christian church at all. If we look to the evidence of history, Mr. Fergusson's second transference of site becomes, even more than the first, an event in the annals of cloudland.

There remains only the architectural evidence, with regard to which Mr. Fergusson virtually claims the sole right of giving judgment. Professor Willis is dead. Count de Vogüé, who has the needful knowledge, is the bond-slave of the Church of Rome, and cannot afford to decide rightly even if he would; and except on purely literary questions the opinion of Mr. Lewin, if he were still living, would be worthless.

'Besides these three,' Mr. Fergusson adds, 'I could name some four or five persons whose knowledge of art is sufficient to enable them to judge if they would take the trouble of looking into the special evidence bearing on the question. They have not, however, so far as I know, done so, and, wisely perhaps, decline to mix themselves up with a controversy where matters of faith are allowed at times to supersede the processes of pure reason. In so far as my own personal experience goes, I have met no one during these thirty years able or willing to discuss the matter, while, if there is any one in this country who has taken the trouble to master the subject in all its bearings, I can only say that I am not acquainted with his name. Such controversies as have taken place in periodicals have generally hinged one some collateral points. No one, so far as I know, has, in print at least, grasped the really vital points at issue and tried to argue either for or against them.' (P. viii.)

We were, and still are, under the impression, that we had at least endeavoured to do

so many years ago ; and if, as seems likely, Mr. Fergusson regards the evidence of history as a ' collateral point ' not much worth thinking of, we protest emphatically against a notion which we hold to be a perennial fountain of blunders and delusions. Two things apparently are needed before we can be said to be converted to the honest and true view of the matter. The one is that we should be ready to cast aside all historical evidence, which, indeed, is only the babble of lying chroniclers, if it is found or supposed to be in conflict with the evidence of architecture. To fulfil the other condition, we must admit the force of the following syllogism. All round buildings are structures raised over tombs ; the Dome of the Rock is a round building ; therefore it is an edifice built over a sepulchre. Having been brought into this frame of mind, we should no longer have any difficulty in acknowledging to be the Sakhrah the building erected by Constantine over the grave of the Redeemer. We deny the truth of the premisses, and we refuse to admit the consequence ; but we have no intention of wearying our readers by going again over ground which we have carefully traversed already. We assert still, as we asserted eighteen years ago, that the architectural evidence is as completely opposed to Mr. Fergusson's theory as is the evidence of history ; and the results of the Palestine Survey Expedition tend only, as we confidently expected that they would, to confirm our conclusions. Mr. Fergusson lays special stress on the genuine Byzantine character of the shafts with their capitals supporting the cupola of the Sakhrah. That they have this character is necessarily admitted by Mr. Conder, who adds that ' they appear to have been torn from some other building or buildings, probably from Christian churches, just as in the case of the mosque of 'Amru at Cairo, or like the pillars which Jezzar Pasha at Acre collected for his mosque. Of every capital in the place I made a careful sketch, as shown in the illustration : of those under the dome only three are alike. . . The bases differ as much as the capitals, as we saw when the marble slabs were removed in 1875. The shafts are also of various heights and diameters, and one at least is upside down, with the capital of another pillar placed on its base end.' (Vol. i. p. 324.) This is proof conclusive indeed, and it fully justifies us in declining to examine further the elaborate arguments on which Mr. Fergusson's learning and ingenuity are alike thrown away.

From a controversy, which ought never to have been raised, it is refreshing to turn to the remarkably interesting chapters in which Mr. Conder describes the present condition and the prospects of the Holy Land and its people. The old associations connected with almost every spot in this wonderful country may tempt many to keep their eyes fixed only on the past ; and we are apt to forget that it is still the abode of human beings whose welfare and happiness have a prior title to our consideration. The land is desolate ; the people are impoverished. Is this the result of physical changes ? If it be, can nothing be done to counteract them ? And if it be not so, can we remove the other causes which have brought about and perpetuate the mischief ? These questions Mr. Conder answers with the utmost clearness ; and all that he says tends to the one conclusion to which thinkers on all sides seem to be rapidly hastening. There has for some time been a tendency in certain quarters to think that the Mohammedan regimen, although an intolerable burden for a Christian population, is well suited to Mohammedans, and that conversion to the faith of the Prophet is productive of far more good than harm to inferior races. The results of recent examinations, which from various causes have been extended over almost the whole Mohammedan world, give no encouragement to this view, which nowhere, perhaps, meets with a sadder and more thorough refutation than in Palestine. The physical conditions of the country are what they were in the days of the Judges and the Kings. The character of the water supply is unchanged, and there is every reason for believing that the distribution of the springs was the same then as now. There is no difference in the character of the seasons or of the vegetation generally. The parts anciently forest are forest still ; the richer regions retain their old fertility, and if many districts once perfectly healthy are now almost deadly, the sole cause is misgovernment, continued and systematic. The land is impoverished for lack of water ; but ' were the old cisterns cleaned and mended and the beautiful tanks and aqueducts repaired, the ordinary fall would be quite sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants and for irrigation ' (ii. 320). The lowlands are hot-beds of fever, and the reason is want of drainage. ' The splendid works of the Romans are in ruins ; the great rock cuttings, which let out to the sea the water now soaking in the marshes of Sharon, are filled up with earth ; Herod's aqueducts, which irrigated the plains of Jericho, are destroyed, and no attempt is ever made to enforce sanitary regulations or to promote public drainage or irrigation

works.' The country is in truth under a curse, but it is the curse of Turkish tyranny. With the change of the Waly at Damascus (and this happens generally twice a year), a new set of harpies are let loose on the land : the value of the produce of the fields is often found to fall short of the tax to be collected on it ; and the conscription frequently takes away the whole male population. Such rule as this is not likely to improve the character of the peasantry.

'They have no inducement to industry, and, indeed, as one of the better class said to me, "What is the use of my trying to get money, when the soldiers and the Kaimakam would eat it all?" There is only one way of becoming rich in this unhappy land, namely, by extortion. If in the time of Christ the country suffered as much as it does now from unjust judges and tyrannical rulers, what wonder that to be rich was thought synonymous with being wicked, or that it should be Lazarus only who was considered fit for Abraham's bosom?' (Vol. ii. p. 267.)

The baneful working of this system is seen much more among the Mohammedan than among the Christian inhabitants.

'Christian villages thrive and grow, while the Moslem ones fall into decay ; and this difference, though due perhaps in part to the foreign protection which the native Christians enjoy, is yet unmistakably connected with the listlessness of those who believe that no exertions of their own can make them richer or better, that an iron destiny decides all things, without reference to any personal quality higher than that of submission to fate, and that God will help those who have lost the will to help themselves.' (Vol. ii. p. 235.)

The contrast between the two religions is greatly heightened when we turn to the German colonies which have fixed themselves near Jaffa and Carmel. Exposed to constant difficulties arising partly from the impossibility of securing a title for the lands which they have bought, partly from the effects of a climate which probably must, even under the best conditions, remain unsuited to European constitutions, but still more from the passive opposition or the active enmity of the natives, they have yet formed communities of bright and happy folk which furnish a pleasant sight for the traveller. These Teutonic colonists work under another condition which, it might have been thought, would not foster steady industry. They have sought a home in Palestine, because they believe that the glorious hopes of the old prophets will be realised, not in the persons of the physical descendants of Abraham, but in the true Israel which shall be found in the country, and which, it seems, shall be 'composed of any other nationality except the Jews.' The battle of Armageddon, they feel sure, will be soon fought, and the Millennium will begin. In the meantime, they retain a keen eye for business, make the best use of the soil, flourish as mechanics and tradesmen, and on Sundays march to the meeting-house, 'where they are comforted with the assurance that the end will soon come, and the Temple colony be acknowledged, by God and man, to be the example of the whole world, and the true heir of the Holy Land and of Jerusalem' (ii. 314). On the whole, Mr. Conder is inclined to think their experiment a mistake. He is convinced that there is one cause only for the ruined state of the country—'the corrupt and inefficient system of government'—and that under a different system Palestine 'might become a rival in fertility even to the most fruitful parts of southern Italy, to which, in the character of its productions and cultivation, it is very similar' (ii. 339); but he is not less sure that any attempts to bring about this improvement by means of European and especially of English or German labour must end in disappointment and failure. English enterprise may direct and English capital further the works which, under an upright administration cannot fail to bring back the old prosperity of the country ; but the hands employed in carrying out these works must be those of the Fellahin, who ask the English traveller when his countrymen are coming to make them rich and happy. Mr. Conder does not scruple to express his conviction that the general aspect of things must continue as it is until the country is occupied by some strong European power capable of seeing the value of its natural resources and resolved to turn them to the best uses. 'Until some such change occurs, the good land must remain a desolation' (ii. 332).

Art. V.—*Tacitus and Bracciolini : The Annals forged in the Fifteenth Century.* 8vo. London : 1878.

The Jesuit father, Hardouin, published a couple of learned works to prove that all the Greek and Latin classics, with seven exceptions, were forgeries of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Homer and Herodotus, Plautus, Pliny the elder, portions of Cicero, the 'Georgics' of Virgil, and the 'Satires' and 'Epistles' of Horace are due to their putative authors ; the rest are the glory and the shame of Benedictine

monks. The author of 'Tacitus and Bracciolini' emulates his reverend predecessor's courage in detecting literary imposture; but he is content, for the present at all events, to strip off the false plumes from the 'Annals' of Tacitus. He grieves at the duty much learning has cast upon him. His generosity is pained at the necessity of fastening upon a man whose moral character has already blots upon it a new imputation of dishonesty. But knowledge, like *noblesse*, obliges; the charge is 'substantiated by irresistible evidence;' he has no choice but to demonstrate that, so far as the 'Annals' are concerned, Tacitus is Poggio and Poggio is Tacitus. It may be a pity that for the last four hundred years scholars and school-boys should have been wasting such brains as they possess upon a Florentine counterfeit of Roman history. At the same time, that centuries of toil and ingenuity have been misapplied, is no argument for letting future centuries go astray. 'If,' says the writer, 'it should be agreed that the theory in this book is without a flaw, I conceive that I shall have done not a small but a considerable service to the cause of true history.' It would be captious to deny the claim if the important qualification which introduces it be satisfied.

No author's name appears on the title-page; but as the volume is dedicated to a gentleman described as the writer's brother and named Ross, it would be gratuitous to treat the work as anonymous. Mr. Ross, then, as we may take leave to style him, lays siege in form to the authenticity of the 'Annals.' He produces numerous reasons why Tacitus could not have written them, whoever else did. It is only after he has elaborated this negative side of the position that he points the finger at the counterfeit Roman classic, the Tuscan forger. The argument is an elaborate chain composed of many links, but we shall attempt, so far as we can in our space, to reproduce it.

Tacitus himself in his 'Histories' had explained his motive for beginning his work with the accession of Galba. The eight hundred and twenty previous years of Roman history had been, he says, adequately described by many historians. Any leisure and energy he might find hereafter he purposed to devote to the history of the reigns of Nerva and Trajan. No record remains that he ever wrote the lives of those emperors. It is, argues Mr. Ross, not very likely in itself that he would recant his original purpose, and cover ground already, according to his own testimony, well occupied by others. Yet more unlikely is it that he would undertake such a work before completing what he had proposed. Time, however, for chronicling as well the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, as also those of the emperors before Galba, he had not. The younger Pliny, who was born A.D. 61, refers to himself and Tacitus as 'ætate propemodum æquales,' although sufficiently junior to look up to the latter with reverence. It has consequently been conjectured that Tacitus may have been ten or eleven years Pliny's senior, being born probably about A.D. 52. If so, at the death of Trajan he would have been sixty-five, and might then have begun the history of Nerva and Trajan with a fair chance of finishing that work in time to retrace his steps and write the 'Annals.' Mr. Ross, however, argues from the ages the law prescribed for tenure of the quæstorship, ædileship, prætorship, and consulate, that Tacitus could not have been born before A.D. 44. A Roman might not be nominated ædile before he was thirty-six. But Tacitus, who appears to have been ædile in the reign of Titus, would, if born A.D. 52, have held the office at the age of twenty-nine. That being virtually impossible, the alternative is that he was born A.D. 44, and was seventy-three at the death of Trajan. At the probable rate of his historical labours upon the reign of that emperor and his predecessor, he would be eighty, if not ninety, before the 'Annals' could have been begun, and the terseness and vigour of that work, authentic or unauthentic, is utterly inconsistent with the hypothesis that it may have been commenced in extreme old age. What, in Mr. Ross's judgment, is still more conclusive is that *no clear and definite allusion to the 'Annals' can*, he declares, *be found until the first half of the fifteenth century*. Then the author of the 'Annals' was hailed immediately as 'inter historicos unicus;' books were written to indicate the sagacity of his reflections and the beauties of his diction; and the admiration he excited provokes simple 'stupor at such a miraculous instance of perpetuated inanity' as the incapacity of the forty preceding generations to understand the treasure they had consigned to neglected shelves in semi-barbarous monasteries. It is not as if Tacitus in none of his works had hit the taste of the thirteen or fourteen intervening centuries; fairly frequent allusions can be found to his other writings, but none to that which is supremely the favourite of modern Europe.

'We may now,' says Mr. Ross, 'after close research advance this with extreme caution

and certainty: No support can be derived from citations or statements made by any writer till the fifteenth century, that Tacitus wrote a number of books of the "Annals." Should any one extensively read know authors, living between the second and fifteenth century, besides those mentioned, who quote Tacitus, it will be found that their quotations are from the 'History,' the 'Germany,' or the 'Agricola;' and this can be predicted with just as much confidence as an astronomer predicts eclipses of the sun and the moon, and for their verification needs not wait to see the actual obscuration of those heavenly bodies. (Pp. 26–7.)

Various manuscripts of the 'Annals' are in existence; and more than one of them are said to date back far beyond the time of Poggio. If their commonly assigned age can be substantiated, the connexion of the authorship of the 'Annals' with Poggio would be at once disposed of. But Mr. Ross discusses the claims of each manuscript, and concludes that not one can be traced beyond the first half of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Ross has thus cleared the ground by showing that no one seems to have known the existence of any part of the 'Annals' before the second quarter of the fifteenth century, and that no copy of the work can be traced further back than the same period. He goes on to prove by internal evidence that Tacitus could not have written it. If it be a forgery, 'it cannot be as invulnerable as walls of adamant.' The testimony of scholars in its favour is worthless. They have always assumed the 'Annals' of Tacitus to be the 'Annals' of Tacitus, and have not looked about for signs that they were not. Such evidence is not scattered about on the surface. On the contrary, 'the forgery is anything but plain and palpable; nay, 'it is wonderfully obscure and monstrously difficult.' Yet Mr. Ross does not arrogate any remarkable merit, except in having suspected imposture. Once on the track, detection was forced upon him. Like all forged documents, 'occasionally it is clumsily, awkwardly, grossly, ridiculously blundered.'

For example, it is a 'monstrous' and impossible error in an historian, lawyer, statesman, like Tacitus, to have declared that the Twelve Tables first fixed interest at one per cent. per annum, when the law to that effect was first passed 104 years after the Twelve Tables. It is very little less strange in a Roman, who must have remembered that the Lex Canuleia legalised the intermarriage of patricians and plebeians, and that the Leges Liciniæ equalised the right of both orders to the offices of state, to declare that the same Twelve Tables were 'finis æqui juris.' Tacitus must have known the contents of the Emperor Claudius's speech on the petition from Transalpine Gaul as well as ourselves who possess the text which was dug up at Lyons A.D. 1528. But the author of the 'Annals' has confused its contents altogether. The author of the 'Annals' seems to have imagined that the Dictator Camillus had a son who attained, like himself, the great offices of state. He has, however, mistaken the grandson of Camillus for the son. The blunder is 'comparable to the extreme case of an Englishman being supposed to take such very little interest in Queen Victoria as to mistake her for a daughter of William IV.' The 'Annals' also confound, as Tacitus could not have done, Brutus's life senators with the senators *minorum gentium* created by Tarquinius Priscus. A writer of the fifteenth century might imagine it was possible for Germanicus to consult whether to take in Germany a long road which was likely to be left unguarded, for a short one which the enemy would probably be besetting. To a Roman of the age of Tacitus Germany was still a land of wildernesses and morasses, with no choice of roads, long or short. The 'Annals' make another strange mistake, according to Mr. Ross, in attributing, as no military Roman could have done, the possession of the standards called 'vexilla' to maniples of legions raised in Pannonia (i. 20). A single century after Julius Cæsar had found the Britons a race of barbarians living in their wild forests, the author of the 'Annals,' as if fresh from the spectacle of London in the reign of Henry VI., describes it as 'copiâ negotiatorum et commeatuum maximè celebre.' The author of the 'Annals' was ignorant, Mr. Ross contends, of matters which must have been commonplaces to Tacitus, but not to an Italian of the fifteenth century. On the other hand, he affects to know more about Romans of an earlier generation than did their own contemporaries. Labeo Antistius had been represented by Horace as a typical madman.

> 'Labeone insanior inter
> Sanos dicatur?' *

In the 'Annals' he is a typical patriot, 'incorruptâ libertate celebratior.' It is inconceivable that the author of the 'Germania' should not have known that the Germans had no Penates, or household gods, but only gods of the groves and woods. It

* Sat. I. iii. 82.

was impossible that Roman troops in the reign of Claudius should have captured Nineveh, as is asserted in the 'Annals;' for Nineveh, it is known from Strabo and Lucian, was at the time a mere name. The 'Annals' speak of Augustus before he was emperor as Octavianus, and not as Octavius; but Tacitus must have been aware that the termination *-ianus* was reserved for cases where an inheritance had fallen to a man through descent on the female side. Augustus as son of Octavius was Octavius also, and not Octavianus. Mr. Ross is the more distressed to have to point out this proof of forgery in the 'Annals,' that it convicts of credulity Dr. William Smith and the Keeper of Antiquities in the British Museum. Both these authorities have innocently followed a fifteenth century forger in describing Augustus Cæsar as Octavianus. It is declared in the 'Annals' that a gift was offered for the recovery of the Empress Livia, who, by the way, Mr. Ross asserts, is miscalled by the appellation of Augusta, 'which no Roman would have used.' The offering was to be presented to Equestrian Fortune, and therefore had to be made at Antium, there being, the author of the 'Annals' states, no temple so dedicated at Rome. An Italian of the fifteenth century might have fallen into this error; but Tacitus must have been aware that a temple of Equestrian Fortune had existed at Rome for two centuries. So, again, the author of the 'Annals' could not, had he been Tacitus, have forgotten that the Roman *pomœrium* was enlarged by Julius Cæsar as well as by Sylla, Augustus, and Claudius. The 'Annals' speak of Julia, the wife of Tiberius, having been banished for her adulteries by her father Augustus, and as having died in the first year of the reign of Tiberius. On the contrary, a coin in the Louvre, struck in the fourth year of that reign, proves the entire statement to be 'a pure figment of history.' The superscription which the coin bears of 'Julia' indicates that Julia was alive three years after the 'Annals' pronounce her dead, and that she must have been held by the emperor 'in uncommon esteem.' Again, the 'Annals' make Caius Cæcilius Cornutus governor of Paphlagonia in the reign of Tiberius, but another coin 'lays bare a very gross error,' showing Cornutus to have ruled at Amisus, the capital of Paphlagonia, in the reigns of Galba and Otho. It is of a piece with such mistakes that, whereas the 'Annals' speak of twelve cities of Asia as destroyed in one night by an earthquake, a monument at Puteoli shows the period of their ruin to have been not one night but seven years.

Even the diction and construction of the 'Histories' and the 'Annals' differ, Mr. Ross maintains, so radically that it is inconceivable they should have come from the same pen. He instances, among other peculiarities, archaisms in the 'Annals' like 'composivêre,' the use of the genitive after 'apiscor,' which governs an accusative, and of an accusative instead of a dative after 'præsideo,' the use of 'copia' for 'copiæ,' of the masculine plural of 'locus,' 'loci,' instead of 'loca,' for seats in a theatre, the coupling, after the manner of Ovid, of 'nec' and 'aut,' 'the neglect of indispensable attraction,' in 'non medicinam aliud,' and 'non enim preces sunt istud,' the employment of 'sua' for 'ejus' in 'adeo facinora atque flagitia sua ipsi quoque in supplicium verterant,' and the confusion of 'ubi' with 'quo' in 'Responde, Blæse, ubi (=quo) cadaver abjeceris.' Tacitus would never have written 'celebris' for 'celeber,' nor used 'exauctorare' in the sense of putting out of the ranks and into the reserve, nor employed 'an' as equivalent to 'vel,' nor 'bona facta' for 'benè facta,' nor 'destinari' as meaning to be elected, nor 'intolerantior' for 'intolerabilior,' nor 'imperator' in the early sense of a general. Some expressions and words are perfectly correct, only, Mr. Ross argues, they are never used by Tacitus. Thus the author of the 'Annals' uses 'distinctus' and 'codicillus' in senses later than the age of Tacitus; 'properus' is used with the genitive; the words 'totiens' and 'toties' are peculiar to the 'Annals;' Tacitus in his 'Histories,' 'Germania,' and 'Agricola,' never employs the word 'addubitare' and only once the word 'extitêre.' Again, he always uses 'dies' in the masculine; but in the 'Annals' it is used, as by Livy, in the feminine. 'Here,' exclaims Mr. Ross, 'let me pause for a moment to glance at a prodigious thing that has been done to Tacitus; it really has no parallel in literature; a number of foreigners have impugned his knowledge of his native tongue.' The explanation is that 'the Tacitus universally proclaimed not to be a competent master of his own tongue, is not the Tacitus of the "Histories;" it is the Tacitus of the "Annals."'

Every considerable author has a rhythm of his own. The 'Histories' 'have a rhythm, and stately and harmonious it is.' By varying the accents Tacitus manages to please the ear even when ending sentences with ugly polysyllabic words. The author of the 'Annals,' on the contrary, is 'the very prince of rugged writers.' The author

of the 'Histories' employed alliteration like a master; the author of the 'Annals' appears to have thought all kinds of alliteration good, though he had a particular delight in the juxtaposition of words beginning with 'p' or 'l,' and generally in what Mr. Ross describes as the 'tit-up-a-tit-up style.' Mr. Ross adduces some examples of the diversity of the two works in this respect, and concludes: 'After this overwhelming proof of forgery I need not press another syllable upon the reader.' It is needless to add that Mr. Ross, later on in his volume, repents of his vow of silence, and presses a good many more syllables on his readers.

The author of the 'Annals' knew how impossible it is to imitate exactly any work of genius. Consequently he chose ground where exact imitation would not be necessary. His special gift was the description of scenes of cruelty, severity, and bloodshed. The peaceable virtuous reigns of Nerva and Trajan would not have furnished the materials he loved to work upon. Therefore he betook himself to retracing the course of imperial history backwards, and recorded the foul crimes of imperial malefactors. The 'Annals' are biography, the 'Histories' are history. The 'Histories' instruct in policy, and give images; the 'Annals' instruct in human nature, and convey impressions of social phenomena. The author of the one work particularises, of the other generalises. A tone of melancholy overspreads the 'Annals' which is wanting in the 'Histories,' and which Mr. Ross declares not justified by the very prosperous life of Tacitus. Indeed, while Tacitus lived, there seemed no cause why a Roman should despair of his country. Hence, though wit and sarcasm mark both the 'Annals' and the 'Histories,' they are 'sprightly and amusing' in the 'Histories,' ungracious and actually cruel in the 'Annals.' The 'Histories' bring out any virtues or redeeming characteristics in Roman nobles and princes; the 'Annals' are one succession of revolting crimes. 'We may be as certain that such a character as that of the awful tyrant Tiberius never existed as we may be assured that the wise maxims never were uttered which the author of the "Annals" tells us passed the lips in private of emperors and ministers of state.' The plans of the two works are too entirely different to make it probable that both proceeded from one brain. In the 'Annals' each year's transactions are given in chronological order; in the 'Histories' events find their proper place according to their nature, whether before or after the time of their occurrence. The author of the 'Annals' had taken the greatest care to imbue himself with Tacitus's peculiarities, the conciseness combined with lofty diction, the Greek and unusual constructions, and the unexpected turns of expression. 'Yet, notwithstanding all this care and diligence, he was utterly incapable of approaching in language and style so close to the great original he pretended to be as to be confounded with him.'

Mr. Ross has accumulated a multitude of reasons which satisfy himself that Tacitus could not have written the 'Annals.' *A priori* he thinks it unlikely a work which, the moment it was discovered in its German retreat, was welcomed with enthusiasm by the whole community of scholars, should have been suffered to lie absolutely dormant for a vast number of centuries. It is, he urges, an especially unlikely fate for the 'Annals,' if a work of Tacitus, to have thus died away. History records that the author's descendant, the Emperor Tacitus, had provided especially for the survival of his works by commanding that a copy of them should be placed in every public library of the empire, and ten fresh copies be transcribed year by year. Scrutinising the 'Annals,' he finds them full of blunders in history and diction, which no contemporary writer, least of all a statesman and soldier like Tacitus, could have perpetrated. They are, moreover, utterly unlike, in plan, style, and spirit, the 'Histories,' which are beyond dispute authentic. But for such an imposture, if an imposture it be, no ordinary intellect would have sufficed. Though not written by Tacitus, the production is in many respects of as high quality as his genuine writings, and the world of letters has produced very few periods and very few men capable of such a master creation.

Mr. Ross has discovered the time and man to father the foundling. The Tuscan Poggio Bracciolini's life of seventy-nine years, from 1380 to 1459, coincided with the dawn of modern literary intelligence. The fifteenth century was distinguished as well by intellect as by its contempt of morality. Learning was reviving, and an appetite for letters was roused, which the budding literature of the age could not satisfy. Men suddenly awoke to a consciousness of the world of refinement and experience which lay buried in monastic libraries. Popes and princes were eager for classical treasure-trove, and rewarded the discovery of a Latin poet or historian more richly than an original work. Poggio began his career at a time when Italy had already been ransacked; but the less civilised lands were still to be

explored. He and a band of friends, commanding among them talents and learning of the most various kinds, made a profession of the search in the Transalpine countries after classical authors. Poggio and his friend Niccolo Niccoli erected the process of exploration into a science. Them learning has to thank for the rescue in whole or part, according to Poggio's own account as quoted by Mr. Ross, from the certain destruction to which ignorance and apathy had condemned them, of Lactantius, Vitruvius, Priscian's famous Grammar, Valerius Flaccus's 'Argonauts,' Tertullian, Lucretius, Silius Italicus, Ammianus Marcellinus, Manilius's poem on Astronomy, and many other works, including those of Aulus Gellius, Petronius Arbiter, Statius, and Plautus, and treatises of Cicero. These works of genius were found, not in Italy, but in Germany, Switzerland, and even England; not on the shelves of libraries, but in forgotten lumber-rooms and cellars. Quintilian Poggio came upon in a dark dungeon, sound and safe though damp and dirty. In his quests his fellow-conspirator, the receiver who had to pass off the stolen goods, was Niccolo Niccoli, who has had the reputation among many generations of scholars for a munificent love of classical literature, but who, we are now to understand, dealt in literary garbage. All, according to Mr. Ross, was fish that came to the net of these two worthies, whether prose or poetry, philosophy or history. It had, however, to be Latin; for Mr. Ross cites a remark from Poggio that Niccoli 'in Graecis literis plurimum insudavit.' We are not to suppose this to mean that he was an earnest student of Greek. Mr. Ross draws a perfectly different and original inference. Niccoli, he infers, was a tiro in Greek. He 'got into a considerable sweat when he read Greek, *but*' ranged over every department of literature in Latin.* His various tastes, though confined to Latin, were fed in his Florence library by Poggio's energy abroad. Wherever it was most unlikely literary masterpieces would be discovered, there they were. A prince or prelate had only to express an ardent wish for a particular classic, and Poggio despatched to Niccoli from the fens and woods of Germany or even England the required manuscript.

Poggio, as secretary to Pope John XXIII., was present at the Council of Constance, and saw John Huss and Jerome of Prague burnt. On the dispersion of the Council in 1418 he accompanied Cardinal Beaufort to England. In England, and chiefly in London, he stayed till 1422. In that year his fellow-Tuscan, Piero Lamberteschi, made him an offer of employment which would bring him some 500 gold sequins in three years. Mr. Ross reckons this as equivalent in modern money to a moderate fortune of from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* Poggio would have to go into Hungary: but with what object is nowhere stated openly in the correspondence which passed on the subject between Poggio and his friends, Niccolo Niccoli and Piero Lamberteschi. It has been conjectured that the employment was to consist of a professorship. As, however, no university existed in Hungary before 1465, Mr. Ross denies that this could have been the proposed vocation. Mr. Ross supposes that he accepted the offer, whatever it may have been. In default of any better hypothesis, he assumes the contemplated task was the composition of a history. Writing to Niccoli from London, in June 1422, Poggio says: 'Give me leisure for writing that history;' and again: 'When I reflect on the merit of the ancient writers of history, I recoil with fear from the undertaking.' He returned from England to Italy in the summer of 1422, and accepted the post of principal secretary to the Pope. In the spring of the following year correspondence begins between him and Niccoli at Florence, on the subject of some literary enterprise he has on foot. He complains in October to Niccoli that 'what the ancients did pleasantly, quickly, and easily, was to him troublesome, tedious, and burdensome.' Such a remark Mr. Ross considers that Poggio clearly could not have made unless he were attempting something in the way of the ancients. In November he asks Niccoli to send him some map of Ptolemy's 'Geography,' Suetonius also, and other historians, and, above all, Plutarch's 'Lives of Illustrious Men.' The borrowing of these works is, to Mr. Ross, conclusive that Poggio was commencing an historical work. His 'History of Florence' is the only history he ever wrote under his own name, and that could scarcely have been begun in 1423, as it carried down as late as the year 1455. Suetonius, and Plutarch, and Ptolemy's map would not have been of service in its composition.

The work Poggio was meditating was, in short, a forgery of missing writings of Tacitus. Mr. Ross supposes the original intention was to continue the 'Histories,' as

*Mr. Ross need not have been so misled by this expression if he had remembered the well-known lines of Horace:

'Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer, *sudavit* et alsit.'

Tacitus had himself intimated his intention of continuing them, by narrating the reign of Nerva. But the materials were probably insufficient. Mr. Ross might also have suggested that, in fabricating a book which Tacitus had declared it his purpose some time or other to compose, there was the danger that a rival book-finder might light upon the genuine work and expose the fraud. In any case the final project was shaped into a plot among these three learned persons, Poggio, Lamberteschi, and Niccoli, to forge the name of Tacitus to an earlier instalment of Roman history, part of that, in fact, which Tacitus had repudiated in his 'Histories' any design of attempting. But Poggio's genius and inclinations were so unlike those of Tacitus that he found even this lighter task, according to Mr. Ross, very repellent. Two months after he had written for Suetonius and other materials, he endeavoured, we are told, to evade the undertaking by a bold suggestion to Niccoli that he knew a learned Goth who could put the conspirators, for a round sum of money, in possession of the Ten Decades of Livy. They were at the Cistercian monastery of Sora, near Lübeck, 'in two large oblong volumes in Lombard characters.' The learned Goth was not altogether trustworthy, but, writes Poggio, 'facit assertio sua, et constans vultus, ut credam aliquid. Melius est enim peccare in hanc partem, ex quâ tantum lucrum fieri posset, quam esse omnino incredulus.' Mr. Ross translates this last sentence with a freedom all his own: 'For it is a very good thing to be misled in a matter of this kind, out of which coin can be made to such an amount as to be absolutely incredible!' Cosmo de' Medici was expected to pay the 'altogether incredible' price of such a treasure, and Mr. Ross supposes that, had the bait been taken, Poggio would forthwith have set about composing the two large oblong volumes, putting off Cosmo meanwhile with tales about some mistake of the learned Goth as to their hiding-place. However, the gang of book-finders—and the terms, book-finder and forger, are, says Mr. Ross, naturally enough, considering his experience, 'synonymous'—discovered that Cosmo cared for Tacitus and did not care for Livy. So the learned Goth, the two oblong volumes, and, alas! the missing Decades vanished into space; and Poggio had to brace himself for a task not consonant with his special tastes.

The whole business, to Mr. Ross's imagination, embarrassed and infinitely obscure at first, becomes delightfully clear when the work itself and the alleged author's correspondence are pieced together. Poggio had quitted Cardinal Beaufort's palace in the Savoy, and the chances of a career in the English Church, for the purpose, as Mr. Ross thinks is almost necessarily to be inferred, of accepting Lamberteschi's offer. He is found, it is to be presumed, in pursuance of the same scheme, engaged in writing history at Rome. The materials he has collected by the help of Niccoli would be of use not for Florentine but for Roman history. Mr. Ross boldly concludes: 'In fact, the most acute ingenuity cannot rescue Bracciolini from the charge that in October 1423 he, then resident in Rome, began to forge a work with the intention of palming it off upon the world as written by an ancient Roman.' The leap is an abrupt one from the intimations in the correspondence with Niccoli to such an inference; but Mr. Ross is in the secret, and he soon proceeds to explain himself. For three years and a half the correspondence between Poggio and Niccoli contains no reference to the work, whatever it might be said to have been, concocted between them and Lamberteschi. 'There was silence and secrecy, as the case always is where mischief is brewing.' Then the 'low and hidden rumblings of the volcano were again heard.' Once more 'vague and mysterious utterances' passed between the two principal conspirators, so vague and mysterious indeed that Mr. Ross spares us any quotations from them. Nearly two years more, and at last the explosion—a hitherto thoroughly unknown MS. of Tacitus, said by Bracciolini to have been brought to him by a monk from the far-distant abbey of Fulda, which he eccentrically describes as 'a town in Saxony at the farthest eastern extremity of that country, on the borders of Bohemia, named Hirschfeldt, formerly the capital of Hesse-Cassel.' 'On the borders of Bohemia, the reader will be pleased to remark,' says Mr. Ross, 'not Hungary—as originally fixed by the band of forgers—although the country adjacent to it.' Now, in the first place we may observe in passing that Fulda and Hirschfeldt, which are different places, are, both of them, not at the eastern extremity of Saxony, and on the borders of Bohemia, but in Hesse-Cassel, to the west of Saxony, and separated from Bohemia by the whole of the Saxon duchies and a large portion of the kingdom of Saxony. That, however, is a mere piece of geographical detail, for which we must apologise to Mr. Ross. Bohemia, from the time of Shakespeare, has always been a variable geographical quantity. Whether Fulda be in Hesse-Cassel or in Saxony, what can be more manifest than that the last six books of the

'Annals,' brought from Germany to Rome, had only journeyed from Rome to Germany to improve their flavour? Poggio was learned. Poggio wanted money; he had told his friend he should like to be able to spend four or five hundred gold sequins a year. Poggio was active-minded, and his office of principal secretary to the Pope gave him, according to Mr. Ross, 'little or nothing to do.' He was an industrious author, yet published nothing considerable in the seven years from 1422 to 1429. In 1429 the 'Annals,' so called, of Tacitus were given to Cosmo de' Medici and the world through the well-remunerated agency of Poggio. The clear conclusion, according to Mr. Ross, is that, if the 'Annals' were forged by any one, Poggio is infinitely more likely to be the criminal than anyone else.

Poggio stands revealed to Mr. Ross by his own correspondence with Niccoli and Lamberteschi as the forger of the last six books of the 'Annals.' The authorship of the first six is not brought home to him by his own confession. He is nowhere seen in the act of fabricating them, yet internal evidence convicts him of them as well as of the rest. It was a posthumous crime. Not till fifty-six years after Poggio's death, and eighty-six after the appearance of the last six books, did Pope Leo X.'s receiver or steward, Arcimboldi, stimulated by an offer of 500 gold sequins, discover the first six in the Westphalian monastery of Corvey. Poggio's fourth son was at the time Papal secretary, as his father had been. Mr. Ross's theory is that Poggio, though very wealthy through the money he had received from Cosmo de' Medici for the MS. of the last six books, and busy on works under his own name, coveted the larger gains he expected from the completion of his old forgery, and was engaged on the fabrication of the first six books up to the time of his death. They were then finished, all but the three years between the imprisonment of Drusus and the fall of Sejanus, and his son had to share the spoils of Pope Leo's credulity with Arcimboldi because Arcimboldi was a better Latinist than himself, and could revise Poggio's draft for transcription more skilfully than he could. Mr. Ross, with unaccustomed meekness, admits that this part of his theory may be true or false, but he is positive that neither Tacitus can be the author of the first six books, nor Arcimboldi, nor any man in the universe, unless the same who forged the last six. The workmanship in them is superior, as Mr. Ross thinks might be anticipated from the greater maturity in general of a writer's powers after fifty; but the general spirit and tone are identical in the two halves. The same spirit of detraction colors both, the same sense of universal folly or universal inhumanity, the same 'monotony,' the same form and *raison d'être* given to every subject, and 'that form policy.' Even the defects and excellences in the first six books bear the closest possible affinity to the merits and demerits of the last six.

Mr. Ross is so satisfied with his ability to demonstrate out of the work itself the forgery of the 'Annals,' the earlier books as well as the later, and to bring it home by irrefragable internal testimony to Poggio, that the evidence of the correspondence with Niccoli and Lamberteschi seems almost superfluous. He finds Poggio and his Popes and his Florence everywhere in the lives of the earlier Emperors. Intercourse with the 'unsociable, disdainful, avaricious, treacherous, murderous, and, in spite of immoderate riches, inordinately mean' Cardinal Beaufort, suggested to him Imperial statecraft. In describing the indignant silence of Hortalus at the refusal of his petition for help, he was describing his own repressed wrath at being left by his patron to subsist upon a miserable English benefice of 200 florins a year. 'He was silent from fear of the power possessed by Beaufort, or from retaining, even in his contracted fortunes, the politeness he had inherited from his noble forefathers. "Egere alii grates; siluit Hortalus, pavore an avitæ nobilitatis, etiam inter angustias fortunæ, retinens."' Lipsius criticised the veracity of Hortalus's boast of his family grandeur; he did not suspect that 'Bracciolini forged the "Annals," and playfully interspersed his fabrication occasionally with fanciful characters and fictitious events.' Considered as a statement by Tacitus that London in the time of Nero was a great centre of trade, the passage in the 'Annals' is 'utterly unfounded—nothing more nor less than outrageously absurd; the picture, however, is quite true if London be considered at the time when Bracciolini was here.' He even refers to the English Constitution as he saw it in the reign of Henry VI. 'Cunctas nationes et urbes populus, aut primores, aut singuli regunt: delecta ex his et consociata reipublicæ forma laudari facilius quam evenire; vel si evenit, haud diuturna esse potest.' (iv. 33.) It may be objected that the passage does not mention the name of Britain. But it must refer to the English Constitution, for, argues Mr. Ross, there was no ancient Constitution to which the description could apply. It was very reasonable as a foreigner's account of the mixed constitution of King, Lords, and Commons,

which Poggio saw with surprise, but fancied could not last. Poggio is described by Politian as 'hominum maledicentissimus.' Works published in his own name, such as 'De Infelicitate Principum,' testify to his biting tongue and harsh view of human nature, more particularly as exemplified in the great. Precisely the same temperament is traced by Mr. Ross in 'the invariable disparagement' in the 'Annals' of every character. 'There is scarcely such a thing as a good man.' Suetonius's history of the same period, and Tacitus's own history of a somewhat later one, show this charge not to have been true of Imperial Rome; but, though Poggio's own spitefulness may have deepened the shades, it was true in the main of mediæval Italy and particularly of Papal Rome in the fifteenth century. Mr. Ross discovers, and braves the 'Index Expurgatorius' of the modern Vatican by revealing, that Claudius and Nero in the last six books, and Tiberius in the first six,

'are intended to be representatives or personifications of the Church of Rome in the fifteenth century. Hence it is that Claudius, Nero, and Tiberius are depicted as superhuman in monstrosities, colossal in crime, perpetrators of enormities that never yet met, and never will meet, in combination in any single man. Each is in fact a fiend and not a human being. It was thus only that Bracciolini could show us in its true light the Church of Rome as it was in his day. In the language of Wickliffe it was "the synagogue of Satan." . . . . When we read in the "Annals" of men who, in spite of their nobility, innocence, and virtues, were put to death by the sword of the executioner or the poisoned bowl, we must not think that we are reading of real Romans who thus actually suffered; the whole is a fabrication placing before us fictitious pictures, meant to be life-like, of what the dominating power can do in society; they are not pictures intended to show with truthfulness monstrosities positively done by Emperors of Rome in the first century. They are pictures that reflect with fidelity the atrocities that stained the Church of Rome in the beginning of the fifteenth century.' (Pp. 261–3.)

Nero and Tiberius are counterparts of the Spanish Inquisitor Torquemada, who burnt his 6,000 victims at the stake. Poggio was afraid at times, Mr. Ross finds, that his portraiture might be so faithful as to let the thin disguise be penetrated at the cost of very disagreeable consequences to himself. He cannot hurry, for 'it is necessary,' he writes to Niccoli, 'that I should be on my guard with respect to the inclinations of princes, that their susceptibilities be not offended.' Proof sufficient, in Mr. Ross's opinion, that 'there were no such emperors and persons in high places during the opening period of the Christian era,' is afforded by the very different color of the 'Histories.' If he wrote the 'Annals,' it is almost incredible to Mr. Ross that he should have written the 'Histories,' for there, when he speaks of the great, 'his views are, if not favourable, lenient or apologetic; they do not seem to have had the vices and faults of most men.' Nothing, indeed, can more completely disprove the authenticity of the 'Annals' than the view of Imperial Rome given by the 'Histories.'

'Tacitus makes us see the movements of mighty events, their vicissitudes, relations, causes, and issues; the Empire in its elements of strength and weakness; the capital in its distracted and fluctuating state; all political phenomena that marked the dreary reality of dominion in the declining days of the Roman Commonwealth. Bracciolini puts before us nothing like this; only incongruous, unimaginable, and un-Romanlike personages —people who gibber at us, as idiots in their asylums, as that unfortunate simpleton, the Emperor Claudius; murderous criminals who glower and scowl upon us, as those two monsters of iniquity, Tiberius and Nero; pimps and parasites beyond number, who plague us with their perpetual presence.' (Pp. 349–50.)

Not the characters and selection of incidents alone, but the historical insight and mode of thought in the 'Annals,' Mr. Ross considers far more suggestive of Poggio than they are of Tacitus. Poggio's supreme favourites among historians, as we find by his habit of borrowing phrases from them, were, not Tacitus, but Sallust and Livy. While Tacitus in the 'Histories' simply clubs Livy and Fabius Rusticus together as 'eloquentissimi auctores,' the 'Annals' distinguish the former as 'præclarus in primis,' which Mr. Ross renders as 'famous above others.' It is indeed a notable difference! So alien was Poggio's general habit of mind from Tacitus that Mr. Ross discovers, as we have seen, in the correspondence with Niccoli, a very elaborate plot for manufacturing, instead of the 'Annals,' all the missing decades of Livy. His desire for 500 gold sequins forced him to simulate Tacitus, when he would have preferred to borrow the pen of Sallust and Livy. His success, all things considered, Mr. Ross holds to be extraordinary, 'the most phenomenal thing ever known to have been done in history.' He tells us he was perpetually thrown off the track in his efforts to detect this imposture of the 'Annals' by the marvellous ability Poggio has shown in mimicking a manner not his own. Yet, the moment the forger stands convicted,

we find innumerable tokens of the essential differences between him and his original. Poggio had, Mr. Ross considers, in italian courts a better field for studying the intricacies of human character than Tacitus; and he employs his skill in the 'Annals,' as in his acknowledged works, with a force Tacitus never equals. But it is the Renaissance transplanted to the first century. Everything is in miniature; we have a species of psychological autopsy of individual Romans, where Tacitus, as is plain from his 'Histories,' would have presented a birdseye view of the Roman Empire. The 'Annals' present us with motives which the author can have only guessed at, where the 'Histories' draw political lessons from actual facts.

In style, again, and diction the 'Annals' recall Poggio more vividly than they do Tacitus. Tacitus is rhetorically and poetically inclined. But what in the 'Histories' takes the form of 'boldness, spontaneity, and novelty,' in the 'Annals' betrays the 'timid, forced, and elaborately close and cramped' hand of the imitator. Poggio was himself rhetorical and poetical in his own way; but his rhetoric was florid, and his poetic tendencies land his prose not rarely in a bastard rhythm which is neither good prose nor good verse. Mr. Ross quotes from the 'Annals' the description of the great storm in which Germanicus nearly lost his whole fleet of a thousand ships side by side with the famous scene in the 'Histories' where Vitellius visits the field of Bedriacum. His object is to point the contrast of the unreality of Poggio's *cento*, compiled from all the tales of shipwreck he had ever read, with the power by which Tacitus conjures up the whole battlefield by selecting a few real facts out of a multitude. The real Tacitus displays, with all his curtness, a wonderful concinnity and clearness of expression, as well as perspicuity and consecutiveness of idea.' When he digresses he does it opportunely and with a reason. The pseudo Tacitus digresses because he feels no more interest in the subject he is discussing than in any stray topic which suggests itself. He cannot speak of a law without going off on the theme of laws in general.

Even the structure of the sentences is made by Mr. Ross to betray Poggio. In the 'Annals,' as in his own private correspondence, he is always falling into metre. There is metre, Mr. Ross points out, in the narrative of the orgies of Messalina; there is metre again in the scene where Cæcina, beset by Herminius, sees and hears Quinctilius Varus imploring aid. Just in the same way, according to Mr. Ross, does the real Poggio slip into verse when writing to a friend, and we are furnished with a couple of specimens of Poggio's unconscious hexameters. And very strange hexameters they are.

With this genius for poetry which Mr. Ross detects in the 'Annals,' and in their author's favourite models of style, it is natural the author of the 'Annals' should fall into the use of poetic words and expressions. We find in effect 'pessumdare,' which, though used also by Sallust, and in a fragment of Cicero quoted by Quintilian, Mr. Ross seems to think a sufficient sample of the passion of the author of the 'Annals' for poetic diction. From the same habit of mind issued the fondness for alliteration. But to this we have already adverted. It is enough now to say that it even betrays so accurate a grammarian as Poggio, the student of Priscian, into what Mr. Ross lays down is a violation of 'an elementary principle in Latin composition.' Seduced by the insidious delights of a couple of words beginning with 'n,' Poggio positively writes in the 'Annals' (xi. 30) 'nec nunc adulteria objecturum,' whereas 'a Roman historian could not have fallen into the error of failing to define time with reference to himself when ascribing words to persons.' In short, Mr. Ross discovers Poggio has actually made Tacitus break the rule for the *oratio obliqua*. His neglect of the rule, to which on all other occasions he adheres, 'is as strong a proof as any that can be advanced of his forgery. It makes that forgery the more obvious, the slip not being accidental but intentional; it is a deliberate violation of a rule that must never be infringed.'

We have now put forward Mr. Ross's indictment against the 'Annals' as fully and forcibly as was possible in our space. The theory may be admitted at once to be a pretty one, neatly put together, and able to walk alone, so long as Mr. Ross's facts be accepted. Mr. Ross, however, claims as a matter of right and justice that his facts should be subjected to the most severe and merciless inquisition. He himself only succumbed to disbelief in the book's authenticity when he found his suspicion 'substantiated by irresistible evidence.' He will refuse any word of praise unless 'on examination it should be found that the theory is without a flaw.' A critic who 'struggles to raise only a single valid objection against what is advanced, if successful, at once destroys the whole of the theory, which becomes one more added to the list of those that are apocryphal.' He is confident, however,

that no valid objection will be found, and that he has said quite enough in his volume 'for the spuriousness of the "Annals" never to be hereafter argued as a moot-point, but accepted as an established fact.' We will take Mr. Ross's various conclusions in order.

Mr. Ross, it will be remembered, argues against the possibility that Tacitus, after declaring his intention not to write accounts of the emperors before Galba, should have changed his mind. If he did change his mind, it is yet very unlikely that he should have begun upon those earlier reigns before describing, as he had promised, the reigns of Nerva and Trajan. But he could not well begin to narrate the reign of Trajan while that prince was alive. He must, therefore, have waited till the death of Trajan to commence upon the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, and till he had done with them he could not touch the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, or Nero. At his rate of writing, this would imply the practical absurdity of the fire, however lurid, of the 'Annals' flowing from the pen of a man eighty or ninety. We might remark, by the way, that Mr. Ross, who takes it for granted that Tacitus in advanced old age could not have written the 'Annals,' sees no difficulty in his own hypothesis that a Florentine of seventy-nine was engaged on their composition up to the time of his death. But, in fact, without adverting to Poggio, there is a link wanting in Mr. Ross's argument about Tacitus. It is a sort of dilemma: 'Tacitus would have gone on with that continuation to his "Histories"—the reigns of Nerva and Trajan—in preference to writing the "Annals;" and he would not have written that continuation till after the death of the Emperor Trajan.' The answer seems obvious. Tacitus might have preferred writing of Trajan to writing of Tiberius; but he could not write of Trajan in the reign of Trajan; accordingly in the reign of Trajan he wrote of Tiberius. Nothing, as indeed Niebuhr has suggested, can be more natural than that, having proved his historical genius, he should betake himself to the only work open to him meanwhile. Thus, the production of the 'Annals' would be assigned to a period of life not too advanced, according to Mr. Ross himself, for vigorous historical authorship by an ancient Roman as well as by a medieval Tuscan.

Mr. Ross's next important position is the extreme improbability, if the 'Annals' be genuine, that literature from the time of the discovery of the manuscripts which he attributes to Poggio should be full of allusions to them, but that no single reference to them should be found till after the middle of the fifteenth century. We wonder how many references Mr. Ross could discover to any but some half-dozen popular classics in the Middle Ages before the Renaissance period. Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid are continually quoted, for example, by Petrarch: but not the Latin historians. Mr. Ross's argument from the silence on the 'Annals' would not be convincing if his facts were correct. But they are themselves doubtful. Mr. Ross says: 'Pliny does not say a word about the "Annals."' Pliny the Younger, writing to his friend Tacitus, speaks of 'historias tuas,' 'scriptorum tuorum,' and 'libri tui.' 'From these passages,' says Mr. Ross, 'it would seem that the works of Tacitus were at the most three.' Now the proper title of the work commonly styled the 'History' is not 'Historia,' but 'Historiæ.' So the use of that word in the plural would not necessarily imply that Pliny was thinking of more than one work. 'Scripta' and 'libri' would scarcely, as a matter of course, indicate more than one work. But in any case, if several works were meant, why does it 'seem' that the number was 'at least three,' rather than a dozen or fourscore? Again, if only three, why does 'everything point in preference to the Books of the History, the treatise on Germany, and the life of his father-in-law, Agricola'? If the 'Annals' had been written at the date of Pliny's letter, they indeed might perfectly well have been meant to be included by Pliny under the term 'historiæ tuæ.' The description of the work as 'Annales' is of modern date; and a contemporary of Tacitus would have known them as 'Historiæ,' and thought of them as part of the work which goes more commonly by that appellation. Vopiscus speaks of Tacitus's 'single book' treating of the Cæsars. Mr. Ross says 'this must have been the "History."' Why must it have been the 'History,' as now so styled, and not the 'Histories' and 'Annals' together—the earlier work and its later supplement?

St. Jerome is assumed by Mr. Ross to have never referred to the 'Annals,' though he did to the 'Histories.' But St. Jerome states that Tacitus 'post Augustum usque ad mortem Domitiani vitas Cæsarum triginta voluminibus exaravit.' Mr. Ross alleges the passage to be an interpolation, on account mainly of the use of the poetical word 'exaravit.' He, moreover, thinks it 'strange for the passage to have come from the most learned of the Latin fathers with the loose expression, "post Augustum," to denote a history that began

with Galba, and where Tacitus, who confined his attention to affairs of state, to the utter disregard of biographical details of the emperors, is spoken of as writing "vitas Cæsarum." ' It might have been strange had St. Jerome been referring solely to the 'Historiæ' which began with Galba; there is nothing strange in the expression if he is referring to the 'Annals' as well, which begin with Tiberius. The phrase 'vitæ Cæsarum' is particularly correct, even from Mr. Ross's own point of view, as applied to a work treating biographically, as do the 'Annals,' of Augustus's four successors. But then the sentence is convicted of being a clumsy interpolation because 'the crafty knave' who forged it 'did not know Latin well enough to make St. Jerome write it as a bishop would have written it in the fourth century.' The interpolator has made, it would seem, two monstrous blunders. He has made 'the most learned father of the Church use "volumen" in an unusual acceptation, not as a whole work, nor a part of a literary composition rolled into a scroll among the ancients, or separately bound among ourselves, but a division of a subject in the same volume.' He has also, in employing 'exarare,' which signifies to plough letters out of the wax, with 'volumen,' out-Jeromed Jerome, making the saint write bad Latin from a motive that never led St. Jerome astray, 'a desire to be poetic.' Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Ross's hypothesis, it appears that 'the unusual acceptation' of 'volumen' which he decries is its usual sense. Facciolati explains 'volumina:' 'Partes in quas opus aliquod dividitur sæpius volumina appellantur quam libri;' and he cites nine passages in which the word is so used. For instance, Horace speaks of the 'annosa volumina vatum' (Ep. ii. 2). The use of 'volumen' to signify an entire work, Facciolati states, is less usual. As for 'exarare,' there can scarcely be anything so specially poetical in the word as to disgrace poor St. Jerome, when at least three passages can be quoted from Cicero's 'Epistles' in which it is found. That St. Jerome uses it with 'volume' when it is more strictly used of a composition on a wax writing tablet, is, after all, a venial offence, even in 'a bishop of the fourth century.'

In the twelfth century John of Salisbury says that Tacitus is one of the historians 'qui tyrannorum atrocitates et exitus miseros plenius scribunt.' The natural supposition would be that John of Salisbury was alluding to the barbarities and fall of Caligula and Nero in the 'Annals.' But no; the reference is to the 'Histories;' for 'in his completed history Tacitus must have expatiated pretty freely on the atrocious tyranny of Domitian and the unfortunate termination of the lives of tyrants.' Tacitus, however, whose 'dignitas' was 'a Domitiano longius provecta,' is not very likely to have dwelt on the wickedness of one of his Flavian patrons. Besides, there is no vestige of evidence that John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, had ever seen a copy of the 'completed history.' The doctrine of interpolations is very convenient for such a theory as Mr. Ross's. It occurs to him that 'identical passages are found in the "Annals" ascribed to Tacitus and in he "Sacred History" of Sulpicius Severus.' He cites several of these passages, and there can be little question that one author imitated the other. Hitherto the belief has been that Sulpicius plagiarised from Tacitus. The converse Mr. Ross believes to be truer. Poggio, he maintains, took the passages from Sulpicius Severus's 'Historia Sacra.' Indeed, Sulpicius's Latin is superior, we are assured, to that of the 'Annals.' Several passages are compared. One is that famous account from the 'Annals' of the tortured Christians: 'Et pereuntibus addita ludibria, ut ferarum tergis contecti, laniatu canum interirent, aut crucibus affixi, aut flammandi, atque, ubi defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur.' (Ann. xv. 44.) Here is Mr. Ross's 'original' from Sulpicius (v. 21): 'Quin et novæ mortes excogitatæ, ut ferarum tergis contecti laniatu canum interirent. Multi crucibus affixi, aut flammâ usti. Plerique in id reservati, ut, cum defecisset dies, in usum nocturni luminis urerentur.' We should have supposed there could not be much doubt which was the copyist. Mr. Ross knows it must be the author of the 'Annals' from his marring 'the grammatical correctness by substituting for "cum," which strictly signifies "when," "ubi," which strictly signifies "where."' Mr. Ross does not seem to be aware that scores of passages might be cited from the best Latin authors, Terence, Cicero, Livy, Sallust, Cæsar, in which 'ubi' signifies 'when.'

Mr. Ross informs his readers that 'there is nothing to contradict his theory in the age of any of the known MSS. containing a part or the whole of the "Annals;" but, on the contrary, to verify it, from the age of the oldest being limited to the fifteenth century.' The curious thing is that though opinions differ on the age of several of the MSS., no opinion of all the learned persons who have examined them agrees with Mr. Ross in assigning them so recent a date as the second quarter of the fifteenth century.

When the question is between Mr. Ross and scholars like Ernesti and Gronovius, and others who have made the antiquity of MSS. their study, Mr. Ross must forgive us for preferring the authority of experts. Where the character in a MS. is older, according to him, than the character used in the fifteenth century, he requires evidence to be produced that the ancient character was not employed in the deliberate intention to deceive. He surely cannot expect that transcribers, if they were not forgers, should have foreseen that it was well to lay up in a MS. positive evidence that the public credulity was not being imposed on by a set of knaves.

Mr. Ross thinks it a 'monstrous' error in this pseudo-Tacitus to declare that 'the Twelve Tables first fixed interest for usury at an uncia or twelfth part of an as per hundred asses per month, or one per cent. per annum.' The truth is, according to Mr. Ross, that this was not made law till a hundred and four years later. Considering that M. Ortolan, in his great commentary on the 'Institutes,' assumes that the Twelve Tables declared 'unciarium fenus' to be the legal interest, the author of the 'Annals' has, at all events, good company in his 'blunder into which a schoolboy could not fall.' Mr. Ross supposes Tacitus to be alleging that the Twelve Tables reduced interest to 'one per cent.' The fact, however, probably is that the Twelve Tables, while they fixed a maximum of interest, fixed it not at one per cent., but at what Dr. Mommsen reckons at about eight and one third per cent. per year of twelve months, and other authorities at that rate for the old Roman year of ten months, which would give ten per cent. for the civil year of twelve months. This is what is likely to be meant by 'unciarium fenus.' On another point the Twelve Tables are, in Mr. Ross's judgment, 'most fatal for the author of the "Annals;" they bring out his imposture so clearly to the broad light of noonday.' We read on, and we discover the new mortal error consists in describing the Tables as 'finis æqui juris,' the laws which followed being carried 'sæpius dissensione ordinum, et apiscendi illicitos honores' (iii. 27). Mr. Ross asks what is to be thought, for instance, of the subsequent Lex Canuleia which allowed the intermarriage of plebeians and patricians, and of the Leges Liciniæ which put both orders on a par as to the right of holding public offices. What Tacitus meant by 'æqui juris' is sufficiently clear. The Twelve Tables were, as Professor Mommsen says, 'a compromise between parties.' The Lex Canuleia and the Leges Liciniæ, in which the plebeians carried their demands, were doubtless beneficial measures; but they were a complete defeat of the patrician order, and not of a nature to be described by the aristocrat Tacitus at all events as 'æqui juris.' Mr. Ross is convinced no Roman of the age of Tacitus would have talked of Germany as fully equipped with roads, among which Germanicus had to choose. The Germans, he says, 'were mere savages, who knew no more of such arts of warfare as watching roads and sending out scouts than Red Indians, Maories, and Hottentots of the present time. Each tribe in that enormous wilderness of wood and morass was approached, as the present people of Dahomey, Ashantee, and Timbuctoo, by a single path.' We can only wonder if Mr. Ross has ever read Tacitus's own description of the population which he likens to Hottentots and the tribes of Ashantee. In another place he thinks he has convicted the author of the 'Annals' of forgery, in that he, who claimed to be the author of the 'Germania,' speaks (xi. 16) of the ancient Germans as worshipping Penates. 'Into this mistake Tacitus could not possibly have fallen. He knew that people had only one set of gods whom they worshipped publicly in sacred groves and woods, but none corresponding to the Roman Dei Penetrales privately worshipped at home.' Now, in the first place, a Roman, even if he had written a 'Germania,' was exceedingly apt to translate foreign customs into Roman analogies, and, in the second place, there were public as well as private Penates. Rome and other Latin towns had their public chapel of the town Penates in the town's centre, and Tacitus would not improperly refer to the German gods, who were strictly national gods, as Dî Penates. Mr. Ross is as sceptical of the description of London as a wealthy mart, as he is of roads in Germany. Tacitus very probably exaggerated the importance of London; but so does Mr. Ross its unimportance. Secure in the fact that a century before Cæsar had found that a village which subsequently grew to be the metropolis of England, Mr. Ross hazards the dogmatic statement that London, in the reign of Nero, was a place 'of no repute, utterly insignificant.' The allusions Mr. Ross has discovered in the 'Annals' to Poggio's observation of the English Constitution are, as need scarcely be suggested to any who have studied Aristotle's 'Politics' or Cicero's 'De Re Publicâ,' mere references to the 'mixed' polity on the possibility of which the ancients were always speculating. Could any reader of 'Tacitus and Bracciolini' have possibly

suspected, from the flourish of trumpets which heralds this supposed evidence of the English experiences of Poggio, that in the passage of the 'Annals' in question there is not the most distant reference to England, except what Mr. Ross's ingenuity has detected in the words we have quoted?

Mr. Ross accuses the author of the 'Annals' of affecting knowledge he did not possess about distinguished Romans, because he praises for independence Labeo Antistius, whom Horace is supposed to refer to as a type of madness. A very little enquiry would have shown Mr. Ross that Labeo, whom he seems to regard as especially obscure, was one of the greatest of all Roman jurists. That independence of spirit which Tacitus lauds brought Labeo into a position of antagonism to Augustus, whence doubtless Horace's sneer. Mr. Ross has further discovered that no 'well-informed, well-bred Roman' could possibly have perpetrated the offence of styling Augustus Octavianus, instead of simple Octavius. He is quite right in his belief that marriage with an heiress was a way of obtaining that suffix to a family name. But a family name was so changed also when its bearer had been adopted into another house. Augustus was Octavius, as his father had been, until on the death of Julius Cæsar he found his uncle had made him his heir, and adopted him into the Gens Julia. Thenceforward he was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. His sister, of course, remained Octavia. Exactly in the same way the son of Lucius Æmilius Paulus, being adopted by Publius Scipio, became Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus. Mr. Ross would have saved himself much perturbation of spirit had he looked more into books than into his own inner consciousness. In the present instance, his compassion might have expended itself nearer home than on 'the authorities of the British Museum' and Dr. William Smith, for being led astray 'by the glaring forgery of a bungling medieval European Grammaticus.'

Several statements made by the 'Annals' are, it may be allowed, not consistent on their face with statements to be found in other authors. Tacitus does not mention the fact recorded by Dion Cassius and Aulus Gellius, that Julius Cæsar, as well as Augustus, extended the city boundary called the pomœrium. Mr. Ross thinks such ignorance, which Justus Lipsius does not defend, proof that the author of the 'Annals' was no ancient Roman. Mr. John Henry Parker is very far from being a Lipsius; but he writes with the advantage of archæological information Lipsius did not possess; and he thinks Tacitus's ignorance excusable. Julius Cæsar advanced the pomœrium to take in his new Forum, which had been outside. Augustus extended this Forum; and one half, the western, went by the name of the Forum of Julius Cæsar, the other, the eastern, by that of Augustus. 'If,' says Mr. Parker,* 'the pomœrium was advanced to enclose these, it is not difficult to understand how the extension should be attributed sometimes to one, sometimes to another.' Again, the 'Annals' mention that the class of senators 'minorum gentium' was created by Brutus, whereas other writers declare the distinction to be due to Tarquinius Priscus. It is possible that the 'Annals' are wrong, and that Tacitus either roughly grouped together Tarquinius Priscus's and Brutus's senators under one description, or that he simply made a mistake. But to have taken a wrong side in an archæological question is no proof that a writer is a forger, unless it be assumed that Tacitus was not only a great genius, but also infallible. As though he were not satisfied with his previous and tremendous revelations, Mr. Ross caps them with 'one more example which,' he modestly says, 'almost' seems to bring home the forgery to Bracciolini. The 'Annals' speak of a capture of Nineveh, while Lucian and Strabo speak of Nineveh as long vanished. But, on the other hand, Ammianus Marcellinus, a native of Antioch, and whose accuracy is praised by Gibbon, refers to Nineveh as existing in the time of the Empire. A Roman colony is known by coins to have occupied the site or the immediate vicinity. A critic who should treat Lucian as Mr. Ross treats the 'Annals' might argue that Lucian's 'Dialogues' are a forgery, because he talks of Nineveh as vanished, without an allusion to the flourishing town which occupied its site. Again, the 'Annals' intimate that there was no temple of Fortuna Equestris in Rome A.D. 22, whereas, objects Mr. Ross, Livy mentions the dedication of a temple under that name, B.C. 177, and Vitruvius, who wrote, it is supposed, in the reign of Augustus, alludes to it. A natural conclusion would be that the temple had meanwhile been destroyed in the course of the architectural revolution which altered the face of Rome in the early years of the empire. Mr. Ross's 'had existed at Rome for two centuries' is not necessarily identical with 'had been built at Rome two centuries previously.' Mr. Ross takes it for granted that the temple was standing in the days of Tacitus, though not in the days of Poggio; that Tacitus must

* Archæology of Rome, vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

have known of its existence ; but that Poggio-Tacitus had the temerity to assert quite gratuitously that Antium possessed such a temple, and that ancient Rome did not. Where the 'Annals' use an expression in a sense new to Mr. Ross, he assumes it to be a blunder of Poggio's. Thus he asserts that the 'Annals' 'exhibit extraordinary ignorance' in implying that maniples of legions raised in Pannonia carried the sort of standard called 'vexillum.' Only the Socii, or Romans marching under arms to a colony, according to Mr. Ross, carried vexilla. The fact is that the manipuli of every Roman legion had vexilla. There is no ground for belief that the manipuli of legions raised in the provinces were an exception to the rule.

Mr. Ross accuses the author of the 'Annals' of having mixed up the son and the grandson of Camillus, the second founder of Rome. It is as impossible a blunder, he thinks, for an educated Roman to have perpetrated as for an educated Englishman to suppose Queen Victoria to be daughter instead of niece to William IV. 'The renowned and noble-minded Lucius Furius Camillus,' says Mr. Ross, had no illustrious son, but he had an illustrious grandson, who was Consul and Dictator like himself. A modern European writing Roman history' was, however, deceived by the circumstance that 'the famous Marcus Furius Camillus was Consul only eleven years after his grandfather, which makes it look as if it was the son who succeeded, and not het grandson.' Now these are the facts :—The great Camillus, who delivered Rome from the Gauls, was not Lucius Furius at all, but Marcus Furius. He was never Consul, that office having for some time been suspended, but at various periods Consular Tribune and Dictator. He died B.C. 365. He had a son, Spurius Furius, who was comparatively obscure ; but he had another son, Lucius Furius, who was Dictator B.C. 350, and Consul B.C. 349, sixteen years after his great father's death, when he won a famous victory over the Gauls. His brother, the obscure Spurius Furius Camillus, had a son, not Marcus Furius, but Lucius Furius, who was never Dictator, but was Consul B.C. 338, eleven years after his uncle's Consulate, and twenty-seven years after his grandfather's death. Mr. Ross has confounded Lucius Furius, the son, with his father, Marcus Furius, the conqueror of Brennus ; and then, finding a second Lucius Furius, who was Consul eleven years after his uncle, the first Lucius Furius, rechristens him Marcus Furius, and placidly assumes that he was Consul eleven years after the conqueror of Brennus, who had died seven-and-twenty years previously. More mistakes could not have been packed into a paragraph.

Another 'pure figment of history' Mr. Ross, it will be remembered, has detected by the aid of an obscure coin in the Louvre. From it he discovered that the 'Annals' had grievously blundered in declaring that Tiberius's wife, Julia, died miserably in exile in the first year of his reign. The coin in the Louvre, being struck in the fourth year of Tiberius in Julia's honour, refutes, we are told, this idle tale. Unfortunately for Mr. Ross's theory, there were two Julias, one Augustus's daughter and Tiberius's wife, another Augustus's wife and Tiberius's mother, Livia, who, being adopted by the will of Augustus, together with her son, into the Julia Gens, received the names of Julia Augusta. Examination of the series of the coins of Judæa would have shown Mr. Ross that coins with the joint names of Tiberius and Julia were struck till the sixteenth year of Tiberius, when Livia died. Mr. Ross might have availed himself of the same opportunity to ascertain that there was nothing improper in the designation of the empress in the 'Annals' by the name of 'Augusta,' an 'appellation which,' says Mr. Ross, 'no Roman would have used.' But Mr. Ross is particularly unlucky in his corrections of the 'Annals' in the matter of Livia. Thus, at an earlier period of his volume, he gives a foretaste of his pledge to find 'no end of little trips in the "Annals"' in the astonishing discovery of an irreconcilable contradiction between the statement of the 'Histories' that Augustus had raised to the rank next highest to his own, first Marcellus, then Agrippa, then his grandsons, and lastly his stepson, Tiberius, and the statement of the 'Annals' that Augustus's will nominated Tiberius and Livia his heirs. Had Mr. Ross but known that Marcellus, Agrippa, and the grandsons were dead before Augustus made his will, he would not have asserted that a passage naming Tiberius and Livia as Augustus's selected heirs 'could not have been written by Tacitus.' Another coin has revealed to Mr. Ross a further "very gross error' of the annalist in representing Caius Cæcilius Cornutus as governor of Paphlagonia in the reign of Tiberius, whereas he was striking coins at Amisus in the reigns of Galba and Otho. Here again Mr. Ross's researches in numismatology have played him false. He will perceive, if he care to refer to Borghesi (Œuvres Complètes, i. 463), that the coin in question was struck by a Caius Cæcilius Cornutus, it is true,

but by one who was pro-quæstor in Bithynia, B.C. 57, and not by the annalist's governor of Paphlagonia. As for the contradiction between the account in the 'Annals' of the earthquake which destroyed twelve cities of Asia in a night, and the monumental record of the destruction of certain cities by a series of earthquakes in the reign of Tiberius, it is enough to say that Pliny states the catastrophe in the same way as the 'Annals:' 'Maximus terræ, memoriâ mortalium, extitit motus Tiberii Cæsaris principatu, duodecim urbibus Asiæ unâ nocte prostratis.' Does Mr. Ross mean to say that Poggio forged the passage in Pliny to corroborate his forged 'Annals'?

We have no space to go through the list of mistakes Mr. Ross thinks he has discovered in the use of words in the 'Annals.' Every path along which we have been at the pains to follow him has ended in a mare's nest. It may, however, be remarked that 'destinari,' in the sense of 'to be elected,' is used also by Justin, who very probably borrowed the word from the 'Annals;' that Florus, Aulus Gellius, and apparently Livy use 'intolerantior' in the sense of 'intolerabilior;' that, as appears from Appian i. 2, Bell. Civ., the old habit of granting the title of Imperator to a successful general never fell into entire disuse even after the head of the state assumed the title as his right; and that the assertion that the testamentary sense of 'codicilli' is later than the age of Tacitus is absolutely unsupported. Codicils to wills originated with Lucius Cornelius Lentulus, who, dying in Africa, charged the Emperor Augustus with certain trusts by codicils to his will. The jurisconsults whose advice the Emperor asked gave an opinion in their favour, and thenceforward the practice became recognised as legal. Mr. Ross will find an account of the matter in Justinian's 'Institutes' and Ulpian's 'Digest.' To argue that because other Latin classics between the reigns of Augustus and Trajan do not use a technical law term, the 'Annals' are a forgery because they do use it, is something like arguing that 'Pickwick' is a forgery because the expression 'to pray a *tales*' is not to be found in 'The Idylls of the King,' or 'The Last of the Barons.' What Mr. Ross means by asserting that the use of the common words 'toties' and 'totiens' is 'peculiar' to the 'Annals,' we cannot pretend to understand. 'Toties' is common in all Latin authors, and whether it be written 'totiens' or 'toties' is a question with which the transcriber has more to do than the author. The same remark may be made of the archaic form composivêre.

We have observed how liberal is Mr. Ross in discovering poetical propensities alike in Poggio, in the 'Annals,' in Sallust, and Livy, at the expense of their credit for prosody. Yet elsewhere he assigns a monopoly of the habit to Poggio. 'It is a mistake of which he is repeatedly guilty, and which a Roman carefully avoided—using the rhythm of the hexameter in prose.' Mr. Ross proves the charge by the following mellifluous hexameter, in which, he warns his readers, 'the Greek quantity with "ceteris" must be taken';—

'Pennarum a ceteris avibus diversum.'

If this, or

'Labris nostris omni rerum strepitu vacuus,'

be an hexameter, then there is no saying where we shall not meet with hexameters in Latin prose. In reference to a somewhat analogous subject, it is fair also to vindicate the author of the 'Annals' from Mr. Ross's charge of being beguiled by the intoxication of alliteration into breaking the rule of the *oratio obliqua* in 'Nec nunc adulteria objecturum' (xi. 30). Even had the word 'nunc' never been coined, and had the author of the 'Annals' thus escaped what Mr. Ross considers the irresistible fascination of the double *n*, he would have doubtless felt himself obliged to write 'jam' instead of 'tunc,' and have thought that in so doing with the future participle 'objecturum,' he was observing instead of violating the rule of the *oratio obliqua*.

Mr. Ross bestows great labour on an attempt to demonstrate that the rhythm of the 'Histories' is essentially different from that of the 'Annals.' If the reader is 'not convinced by this, he will be convinced by nothing.' We have already seen what kind of ear Mr. Ross possesses in regard to poetical rhythm, and we grieve to say we are 'not convinced.' On the contrary, we must persist in thinking that, as 'the "Histories" have a rhythm, and stately and harmonious it is,' so the 'Annals' 'have a rhythm, and stately and harmonious it is.' The rhythm in both is artificial and rhetorical; but it fits and clothes the sense, which shares the same qualities.

With much of Mr. Ross's views on the distinctions between the characteristics of the 'Histories' and the 'Annals' we entirely agree. As he says, the 'Histories' are history and generalise; the 'Annals' are biography and particularise. The 'Annals' have throughout a tragic hue which is absent from the 'Histories.' The differ-

ence proves not that distinct hands were employed on the two works, but that Tacitus, writing far on in the virtuous reign of Trajan and past middle age, surveyed with a severe eye fashions and tendencies which he had viewed more tolerantly as exhibited on a stage on which he was himself all but an actor.

Mr. Ross's arguments from probability are a good deal more ingenious than when he has to rely upon facts. We must accept his plea of the utter unlikelihood that this particular author should have fallen into desuetude in view of the fact that his Imperial descendant ordered that his works should be placed in every public library of the empire, and that ten fresh copies should be transcribed every year. People who repeat this well-known story, told by an obscure author, do not always remember how long the Emperor Tacitus reigned. It was just two months. We wonder how many copies were made in that time, and to what extent the Imperial decree was acted upon after its author's death. The improbability, on which Mr. Ross lays so much stress, that a work should have been unknown and forgotten for forty generations, and then be hailed with rapture as the prince of histories, is, on its face, as startling in reference to a dozen other great classics as to Tacitus's 'Annals.' Mr. Ross is surprised that works of splendid genius, if discovered anywhere, should be discovered not in Italy, but in semi-barbarous lands like Germany. But Italy had been ransacked before Poggio's explorations for classical MSS. began. Perhaps, too, in Italy, which still had a literature, the value of parchment as writing-paper may account for the dearth in Poggio's day of contributions of classical manuscripts from that country.

Mr. Ross believes he has discovered in Poggio's own correspondence a history of the forgery of the 'Annals.' In the whole elaborate story of the offer by Lamberteschi and its acceptance by Poggio, there is just this amount of truth, that an offer was made to Poggio of lucrative employment, and that he intimated his willingness to accept the offer. Whether Poggio finally acted on the offer we do not know, or what the offer really was. It may have been connected with his future history of Florence. It may have come to anything or nothing. We should strongly surmise the latter was the result. So utter an absence has seldom appeared of necessary connexion between facts and theory as in Mr. Ross's inference that, because Poggio was at work at Rome in 1423, and produced the last six books of the 'Annals' to Cosmo de' Medici in 1429, he must have been busy forging those six books in the interval. The thinness of the premisses is almost as conspicuous as in the marvellous tale Mr. Ross has concocted of Poggio's abortive plot to cheat Cosmo into buying the missing decades of Livy. Poggio would have had to weave out of his own brain the multitude of facts those decades must have contained; yet Mr. Ross supposes him to have been ready to undertake the work if only he could sell it in advance. Mr. Ross praises Poggio for his great abilities. They would have been miraculously wide and comprehensive to suffice for the tasks Mr. Ross lays upon him. His duties, on the other hand, as principal secretary to the Pope must, according to Mr. Ross, have sat with extraordinary lightness upon him. Those who are bold enough to defy Mr. Ross's demonstration may conjecture that, when a man is principal Papal secretary, it is not necessary to infer that because he publishes nothing with his name in a certain period of seven years he must obviously be engaged in forging a great classic.

The circumstance that the first six books of the 'Annals' were obviously written by the same hand as the last six, but that they were not published, and that even the MS. containing them did not come into Italy from Corvey, till after Poggio's death, would make most critics pause. Mr. Ross is satisfied that Poggio, as he composed the one set of books, must have composed the other. Some persons might have reversed the reasoning, and inferred that, as he clearly did not compose the first portion, he could not have composed the second. From Mr. Ross's own description of Poggio it might seem that he was one of the most greedy and grasping of scholars. Yet Mr. Ross is not startled at the fact that this avaricious personage takes no step in his lifetime towards selling his second venture. He leaves it unsold at his death, and a stranger finally reaps the main advantage from its sale.

Mr. Ross traces an exact resemblance between Imperial Rome as portrayed in the 'Annals' and the period of Italian and pontifical history when Poggio flourished. He is quite sure that no such tyranny or utter dissoluteness of manners ever existed as what the 'Annals' attribute to the early Empire. Does Mr. Ross ever study Juvenal? Does he remember, for instance, the description of the fall of Sejanus? Were the 'Satires of Juvenal' satires by some Florentine contemporary of Papal Alexanders and Johns? It is enough to in-

stance the allusion Mr. Ross has discovered in the story of Hortalus to the case of Poggio himself in Cardinal Beaufort's palace to observe how a lively imagination may always find what it is seeking. There is some difficulty in treating seriously arguments that Poggio was satirising Torquemada under the guise of Tiberius and Nero.

'Tacitus and Bracciolini' is a very amusing book, interesting less, perhaps, for its theory than for the various fragments of curious information it contains. Its extraordinary blunders show that the author's classical education cannot have been very complete. The greater is the admiration we must feel at the enthusiasm which embarked him on an enquiry thorny enough to embarrass a Porson. With more thorough knowledge the courage would perhaps have been less. The book is crowded with multifarious details, and it would take a volume as bulky as itself to trace the unsoundness of each link in the argument. But prick the reasoning anywhere, and it crumples up. Yet deeper learning, though it might have diminished the number of assailable points, could have given no real strength to the main position. The critic is struck less by the rashness of the particular assertions than by the general inadequacy of the theory to prove the author's conclusion. Mr. Ross lays it down that this or that phrase could not have been used by Tacitus. A moment's search shows that Mr. Ross must have dictionaries written specially for himself. But without the search into details there are the 'Annals' themselves, and the blows aimed at them make no impression, not even the slightest. It and the 'Histories' are works all by themselves, and the one and the other as utterly incapable of being a counterfeit as Mr. Ross very appropriately remarks that one man of genius is incapable, try as he may, of counterfeiting the genius of another man. If indeed the 'Annals' could have been deliberately fabricated by Poggio, we should have to suppose him the greatest of all novelists. Never had such a miracle of fiction been created since the masterpieces of De Foe and Cervantes.

We have examined this curious volume in considerable detail, not because we are at all convinced by it, or that we doubt the authenticity of the 'Annals' of Tacitus, but because it exemplifies in a striking manner the sceptical tendency of the age to attack the authenticity of ancient writers. In our judgment, the argument of Mr. Ross against the proper authorship of Tacitus is at least as plausible and ingenious as any of the recent attempts which have been made to shake the authority of the Fourth Gospel; and if a similar *catena* of objections could be urged against any of the books of the canon of Scripture, we should probably be told that criticism had achieved a signal triumph over theological traditions. The truth is, that in such questions the probability lies on the side of long tradition, and it requires stronger evidence than this volume contains to shake it.

Art. VI.—1. *Edmund Campion: a Biography.* By Richard Simpson. London: 1867.

2. *One Generation of a Norfolk House: a Contribution to Elizabethan History.* By Augustus Jessopp, D.D., Head Master of King Edward VI.'s School, Norwich, &c. Norwich: 1878.

3. *Letters of Father Henry Walpole, S.J.* From the original MSS. at Stonyhurst College. Edited, with Notes, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Norwich: 1873. (Fifty copies printed for private circulation.)

4. *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.* By Henry Foley, S. J. London: 1877–78.

It is but of late years that the history of the Jesuit mission which began its operations in this country with the landing of Campion and Parsons at Dover in 1580, and the lives and characters of its principal leaders, have received anything like impartial examination. The histories and biographies from the Roman side, which closely followed the so-called 'martyrdoms' in England —the bombast of Bombinus and the 'historia particular' of Yepes—are no more impartial and no more to be trusted than the 'Book of Martyrs' of the often picturesque but certainly unscrupulous John Foxe. The research of a Maitland was hardly needed to point out the extravagant one-sidedness of the old Jesuit hagiologies. To any reader who is not utterly prejudiced they convey their own antidote. But the task, not of criticising but of reconstructing, of tracing the history of the religious struggle (so it may safely be called) in England through the later decades of the sixteenth century, and of placing in a full and fair light the actions of those who, carrying their lives in their hands, attempted to bring back the country to what in their eyes was the one true faith, was one which demanded not only considerable labour, but most of all

an impartiality and a severe love of truth not often to be met with among those to whom such subjects are chiefly attractive. It is not easy for the writer who undertakes such a work, be he Romanist or Anglican, to hold the balance quite evenly; and if he succeed in doing so he is pretty sure of receiving 'some of the unpleasant'st words' from those on either side who hold it to be so much the worse for truth when it does not fall in with their party feeling. We suspect that this may have been the case with the late Mr. Simpson, whose excellent life of Edmund Campion we have placed at the head of the present article. Mr. Simpson writes like a devoted son of the Church to which he belonged, but by no means with bigotry. He can distinguish political action from religious; and he can afford to smile at those enthusiasts of our own day (we hope there are not many of them) who, so that mass might be sung in St. Paul's, would not object to the accompaniment of a guard of French bayonets. His book is that of an impartial seeker for historical truth; and he has collected all that is known, and all, we believe, that is likely to be known, about the first and the most interesting of the Jesuit 'martyrs.' Mr. Simpson has been followed by Dr. Jessopp, who, in his 'One Generation of a Norfolk House,' gives us the story of Henry Walpole, who was present at Campion's execution, and who was so greatly affected by the sight that he forthwith devoted himself to the Jesuit cause, and suffered at York on a charge of treason, with all the horrible accompaniments of such a conviction, in 1595. Dr. Jessopp, head master of the venerable grammar school at Norwich, is of course an Anglican, with small sympathy for Jesuit teaching. But, no less than Mr. Simpson, he has an earnest sympathy for self-devotion and for old English courage, with whatever faith or whatever schools these may be found allied. It was natural that, closely connected with the county, and bound in ties of intimacy with members of the house of Walpole, he should have been attracted by a life of which the particulars were little known, although to set it forth fully and effectively demanded an amount of laborious research hardly to be estimated by even the very numerous references to manuscript and printed authorities which occur in the notes appended to his chapters. The work has been done, however, once for all. No one is likely to go over the same ground; nor will it be necessary, since in Dr. Jessopp's pages Henry Walpole becomes as much a reality as those of his family with whose doings and likings, throughout the last century, we are all so well acquainted. Dr. Jessopp's book has been published by subscription, and none but subscribers' copies have been printed. It is almost, therefore, in the condition of a private volume, and we propose to make it the principal subject of our article, but we shall be surprised if a work of such extreme interest is not soon given to the public.

In order to understand the career of Walpole it is necessary to give some attention to that of his predecessor Campion, and to the circumstances under which the Jesuit mission was first despatched to England. These subjects are treated at some length by Dr. Jessopp; but we shall here depend for the most part on Mr. Simpson's elaborate life of Campion. We may say at once that this is the true spelling of the name. Campian, the more usual form, has been adopted from the Latinised 'Campianus.' From the accession of Elizabeth in 1559 to the promulgation (Feb. 25, 1570) of the bull of Pope Pius V. excommunicating the queen, and depriving her 'of all dominion, dignity, and privilege whatsoever,' it had been possible for those who held by the 'old religion' (to use a term which was then common) to keep up some sort of conformity with the regulations of the State. A very large proportion of the English gentry were indeed recusants, as those were called who refused to swear allegiance to the queen in a form of oath which declared her to be supreme 'as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal.' A clause in the first Act of Parliament passed in the reign of Elizabeth directed the taking of this oath; and whosoever refused to take it forfeited at once any office or preferment he might hold, and debarred himself from all places of emolument and from all public position. Otherwise he was not disturbed; and although it was also enacted that any person not resorting to his parish church on Sundays and holy days was to forfeit twelvepence for every offence, these fines were rarely enforced, and where they were they could be paid without any great inconvenience. This condition of things was entirely changed by the appearance of the bull of excommunication, which, on the morning of May 15, 1570, was found nailed to the door of the Bishop of London's palace. It was a distinct declaration of war on the part of Rome. Henceforth the Pope and Philip of Spain appear as the two great enemies of England; and it became almost impossible, in legislating for the protection of this country, to distinguish between the papal religion and the papal politics. Accordingly, within a few weeks after

the excommunication, an Act of Parliament was passed 'against the bringing in and putting in execution bulls, writings or instruments, and other superstitious things from the see of Rome.' Persons who should 'use or put in use in any place within the realm' any such bulls or instruments, were to 'suffer pains of death,' and to forfeit all lands and goods, as in cases of high treason. Another clause provided that the same penalties should be incurred by such Catholic priests as, admitted to their orders on the other side of the Channel, ventured to exercise their functions in England; and also by those, whoever they might be, who dared to receive absolution at their hands. The fine for not attending at church remained as before.

This Act was the reply to the bull of excommunication. At first the queen's ministers proceeded with some moderation against the recusants; and it is probable that for the next four or five years the position of the Romanising gentry was not greatly changed. But events, all rendering plain the position taken by the Pope, and all inducing Burghley and Walsingham to keep a stricter watch on the recusants, came crowding on each other. The Duke of Norfolk was beheaded in June 1571. In 1572 occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew; after which Elizabeth, when at last she consented to receive the French ambassador, did so attired, with all the ladies of her court, in the deepest mourning. The struggle was still in progress in the Low Countries, and at last (1573) came the horrible sack of Antwerp. As yet no seminary priests had appeared in England, or perhaps it would be safer to say that none had been discovered. The English College had been founded at Douay by Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Allen in 1568; and to it had flocked numbers of the most promising students from both the English Universities. These formed a part, and but a small part, of the great body of Englishmen, including many of the higher clergy, bishops, deans, canons, besides fifteen heads of colleges, who took refuge in banishment rather than accept the oath of allegiance tendered on the accession of Elizabeth. In many cases the sons of the discontented gentry accompanied them as their pupils. It was intended that priests strongly impregnated with the Ultramontane sentiment should proceed from Douay to 'labor in the English vineyard.' The first of these apprehended was Cuthbert Mayne, who had been a Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and who was taken in the summer of 1577 in the house of a Cornish gentleman, Francis Tregian. Mayne suffered all the horrible penalties of high treason at Launceston, and Tregian's estate was forfeited. In the following spring two more seminarists were executed at Tyburn. The English government was, in fact, thoroughly alarmed. It was known that an armed attack on this country was in contemplation; and in the summer of 1578, during a royal progress through the eastern counties, more than one recusant was summarily dealt with and committed to gaol. The most remarkable of these was Edward Rookwood, who had himself lodged the queen at his house of Euston. When she left it, Elizabeth thanked him for his hospitality and gave him 'her fayre hand to kisse.' 'But my Lo. Chamberlain' (the account is from a letter written by the notorious informer, Topcliffe) 'noblye and gravely understandinge that Rookewoode was excommunicated for Papistrie, cawled him before him; demanded of him how he durst presume to attempt her reall (royal) presence, he, unfytt to accompany any Chrystyan person; forthwith sayd he was fytter for a payre of stocks; commanded hym out of the Coort, and yet to attende her Counsell's pleasure; and at Norwyche he was comytted.' Grave and ominous incidents like this occurred in the midst of royal festivities, shows, and devices, including messages from the gods at the hands of Mercury, delivered to the queen in the green yard of Norwich Cathedral; and welcomings from Gurgunt, King of England, 'which built the Castle of Norwich called Blaunche flower.'

The seminary priests were active, but the Jesuits were as yet unknown in England. It was evident, however, that although the excommunication of Elizabeth had produced among the townsfolk and the great mass of the people an effect directly contrary to that which had been intended, there was much perplexity in the Universities and among the more highly educated of the English youth. It was determined to take all advantage of this perplexity, and to open fresh parallels against the state of England, religious and political. The Pope had for some time been preparing an attack on Ireland; and the famous expedition to which Dr. Sanders was attached reached the Irish coast about the same time as the first Jesuits landed in England. There was undoubtedly a certain connexion between the two events; and the English government can hardly be blamed if it insisted in seeing an almost equal danger in both. The Society of Jesus had been confirmed in 1540. St. Ignatius died in 1556. The only Englishman admitted to the society

during his lifetime was a certain Thomas Lith, a Londoner, of whom nothing is known but the name. But after the accession of Elizabeth many Englishmen were received; and in 1579 the society was everywhere attracting to itself the most powerful intellects on the side of Rome. In that year Dr. Allen, head of the college at Douay, was sent for to Rome on account of serious quarrels prevailing in the English College there. His mediation was effectual. He was fully acquainted with the plans for the invasion of Ireland; and he arrived at the conviction that it would be well to make simultaneously an effort on a large scale for 'recovering the English people from their lapse into heresy and schism.' The new Irish crusade, as it was called, was blessed by Pope Gregory XIII., who gave plenary indulgence to all who should join or assist it. It was now determined that the Society of Jesus should take its part in a mission to England; and this expedition started from Rome on April 18, 1580. The Irish crusade, and the part which the Roman government took in it, were no secrets to the diplomatic body of Europe, least of all to the counsellors of Elizabeth; and the spies of Walsingham made regular reports to their master concerning the organisation and approach of the English mission.

The company which started from Rome was fourteen in number, and the nominal leader was Thomas Goldwell, the deprived Bishop of St. Asaph. But he and the elder priests found that the work was too laborious for them, and the real missioners were the Jesuit fathers and certain young priests from Dr. Allen's colleges, associated with them as fellow-workers. The two Jesuits were Parsons and Campion—famous names, which figure in all histories of this country. The life of Parsons has yet to be written. Mr. Simpson has done all that is possible for that of Campion. It is evident that in the choice of these men the society had been guided by the same principles which afterwards ruled all their important missions. An active, clear-headed man of the world was supplied with a companion whose aims were more entirely religious. It would be hard to say that Parsons was not a man of deep and earnest religion. All that we know of him proves the reverse. But he was essentially the political Jesuit; and the best proof of the difference between the two men is afforded by the fact that Parsons was fully acquainted with the design and progress of the Irish expedition, and of the part borne in it by Dr. Allen, whilst Campion seems to have had no further knowledge of it than what was open to the world. His sole aim was, as he insisted on his trial, and as is proved by his whole career, to bring back to the papal fold all whom he could influence. Parsons was to sound the loyalty and the religious feeling of the country, and to see how far the English recusants were ready to sympathise with a foreign invader.

It is the life and the fate of Campion which belong more especially to our present subject. His father was a bookseller and citizen of London. Edmund, the future Jesuit, who had given early promise of remarkable ability, was sent to Oxford, became Fellow of St. John's, and won for himself the reputation of the most brilliant scholar in the University. He was distinguished as an orator; and in 1560, when the funeral of Amy Robsart, the luckless wife of Lord Robert Dudley, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Campion was chosen to pronounce a funeral oration in her honour. Five years later he did the same for the founder of his college, Sir Thomas White; and in 1566, when Elizabeth visited Oxford, he was one of those appointed to dispute before the queen. The impression which he then made was especially favourable. Leicester showed him much kindness, and Cecil, we are told, greatly admired him. But his position at Oxford became at last untenable. He took the oath of allegiance, and was afterwards so troubled in conscience that he left the University and crossed to Ireland under the protection of the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney. There he wrote his brief but curious 'History of Ireland.' * But he was a marked man. The pursuivants were let loose on him, and after one or two narrow escapes he succeeded in crossing to Calais in the summer of 1571. Thence he made his way to Douay, where he remained for a year, then set out for Rome, and with little delay offered himself for the Society of Jesus, and was at once accepted. For the next four years he laboured in Bohemia, and was made Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Prague, which the emperor was endeavouring to revive, and mainly through the instrumentality of the Jesuits. At Prague Campion won for himself on all sides admiration and affection. Many young Englishmen visited him there, among the rest Sir Philip Sidney, who had been sent by Elizabeth to congratulate the Emperor Rudolph on his accession. 'He had much conversation with me,' wrote Campion to Bavand; 'I hope not in vain, for to all ap-

* First published by Richard Stanihurst in Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' 1587; then by Sir James Ware, in his 'History of Ireland' (Dublin, 1633, fol.).

pearance he was most eager.' Sidney, however, was not to be 'converted,' and in December 1579 Campion was summoned to Rome, where it had been determined that he should be attached to the English mission.

We have seen that this expedition left Rome in April 1580. The members of it were received at Milan by Carlo Borromeo, the sainted archbishop, who kept them for eight days in his house. They first disguised themselves at Geneva, where Campion played the part of an Irish servant very naturally and with much humour. They nevertheless professed themselves to be Catholics, and insisted on visiting Beza, whom they bearded in his study. He 'came forth in his long black gown and round cap, with ruffs about his neck, and a fair long beard,' saluted them courteously, but did not invite them into his house, or to sit down. He declined all controversy, 'for he was busy;' and the ardent Jesuits were at length got rid of by the help of his wife. At Rheims, to which place the establishment at Douay had been removed, but where its prosperity continued unabated, they were earnestly welcomed by Allen. They reached St. Omer in June, and there learned that the Queen of England had particular information of their movements, and had issued proclamations especially directed against them and their plans. The Bishop of St. Asaph and the elder priests found themselves unable to proceed farther. The mission fell virtually into the hands of Parsons and Campion, and Parsons became its head.

It was no wonder that the English government was on the alert, or that the proceedings of the Jesuit mission were well watched. The armed expedition in which Sanders appeared as the Papal Legate, and towards which Pope Gregory had contributed 230,000 scudi, had landed in Ireland, at Dingle, in July 1579. The rebellion of the Earl of Desmond and of the Geraldines immediately followed. The whole country had been in violent disturbance for nearly twelve months; and it was not until the November of 1580 that the fort of Smerwick was taken, and that the rebellion became virtually at an end. It was still raging, therefore, when Parsons and Campion reached Calais in June. We entirely agree with Mr. Froude that it is impossible to suppose either of them to have been ignorant of what had been done and was doing in Ireland. The proceedings of Sanders on his landing were notorious. Allen had spared no hard words about Elizabeth; and the Papal pretensions, since the promulgation of the bull of deposition, had been plain. It is true that the bull had been so far modified that English Catholics were allowed to continue their submission to the queen 'during the present condition of things:' that is, in Mr. Froude's words, they were 'free to profess themselves loyal until circumstances would allow the sentence to be executed. Catholic English gentlemen, that is, were to be allowed to call themselves good subjects of Elizabeth, to disclaim all disloyal intentions, to lead the queen to trust them by assurances of devotion and fidelity, until the Spaniards, or the French, or the Scots were ready to invade the country, and then it would be their duty to turn against her.' But all this was well known in England, and it was only natural, therefore, that the Jesuit mission should be regarded as having more or less a political object. So in fact it had; but the political action was confined to Parsons. There is no reason to believe that Campion was in any way acquainted with the plans or designs of his fellow Jesuit. It is certain that his own labours, throughout his brief career, were entirely religious, and that his sole object was the conversion of his countrymen to what he firmly held to be the truth. Unfortunately the promulgation of truth, in his sense, could hardly at that time be dissociated from treason.

Parsons crossed from Calais to Dover on June 11, 1580—the first Jesuit who touched the shore of England. He was disguised as a soldier from the Low Countries, and passed readily through the hands of the searchers. Campion followed on the 24th, disguised as a merchant of jewels, and, after a narrow escape from the hands of the Mayor of Dover, arrived safely in London two days later. Then began—we quote the words of Dr. Jessopp—

'such an outburst of Catholic fervour as England had not known for many a day. The researches of Mr. Simpson have disclosed to us the fact that some time before the arrival of Parsons and his coadjutors, a large and carefully organised society had been formed, with the special object of co-operating with the missionary priests and furnishing them the means of carrying on their work. A number of young men of property, all of them belonging to the upper classes, and some of them possessed of great wealth, banded themselves together to devote their time and substance to the Catholic cause, and to act as guides, protectors, and supporters of the priests who were coming to "reduce" England. . . . Wherever Campion went he found an eager audience. Five days after his landing, he preached in a house at Smithfield, which had been hired by Lord Paget—"gentlemen of worship and honour" standing at the doors

and guarding the approaches. The effect of the sermon was very great, the audience breaking forth into tears and expressions of violent emotion. Enthusiasts began to believe that their fondest dreams would be realised, and they talked wildly and foolishly. The Queen's Council were kept informed of all that was going on; but so powerful was the combination of the "Comforters," as they were called, that, though the spies and informers did their work sedulously, it was necessary to proceed with caution and not precipitate a crisis. Campion continued to lurk about London and the neighbourhood for some time; his movements were watched, but for the present it seemed unadvisable to attempt his apprehension.' *

The association of the 'Comforters' had been solemnly blessed by Gregory XIII. in the April of 1580. The chief among them was a Mr. George Gilbert, a young gentleman of large property in Suffolk and other counties; but the society included many young men belonging to the chief Catholic families, and a list supplied by Mr. Simpson shows that it furnished the principals of many of the real or pretended plots of the last twenty years of Elizabeth and the opening years of James I. The association equipped Parsons and Campion, who, having determined to work in different parts of England, and with very distinct objects, met to take leave of each other at Hogsdon, at the house of Sir William Catesby. There, feeling that, should they be taken, 'the enemy might falsely defame them,' each wrote 'a brief declaration of the true causes of his coming.' That of Parsons is preserved among the MSS. at Stonyhurst. That of Campion was soon made public through the reckless enthusiasm of Thomas Pounde, who had received a copy, which at last fell into the hands of Watson, Bishop of Winchester. It is a remarkable paper, written with more trust in the goodwill of his opponents than knowledge of their views. 'To reconcile the Catholicism which he came to preach' (and be it remembered that these are the words of a modern Romanist) 'with the designs of the politicians of the Council, was a task beyond all the powers of reason.' †

From Hogsdon, Parsons rode into the western counties, while Campion passed northward. The Council knew at once of their departure from London, and immediately sent pursuivants into most of the shires of England, with authority to apprehend them wherever they could be found. They rode of course disguised: Campion 'in hat and feather like a ruffian.' They were received with due caution in the houses of the greater recusants; and among converts made or confirmed by them, on this first expedition, were three, whose families were afterwards more or less concerned in the Gunpowder Plot—Sir Thomas Tresham of Rushton, Sir William Catesby of Ashby Ledger, and Lord Vaux of Harrowden, all three among the principal houses of Northamptonshire. The Jesuits returned to London in the winter, to meet and to report progress, and then at once proceeded on fresh expeditions. On these and on their various adventures it is not necessary to dwell. The government, after issuing proclamations 'against harbouring of Jesuits,' arranged a plan for putting all the 'recusants' of England under surveillance, and for confining the most energetic of them either to prison or to very narrow limits. Numbers were committed, including the Earl of Southampton, Lord Herbert, Lord Compton, and Lord Paget; and the 'persecution' is described in violent language by Dr. Allen in a letter to the Cardinal of Como, written from Rheims, Sept. 12, 1580.* He adds in a postscript, 'I have sent you a page of the English calendar that you may see how solemnly the festival of Elizabeth's birthday is kept on the 7th of September, so as totally to eclipse that of the Blessed Virgin on the 8th, which is omitted. See 'the pride of the queen, who is not content with the festival of her coronation, but must have her birthday kept besides.'

A press was afterwards set up in connexion with the Jesuits, and was worked for some time at a lodge in a wood belonging to Lady Stoner. Undoubtedly the watch on the recusants was severe, and they were exposed to much vexatious interference; but neither Parsons nor Campion writes of the persecution in the same unmeasured terms as Allen, who knew far less about it; and the fact that the press remained for some months without discovery indicates that, however sharp the watch may have been, it was not impossible to elude it. At this press was printed Campion's book—better known by name than by sight—the 'Decem Rationes,' or 'Ten Reasons for being a Catholic.' This was prepared in time for the Commemoration at Oxford (June 27, 1581), when those who attended St. Mary's Church in the morning found the benches strewn with copies. Attention was fixed on the book rather than on the

* 'One Generation of a Norfolk House,' pp. 88–89.

† Simpson's Campion, p. 161.

† This letter is printed by Simpson (p. 167 *et seq.*) from Theiner, 'Annals,' iii. p. 215.

'responsions' which were going on in the Church; and the readers, we are told, were 'strangely moved.' The arguments are not very remarkable; but here and there occurs a passage which may explain the agitation. After quoting the words of Isaiah, 'Queens shall be thy nursing mothers,' Campion proceeds:—

'Listen, Elizabeth, mighty queen. The prophet is speaking to thee, is teaching thee thy duty. I tell thee, one heaven cannot receive Calvin and these thy ancestors; join thyself therefore to them, be worthy of thy name, of thy genius, of thy learning, of thy fame, of thy fortune. Thus only do I conspire, thus only will I conspire against thee, whatever becomes of me, who am so often threatened with the gallows as a conspirator against thy life. Hail, thou good Cross! The day shall come, Elizabeth, the day that will show thee clearly who loved thee best—the Society of Jesus or the brood of Luther.'

'I have no doubt,' adds Mr. Simpson, who quotes this outbreak, 'that Campion wrote these words in perfect good faith; but Parsons may have laughed in his sleeve when he gave them his *imprimatur*.'

A very short time, not more than a fortnight or three weeks, elapsed between the dispersion of the 'Decem Rationes' and the taking of the author. It was probably the excitement caused by the book which led Parsons to determine on a separation. He and Campion had been together for some time; the latter was now sent into Norfolk, but received permission to visit on his way Lyford in Berkshire, the house of a Mrs. Yate, who had there under her protection eight Brigittine nuns. Campion was ordered to remain at Lyford but one day. That time he spent almost entirely in hearing confessions and in religious conferences; and after dinner 'he took horse and rode away.' But a number of Catholics came in the afternoon to Lyford to see the nuns; and when they found 'what a treasure they had so barely missed,' they determined to send after Campion, came up with him at an inn not far from Oxford, surrounded, we are told, 'by students and masters of the university,' and persuaded him to return with them to Lyford.

A certain George Eliot, a professed Catholic, but an informer and a man of the lowest character, was at this time in Oxfordshire, and, through his intercourse with Leicester, had been furnished with full powers to apprehend Campion wherever he might find him. It was known that Campion was in the neighbourhood; and Eliot seems to have traced him to Lyford without difficulty. The moated house of Lyford, ancient at that time, was pierced with secret passages, and contained one at least of those hiding-places which are found in so many old English mansions. Campion remained there in peace for two days, preaching and celebrating mass for the nuns, a great body of neighbouring Catholics, and many Oxford students. On the evening of Sunday, July 16, 1581, Eliot arrived at the house with his attendant pursuivant. He was not suspected; and, professing a great desire 'for the consolation of mass,' he was admitted, the servant who let him into the house whispering to him that he was a lucky man, since he would not only hear mass, but also hear Father Campion preach. Eliot at once sent off his pursuivant to a magistrate near at hand, ordering him to come to Lyford with an hundred men for the purpose of apprehending Campion. Meanwhile mass was sung; dinner was served; Eliot left abruptly; and a watchman who had been placed on one of the turrets announced that the house was entirely surrounded by armed men. The company broke up in confusion; and Campion with two priests, Ford and Collingham, was hurried to a secret chamber above the gateway, where they remained all the afternoon. The house was carefully searched, 'Judas' Eliot, as he was afterwards called, conducting the operations. The evening came, and nothing had been found. The men, leaving the house, laughed at Eliot, who, roused in his turn, insisted that they had not broken the walls or searched the hiding-places. 'We have no warrant,' said the magistrate, 'to break down or destroy.' 'But I have,' returned Eliot, and drawing the warrant from his bosom he proceeded to read it. Meanwhile the priests had crept out of their confinement, and the whole house was in a tumult of rejoicing, interrupted sharply by the return of the magistrate with his men. Mrs. Yate was allowed to choose a chamber where she might remain in peace; but the rest of the house was examined, the walls were sounded, and broken in where they seemed hollow. At last the men, who had been well supplied with beer, tired of their work, and composed themselves to sleep. When Mrs. Yate was assured that all were asleep, with an imprudence which seems hardly credible she sent for Campion from his hiding-place, and insisted on his preaching at her bedside. The servants assembled, Campion became excited and preached noisily. The sentinels awoke and the priests had barely time to escape—not, however, before their presence in the house had been made known with certainty. The search was continued, still without result;

until Eliot, almost in despair, as he passed down the staircase, put his hand on the wall over the stairs, and exclaimed 'We have not broken through here.' One of Mrs. Yate's servants, who had been placed in attendance on him, and to whom he spoke, knowing that it was precisely there that the priests were hidden—

'turned deadly pale, and stammered out that he should have thought enough walls had been broken up already. Eliot marked his confusion, and immediately asked for a smith's hammer. He smashed in the wall, and there, in a little close cell, on a narrow bed, were the three priests lying side by side, their faces and hands raised towards heaven. They had confessed their sins to one another, and had received for their penance to say one *fiat voluntas tua*, and to invoke St. John Baptist three times. For St. John had once before saved Campion from a similar danger.' (Simpson, pp. 226–7.)

Thus Campion was taken. The Council, to which the Sheriff of Berkshire at once applied, ordered that the prisoners (many recusants were also taken into custody) should be sent under a strong guard to London. They were well treated until they reached Colebrook, about ten miles from London. At that place their elbows were tied behind them, their hands in front, and their legs under their horses' bellies. Campion rode first; and in his hat was stuck a paper, on which was written 'Campion the seditious Jesuit.' Thus they passed through the city to the Tower, where they were delivered over to the custody of the governor, Sir Owen Hopton.

We cannot attempt to follow at any length all that occurred between the taking of Campion and his execution at Tyburn. He was examined at the house of the Earl of Leicester, and there is every reason for believing that Elizabeth was present herself on this occasion. Afterwards the Council determined to treat him with severity. He was three several times stretched on the rack; for although the use of torture was contrary to the law of England, it was employed at this time without scruple. On the rack he did make some kind of statement about the houses in which he had been received; but nothing could be extracted from him which in any way indicated a knowledge of, or a connexion with, any political conspiracy. At length, on November 20, he was brought to his trial in Westminster Hall, where he was allowed free speech, but where, of course, nothing that he could say was of avail to set aside a foregone conclusion. The Council had determined that an example should be made; and Campion, although not the slightest proof was offered of his having been concerned in treasonable practices, was a Jesuit and one of great name. It must be admitted too that when pressed for his opinion concerning the bull of deposition, his answers were doubtful, although they did not imply an entire acceptance of it. The jury found him guilty; and the Lord Chief Justice pronounced sentence of death, with all the fearful penalties of high treason. The sentence was carried out at Tyburn on December 1. The chief reporter of the execution of Campion and his fellows was Anthony Munday, a player and a dramatist of some reputation. His account is printed in Holinshed; and Hallam rightly condemns it for 'a savageness and bigotry which I am very sure no scribe of the Inquisition could have surpassed.' * The details are fully given by Mr. Simpson. We need not pain our readers by dwelling on them; but it should be stated that Campion was allowed to die on the gallows before the last frightful indignities were offered to his body, and that when Lord Charles Howard asked him 'for which queen he prayed, whether for Elizabeth the queen?' he answered 'Yea, for Elizabeth, your queen and my queen, unto whom I wish a long quiet reign with all prosperity.' At the same time with Campion suffered two other priests, Sherwin and Briant.

Whilst the executioner was quartering the body of Campion, some drops of blood fell upon a young man standing beside the block, whose name was Henry Walpole. It seemed, we are told, that there had thus come to him a call from heaven to take up the work which had been so cruelly cut short, and to follow the same path which Campion had trodden. Walpole returned to his chambers, and there, within the next day or two, composed a poem of thirty stanzas, entitled 'An Epitaphe of the Lyfe and Deathe of the most famouse Clerke and vertuouse Priest Edmũd Campion, and reverend Father of the meeke Societie of the blessed Name of Jesus.' The verses, which at first were handed about in manuscript, and were afterwards printed, are graceful and flowing, and, although they tell us nothing important about Campion, they sufficiently indicate the deep emotion of the writer:—

'His hurdle drawes us wyth hym to the crosse,
His speeches there provoke us for to dye.
His death doth saie, this lyfe is but a losse;
His martyred blood from heaven to us doth crye.
His first and last, and all, conspire in this
To schewe the way that leadeth us to blisse.'

* Constitutional History of England, i. p. 146, note (ed. 1855).

It is this Henry Walpole the records of whose life, hitherto little known, have been so carefully traced by Dr. Jessopp. His book not only gives us the touching story of a very remarkable man, but illustrates, as only family history can illustrate, the condition of an important part of England during the reign of Elizabeth, when the great religious changes of the Reformation were still in progress, and when, whatever might be the outward appearance of things, so great confusion, disagreement, and unrest in reality underlay the surface. Out of all this confusion, and as a direct consequence of the Catholic combination against England which culminated in the Armada, there arose, and rapidly deepened, a strong feeling of patriotism in which all participated, without little or no distinction of creed or party. Trouble and danger from the side of Rome did not of course cease after the dispersion of the Armada; but the circumstances were different. It was at least certain that no foreign invasion would be welcomed or assisted by any considerable party in this country.

As the son of an ancient house whose influence and connexions were widely spread, the position of Henry Walpole differed altogether from that of Campion. The Walpoles first appear in the Norfolk Marshland, where their most ancient manor seems to have been Walpole St. Peter's, a place now famous for its superb Perpendicular church. They retained this manor until the year 1797; but in the time of Henry II. the Walpoles migrated to Houghton, in a drier and pleasanter country. They married and prospered; and at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth there was no family in the Norfolk district lying between Fakenham and Ely at all to be compared with the Walpoles in the extent of their possessions and the width of their local influence and resources. The three principal branches of the family at this time were the Walpoles of Houghton, of Herpley, and, represented by a second son of Walpole of Herpley, the Walpoles of Docking, who afterwards removed to Anmer Hall. Henry Walpole the Jesuit, born in 1558, was a son of Christopher Walpole of Docking. Dr. Jessopp gives so picturesque a description of the Walpole district in the sixteenth century that we must quote it.

'First and last, the possessions of the three squires stretched over a tract covering not much short of fifty square miles. It was wild heath and scrub for the most part, where huge flocks of sheep roamed at large; except where the "common fields" of arable land and the small patches of meadow and pasture supplied with cereals and fodder the population of villages which were then perhaps more thickly inhabited than now. The peasantry were dismally ignorant, timid, and slavish; each man's village was his world, and he shrank from looking beyond it. The turf or the brushwood of the parish gave him fuel; the bees gave him all the sweetness he ever tasted; the sheepskin served him for clothing, and its wool, which the women spun, served for the squire's doublet and hose. The lord of the manor allowed no corn to be ground save at his own mill; and he who was so fortunate as to own some diminutive salt-pan was the rich man of the district. It is very difficult for us to throw ourselves back in imagination to a time when nothing was too insignificant to be made the subject of a special bequest. Not only do we meet with instances of bed and bedding, brass pots, a single silver spoon, a table, and the smallest household utensils left in the wills of people of some substance and position, but old shoes, swarms of bees, half a bushel of rye, and as small a sum as sixpence, are common legacies even down to the end of the sixteenth century. The cottage of the labourer, who was as much tied to the soil as his forefather the "villein" (who had passed with the land as a chattel when an estate changed owners), was nothing but a mud hovel with a few sods for roof, and, as a dwelling, incomparably less comfortable than the gipsy's tent is in our own days. The manor-house, on the other hand, small though it were, exhibited a certain barbaric prodigality. Foreigners were amazed at the extent of English households, out of all proportion to the accommodation provided for them. In the latter half of Elizabeth's reign the fashion of building large houses in the country parishes prevailed to a surprising extent, and this, with other causes, hastened the ruin of many an old county family which had held its own for generations: but at her accession the houses of the landed gentry were very small and unpretending, and their furniture almost incredibly scanty; while, for the agricultural labouring classes, there were tens of thousands of them who, as we understand the words, had never in their lives slept in a bed. Roads there were none. Fakenham, the nearest town to Houghton, was nine miles off as the crow flies, and Lynn was eleven or twelve. As men rode across the level moors, now and then starting a bustard on their way, or scaring some fox or curlew, there was little to catch the eye save the church towers, which are here planted somewhat thickly; but Coxford Abbey, not yet in ruins—indeed part of it actually at this time inhabited—and Flitcham Priory, a cell of Walsingham, frowned down upon the passer-by, the desolate ghosts of what had been but twenty years before.' *

Henry Walpole was educated at the grammar school founded in Norwich by

* One Generation of a Norfolk House, pp. 22–23.

Edward VI., where among his companions may possibly have been Edward Coke, the future Lord Chief Justice, Naunton, author of the 'Fragmenta Regalia,' and Greene the dramatist. At this time Puritanism was rampant in the city of Norwich; but the gentry of the county, who then formed almost a caste, were very differently disposed. Walpole matriculated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1575; and carried with him there the strongest Catholic leanings, if indeed he were not at that time a professed Catholic. His cousin Edward Walpole was also at Peterhouse, besides many of their kindred, three of whom afterwards became Jesuits like himself. He was clearly a diligent student; and in 1579, on leaving Cambridge, entered at Gray's Inn, then a favourite haunt of all who were 'Catholicly' inclined. He was still at Cambridge, when in 1578 Elizabeth made her Norfolk progress, during which her host Rookwood was imprisoned. In 1580 Campion arrived in England, and it is clear that Henry Walpole was a decided favourer of the Jesuit mission. Then followed the execution of Campion, after which Walpole wrote his poem, printed at length by one Vallenger, who was fined and condemned to lose his ears for it, but would not give up the author's name.

'But though Vallenger kept his secret with unusual courage, it was not long before whispers went abroad that the true author of the poem was Henry Walpole, who forthwith became an object of suspicion. He had been notoriously at Cambridge an associate with the Romanist malcontents; he had taken no degree; the oath of allegiance he had declined to be bound by; at Gray's Inn he had already become famous by his uncompromising habit of standing up for his own opinions, and had the character of being a far better theologian than lawyer. At the disputations between Campion and the English divines in the Tower, he had been a constant attendant; he had been present at his trial in Westminster Hall, and had stood by his side at the execution; he had taken no pains to conceal his sentiments, and rather appears to have exhibited something like a spirit of bravado. His biographers assert that he had made himself obnoxious by "converting" more than twenty young men who were his associates, and that his activity as a proselytiser drew upon him at last the notice of the Council. It is certain that his cousin, Edward Walpole of Houghton, was powerfully influenced by him, and induced to refuse the oath of allegiance, and certain too that this circumstance had something to do with his finding it necessary to go away from London, where a warrant was out against him. Even the precincts of Gray's Inn would soon become unsafe, and he rode off to his Norfolk home to escape the pursuivants. But there was a danger that by remaining in his native county he should compromise his relations, and after some delays he managed to get a passage on board a vessel sailing for France.' (Jessopp, pp. 92--3.)

He reached Rheims on July 7, 1582, and enrolled himself among the students of theology. There he remained for nine or ten months, and then set out for Rome. He was received as a student in the English College, took minor orders, and in February, 1584, was admitted among the probationers of the Society of Jesus. His health afterwards broke down; he was sent to France, and by order of the General of the Jesuits was ordained priest at Paris in December, 1588. Thence, in the same year, just after the failure of the Armada, Walpole was sent to join the so-called 'Missio Castrensis,' a Jesuit mission which had been established in the Low Countries for the spiritual welfare of the soldiery serving there under the Prince of Parma. Walpole's

'readiness of speech and abundant culture, his captivating manner and extraordinary facility as a linguist, his long and careful training, and perhaps too his birth and connexion with some who were conspicuous in the army, marked him out as an eminently fit man for work of this kind. He himself, in his examinations, tells us that his business was to hear confessions in French and English, Spanish and Italian, of all which he was a master; and we may be sure that he threw himself into his new duties with no half-heartedness.' (Jessopp, p. 149.)

The 'Missio' was watched, however, by Walsingham's spies; and during an attempt on the part of Walpole to minister to the soldiery of Flushing, or to confer with friends in the town, then held by a garrison chiefly English, whose commander was Sir Robert Sidney, he was taken prisoner and committed to close custody. In prison he suffered much; but Captain Russell, a cousin of his family, one of the English officers serving at Flushing, found means of communicating with the Norfolk Walpoles, and Michael, a younger brother, determined at once to cross the seas, and to join Henry Walpole, whose position was known to be perilous. A ransom was accepted for the release of the Jesuit; and he was set at liberty in January, 1590, having learned, as he himself says, by his imprisonment, 'to know better both God, the world, and himself.'

This sentence occurs in the earliest of a series of letters preserved among the MSS. at Stonyhurst, and written by Henry Walpole to Father Creswell, Rector of the English College at Rome. They cover a period

of fifteen months, and furnish us with a very valuable picture of the deplorable state of affairs among the English refugees in Belgium during the two years after the Armada.

'They give us notices of the coming and going of Jesuit priests and political agents and Spanish generals. Now and then there are scraps of news from home, and sometimes faint whispers of dark intrigues going on, or of wars and rumours of wars that might be imminent. But free and unrestrained as these letters are, and written as they are in full confidence and affection by one Jesuit to another, there is not from beginning to end one single word or hint which indicates anything approaching, I will not say to treasonable designs, but even to an acquaintance with the existence of such designs on the writer's part. Setting aside such religious views as we should of course expect to meet with, these letters exhibit to us a man of intense enthusiasm, of lofty piety, of fanaticism if you will, but one whose faith was the very life of his life, and the mainspring of his every act and thought and word.' *

All the letters are dated from Brussels; and the time of Walpole's residence there is regarded by his biographer as the most useful and perhaps the happiest period of his life. But his thoughts were strongly turned towards England. His brother Michael, after remaining with him for some months, went to Rome and entered at the English College there. His youngest brother, Thomas, crossed to Flanders in 1589, and obtained a commission in the Spanish army. His cousin, Edward Walpole, soon afterwards 'abjured the realm' of England, and was received into the English College at Rome; and before another year had passed, his brother Christopher, with two other Norfolk gentlemen, Thomas Lucie or Lacy, and Anthony Rouse, arrived at Rheims. With each of these arrivals came fresh tidings of the religious excitement that was prevailing among the gentry of the eastern counties, fed mainly by the exertions of a certain Father Gerard. 'Gerard doeth much good,' writes Walpole to Father Creswell; and he grew himself earnestly desirous of also doing good work in England. This, however, he was not to attempt immediately. From Brussels he was sent to the Jesuit noviciate at Tournay; thence he was called to the college at Bruges; and in the autumn of 1592 he was ordered by the General of the society to proceed to Spain, where Parsons had for some time been occupied in organising an English seminary which should be a Jesuit, and not, like that of Douay or of Rheims, a secular college. The new college was established at Seville. Walpole took part in the opening ceremony, which was conducted with great magnificence; and we are told by an eyewitness that 'at the end of the mass four scholars took the oath of priesthood and returning into England, according to the manner of the seminaries.' In a month or two Walpole was sent to Valladolid; and there at length came the long-desired summons. In his examination before his trial he declared:—

'I was minister (at Valladolid) till Fa. Parsons coming to Valladolid about June, anno 93, did find me not so apt, as he said, for that office, and told me he was in doubt whether to send me to hear confessions in Seville or to Lisbon, where is a residence begun: and suddenly he told me he was resolved I should go into England if I did not refuse, having order thereto from the General and Provincial; and so he and the Rector did determine.'

Accordingly, after an interview with Philip II., who 'being very low, very weak, so as I could scarcely hear him, said only these words that I could understand, "Dios os encamina,"' Henry Walpole proceeded to Bilbao, embarked at Portugaletta for Calais, arrived there after a long and stormy voyage, and waited, first at Douay and then at St. Omer, for an opportunity of passing into England.

Here we must return on our steps to describe the condition of things in the eastern counties. We have seen how the devotion of Henry Walpole influenced his own family and his immediate relations. But in truth by far the greater part of Norfolk was 'recusant.'

'The squires in this part of Norfolk' (i.e. the north-western portion of the county) 'had by no means moved with the times. They were Catholics almost to a man. People discussed the great questions between the Churches of England and Rome freely and openly, and scarcely a single one of the old county families was without some prominent members who were already, or were soon about to be, sufferers for their faith. The Townshends of Rainham, the Cobbs of Sandringham, the Bastards of Dunham, the Bozouns of Whissonsett, the Kerviles of Wiggenhall, and many others of less note and importance, all figure in the Recusant Rolls; . . . the country swarmed with squires who, though they "kept their church," yet had small love for the new order of things, and would have welcomed a change to the old *régime* with something more than equanimity.' (Jessopp, p. 127.)

It can hardly be matter of surprise that such

* One Generation of a Norfolk House, p. 151. These letters have been privately printed by Dr. Jessopp, from the originals at Stonyhurst.

a district as this should have attracted the special attention of Walsingham's spies and informers, or that seminary priests and Jesuits should have found it one of their best centres of operation. It was here that Gerard had 'done much good.' Like Walpole, he was a man of family, the son of Sir Thomas Gerard of Bryn in Lancashire. He had not the learning of Walpole or of Campion, but could sit a horse or train a falcon, knew all the tricks and terms of the hunting field, and was familiar with all the pastimes of country life. It is somewhat remarkable that such a man should have entered the Jesuit Society; but, says Dr. Jessopp—

'it is a significant fact, explain it as we may, that in the latter half of the sixteenth century the "call of God" for young Englishmen of culture and birth, who were Romanists, meant almost invariably a call to enter the Society of Jesus; so completely had the new order attracted to itself all the choice and lofty spirits among the Catholics, and so wonderfully had the fathers of the society impressed the minds of men with a belief in their sanctity, self-abnegation, and the sincerity of their devotion to a great cause.' (Jessopp, p. 122.)

Gerard has himself written an account of his early life and of his mission to England, whither he was sent in the autumn of 1588, the year of the Armada. He landed on the Norfolk coast towards the end of October, and, not without considerable danger, found his way to Norwich. There he was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Edward Yelverton, of Grimston, whose father was one of the richest and most influential men in the county, who had himself been at Cambridge with the Walpoles, and, like them, had become strongly affected by so-called Catholicism. Gerard met Yelverton by appointment in the nave of Norwich Cathedral; for although no recusant would enter a church, the nave of a cathedral was regarded as only within the precincts.* Gerard then admitted that he was a Jesuit priest; and Yelverton insisted on carrying him at once to Grimston, where the neighbourhood was altogether Catholic. Here, and in other Catholic houses, in Norfolk and Suffolk, he remained for some years, during which time

'the number of converts of both sexes which he made would appear absolutely incredible, if the evidence were not so conclusive, and the proofs had not come to us from so many different quarters. At least ten young men of birth, and belonging to the most considerable families in the two counties, left England and joined the Society of Jesus before the close of Elizabeth's reign, and in every instance we can distinctly trace his influence; indeed in the majority of cases they themselves attribute their conversion to Gerard by name.' (Jessopp, p. 129.)

It is clear that Gerard was one of those men who possess in an unusual degree the power of attraction and persuasion. He received and 'reconciled to the Church of Rome' three brothers of Henry Walpole, Michael, Christopher, and Thomas, besides their cousin, Edward Walpole, of Houghton, all of whom thus became something more than ordinary recusants. Indeed, as to attendance at church, neglect of which was one of the chief marks of a recusant—

'by this time a very simple device had been invented by the Catholic squires which has hitherto escaped the notice of historians. If there were no church to go to in the parish, the squire could not be presented by the churchwardens as a nonconformist. It was easy to reduce the fabric to a ruinous condition in any out-of-the-way village where the lord of the manor was all but supreme, where he was resident and the parson was not. Ac-

* A very curious proof of the little respect paid to the naves (and, it would seem, more than the naves) of churches and cathedrals, and of the indifference with which they were regarded in the early days of the Reformation, is afforded by a remarkable Proclamation, preserved among the Cotton MSS. (Titus, B. ii. 39), and printed for the first time by Dr. Jessopp. It runs as follows:—

'*A Proclamation for the Reformation of Quarrels and other like Abuses in the Church.*

'The King's Majesty considering that churches, holy cathedrals, and others, which at the beginning were godly instituted for common prayer, for the Word of God, and the ministration of Sacraments, be now of late time in many places, and especially within the city of London, irreverently used, and by divers insolent rash persons sundry ways much abused, so far forth that many quarrels, riots, frays, bloodsheddings, have been made in some of the said churches, besides shootings of hand-guns to doves, and the common bringing of horses and mules in and through the said churches, making the same which were properly appointed to God's service and common prayer like a stable or common inn, or rather a den or sink of all unchristliness, to the great dishonour of God, the fear of His Majesty, and disquiet of all such as for the time be then assembled for common prayer and hearing of God's Word:

'Forasmuch as the insolency of great numbers using the said ill demeanes doth daily more and more increase, his Highness, by the advice of the Lords and others of his Privy Council, straightly chargeth and commandeth that no manner of person or persons, of what state or condition soever he or they be, do from henceforth presume to quarrel, fray, or fight, shoot any hand-gun, bring any horse or mule into or through any cathedral or other church, or by any other ways or means irreverently use the said churches or any of them upon pain of his Highness's indignation, and imprisonment of his or their bodies that so shall offend against the effect of his present proclamation. EDWARD VI.'

cordingly a systematic destruction of the churches in Norfolk commenced, and went on to an extent that may well amaze us.' (Jessopp, p. 186.)

It is no doubt true that Norfolk at this day contains more ruined churches than any other English county, and there is direct evidence that in one case at least the lord of the manor 'converted the church to a barn, and the steeple to a dove-house;' but the history of these desecrations deserves more attention at the hands of East-country antiquaries than it has hitherto received. We may briefly notice the rest of Gerard's story. After passing through imminent perils, and after many hairbreadth escapes, he was apprehended in 1594 and flung into the tower. There he was tortured, and lost the use of his hands for some months; but in 1597 he escaped, at once returned to what he believed to be his duty, laboured to the end, and died quietly in his bed at last.

He was still at large, and working diligently in Norfolk, when Henry Walpole reached the north coast of France on his way to England, in September 1593. There was great difficulty in securing a passage. The plague was raging in London; and 'no French ship went from Calais by reason of the sickness.' With Walpole was his brother Thomas; and while they were waiting at St. Omer they fell in with Edward Lingen, a 'soldier of fortune,' as he would have been called in those days, who had been for some years a 'pirate,' carrying into Dunkirk whatever prizes he could make, with an entire indifference whether the ships taken were Flemish, French, or English. Three 'vessels of war,' in reality three pirate vessels, were at that moment fitting out at Dunkirk. Lingen, who had friends among the buccaneers, heard of this expedition, and, since he also wished to pass into England, secured places on board one of the ships for himself and the two Walpoles, with an understanding that they were to be set ashore somewhere on the coast of Essex, Suffolk, or Norfolk. Another priest, travelling under the name of Ingram, had already bargained for a passage; and a spy of Walsingham's was also on board. They set sail in very boisterous weather, and were off the English coast on December 3, on which day they took a prize; but they had been carried past the Wash and the Humber, and on the evening of the 4th the ship which conveyed the Jesuits was off Flamborough Head.

'Ingram was bound for Scotland; he would have been quite content to go on. Henry Walpole had far overshot his mark. Anywhere on the coast of Norfolk or even Lincolnshire, he would have found himself very soon among friends, but to land in Yorkshire was to rush into the lion's jaws. Nevertheless, the weather showed no signs of mending; it was impossible to say where next he might find himself; and as the captain told him, to use his own words, "that he could not touch the land where he would, and the wind, they said, was not good . . . for very weariness of the sea I desired them to set me on land anywhere, or else carry me back—and so they put me on land." Unfortunately, he and his two companions were not the first to leave the ships. The spy, who was a passenger on board another of the vessels, managed to land before them, and slipped away to carry information to York. The three companions were set ashore at Bridlington, and the ships put out to sea again. Henry Walpole was in England once more.' (Jessopp, p. 174.)

At the time of his landing on the coast of Yorkshire the position of the English Catholics was very different from what it had been in Campion's time, or even in 1588, when Gerard came to England. After the Jesuit mission had assumed the character of an actual invasion, a new act was passed 'to retain the Queen's Majesty's subjects in their due obedience;' and it was rigorously enforced.

'Hitherto the Catholic gentry had received some measure of toleration, though regarded with disfavour and suspicion. Henceforth they had to choose between conformity and something like ruin or death. By the first clause of this act, to persuade anyone to embrace the "Romish religion," or to yield to such persuasion, was to incur the penalties of high treason. By the fourth clause, "every person which shall say or sing mass" shall forfeit the sum of two hundred marks, and be imprisoned for a year; and "every person which shall willingly hear mass" is to forfeit one hundred marks and suffer a like imprisonment. But the most terrible clause of all was the fifth, which from this time became the real instrument of oppression and robbery upon the unhappy recusants, and which, in lieu of the old fine for non-attendance at church, provided that "every person above the age of sixteen years which shall not repair to some church, chapel, or usual place of common prayer, but forbear the same . . . shall forfeit to the Queen's Majesty for every month . . . which he or she shall so forbear, *twenty pounds of lawful English money*; and besides, over and above the said forfeitures, . . . be bound with two sufficient sureties in the sum of two hundred pounds at least to their good behaviour."' (Jessopp, p. 105.)

Fines gathered under this statute were to be divided into three parts, one of which went to the queen, another to the poor of the parish where the offence was committed, and the remaining third to the informer.

'I have never met,' writes Dr. Jessopp, 'with the slightest trace of evidence that the poor of the parish in any one case benefited directly or indirectly by the fines that were levied. Some portion undoubtedly did find its way into the exchequer; but they who got the lion's share of the spoil were the pursuivants and informers.'

This was the law throughout the country. In Yorkshire, even before the passing of the new Act, the severity with which all recusants were treated had been unusually great. The county had been a stronghold of the 'old religion;' and the overthrow of the 'Pilgrimage of Grace' in 1536 was succeeded by the establishment of the Council of the North, 'a name of terror during the later years of the sixteenth century to all who favoured the Roman cause, or who had any leaning towards the papal hierarchy or the papal authority.' The president of the Council at the time of Walpole's landing was the Earl of Huntingdon, a man who had always sided with the party of progress in religion, had consistently favoured the Puritans, and as consistently set himself to oppose the Romanists. He became president in 1572, and from the first set himself at work to keep down the malcontents. A system of espionage grew up, and a regular band of informers was taken into the lord president's pay. A list was sent up to Burghley of the principal gentry in Yorkshire, with marks against their names indicating which were 'protestant,' 'the worste sorte,' 'meane or less evyll,' and 'doubtfull or newter.' Fines were exacted; those who could not pay were thrown into York Castle; and after the death of Campion the discipline became sterner. William Lacey, of Great Houghton, who had fled from Yorkshire and returned as a seminary priest, was taken in 1582 in the act of exercising his functions among the prisoners in the castle, and, having been put on his trial with another seminarist, was of course found guilty, and both were hanged. Many other victims followed; and in 1586 occurred what Dr. Jessopp rightly calls the 'atrocious and almost unexampled barbarity which distinguished the case of Margaret Clitherow.' She was the daughter of Thomas Middleton, a wealthy citizen of York, and sheriff of the city in 1565. After his death, her mother took as her second husband one Henry Maye, who was lord mayor of York in 1586. Margaret had married John Clitherow in 1571, and had borne him several children. She had been presented as a recusant in 1576, and had then been imprisoned for a time in York Castle. It is clear that she was a woman of much enthusiasm, that her life was that of an ascetic, and that she was a great befriender of priests. In March 1586 the Council ordered that Clitherow's house should be searched. Everyone found in it was arrested, and a boy of ten or twelve years of age was compelled to give such information as he could. On this evidence Margaret Clitherow was put on her trial for the crime of concealing priests. She obstinately refused to plead at the bar; and when no arguments or threats could move her, she was condemned to suffer the *peine forte et dure*, and was actually crushed to death in accordance with the sentence. She was by no means the last who suffered. Each succeeding year saw the death of priests at York, who for the most part had to endure the extreme penalties of high treason.

It was in the province thus severely ruled that Walpole and his two companions were set ashore on a December night in 1593. They knew nothing of the neighbourhood; and after wandering through leafless woods and over rough moorland they found themselves, early in the morning, at Kilham, about nine miles from their landing-place, and took refuge in the village inn.

'Before noon the tidings had spread far and wide that three strangers, travel-stained and soaked with rain, had appeared in the neighbourhood, no one knew whence, and had taken up their quarters at the roadside alehouse. The constables, at this time more than ordinarily vigilant, were soon upon the track. Three months before, Lord Huntingdon had laid his hands upon a seminary priest of some note—one John Boast—whom he had been endeavouring for years to get into his power. On his succeeding at last, he had received from the Lords of the Privy Council a special letter of thanks in acknowledgment of the important service rendered. Gratified by this recognition, the Earl had replied to the Council assuring them of his unabated desire to deserve the approbation of his royal mistress; and in accordance with his professions the coast had been watched with increased strictness. Every stranger and wayfarer was subjected to search and cross-examination, and the chances of escape for any seminary priest adrift in Yorkshire had been reduced to a minimum. Before the sun set on that first day after landing on English soil the three returned exiles had been arrested and straightway committed to the castle at York.' (Jessopp, p. 208.)

The three men were allowed no communication in prison. They all gave their true names. Henry Walpole confessed that he was a Jesuit father, and his brother and Lingen admitted that they had served in Flanders in the regiment of Sir William Stanley—that Sir William Stanley who had

treasonably surrendered Deventer to the Spanish commander Tassis. But while Henry Walpole and Lingen steadily refused to answer questions which affected the safety of the life of others, Thomas Walpole—'not of the stuff that martyrs are made of'—told all that he knew; and, being taken by the officers to the seashore, he dug up a packet of letters which his brother had, on their first landing, hidden in the sand under a stone. Henry Walpole was himself a man of too much note, not only as an active Jesuit, but as the heir of an ancient and wealthy English family, to escape extreme 'persecution,' as he describes it, at the hands of the president of the Council. Lord Huntingdon felt that 'it would be a great point gained if his convictions could be shaken, or, better, if in open controversy he might be put to the worse by some practised theologians qualified to stand forward as champions for the Protestant faith.' Accordingly, several Roman priests, who had been arrested and had recanted (for all had not Campion's firmness), and the earl's chaplain, Dr. Favour, 'a very mild divine,' who had lately been made Vicar of Halifax, and who was a man of learning and piety, with some of the York clergy, were appointed to 'confer' with the Jesuit. It is uncertain whether the conferences were public or private; but they ended in the usual fashion, and each side remained perfectly satisfied with itself. The president then directed a gaol delivery for January 24, 1594, when the Walpoles and Lingen were to be put upon their trial. It was found, however, that there was no law to deal with the cases of the two laymen. Their offences had been committed beyond the seas; and with the piracy of Lingen it was difficult to grapple. It was at first proposed to issue a special commission; and although this was overruled, a special commissioner was sent to York by the Lords of the Privy Council. This commissioner was the notorious informer, Richard Topcliffe, who on his arrival proceeded to examine Lingen, from whom nothing could be extracted, and Thomas Walpole, who had already told all he knew.

'How much that was may appear from Topcliffe's own letter, in which he exultingly praises the young man for his candour, and adds to the Lord Keeper, "By this your lordship may show unto her sacred Majesty how God blessed her Highness with the uttering of that which I see will turn to her high service for discovering of disloyal men and women both about London, in sundry counties in England, and deeply in Ireland;" and then, after giving a list of some trinkets and tokens with which Henry Walpole had been entrusted . . . Topcliffe significantly adds: "Much more lieth hid in these two lewd persons, the Jesuit and Lingen, which wit of man giveth occasion to be suspected that labour of man without further authority and conference than his lordship hath here can never be digged out. . . . So the Jesuit and Lingen must be dealt with in some sharp sort above; and more will burst out than yet, or otherwise can be known; yet see I more in this service than ever I did in any before to her Majesty's benefit both of state and purse."' (Jessopp, pp. 213–14.)

The 'sharp dealing' pointed, of course, to the rack. The benefit to her Majesty was to be the plunder of Henry Walpole's inheritance. Topcliffe did not remain long in York. After his departure the friends of Walpole determined to make an effort to effect his release; and a plot was laid which Walpole would not in any way encourage until he had submitted the whole as a 'case of conscience' to Richard Holtby, a Yorkshireman and a Jesuit, who had been sent into the north soon after the death of Campion. Holtby gave it as his opinion that the attempt should not be made. The freedom of one Jesuit father might be bought too dearly by the blood of others. The answer was accepted by Walpole as the voice of God; and he surrendered himself to the prospect of a martyr's death—always too welcome to an enthusiast of his order. 'I am much astonished,' he writes, 'that so vile a creature as I am should be so near, as they tell me, to the crown of martyrdom.' Topcliffe returned to York; and under his charge Henry Walpole was conveyed to London and to the Tower. On the road Topcliffe gave out that he had in his keeping a notable Jesuit who was privy to the plot of Rodrigo Lopez, a Portuguese physician, to assassinate the queen; and no insult or outrage was omitted which might aggravate his sufferings. The plot of Lopez, which had just been made public, and for which he suffered, seems to have been a mere 'invention' of Elizabeth's favourite at the time, the Earl of Essex, whom, in connexion with it, she called 'a rash and temerarious youth.'

For nearly two months Henry Walpole remained in solitary confinement in the Tower. The place of his imprisonment was what is known as the Salt Tower, at the south-east angle of the inner fortification. On the wall of a room in this tower, in shape a pentagon about sixteen feet across, and but dimly lighted, the name of 'Henry Walpole' still remains, cut with a knife into the stone. He had ample time for such work before, on April 14, 1594, a certain Richard Young, 'a creature whose life was

spent in hunting up priests and torturing them,' and who disputed the palm of cruelty with Topcliffe, wrote to the Lord Keeper Puckering, suggesting that an order should be given him to examine certain prisoners in the Tower, who had 'long lain in oblivion, and by delay and lingering, matters of great importance are hurt and hid.' Walpole's first examination accordingly took place at once, but not before Young. His examiners were Sergeant Drewe, Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, and Richard Topcliffe. He admitted that he was a Jesuit, that he had been at the new seminary at Valladolid, and had received certain 'labels' to serve as a pass from some Englishman at Dunkirk. He also declared that there were about forty young Englishmen studying at Valladolid, all sons of men of substance and position at home. But he would not give the names of these students, nor say who was the Englishman at Dunkirk. This first examination ended quietly. On May 3, Walpole was again brought before the commissioners, and the questions addressed to him were aimed almost exclusively at extorting such names as it was in his power to disclose. He refused to answer. Torture was applied on this occasion again and again; and once more on the 18th, but without the result hoped for. Other examinations, at which Young was present, followed; and while Walpole continued to insist that his only object in coming to England was the 'recovery of souls,' the torture at length drew from him a confession, written in his own hand, in which certain names were mentioned. A final examination led to his giving, whether under immediate torture or not we do not know, a particular account of all the seminaries in Spain, with the names of all the scholars and priests then residing in them; and he was directed to write to the Council whatever additional information he had to furnish. This letter was handed in at the beginning of July.

'It is a painful document; painful, that is, to those who would wish to find a man who had endured so much exhibit more heroism than in this case can be claimed for him. But who of us can estimate the power which immeasurable bodily pain must exercise upon a highly sensitive and nervous temperament? . . . Mr. Froude talks of the dungeons of the Tower that had re-echoed with the screams of the Jesuits. Who can imagine the sum of misery, shame, remorse, despair, and self-reproach, which those grim solitudes could tell of in the cases of men who could bear their agonies no longer, who broke down and betrayed their dearest friends, and, when the respite came from the torturer's manacles or his rack, were left to reflect upon the consequences which their "weakness" might have brought on others; left to gnash their teeth, and gnaw their hearts, and weep tears of blood, for treachery which none more than they themselves blushed at, and sorrowed for, and abhorred?' (Jessopp, p. 236.)

All those whose names were mentioned by Walpole were already heavily compromised. Thus much must be said in his favour. But there are parts of the paper addressed to the Lords of the Council for which it is less easy to find excuse. It is difficult to see how he can have been sincere in declaring that he 'never allowed of the ambition of the popes or any their unjust usurpation over princes and their kingdoms; or in saying that 'having conferred with divers learned Protestants of the clergy at York, he did find much less difference than he thought.' The document, no doubt, must be read 'between the lines;' but if he intended by such admissions as these to soften the hearts of the commissioners, he failed. Worse tortures were in store, and Topcliffe was allowed to deal with him as he pleased.

'What he endured in that terrible time, what he revealed, and what he was pressed to invent, and what they tried to make him say or do or promise, will never be known. The curtain drops upon all those horrible scenes which make us shudder as we faintly endeavour to recall them to our minds. We do know that there came a time when he lost the use of his hands altogether; and when he somewhat recovered from the effects of his torturing his writing had become a tremulous and almost illegible scrawl. For nine long months he lay in the Tower, and no further word or whisper concerning him has survived to our time. The grey old walls have many a sad story to tell of those who languished there broken down and desperate, but no sadder one than that of this man, who aspired to be a hero, and who failed.' (Jessopp, p. 238.)

There was at this time a general impression that the queen had been so shocked at the execution of Campion, that she vowed never again to put a Jesuit father to death. Many Jesuits had been captured since that day. Father Southwell, the 'sweet singer,' had been in the Tower nearly three years; but although seminary priests were hanged by scores, no Jesuit had suffered. Whatever the cause may have been, however, it was now determined that the long respite should come to an end; and in the spring of 1595 Henry Walpole was sent to York for trial.

The judges who held the Lent assizes at York were Francis Beaumont, father of the dramatist, and Matthew Ewens. The in-

dictment contained three counts: (1) That the prisoner had abjured the realm without a license; (2) that he had received holy orders beyond the seas; and (3) that he had returned to England to exercise his priestly functions, he being a Jesuit father and a priest of the Roman Church. The prisoner pleaded not guilty; and Serjeant Saville, opening the case for the prosecution, made a long and elaborate speech.

'When the prosecutor had finished, Henry Walpole's own confessions, extracted under torture, were read by the clerk of the court, . . . and upon the evidence thus adduced the jury were called upon to pronounce their verdict. At this point Henry Walpole begged to be heard in his own defence. It must be borne in mind that no one charged with a capital offence in any English court was allowed under any circumstances to employ counsel to defend him, for more than two centuries after the time we are now speaking of, and the chances of obtaining an acquittal were almost infinitely small; on this occasion it was even moved by the Recorder Hillyard that the prisoner should not be heard. The court, he said, had before it the confessions which had been put in as evidence, and required to hear no more. The prisoner earnestly and humbly appealed against the cruel objection, and Beaumont overruled it, and allowed him to proceed.' (Jessopp, p. 248.)

Walpole argued that none of the points of his indictment could constitute treason. But the English law had made them so. His strong point lay in his reply to Beaumont. 'Our English laws appoint,' said the judge—

"that a priest who returns from beyond the seas, and does not present himself before a justice, within three days, to make the usual submission to the Queen's Majesty, in matters of religion, shall be deemed a traitor." "Then I am out of the case," said Father Walpole, "who was apprehended before I had been one whole day on English ground."'

All his argument and all his pleading were of course in vain. The judge summed up the evidence, and ordered the jury to find the prisoner guilty. They did as they were told; but sentence was deferred until after the trial of a seminary priest, one Alexander Rawlings, who had been for some time in York Castle, and of whom an example was now to be made. In the meantime Walpole found opportunity for writing to his father and to some other persons. Sentence was at length passed on both the prisoners; and Monday, April 17, was fixed for its execution. On the Sunday before Walpole was subjected to a fresh ordeal.

'Once again the prison was turned into a debating place, and a crowd of polemics presented themselves to dispute on points of controversial divinity with this man, who had but a few hours to spend on earth. It is painful to hear of clergymen of learning and character taking part in such an unseemly wrangling, and of a scholar and gentleman like Sir Edwin Sandys putting himself forward and entering the lists: but these encounters suited the temper of the age, which after all was a cruel and coarse one; and people were attracted in crowds to watch the way in which a criminal met his fate, much in the same spirit that they assembled to look on at a bull-fight or a bear-baiting.' (Jessopp, p. 252.)

Dr. Jessopp prints for the first time a letter among the Stonyhurst manuscripts, which is apparently in the writing of the Jesuit Holtby, and gives the story of Walpole's execution. We quote a portion of it. The writer describes the austerity of Walpole's life after he left the Tower, and declares that, although tortured six or seven times, 'he was not uppon the racke.'

'At the tyme of his execution, first they brought out Mr. Alexander' (the priest who suffered with him). . . . 'There went divers of the cheefe to Fa. Warp. (*sic*) to intreate him that they might save him, and stayed him two howers all, the other lyinge uppon the hurdle. One tyme they asked hym what he sayde of the queene and whether he would praye for her, . . . and he answered he took her for his queene, and honoured her, and would praye for her: with which answer they, being desirous to save him, ranne to the President: but it pleased God that he propounded an other question, willing them to aske him what yf the Pope should excommunicate her, &c., and forbid men to praye for her, . . . whether then he would doe as before; he answered he might not nor would not. Then they carryed him awaie. Mr. Alexander was first put to deathe, whoe being taken up went first to Fa. Warp. to aske his benediction. They had been laid contrarie ways uppon the hurdle, and F. Warp. head next unto the horses. Mr. Alex^r goinge up the ladder kissed it, and the people bade him kisse the rope also. He sayd he would with all his hart, and so did when he came unto it. When he was dead they shewed him to Fa. Warp., still using persuasions. When he was up the ladder they still cried uppon him to yeeld in the least point, but to sey he would confer, and he should be saved. He answered, you know I have conferred. They kept him longe with such questions, and (he) satisfied all in few words, and prayed muche. At length some asked him what he thought of the queene's supremacy; he answered, she doth chalenge it, but I maye not graunt it. His last praier was *Pater Noster*, and he was begininge *Ave Maria* when they turned him over the ladder. They let him hange untill he were dead. There were verie many of the beste thier pres-

ent, and the highe Sheriffe went with him to his deathe, which was never seene in the contrey before. I am promised a peece of his ha . . .' (hart? or habit? the word is partly destroyed in the MS.) 'which was taken out of the fier whole when the people were gone.' (Jessopp, pp. 254, 255.)

Those who suffered in the Jesuit cause, and for what they held to be the Catholic faith, were naturally regarded as martyrs. Relics of many are still treasured. A reliquary, which it is said belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, contains a relic of 'B. Campianus, Mart.;' one of 'Walpole, Mart., 1595,' and another of 'H. Garnet, Mart.,'1606. These, if genuine, must have been added after the death of the Scottish queen, whose veil of lawn, that which she wore on the day of her execution, is, we believe, among the treasures of the English College at Rome. The most remarkable of all the Jesuit relics was the ear of corn, which, when Garnet was executed, 'did leap in strange manner out of the basket which contained the martyr's head into the hand of a young man standing by,' who gave it spotted with blood to a 'devout Catholic gentlewoman' of his acquaintance. She placed it in a reliquary; and looking at it a day or two after, she and others 'saw a perfect face, as it had been painted, upon the empty ear.' The fame of the miraculous straw became very great. It passed in some manner out of England; and Sir Richard Wynne, during his journey into Spain with Prince Charles's servants in 1623, says that he saw it in the Jesuits' College at Santander. 'They shewed us all their relics and idols, amongst which was Garnett and his strawe.'

The news of Henry Walpole's death travelled rapidly to Norfolk. His father and mother were still living, but of their six sons only two remained to them. Henry was the eldest. Three of his brothers had become Jesuits, and were virtually dead to their parents. Geoffry, the second son, now the heir of this branch of the family, seems to have laboured under some mental or physical infirmity, and was thus saved from the notoriety to which the others attained. Thomas, when he returned home after his imprisonment, settled quietly down as a country gentleman. Their father, Christopher Walpole, died at Anmer in July, 1596, less than fifteen months after the execution of his son Henry. The Norfolk estates were divided between Geoffry and Thomas.

The three Jesuit brothers attained to some eminence in the society to which they belonged. Richard appears in connexion with the 'plot' of Edward Squier, who, according to his own confessions (which he afterwards revoked), attempted to poison the Earl of Essex and the queen. The pommel of Elizabeth's saddle was to be 'impoisoned' by a confection which Walpole had devised. The story is more than questionable, although Squier was hung for his device. Richard Walpole died at Valladolid in 1607. His brother Christopher died at the same place about a year earlier. Michael, the survivor, was the confessor of Doña Luisa de Carvajal, an enthusiastic lady who, excited by the story of Henry Walpole, determined to follow his example, and accordingly betook herself to England, where she gave much trouble during the early part of the reign of James I. Michael Walpole was with her at her death in London in 1614, and afterwards accompanied her body on its removal to Spain.*

Edward Walpole, the cousin of these Jesuit brothers, and the heir of Houghton, became himself first a seminary priest and then a Jesuit; and after some time was indicted in the Court of Queen's Bench 'for a supposed treason done at Rome on April 1, 1593;' and was then outlawed at Norwich. A commission was issued for holding an inquisition concerning his estates. They were forfeited to the Crown:—

'The family would have been well-nigh beggared, and we should never have heard of the great Sir Robert as the son of a wealthy Norfolk squire but for one circumstance. Edward Walpole's interest in these lands and manors was a reversionary interest, and there were two tenants for life in actual possession; his mother at Houghton, and his cousin William's widow still living at Tuddenham. Either of these ladies might live many years, and in the mean time circumstances might arise to bring about a reversal of the attainder. The grant of the lands might after all prove valueless, and whoever obtained that grant would be prudent if he turned it into money as soon as he could get a price.' (Jessopp, p. 275.)

This is what actually happened. The estates, two years later, were given to two persons of whom nothing is known but the names; and from them Calibut Walpole (the remarkable name is that of a Norfolk family with which the Walpoles had intermarried) bought back the estates for a sum of 1,600*l.* This of course did not alter the position of Edward Walpole; but when he died in England in 1637, his pardon had

* Michael Walpole wrote a life of Doña Luisa, of which the original MS. is still preserved at Madrid. There is a long account of her in Southey's 'Letters written during a Journey in Spain,' 1808.

been obtained from James I. through the interest of his brother Calibut. To him he made over all interest in his paternal estates. Sir Robert Walpole was the lineal descendant of Calibut, who died at Houghton in 1646, just thirty years before Sir Robert was born there. It is 'interesting to reflect that in Sir Robert's boyhood and early manhood the memories and traditions of the persecuting days were still fresh and matters of common parlance; and that there must have been men still alive at Houghton who had talked with the outlawed Jesuit father, who had voluntarily resigned his inheritance, and with his brother, who had saved the estates from forfeiture.'

Here we must take our leave of Dr. Jessopp. His book is a real 'contribution to Elizabethan history;' and we can well believe his assertion that, as the work proceeded, the England of Queen Elizabeth's days became to him an altogether different land from the England he had formerly imagined it to be; and that the conflict with Rome gradually unfolded itself as a problem which must remain unintelligible to the merely political historian. To the Norfolk antiquary and genealogist he has rendered extreme service. The long notes attached to his chapters are full of valuable details which could only have been collected with the utmost patience, and by dint of long and arduous labour.

We cannot attempt to follow the fortunes of the 'Jesuit Mission' beyond the death of Walpole. Those readers, however, who are attracted by the subject, and who feel that it has hardly received justice at the hands of modern historians, may consult with advantage the 'Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus,' edited by Father Henry Foley. We have placed this book with others at the head of our article, but can only direct attention to it as a work which will demand the most ample consideration from all who in future may have to treat of the times or of the subjects with which it is concerned. It has been the fashion, while giving full recognition to the earnest faith and constancy of many a Protestant martyr—and there is no difficulty in finding men and women worthy of all such honour—either to ignore altogether, or at least to look doubtfully upon, those who, like Campion and Walpole, suffered no less firmly and courageously in the cause of truth, as it appeared to them. There may have been sound reason for the hesitation; for there was, and perhaps is, such a thing as political Jesuitism, and in the days of Elizabeth it must have been difficult enough to distinguish that from the simple devotion of one whose only object was the restoration of Englishmen to the faith of Rome. But by this time we may surely venture to do such men justice; at any rate we may consider fairly and without acrimony the evidence concerning them which modern research has been accumulating on all sides. A man who lays down his life for what he holds to be the truth deserves all admiration and respect, whether he be a Cameronian on the wild moors of Galloway, or a Jesuit on the gallows at Tyburn.

Art. VII.—*The Collected Works of Sir Henry Taylor in Prose and Verse.* Five volumes. 8vo. London: 1878.

To the credit of the literary taste of the present generation there is a demand which justifies a collected edition of Sir Henry Taylor's works. The earliest of his writings was published in the reign of George IV., and since the appearance of Philip Van Artevelde, nearly fifty years ago, he has enjoyed a well-deserved popular reputation, though he is not by profession a man of letters. During nearly the whole of his life Sir Henry Taylor has been actively employed in the Civil Service, where it was understood that he long exercised an influence over colonial administration out of proportion to his official rank. As another man of genius who was less eminent as a public servant formerly said of himself, Sir Henry Taylor's principal works, or the records of his heaviest labours, are probably accumulated on the shelves of the Colonial Office. One or two memorials on public questions, not directly relating to the business of his own department, are, with questionable judgment, included in the present collection. It might have been taken for granted that his official compositions were lucid, forcible, and worthy of serious attention; but it was hardly worth while to insert among imaginative and critical writings a disquisition on criminal jurisprudence, or a correspondence five-and-twenty years old on some details in the system of Civil Service examinations. It is not desirable that just appreciation of an original author should be disturbed by opinions on criminal law and administration, even if they were not at least apparently paradoxical. Whether a more frequent resort to the remedies of hanging and flogging, or the imprisonment for life of habitual drunkards, is or is not desirable, neither reform is likely to be

tried. The proposition that the metropolitan police magistrates have been for a long series of years 'wanting in public spirit, moral sense, and judicial discrimination,' is not less surprising than the apology which is suggested for their shortcomings. 'May it not be,' says Sir Henry Taylor, 'that a daily and hourly conversancy with crime, even as seen from the bench, renders men callous, so that they come to regard with more or less of moral indifference offences from which their whole nature in its original freshness would have revolted?' The statement ought to have been verified before the dream was interpreted. Capable magistrates are no more disturbed in nerve and temper by crime, than experienced surgeons by pain. It is the duty of both to apply remedies which ought to be selected, not with indifference, but with calmness. A magistrate in a passion, and a surgeon in a fright, display their sensibility at the expense of justice or of humanity. If Sir Henry Taylor had been justified in his sweeping accusation or in his arbitrary excuse, the evil which he might have discerned would scarcely have admitted of a remedy. If daily and hourly conversancy with crime produces moral indifference, it only remains to entrust the administration of justice to an incessant succession of excitable novices.

The essays on literature, on character, and on practical life, are more fitly associated with the dramas on which Sir Henry Taylor's fame will mainly rest. He would earnestly disclaim any pretension to be regarded as an instinctive or impulsive poet. Like his own hero, he deliberately knew the literary

> 'Ways before him rough or smooth,
> And from amongst them chose, not blindly brave,
> But with considerate courage and calm will;
> And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind
> Pursued his purposes.'

As the political enterprise of Philip Van Artevelde was the result of long meditation, so Sir Henry Taylor formed for himself a poetical theory before he embodied his opinions in verse. Only spontaneous poets belong to the first rank, but the disciplined vigour of Sir Henry Taylor's imagination places him high in the second. His prose and his poetry are visibly cast in the same mould, and both are polished with effective care. Though he is never obscure, his sentences are often elaborately complex in the expression of continuous thought, with its relevant digressions and proper limitations. The form of composition has not been preferred by chance or caprice. In some of his critical essays he censures the short and isolated sentences which condense processes of reasoning into antithetic epigrams. Something may be said for a form of writing which is to careless readers easiest of comprehension; but Sir Henry Taylor's theory coincides with the doctrine and practice of the greatest masters of the literary art, and it naturally proceeds from the character of his intellect and the course of his studies. He, sometimes arbitrarily, yet with the natural desire of men of letters to impose their own tastes on a reluctant world, recommends students to devote their chief attention to the literature of the seventeenth century. It would be as reasonable to insist on using in common conversation the language of Shakespeare or of Milton. Genuine sympathy and living curiosity attach themselves by preference, if not exclusively, to the interests of the present day, and to the contemporary expression of those interests. A scholar cannot be too deeply imbued with the thought and language of past ages; but if he is to exercise influence by speech or writing, he must belong to his own time. Sir Henry Taylor has been neither a careless observer of men and manners, nor an inactive bystander; but in his prose there is something archaic, as if he had learned to compose before he entered on practical life. His style is perceptibly and perhaps consciously derived from Bacon's, on whose essays the form and manner of the treatise called 'The Statesman' is modelled. The resemblance, as far as it is deliberately studied, is a defect rather than a merit. An original writer ought not to borrow the manner of any other, especially of a predecessor who lived three hundred years ago. Bacon used the language of his own time, which would therefore be avoided by a faithful copyist of his spirit. From internal evidence it may be conjectured that Sir Henry Taylor was a student in his youth, and that he has never been a miscellaneous reader. Shakespeare, if he were now alive, would probably be a voracious consumer of newspapers and novels, as well as of the more solid literature of the present and the past; but a more discriminative intellectual digestion may not be incompatible with a less universal genius. Sir Henry Taylor, according to the distinction expressed in the Latin phrase, has read much, if he has not read the works of many authors. An unqualified and indeed excessive admiration of Bacon is indicated in all his writings; and he has been a careful student, though not a disciple, of Machiavelli. His references to Latin authors are rare, and he seldom or never derives illustration or authority from the Greeks. His

precept of giving preference to the works of the seventeenth century coincides with his own practice. In poetry, he values nothing between Milton and Wordsworth, nor, although he is probably not unacquainted with Dryden and Pope, could it be readily discovered from his works that he has been impressed by the grace of Addison, the profound and sombre genius of Swift, or the marvellous humour of Sterne. 'Robinson Crusoe,' the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Tristram Shandy' have probably been rejected as unsuitable to his mental constitution. It is more remarkable that he appears to have little sympathy with Scott, of whose spirit he nevertheless inherits a not contemptible portion. An almost whimsical dislike of Byron is founded partly on moral antipathy, and also on critical disapproval. Sir Henry Taylor's poetical judgment and taste were formed during the height of Byron's popularity, when it was the fashion to affect misanthropic selfishness and gloom in mimicry of Childe Harold and Lara. Holding himself aloof from the current delusion, Sir Henry Taylor shared to a certain extent the fallacy of confusing the poet's heroes and professed doctrines with his vigorous eloquence. It is true that immoral and criminal recluses would be poor creatures if they were found in real life, and that Byron was ill employed in demanding admiration for caricatures not of himself, but of the melodramatic version of his own character which was suggested by a distorted egotism. Poetry is not to be judged by its subjects, and still less by the moral qualities of its fictitious personages. With all his caprices and errors of taste Byron was a poet; and if he was not a great poet he possessed extraordinary intellectual vigour. Sir Henry Taylor is right as a moralist in condemning the supposed heroism of habitual submission to passionate impulse; but to the critic Childe Harold is faulty, not because he is a useless cynic, but because he is an unsubstantial embodiment of vague impulses and theories. Don Juan himself, though he is much more human and therefore more interesting than his wandering predecessor, has a less definite personality than Scott's comparatively careless and secondary creations of character. Except incidentally, it is not necessary that a poet should be theoretically or practically wise or good, and virtue is still less indispensable to the heroes of his compositions.

Two of Sir Henry Taylor's most thoughtful and most valuable essays are partly devoted to the proof of the contrary proposition, though they also contain much sound and instructive criticism. His review of Wordsworth's poems, first published in 1834, did much to accelerate the tardy recognition of a great writer whose best works had appeared forty years before. The extracts alone might in some degree explain the conversion of readers who had been deterred from the study of the poems by shallow and pretentious criticism; but Sir Henry Taylor's eloquent and convincing praises won over many proselytes. His analysis of the 'Old Cumberland Beggar,' and of 'Michael,' is equally subtle and just; and with sound æsthetic judgment he descends even to the investigation of the effects of sound which may be produced by a skilful manipulation of vowels and consonants. Enquiry into the moral and political orthodoxy of the poet is less relevant, and the present Bishop of Lincoln in his biography of his illustrious kinsman has much more than exhausted the subject. In a preface to the reviews, published some years later, Sir Henry Taylor remarks that 'the great English poets, though ardent lovers of freedom, have never, as far as I know, lent their countenance in a single line to the confounding of liberty with equality.' It would be as much to the purpose to assert that they had or had not lent their countenance to the decimal system of notation. A great French poet of the present day is an enthusiastic advocate of equality and fraternity. Shelley, who was a poet of a high order, accepted all the French revolutionary doctrines. The only considerable English poet of the generation which has not yet passed middle age professes a republican or Jacobinical creed. In his youth, when his poetic faculty was at the highest, Wordsworth sympathised passionately with the changes of 1789, and he was not at first revolted by the events of 1793. A poet is neither more nor less a poet for theories which may be right or wrong. Sir Henry Taylor holds that Wordsworth would not have been so great a poet if he had not also been a philosopher; but he uses the term philosopher in its early and etymological, and not in its ordinary sense. Wordsworth had a powerful understanding, closely associated with a strong imagination, and he had a not inconsiderable faculty of generalisation; but, except a misty pantheism which belonged rather to feeling than to theory, he had no philosophic opinions. The name of philosopher might be more plausibly applied to Coleridge, as far as he was a metaphysical student and reasoner; but in 'Edwin the Fair' Sir Henry Taylor introduces Coleridge, under the name of Wulfstan the Wise, as only conspicuous by imbecile

garrulity. As a sagacious commentator on morals and on character, Johnson was in the same sense a philosopher, though he understood philosophy so little as to try to vanquish Berkeley not with a grin but with a kick. Even the great name of Bacon may be placed in the same category with those of Wordsworth and Johnson. A statesman, an orator, a scholar, one of the most brilliant and most pregnant of writers, Bacon is now by competent judges scarcely acknowledged to be a philosopher. As Mr. Ellis clearly proves in a dissertation published by Mr. Spedding, Bacon's celebrated scientific method has never during three centuries been employed by any man of science, and it has long since been definitely abandoned as false, shallow, and useless. His devoted admirer has added largely in prose and verse to the departments of practical wisdom in which Bacon excelled ; but there is no trace in Sir Henry Taylor's writings of strictly philosophic study. 'The Statesman,' which is the most ambitious of his essays, is, as he himself suggests, inaccurately entitled, as it deals mainly with the details of official practice. Attentive readers had anticipated the statement made in the present edition, that some parts of the book contain a subsarcastic element. When he composed the work, the author's mind was full of the style of Bacon and of the matter of Machiavelli. His precepts, though they may sometimes be useful to public functionaries, are perhaps not so profound or so general in application as fully to correspond to the stately and measured language in which they are expressed ; but it would be captious to complain of a quality which has during a long literary career exempted Sir Henry Taylor from even a remote approximation to vulgarity of thought or meanness of diction. Sometimes formal, and almost too elaborately studious of elevation, he is one of the most uniformly dignified of writers. In strict consistency with the critical principles of his essays, he writes in the same calm and thoughtful tone whether he composes verse or prose. Sometimes with a grave playfulness he supports a moral or critical proposition by a quotation to the same effect from a speech of one of the personages in his dramas. A reader of his prose works who might be unacquainted with his poetry would not incorrectly infer from the practice that in their sententious generalisations, if not in their ordinary discourse, Sir Henry Taylor's fictitious characters are the mouthpieces of his own reflections. He is nevertheless careful to maintain the proprieties of time and place and of personal peculiarity. Father John and Wulfstan the Wise naturally form the same judgments with the author of their existence. An active and suggestive mind may properly attribute the thoughts which arise in varying moods to different imaginary persons, under the influence of suitable circumstances. The greatest writers of fiction, who first invent characters and then allow them to find their own expression, have in the whole history of literature been few in number. An automaton which speaks and walks of itself is the rarest product of creative genius ; nor is it a trifling achievement to manage puppets with hidden wires so as to cause a temporary deception. Ulysses, Hamlet, and Don Quixote move and act as independently as if they were living persons. Sir Henry Taylor's reviews of Wordsworth show that he deliberately regards poetry as a vehicle of instruction. Happily, he takes a liberal view of the didactic office ; and he has a power which Wordsworth never possessed of imagining and reproducing scenes which might have occurred in distant times.

One of the rarest of literary gifts is the power of telling a story, and Sir Henry Taylor is perhaps the greatest English master, since the days of Scott, of historical fiction. Some of the most powerful writers of the present day have sought to emulate by elaborate study the effects which Scott produced with spontaneous ease. The result, whether it relates to mediæval Florence or to the reign of Queen Anne, resembles the papers of an industrious student in a competitive examination. Thackeray sometimes confessed that a page of 'Esmond' cost him as much trouble as three pages of a contemporary novel ; and the value of the performance varied inversely with the labour employed in its production. Scott's rapid and easy production was explained by a wholly different mode of proceeding. It may be doubted whether he ever made an express study of the events which he proposed to describe in a novel. His mind was saturated and imbued with authentic and still more with legendary history, with ballads, and, in many cases, with oral traditions. His memory, though powerful, was neither indiscriminate nor, according to common estimation, minutely accurate. It retained what he cared for and what he required for his purpose, while chronology and the succession of events passed at random through its meshes. 'Quentin Durward' is founded on the history of Philip de Comines ; but Scott must have read the book long before he began the novel, and a wild and careless inversion of the order of events proves that he had

not taken the trouble to refresh his recollection; yet the spirit of the time is wonderfully reproduced, and the central figure of Louis XI. is the same which was admired, feared, and criticised by the contemporary courtier and historian. Even in 'Ivanhoe,' where the barons who rebelled against Richard Cœur de Lion are sons of the companions of the Conqueror, personages as anachronistic as their dates, talking a language of no epoch or country, have delighted two or three generations of readers by their intrinsic conformity to human nature. Antiquarians have an easy task in exposing his blunders; but Scott instinctively knew what some of them forget or neglect, that flesh and blood preserve their identity under all confusions of costume. Alexandre Dumas the elder, who was more outrageously careless of accuracy than Scott himself, was not less prolific of exciting narrative, though he was deficient in the rarer and higher gift of creating lifelike characters. In his innumerable stories there is always something going on, though his heroes are often conventional and not unfrequently impossible. The sentiments and doctrines which he inculcates through his fictitious personages would scarcely satisfy Sir Henry Taylor's demand for philosophy or theoretical wisdom as the most indispensable gift of an author. A less known French writer, Vitet, has, like Sir Henry Taylor, employed with great success the dramatic form of historical fiction. 'The Barricades,' 'The States of Blois,' and two or three other plays relating to the days of the League, combine vivid presentation of historical scenes and personages with an accuracy which was unknown to Scott or Dumas; but Vitet wrote in prose, and Sir Henry Taylor is a genuine poet.

Although he employs dialogue instead of direct narrative, Sir Henry Taylor is perhaps not, except in a single and purely fictitious composition, in the proper meaning of the term, a dramatist. Shakespeare himself in his historical plays necessarily followed the order of events in preference to the exigencies of a plot. The legendary subjects of the Greek tragedians had in their origin been shaped by poetic and popular imagination, and successive dramatists altered and rearranged the principal events according to the necessities of art, but when Æschylus brought on the stage the Persian invasion and defeat, he necessarily dispensed for the time with the rules of tragic composition. Of all English writers who have in this century used the dramatic form, Sir Henry Taylor is so far the most successful, that he is the most readable. From the beginning of his poetic works to the end there is not a puzzle nor an enigma. Some of his characters are elaborately and studiously complex, and consequently they are more or less artificial; but in his diction he never substitutes the process of thought for the result, having fully determined his purpose and meaning before he communicates his conclusion to the reader. He has the laudable preference of an artist for the necessities of his story over the details for which he might perhaps find authority in the text of a chronicler. With sound judgment he has avoided topics which modern historians have investigated with the aid of painful researches in authentic archives. A poet who finds himself interested in records of events by Macaulay or Froude may prudently assume that the historian has anticipated the function of the dramatist. The powerful drama of 'St. Clement's Eve' is mainly derived from Barante's 'History of the Dukes of Burgundy,' but Sir Henry Taylor remarks that his author, more than other modern historians, seems to live in the times of which he writes. In this instance also the poet had not neglected to make himself acquainted with the contemporary chroniclers. 'Isaac Comnenus,' which was published in his youth, is a spirited version of an episode in Byzantine history. The principal interest of the drama consists in the formation at an early period of the conception of heroic character which was afterwards more fully presented in the person of Philip Van Artevelde. In the opinion of Sir Henry Taylor, as expressed in his treatise on the subject, a statesman is bound to judge of characters and measures according to their true relations and tendencies, and not to shrink from acts which might otherwise seem questionable, if they are recommended by adequate reasons. Like his dramatic successor, Isaac Comnenus is a soldier and a statesman, and in his personal temperament he is calm, reserved, and inclined to melancholy. In the prime of life he affects the weariness which is perhaps more often felt or formed in youth than in maturer years. While he is not insensible to love, he rather accepts than invites the affection of his young cousin, Anna Comnena. It is not until his life and the cause of his home and kindred are endangered by the designs of the Emperor Nicephorus, that he determines to establish his own dynasty on the throne; and when he has attained his object, he despises the fruits of victory, and abdicates or declines the empire in favour of his young brother Alexius. Like Philip Van Artevelde, Isaac has a vision of a certain Ismene, whom he had loved; and in a long

soliloquy he anticipates his death. A poet is fully entitled to bestow any attributes which he may deem suitable on a hero who flourished in the Lower Empire or at any other time ; but Isaac Comnenus, who is otherwise known through a page or two in Gibbon, was probably an ambitious soldier, who in the crisis of his fate had little time to waste in imaginative regrets. In the drama his interest in State affairs ceases as soon as the prize is won.

> ' Were I a man to take delight in crowns,
> And purple boots, and sending forth of bulls,
> And dealing out of dignities—to wit,
> Calling this man Sebastos and that Cæsar,
> Bidding one worthy follower wear red hose,
> Another hope the like advancement soon,
> And wear them mottled in the meantime—yea,
> Could I rejoice in royal sports like these,
> I should exult in this day's victory,
> And not feel all this barrenness within.
> I will go hence to-morrow.'

Feelings or professions of contempt for the external symbols of power are proper not to statesmen, but to satirists. Juvenal himself propounds a transparent fallacy when he suggests that the dust of Hannibal would weigh only a few pounds or ounces. The great commander traversed the wild Alps, not to amuse boys and furnish a topic for rhetorical exercises, but to save his country by the overthrow of an inveterate enemy, and to change, if destiny permitted, the course of all future history. The opportunities of an emperor of the East were not exhausted in the distribution of titles and decorations, which is in itself no inconsiderable function. The potentate who can call this man Sebastos and that Cæsar is charged with the duty of choosing both a Sebastos and a Cæsar who will fill their offices wisely and well. A victorious soldier who should think himself too good to govern half the world would be not a hero, but a coxcomb. It was in a different spirit that Cromwell entered on the supreme power which he had won, and that Frederick administered the kingdom which he had inherited and saved. It is true that an author of fiction is not directly responsible for the opinions of the characters which he places on the stage ; but in his prefaces and reviews Sir Henry Taylor insists on the evils arising from the selection of weak and foolish personages, such as Byron's heroes, as central objects of interest. Whether or not he personally despised purple hose or stars and garters, he seems to have thought, when he wrote ' Isaac Comnenus,' that a wise man would both ridicule the symbols of sovereignty, and confuse them with its substance.

For present purposes of criticism ' Isaac Comnenus ' is chiefly valuable as it foreshadows Philip Van Artevelde. Sir Henry Taylor's literary reputation was first founded on his greatest work, nor are any of his other dramas so generally known. The two parts of the play fill a thick volume ; but few readers have found it too long. The work is, as the author remarked in the original preface, equal in length to six such plays as are adapted to representation. Some time after it was published Mr. Macready introduced an abridged version on the stage, having perhaps been attracted not only by the literary excellence of the drama, but by the peculiar qualities of the principal character, whom he was admirably qualified to represent ; but neither the heroism of Philip Van Artevelde nor the heroic demeanour of the actor sufficed to overcome the intrinsic difficulties of a story in dialogue which had none of the essential properties of drama. The capture of Bruges by the armed bands of Ghent, and the final defeat of the insurgents, are highly interesting both in history and in the idealised form of a poem ; but the superiority in force of the King of France to the Regent of Flanders is in the nature of external machinery, and has nothing to do with dramatic motives. Macready's impressive declamation of Artevelde's sententious speeches impressed only scholars and critics, nor has a popular audience in London or elsewhere, since the prime of the Athenian theatre, been satisfied with imaginative or gnomic wisdom. The student may recur again and again with untiring pleasure to pregnant sayings expressed in admirably pure and idiomatic language. In the preface Sir Henry Taylor all but explicitly affirms the unsound dogma that a poet is to be judged by the qualities which he assigns to his hero. ' Lord Byron's conception of a hero,' he says, ' is an evidence not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great and noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially therefore weak of mind.' An apologist of Byron might reply that he was not bound to introduce into his poems the characters which he most admired, and that, as far as they were weak in mind, they assuredly did not represent the poet himself ; yet it is true that Byron affected to describe himself under the guise of his picturesque or histrionic misanthropes and adventurers. Lord Lytton for forty years always chose a hero of the same age with himself at the time of writing ; and it is difficult not to suspect that both the gilded

heroes of his youth and the later personages who might have been the grandfathers of Pelham, were to some extent representatives of the author. Sir Henry Taylor committed a critical error, though perhaps he incurred little other risk, in challenging admiration for his hero. The character is constructed from the outside, and is therefore not of the highest order of dramatic impersonation ; but, having determined to present to his readers a brave and able man of reflective intellect and steadfast temper, Sir Henry Taylor has produced a hero whose fortunes may be followed with cordial sympathy. As Pythagoras recognised the armour which he had worn before Troy when he bore the name of Euphorbus, Philip Van Artevelde might have remembered the experiences of 'Isaac Comnenus,' whose character he still retained ; but in his transition from Constantinople to Flanders he had increased his practical wisdom without relinquishing his habits of moralising. Although he reserves his answer when he is first asked to become Dictator of Ghent, a just revenge and a noble ambition prevent any serious hesitation ; nor is he fantastic enough to despise power and greatness when he has achieved success.

Sir Henry Taylor's genius is not exclusively displayed in studies of character. His interest in the history of the fourteenth century had been suggested or cultivated by familiarity with the writings of Froissart—

> 'That ancient writer, whose romantic heart
> Loved war in every shape—its pride, its art,
> Its shows, appurtenances ; whose page is still
> The theatre of war, turn where we will.'

And the modern poet understands as well as Froissart or as Scott the charm of pageantry, of action, and of warlike stir. The preparations for the entrance of Philip Van Artevelde on the stage are skilful and effective. The hero is not suffered to appear until the need for his services is vividly felt. The army of Ghent has been defeated in the field and its leader slain ; famine and discontent begin to prevail within the walls ; and two traitorous knights, who had long before taken part in the assassination of Jacques Van Artevelde, have gone to Bruges to make terms for themselves and their adherents with the Earl of Flanders. The Lord of Oeco, who is destined to be the villain of the story, only hesitates in joining the peace faction until he has ascertained the fortune of his suit to the heiress Adriana Van Merestyn. Van den Bosch, the surviving chief of the White Hoods or armed forces of the city, feels the necessity of finding a leader less obnoxious to the citizens than himself. Some of his comrades are good soldiers, but incapable of civil government.

> 'And I am good at arms, and want not wit,
> But then I'm sore suspected of the rich,
> By reason of my rudeness, and the fruit
> Which that same gallows-tree of mine has
> borne ;
> And, to my truth, although my wit be good,
> It has a fitter range without the gates,
> In ordering of an enterprise than here.'

His colleague, Franz Ackerman, in answer to the suggested difficulty that a man wise enough for the post might be too wise to take it, replies in weighty phrases, which are perhaps too general for the immediate purpose, that no game is too desperate for wise men to take up ; and Oeco, who had in the meantime been rejected by Adriana, and who had learned that Philip was his rival, adds that there are such men, and that

> 'Philip van Artevelde is such a man.'

When the offer is made, Philip at first answers with an eloquent description of the murder of his father by Sir Guisebert Grutt and Sir Simon Bette. Van den Bosch replies with convincing good sense :—

> 'Why, what if Jacques Artevelde was killed ?
> He had his reign, and that for many a year ;
> And a great glory did he gain thereby.
> And, as for Guisebert Grutt and Simon Bette,
> Their breath is in their nostrils, as was his.'

Practical men think of Hannibal as the victor of Thrasymene and Cannæ, and not as a handful of ashes in an urn. Artevelde is easily persuaded, though he postpones his decision until he has consulted Adriana ; but he has not yet thoroughly got rid of the philosophy and rhetoric of Isaac Comnenus. He tells Van den Bosch that the vessel of the insurgents has felt the storm, and that they would make a jury-mast of him, and that he would prefer to be the oak rooted in the vale of life. The rough soldier anticipates the judgment of the literary critic when he answers :—

> 'Ho ! what is this ?
> I pray you speak it in the burghers' tongue.
> I lack the scholarship to talk in tropes.'

No man is a more complete master of the burghers' tongue than Sir Henry Taylor ; but his favourite characters have sometimes an inveterate habit of talking in tropes. In plainer and stronger language, when his visitor has left him, Artevelde apostrophises his father :—

> 'Thy life is eloquent, and more persuades
> Unto dominion than thy death deters ;
> For that reminds me of a debt of blood
> Descended with my patrimony to me,
> Whose paying off would clear my soul's estate.'

Tropes are more appropriate in an interview with Adriana, though she requires no metaphors to induce her to share Philip's fortunes. Events now succeed one another with exciting rapidity. Artevelde addresses the people, and accepts from them power of life and death, which he undertakes to use with stern and equal justice. In an admirable scene he wins to his side two burghers whom Occo had attempted to hire for his assassination ; and when Occo advises him to trust the crafts which, as he knew, inclined to the faction of the earl, he offers him counsel in return. He tells Occo that he had taken order for a company of men who were to watch traitors in guild assemblies, and to use their weapons at a sign from himself.

> 'Which matters recommending to your care,
> I counsel you to stay at home. Farewell.'

After some natural regret for the abandonment of his peaceful and innocent life, Artevelde attends the meeting at which the knights who have returned from Bruges propose submission to the earl. In a noble speech Artevelde warns the assembled burghers of the hollowness of peace.

> 'Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
> But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
> Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
> There's that betwixt you been men ne'er forget
> Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,
> Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
> From which no morrow's mischief knocks them up.'

Then turning to Grutt, by whose side he stands, and to Bette, by whom he had placed Van den Bosch, he taunts them with their acceptance of a list of three hundred citizens to be delivered to the mercy of the earl.

> 'You are the pickers and the choosers here,
> And doubtless you're all safe, you think, ha ! ha !
> But we have picked and chosen too, sir knights.
> What was the law for I made yesterday ?
> What ? is it you that would deliver up
> Three hundred citizens to certain death ?
> Ho, Van den Bosch ! have at these traitors—there ! [*Stabs Grutt, who falls.*
> *Van den Bosch.* Die, treasonable dog ! is that enough ?
> Down, felon, and plot treacheries in hell ! [*Stabs Bette.*'

In his prose treatise Sir Henry Taylor teaches that the statesman ought to have a robust rather than a delicate or squeamish conscience. Van Artevelde exemplifies the precept without forfeiting respect or admiration. The commander of a besieged town must exercise the power of life and death ; and in case of need he may execute justice with his own hands. Heroes of fiction have the great advantage over generals or statesmen in real life of being positively certain of the demerits of villains whom they have occasion to kill. They virtually share the omniscience which, as far as the story and the characters are concerned, belongs to the author of their being. In Ghent, as it actually existed during the revolt against the Earl of Flanders, and still more certainly in the Ghent of the drama, the chief captain of the White Hoods could not have discharged his duty if he had abstained from capital punishment in regular or irregular forms. It would be tedious, and the book is so widely known that it is unnecessary, to follow the rest of the story in detail. Van Artevelde's quarrel with Van den Bosch, the famine in Ghent, and the march upon Bruges, excite warm interest on a fifth or sixth reading. The poet has fully succeeded in making his chosen hero the centre and origin of events. He alone prevents Ghent from yielding in its distress ; and his successful enterprise turns the tide of fortune. In the moment of victory he is as inexorable in the execution of justice as at the beginning of the struggle. The earl's counsellor, Gilbert Matthew, and the traitor Occo had planned the murder of Sir Walter d'Arlon, the lover of Philip's sister, Clara Van Artevelde. Occo denies his guilt ; but Gilbert Matthew, knowing escape to be impossible, boldly avows his baffled purpose :—

> 'I with this caitiff truly did conspire,
> For good and ample reasons, to remove
> Sir Walter d'Arlon from this troublesome world.'

Artevelde, though he has no thought of revoking his sentence, does not withhold his admiration :—

> 'Ay, Gilbert ! God forgive thee for thy sins.
> Thou steppest statelily the only walk
> Thou hast to take on earth.'

Adriana, who had been treacherously carried off by Occo, entreats that his life may be spared, but Artevelde is rightly firm :—

> 'Not though an angel plead. Vengeance is God's ;
> But God doth oftentimes dispense it here
> By human ministration. To my hands
> He rendered victory this eventful day
> For uses of His own, and this is one.
> Let Flanders judge me for my deeds to-night
> That I from this time forth will do His will,
> Justice with mercy tempering where I may,
> But executing always. Take him hence.
> Now, Adriana, I am wholly thine.'

The other characters of the first part of 'Philip Van Artevelde' serve the purposes of the poem, but they have in themselves

only a secondary interest. Sir Guy of Occo performs with undeviating fidelity the duty of villain ; and, as an additional aggravation of his guilt, he is personally a coward. Van den Bosch, in spite of his ferocity, cruelty, and turbulence, is brave, faithful, and patriotic ; and his unwilling and gradual acquiescence in the moral and official superiority of Artevelde adds to the interest of both characters. Of the two women, Adriana is only the walking lady of the stage ; and the construction of the character of Clara, who is more carefully drawn, is not altogether a successful experiment. The light wit which she is intended to display borders on flippancy ; and even when she shares the sufferings of the rest of the city during the famine she provokes but a languid compassion. Sir Henry Taylor seems to find pleasure in the contrast of two female characters respectively sentimental and lively, which recur in more than one of his dramas. Adriana and Clara are called Iolande and Flor in ' St. Clement's Eve ; ' and in the ' Virgin Widow ' they appear under the romantic names of Rosalba and Fiordelisa. The same contrast is more faintly drawn in ' Edwin the Fair ' between the king's wife Elgiva and his sister Ethilda. The Elena of the second part of ' Philip Van Artevelde ' more nearly resembles a living person. If Pope had formed his opinion of women exclusively from their representatives in fictions written by men, he would have been justified in saying that most of them had no characters at all. Female novelists, though their men are often mere wax dolls, succeed better in representing women by reason of their more minute and unstudied knowledge. Even Scott's heroines are for the most part vague and conventional. In this respect, as in all other points, Shakespeare is above general rules.

The second part of ' Philip Van Artevelde,' though it is highly interesting as a story, is only dramatic in the relation between the hero and the Italian Elena who had previously lived with the French king's uncle, the Duke of Bourbon. The love which Philip had felt for Adriana has survived her ; and his attachment to Elena is of a different kind. He is willing to allow her to return to the duke, who had offered in exchange for her his influence on the side of peace ; and his reflections after he has wooed and won her indicate weariness and indifference.

' So have I wasted half a summer's night.
Was it well spent ? successfully it was ;
And yet, of springs and sources taking note,
How little flattering is a woman's love.'

It is a relief to him to return to ordinary business by giving an order to an officer :—

' Have me a gallows built upon the mount,
And let Van Kortz be hung at break of day.'

The villain of the second part, Sir Fleureant of Heurlée, differs from his predecessor, Sir Guy of Occo, only in possessing personal courage. The weak and malignant Duke of Bourbon is happily sketched ; but the interest of the poem is rather of an epic than of a dramatic character. From the first the visible approach of misfortune portends defeat and death, and before the final struggle Artevelde learns his fate from one of the conventionally prophetic dreams which only occur in fiction. The stir and bustle of both camps, the treason of Sir Fleureant and his agents, and the debate of the French council on the plan of campaign are vividly presented to the imagination. Few poets have entered with a more sympathetic spirit into the business of war. The speech in which Artevelde, after the failure of the mission sent to England for help, declares war with ' the chivalry of Christendom ' is justly famous.

' With the poor
I make my treaty, and the heart of man
Sets the broad seal of its allegiance there,
And ratifies the compact. Vassals, serfs,
Ye that are bent with unregarded toil,
Ye that have whitened in the dungeon dark
Through years that knew not change of night and day,
Tatterdemalions, lodgers in the hedge,
Lean beggars with raw backs and rumbling maws,
Whose poverty was whipped for starving you,
I hail you, my auxiliars and allies—
The only potentates whose help I crave.
Richard of England, thou hast slain Jack Straw,
But thou hast left unquenched the vital spark
That set Jack Straw on fire.'

It would be hypercritical to object that a calm and dignified statesman would not have associated himself with the cause of Jack Straw and Wat Tyler. There is no time for Artevelde to carry out his purpose. Van den Bosch and other trusted lieutenants are defeated and slain before the fatal encounter of the French and Flemish armies on the Lis. In the middle of the battle Artevelde is treacherously stabbed by Sir Fleureant. Elena and Van Ryk, the same faithful follower who had long before resisted the solicitations of Occo, are found beside the body when the French lords return from the pursuit. The last scene worthily closes the heroic tale :—

' *Van Ryk.* The enemy is near
In hot pursuit ; we cannot take the body.
Elena. The body ?
Van Ryk. Hush !

[*Enter* Duke of Burgundy.]

Burgundy. What hideous cry was that? What are ye? Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?
Who she that flung that wild funereal note
Unto the upper sky?
Van Ryk. What I am
Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day
I could have wished to die—but what of that?
For death to be behindhand but a day
Is but a little grief.
Burgundy. Well said, old man.
And who is this?
Van Ryk. Sir, she is not a Fleming.'

Bourbon coming up calls her a traitress, 'the villain's paramour,' but Sir Fleureant attempts to defend her character.

'*Elena.* 'Tis false—thou liest—I was his paramour.'

She aims a blow at Bourbon and kills Fleureant, and in a struggle both she and Van Ryk are slain. A tragic ending is more endurable when, as after the slaughter of the Nibelungen, none are left to mourn.

That 'Edwin the Fair' is less interesting than 'Philip Van Artevelde' is the fault of the subject and not of the poet. It is perhaps because there was no Froissart in the tenth century that the annals of England before the Conquest, however instructive, are dull. The unequal contest of the king with the monastic orders and their celebrated chief, though it has some tragic elements, suits the genius of Sir Henry Taylor less than the wars of France and Flanders. Elgiva is a mere name for the legendary victim of priestly cruelty, and the three loyal and valiant earls, Athulf, Leolf, and Sidroc, might have appeared in another age as Segestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus. Wulfstan the Wise, with his copious flow of unseasonable aphorisms, is so far well placed that his wisdom may perhaps have imposed on an illiterate age. If Coleridge had been born in Albania or Afghanistan, he would probably, as at Highgate, have talked incessantly. Neither his poetry nor his more subtle philosophy is transferred to Wulfstan. Many thoughtful maxims and graceful images are to be found in the dialogue; but the dramatic power of the writer is concentrated, not without valuable result, on the character of Dunstan. The stupidly eager credulity of his devoted followers is well expressed by two attendant monks who are employed to prepare the audience for the entrance of the central personage of the story.

'*First Monk.* He slept two hours, no more; then raised his head
And said, "Methinks it raineth."
Second Monk. Twice he coughed,
And then he spat.
First Monk. He raised himself and said, "Methinks it raineth," pointing with his hand;
And as he pointed, lo! it rained apace.'

In such a society selfish ambition was most fully gratified when it assumed the form of saintliness. The intriguing ascetic of the Middle Ages can only be reproduced by an effort of imagination; but surviving traces of the same character have furnished Sir Henry Taylor with suggestive hints and outlines. The calculated arrogance of Dunstan results from a happy and probable conjecture, for the vulgar instinctively look up to those who ostentatiously look down on them. When his faithful attendant, who is the subordinate villain of the play, tells him that he called, the saint affects surprise, but he adds, 'I think I did. Send me those bishops.' When they enter he observes that there are no seats, and sends for a stool for himself while he leaves the bishops standing. By similar treatment he confirms the deference of the archbishop and the queen mother to his policy. Sir Henry Taylor's close observation of character is illustrated by the sincerely religious zeal of the treacherous and murderous saint. The type of deliberate and unmixed hypocrisy which was personified in Tartuffe is, at least among the upper classes of society, worn out, if it ever existed. Probably in Dunstan's time, as in the present day, hypocrites took care to deceive themselves before they practised on their neighbours. A complacent consciousness of religious excellence is the first condition of calm superiority to the ordinary rules of right and wrong. It is in the supposed interest of divine truth that Dunstan practises the basest fraud. The sophistry by which he anticipates and prevents scruple is of a simple and familiar kind.

'The faction runs ahead. What mean they then?
Why verily to abuse, and by their wiles
Betray the Synod. Nothing less. But God,
Who to the Devil incarnate in the snake
Gave subtlety, denies not to His saints
(So they shall use it to His glory and gain)
The weapon He permitted to the fiend.'

A dual morality, of which one half is supposed to have a spiritual sanction, permits any obliquity of conduct. The arbitrary and artificial Decalogue supersedes the genuine commandments. The almost humorous persistency with which the poet drags Dunstan from one atrocious crime to another, arises from an honest antipathy to the worst form of human malignity and baseness. Yet the hateful saintliness of Dunstan is not wholly unmixed with nobler qualities. At the end of the drama he is

left confronting the Danish invaders with the same implacable resolution which had crushed the innocent king and queen.

In the latest of his historical plays, Sir Henry Taylor returns to the picturesque history of mediæval France, though he has lost the guidance of Froissart. 'St. Clement's Eve' is perhaps the most poetical of all his works. Louis of Orleans, the principal person in the story, is a true hero of romance, from the first chivalric, kindly, and graceful, and afterwards converted, in accordance with romantic ethics, from a wild life to the strictest purity by a virtuous love, which cannot be gratified because he is unluckily married already. The Bastard of Montargis is an unredeemed villain whose crimes might put Sir Guy of Occo and Sir Fleureant of Heurlée to shame. His fierce master, John the Fearless of Burgundy, is so far less hateful than Montargis, that he believes himself to have ample reason for revenge. The grief of Charles VI. in his lucid intervals for the misery of his subjects, and their reverent compassion for his infirmity, are touchingly described. The description by Robert the Hermit of the sufferings which he has seen in his journey through France, and his warning to the princes of the blood, whose feuds have reduced the country to ruin, are admirably eloquent. In a vision the hermit had seen a falcon and a kite tearing the body of a woman; and on his journey he had heard a mother invoking vengeance on a soldier who had starved her child by taking away its food.

'The woman ceased; but voices in the air,
Yea, and in me a thousand voices, cried,
"Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge."
Then they too ceased, and sterner still the voice
Slow and sepulchral that took up the word.
"Him, God, but not him only, nor him most;
Look thou to them that breed the men of blood,
That breed and feed the murderers of the realm."'

Where it is worth notice that in two powerful lines there is only one word of more than one syllable. The hermit had also seen a pine and ash struck by lightning, being, like the falcon and the kite, symbols of Burgundy and Orleans.

'Then I knew the doom
Of those accursed men who sport with war,
And tear the body of their mother, France.
Trembling though guiltless did I hear that doom,
Trembling though guiltless I; for them I quaked
Of whom it spoke. Oh Princes, tremble ye,
For ye are they! Oh, hearken to that voice!
Oh cruel, cruel, cruel Princes, hear!
For ye are they that tear your mothers' flesh.
Oh, flee the wrath to come—repent and live.
Else know your doom which God declares through me,
Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
Short life and shameful death.'

Burgundy sneers at the prophetic rebuke, while Orleans, smitten with sudden repentance, asks forgiveness of his cousin. The speeches of Iolande are tender and pathetic, but her piety and self-sacrificing gentleness fail to give reality and substance to her character. It is as a poem, or as an epic fragment, rather than as a tragedy, that 'St. Clement's Eve' deserves to be known and remembered. The meeting of the council at which the guilt of the murder of the Duke of Orleans is brought home to his enemy is one of the most impressive scenes in historical fiction. Burgundy at first refuses to allow the Provost of Paris to enter his house in search for evidence; but when he finds that suspicion is growing to certainty he avows his act.

'Spare thy threats,
Good uncle. It was I that did this deed.
Berri. Too well I knew it from the first.
Sicily. And I.'

From a preface published with the first edition of the 'Virgin Widow, or a Sicilian Summer,' in 1850, it appears that Sir Henry Taylor hoped or wished to revive the spirit of the Elizabethan comedy. 'The mere comedy of manners and repartee which has been written for the last two centuries is, no doubt, with all the brilliancy which it has occasionally exhibited, a somewhat narrow representation of human life.' It may be added that no form of composition could, as far as it is possible to judge from his writings, be more entirely alien from Sir Henry Taylor's taste and genius. A purely ideal world of wit, from which conscience and feeling are excluded, may be admirable when it is exhibited to perfection; but it could scarcely interest the thoughtful and serious author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' 'The romantic and poetic comedy,' he adds, 'which preceded includes, though not the four seasons, yet the spring, summer, and autumn of nature. It is light and sweet for the most part; but, without losing its prevailing character of lightness and sweetness, it can in turn be serious, pathetic, and still more eminently wise.' The 'Virgin Widow' is not deficient in these qualities, but it is a copy of an original which no longer lives. The play might have been written by Massinger or Beaumont and Fletcher, but it includes no character such as those which were drawn in his slightest sketches by Shakespeare. There is an avaricious noble father, an amiable spendthrift, a king of easy morals, and a virtuous gentleman; and there are two beautiful ladies, three rascally Jews, and a jester. The scene is so far real that the plot is laid in Sicily; but the Sicily of the 'Virgin Widow' is a country in which

musicians at a feast are told that a puncheon of strong ale stands abrooch for them in the buttery. The island, with its city, its castles, its butteries, and its monasteries, is only to be found in the region of romantic comedy, if indeed that is to be called comedy only because it cannot be called tragedy, which produces neither tears nor laughter. The jester Tribolo may have amused his imaginary contemporaries, but scarcely his modern readers, by his address to certain youths who have been singing at a wedding : 'Hapless bachelors ! but I like you well ; for though you counterfeit a love sickness, yet you are clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and you sing like peacocks.' It is easy to recognise the echo of an obsolete literary method ; but sounds continued by mechanical repercussion have no longer a meaning. The action of the play is not commonplace, if it is judged by the standard of experience, but it faithfully corresponds in its extravagance with the romantic fiction of the successors of Shakespeare. In this, as in all Sir Henry Taylor's dramas, there are fine thoughts expressed in pure and forcible English ; but the story and the characters belong to the sphere of dreams, and not even of dreams which could now be dreamed. The constitution of Sicily, in the 'Virgin Widow,' appears to be the mild and sociable despotism which was administered by Shakespeare's dukes. A favourite courtier is banished, apparently without any violation of law, because he has protected a humble maiden from the lawless pursuit of the king. As soon as the exigencies of the story require Ruggiero's return to court, he is easily restored to favour, and with the rest of the characters he begins to live happy for the rest of his life. The historical dramas are perhaps almost as remote from the realities of life ; but they are representations of events and persons who once existed, as they appear to imagination in the present day. In the 'Virgin Widow' the author has assumed for himself, as well as for his fictitious characters, an antiquated costume.

Sir Henry Taylor's genius is not logical, and his non-dramatic poems are of secondary importance. The 'Lay of Elena,' inserted between the first and second parts of 'Philip Van Artevelde,' is, as the author somewhere intimates, composed in condescension to the taste which approved the rhymed tales of Byron and Moore. In some preliminary lines the reader is invited to rest ;

> 'Or, if thou lov'st to hear
> A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,
> Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink
> A lay that shall not trouble thee to think.'

A poem composed in a spirit of affable toleration cannot be expected to attain high excellence in spirit or execution. Elena's sentimental and descriptive account of her early life might readily be exchanged for a line of her subsequent dialogues with Artevelde. Like many who have loved before and since, she compares her love in its growth, its maturity, and its disappointment to the changing seasons :—

> 'What next ? A change is slowly seen,
> And deepeneth day by day ;
> The darker, soberer, sadder green,
> Prevenient to decay.'

It is well that Sir Henry Taylor has understood his own gifts too well to attempt on many occasions so uncongenial a manner. In the unfamiliar style he is even tempted to deviate from strict propriety of idiom. The word 'prevenient,' though it may etymologically be equivalent to 'prior in time,' has accidentally acquired a theological meaning, in connexion with the earlier use of the verb 'prevent.' Four or five hundred lines of the same kind prepare a welcome for

> 'Strains
> Where weightier themes may pay the reader's pains.
> Again disclose we counsels of the wise,
> Deeds of the warlike : let the curtain rise.'

The other occasional verses in the collection have more personal interest than poetical merit. The sentiment is always natural and just, and the morality unexceptionable ; but the art exhibited seldom enhances the value of the matter. The ballads and short lyrics which are interspersed among the dramas are of a far higher order. Some of the lines attributed to minstrels sound as if they might really have been sung in the hall of Edwin, or before the earl in the Stadt-house at Bruges :—

> 'The little bird sat on the greenwood tree,
> And the sun was as bright as bright could be ;
> The leaf was broad, the shade was deep,
> The lion of Flanders lay fast asleep.
> The little bird sang—"Sir Lion, arise,
> For I hear with my ears, and I see with my eyes,
> And I know what I know, and I tell thee this,
> That the men of Ghent have done something amiss."
> From his lair the lion of Flanders rose
> And he shook his mane, and tossed up his nose ;
> "Ere a leaf be fallen, or summer be spent,"
> Quoth he, "if God spare me, I'll go to Ghent."
> . . . . . .
> Ere a snowflake fell, the lion he went
> And roared a roar at the walls of Ghent ;
> The gates they shook, though they were fast barred,
> And the warders heard it at Oudenarde.
> At the first roar ten thousand men
> Fell sick to death. He roared again,
> And the blood of twenty thousand flowed
> On the bridge of Roone as broad as the road.

Woe worth thee, Ghent, if, having heard
The first and second, thou bidest the third;
Flat stones and awry, grass, potsherd, and
shard,
Thy place shall be like an old churchyard.'

Two songs of Elena are wonderfully touching and musical.

'Down lay in a ditch my lady's track,
And said, "My feet are sore;
I cannot follow with the pack
A hunting of the boar.
And though the horn sounds never so clear,
With hounds in wild uproar,
Yet I must stop and lie down here,
Because my feet are sore."
The huntsman when he heard the same,
This answer did he give:
"The dog that lame is much to blame,
He is not fit to live."'

The same theme is not less admirably treated when Elena has followed the camp to Oudenarde:—

'Quoth tongue of neither maid nor wife
To heart of neither wife nor maid:
"Lead we not here a jolly life
Between the sunshine and the shade?"
Quoth heart of neither maid nor wife
To tongue of neither wife nor maid:
"Thou waggest, but I am worn with strife,
And feel like flowers that fade."'

If Sir Henry Taylor had written nothing else, these four stanzas would have proved him a true poet.

Art. VIII.—1. *Correspondance de H. de Balzac*, 1819–1850. Paris: 1877.
2. *Balzac, sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par Madame L. Surville, née de Balzac. Paris: 1876.
3. *Balzac chez lui.* Par Leon Gozlan. Paris: 1876.

We remember, though it must have been full five-and-forty years ago, to have toiled one day up the long Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, leading from the Quarter of the Schools to that forsaken region of the city which lies behind the Panthéon (as it was then called) and near the Observatory. The object of this expedition was to be introduced by a friend to the celebrated writer whose name stands at the head of this article, who was then in the first bloom of his fame. He was already known to the world as the author of the 'Peau de Chagrin,' and of 'Eugénie Grandet:' his later and more questionable works had, of course, not appeared. At the far end of this 'long unlovely street,' on the right-hand side, we reached the *porte-cochère* of a modest house, washed with yellow ochre, and we entered the court by a wicket. Full in front of us were inscribed, in large black letters painted on the yellow walls, the words, '*Fabrique de l'Absolu*:' a strange announcement of what was going on within. A few steps brought us into a small parlour or cabinet on the ground-floor, looking out into a garden, and well furnished with book cases. At a writing-table, covered with proof-sheets and manuscripts, sat the great novelist, in the midst of his 'Fabrique,' and his own appearance was as strange as that of his abode. He wore a dress of white serge, exactly resembling the robe of a Dominican monk, buckled round the waist with a leathern girdle. From above the cowl or hood, which was thrown back on his neck, projected the round bluff head of M. de Balzac. His hair was cut to the quick, what the French call *ras;* for after having astonished the Parisian world for some years by the enormity of his head of hair, and by a walking-stick with a knob equally portentous, which was celebrated in prose and verse as the 'canne de M. de Balzac,' he suddenly varied the excitement caused by his appearance at the *foyer* of the Opera, by reducing his grotesque *chevelure* to these monastic proportions. His features were coarse, his manners rather vulgar, though kindly to the two young foreigners who had come to seek him, and his small beadlike eyes twinkled with mirth and good humour. He immediately began to talk freely, for he talked on the one subject that interested him—himself and his works. He professed to care little for society, and said he seldom interrupted his work to go into the town, except now and then to hear a polacca at the Opera. The 'Puritani' had been brought out in Paris a few nights before, and that polacca which Grisi warbled so incomparably well was in every one's ears. 'But here,' he said, 'I lead the life of a galley-slave at the oar. These works of mine will one day form the diabolical comedy of life. All that I have written hitherto, all that I shall write, converges to this end. My publishers tell me it will be worth a million, but that signifies nothing to me, for I can live on half-a-crown a day.' These words we distinctly recollect, but we are afraid at this distance of time to trust to memory for further details of the conversation which rambled on, always returning to his works and himself. He seemed pleased with his visitors, and ended by asking us to come back and dine with him. Unluckily, some previous engagement prevented our accepting his invitation. 'C'est dommage,' said he, 'car nous aurons Sanson et Vidocq'

—the one was the executioner, the other the great detective of the French police. But as this was said after the invitation had been declined, it is not unlikely that he drew upon his imagination for those attractive guests. We never had another opportunity of making their acquaintance, nor do we remember to have seen M. de Balzac himself again.

The most striking characteristic of the man was his egregious vanity, his extravagant and vulgar desire to make an effect, and what seemed to be the reckless mendacity with which he spoke of his own powers and performances. At this time, and we believe ever after, though M. de Balzac was certainly the first novelist of the day, far superior to Jules Janin and Eugène Sue (Georges Sand and Alexandre Dumas belong to a somewhat later period), he never acquired any position in Parisian society. With him there was no question of a seat in the Academy, nor was he received in any French *salon* except that of Madame Delphine Gay. The Russians in Paris took to him more kindly ; they enthusiastically admired his works, and they rather liked his grotesque eccentricities. But in those days eccentricity was not a passport to good society in France. To the more refined literary society of the great capital he was personally unknown. He betrayed a craving for aristocratic distinctions ; but these he found among the Russians only, and it appears from this correspondence that the most serious and constant attachment of his life was to the Russian lady whom he eventually married.

We now learn, if this record of his life is to be trusted, what was but imperfectly known before, that he rose to success only after a long and bitter conflict with adverse circumstances. In earlier life he had written a vast number of works of fiction under another name (we think it was Henri de St. Aubin) which were utterly worthless, and formed no part of what he afterwards styled his ' œuvre.' We know no other instance of the transformation of a bad and unsuccessful author into one of eminent genius and great popularity. But suddenly, when the ' Peau de Chagrin ' appeared, and Henri de St. Aubin became M. de Balzac, he stood forth, as it were, a new man. We have always suspected that the name of ' De Balzac ' was as much assumed as that which preceded it, though he harps upon its literary traditions in these letters. But in truth so much of what the world saw of him was artificial and unreal that he got no credit for the very name he bore.

Yet there were, as these letters prove, seeds of good in him which the world did not see, and of which it knew nothing. The strength of family ties and affections is the tenderest and purest element in the French character. Men who are all show, and noise, and vanity, and tinsel in outward society, have often within their hearts a little spring of domestic love which flows with an inexhaustible stream. While M. de Balzac was attempting to take the world by storm by his eccentricities, and while in his novels he was drawing the darkest and saddest pictures of human life, his letters to his sister and his mother are full of sunshine and, we may hope, of truth. As a man, seen from without, he commanded admiration for his genius, largely tempered by ridicule and distrust ; but his works undoubtedly entitle him to a prominent place in the history of fiction, and his letters exhibit his private character in a more pleasing light. Such are the impressions left upon our mind by our own slight acquaintance with this remarkable man, but dismissing them altogether in the following pages, we shall attempt to consider the great French novelist historically, according to the evidence he has himself left behind him, as if he had been dead a hundred years instead of twenty. The contrast may be all the more curious that many of our readers will have it in their power to repeat it by their own recollections ; and few things are more strange than the difference between the world's estimate of a man living, and that which it is taught to form of him after he is dead.

Of all the writers of recent times there are very few who have attained so great a position as Balzac, not only in his own country, where he ranks as a classic, but in European literature, where the influence of France, especially in *belles lettres*, finds always so much response. A mere novel-writer, so to speak, a manufacturer of romances only less prolific than Dumas himself, producing a series of tales in rapid succession, with feverish energy and fertility and speed, and in defiance of all the laws against hasty composition which have become the commonplaces of criticism, he has yet attained a place, not only among the writers of genius whose works are for all time, but among the more profound and serious of these writers, as a philosopher as much as a romancist. We know no one in England whom we could place on the same level, no novelist, indeed, anywhere whose claims go so high, or whose influence and following are so grave and important, unless it might be George Eliot, whose works are too few and too elaborate for such a com-

parison, and whose reputation has not yet sustained the test of time and death—two powers which modify strangely the opinions of the contemporary world. To Balzac, however, these tests have come, and his reputation has come through them triumphantly. No other writer of fiction has sounded so profoundly and so persistently the baser mysteries of human nature ; no man has descended so low in the subterranean ways of life, and revealed with so terrible a lustre the secret things that lurk in the darkness. Human nature perhaps will always be more impressed by such discoveries than it is by the happier light which an imagination of a more genial kind can throw upon its virtues and nobleness. The terrible, the guilty, the mean and miserable thrill us more deeply than do those pictures of the innocent and good which are, we think, less certainly true, which are apt, we imagine, to degenerate into the regions of rose-water and sentiment. Goodness is not so linked with all the passions as vice is ; it has not the same elements of tragedy in it ; it involves no agony of retribution, no despair, no tremendous pursuit or slowly gathering coil of fate ; which no doubt is the reason why the researches into human nature which have the most power over us are always those which reveal new varieties of sinning and of suffering, secrets painful and shameful hid beneath the seeming serenity of common life. Balzac's extraordinary career is full of these revelations. His 'Comédie de la Vie Humaine' is a tragedy awful, terrible, despairing—a comedy not divine but infernal, full of darker horrors than Dante ever dreamed of. And no doubt it is, more or less, owing to this peculiarity that he has attained so great an ascendency over many minds. To a great part of the world, indeed, the surface is all that is interesting, and no desire to investigate, to descend lower or to mount higher, ever crosses their contented spirits. The little breezes that crisp the water, the little ruffling of summer wind which makes the poplar leaves white, turning their wrong side outwards, is as much as they care to encounter in the world of fancy ; but the most influential class of readers entertain a very different preference, and there is nothing so sought after as a guide who will lead them into the depths.

To Balzac the surface of life was the merest masque, easily detached, displaced by perpetual accidents, and never really concealing the true features of the reveller who is continually roaming across the gaieties and lighter occupations of the world in pursuit of some sombre adventure, some calculation of passion or of interest. Nothing is as it seems, in those pages, so often terrible, appalling in their pitiless pursuit of human nature through all its subterfuges. The life he sees before him is a life haunted by damning secrets, by ghosts of past evil, by devouring wishes or recollections. The purest beings he can conceive of are either caught helpless in some whirlpool of evil out of which they cannot escape, or gain their saintliness through the penitence which follows crime. Many of his *chefs-d'œuvre* fill us with a loathing and horror of life as he depicts it ; and there is scarcely one of them that does not oppress and sadden the heart of the reader with images of misery. Few if any of our English writers have so much as touched the same keynote. The philosophy of Fielding is only a laughing humour in comparison, and the supposed cynicism of Thackeray is but piquant *malice*, in the French sense of the word, devoid of bitterness. George Eliot, indeed, is the only writer who resembles Balzac in this particular. There is something in her angry scorn of superficial virtue, in her somewhat gloomy insight into the growth and cumulation of evil, in her profound distrust of happiness and disbelief in its possibility, and in her perpetual consciousness of the vulgar under-current of self-regard which sweeps every obstacle out of its path, which recalls the master of moral anatomy who preceded her. But George Eliot, if she regards the comedy of human action with deep discouragement and want of faith, is infinitely more moved by her own creations than Balzac is, and shows her hatred of her worst revelations with a vehemence and *naïveté* which is a very remarkable feature in her genius. It is, indeed, not a comedy to her at all, but a tragedy, in which her feelings are engaged in spite of herself ; and all that is in her fights and struggles for the good, even while she gains her greatest success by revelation of the evil. Balzac has no such bias. The moral conflict interests him profoundly, but he looks on, upon both sides impartially, without favour. Vice is not vice to him so much as a great moral agency, a motive power of immense importance in the life of man, an influence not always or altogether bad, but sometimes even involving a certain virtue. For one thing, immorality in the relations between men and women is nothing to him at all. He has no prejudice, no preference against or for it. It is, to his consciousness, the usual state of affairs, a condition of life which does not corrupt the character of either. Unlawful connexions, indeed, are a fruitful source of trouble, and produce

some of the most interesting imbroglii in life. Occasionally, if there is marked treachery in them, or falsehood of a deeper dye than usual, they are bad for a woman, and always likely to get her into trouble ; but beyond this the man, the artist, has no feeling on the subject. This insensibility is not unusual among French writers, and naturally it gives them much freedom in their treatment of subjects which humanity in general cannot regard so impartially. The aspect of life is indeed altogether changed to a spectator who has no bias, who remains unmoved in the midst of the battle, finding it of no high importance which side may win, indeed always sympathising to a greater degree with the character to which a knowledge of the forbidden has given experience and depth, than with one that has remained *borné* and uninformed in the narrow circles of innocence. At the same time perhaps there is less harm in the narrative which is neither ashamed nor disgusted by what it has to record, but takes in all the circumstances broadly as mere features in the general picture.

But when the strange career was over of this man who had held the mirror up to every deformity of nature, who had left no class or region unenlightened by the awful light of his researches—he who had disclosed in the stillness of village-life, in the quiet of the woods and fields, such a tragical miser as old Grandet devouring the very hearts of his household ; and in the meaner masses of the *bourgeoisie*, that doleful marsh of all corruption, such an unlovely martyr as the Père Goriot, ruined by the heartless exactions of his ; he who had opened up before us, in Paris, the vile swarm of *intrigants* who hunted into his grave the Cousin Pons, the most horrible group of harpies perhaps ever invented by man ; and disclosed in the quiet provincial town such an appalling conception as Véronique, that apparent type of innocence and purity, living through the trial and execution of her lover without giving one sign of her own awful complicity ; and who has provided literature with so many other studies of human misery and criminality :—when he died who had done all this, what was the wonder of the world to find himself left behind, an image so different from any that could have been anticipated by those who knew Balzac only as the greatest romancist of his time ! The world knew something of Balzac, however, as a man before this. It knew of him that he was *criblé de dettes*, always in conflict with his creditors, working not so much for daily bread as to pay for the daily bread long since eaten, consumed before it was earned, and leaving necessities more dangerous than hunger or starvation behind. To work from hand to mouth is bad enough ; and it has been thought and said by many that such a condition of labour is the worst possible for the work produced. But when the work is not done to satisfy the legitimate needs of the day—at all times the natural purpose of labour—but to clear off the burdens of yesterday, the always lengthening, always renewed chain of debt, who can doubt that the bondage is calculated to cut into the very soul ? This, however, was Balzac's case. There were times when he did not dare to show himself, but hid his head in one clandestine refuge after another, his very dogs trained not to betray him, his servants skilled in all the ruses of defence, and he only to be approached by means of passwords and mysterious precautions, as in a case of high treason. A man thus flitting under cover of night from one secret place to another, listening where he lay *perdu* in the depths of his lodging to ineffectual summons of bells and knockings, rejoicing when the baffled duns departed grumbling, conveys to us an impression of something irregular, disorderly, in all likelihood a bad liver, a man of corrupt tastes and ill-regulated ways. But when the curtain draws up, when the last light is thrown with no deceptive gleams in it or falsity of reflection, upon the playful, innocent records of his youth, upon the friendly, gentle letters of mature years, and at length reveals to us a true lover absorbed in one faithful attachment through half a lifetime, who could imagine that this constant and friendly soul was Balzac, he to whom everything on earth was darkened with impurity and rent asunder by falsehood ? Yet so it is. This writer, who found a skeleton in every man's closet, when death set all his doors open and let in the shining of the sun, was found to have none in his ; no wretched ghosts came out of it to sully his name, no hidden horrors were revealed to the eye of day. A tragedy there is, sure enough ; for is not every life a tragedy ? and the irony of fate is stamped upon it in startling lines. But the tragedy is one of everyday occurrence since the days of Moses, who was permitted to see the Promised Land only from afar.

A more strange commentary never was written upon any man's life and work than is made by the letters in which this man exposed his private soul. On the one hand all is tragic, gloomy, and terrible ; on the other, friendly and gentle and kind ; at one side a swarm of strange connexions, evil *liaisons*, intrigues innumerable; on the other a long-enduring, pure, and generous love.

The world of imagination in which the reader has known Balzac is crowded with terrible figures, contemners of every law. Scarcely here and there is to be found one whom we may venture to trust as a true man or pure woman. One after another they pass before us enveloped in shameful mysteries, in cold-blooded struggles of remorseless egotism, in headlong pursuit of wealth, or greatness, or pleasure—pursuit which crushes without pity any obstacle, moral or natural, that lies in the way. But when we turn to the Balzac of the letters a softer light breaks over the picture. Here he is no executioner of humankind doing his duty grimly upon a race of secret assassins and traitors, but a friendly companion, discoursing gently of a hundred innocent matters, cruel to no one, loving to his friends, serviceable to his belongings, a good and tender son, an unalterable and delicate lover. Genius has filled the strange and terrible world of his books with an attraction which triumphs over the very horror and disgust and pain which it pleases him to call forth. But his letters require no such electricity to make them delightful. Gentle daylight shines through them instead of that fierce sun or blighting cloud ; and there could be no better proof that the 'Comédie Humaine' is not the terrible tragedy he makes it out to be, than is furnished by the tranquil exposition of his own private existence and thoughts.

This commentary is all the more valuable that Balzac had a life independent of his work and thoughts, so full of trouble and of toil, so distracted by those anxieties which are fatal to all repose of mind, that it would not have been surprising had his eyes been permanently jaundiced and his mind brought to regard all things around him, especially the worldly meanness of meaner men, with bitterness. Such a struggle for existence has rarely taken place, even among the traditionary struggles of men of letters everywhere. The conflict began at twenty, when the young Honoré, refusing to harness himself to the trade of law, which it is evident he loathed, and of which he has left us so many painful pictures, succeeded with much difficulty in convincing his parents that there was that in him which would make a name in literature, and was permitted reluctantly to try what he could do, being allowed two years of probation in which to win his spurs and show himself a master of the literary craft. A more curious bargain was surely never made at the beginning of a life. 'My brother,' says Madame Surville, 'had as yet given no proof of literary talent, and he had his fortune to make. It was only reasonable to wish for him an occupation less problematical than that of an author. And for one vocation like that of Honoré, which justified the indulgence, how many men of mediocre talent have been ruined by similar compliance!' The friends of the house were all in arms against the culpable weakness of the father who thus humoured his son. Honoré a man of genius! This was a thing which no one believed. He might make a good bagman, they thought ; he wrote a fair hand ; but Balzac's father was himself somewhat fantastic and full of theories, and the idea of this trial pleased him. 'He believed in the intelligence of his children.' 'My mother,' adds Madame Surville, 'was less confident, but thought that a little pressure of want would subdue Honoré ;' and with this view the lad was established in Paris, on a footing of Spartan economy very well adapted to try his enthusiasm, by this practical and somewhat stern but anxious mother. 'She settled him before our departure from Paris in a garret which he chose near the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, the only library with which he was not acquainted, and where he proposed to work.' She furnished this room with strict necessaries—a bed, a table, a few chairs ; and the 'sum she allotted for his board would certainly not have sufficed for his most rigorous necessities if our mother had not left in Paris an old woman, for twenty years in the service of our family, whom she charged to watch over him.' We have heard of parents strong-minded and clear-sighted enough to cure a foolish boy, seized by one of those wild inclinations for the life of a sailor which used to be general among boys during the reign of Captain Marryat, by sending him to sea in a merchant-ship to Labrador or Newfoundland, the least attractive and stormiest of voyages. It was on the same wise but stern principle that Madame de Balzac treated her eldest son. 'To pass suddenly from a liberal house, where there was always plenty, to the solitude of an attic in which there was not a single constituent of comfort, must have been a hard transition,' says his sister ; but he seems to have taken the change cheerfully, and faced all his difficulties with the gayest courage. His letters of this period are full of the playful and laughing grace of youth. 'I have got a servant,' he writes gaily ; 'his name is Moi-même. . . . Moi-même is idle, awkward, forgetful ; he beats my clothes, sings as he sweeps, sweeps as he sings, laughs as he talks, talks as he laughs—at bottom he is a good lad enough.' 'Synging he was, or

floughting all the daye.' What better picture could be of the gay youth, fearing nothing, smiling in the face of Fate? To shut him up all the more closely to his work, his careful parents gave it out that he was gone to visit a relation, so that in case of utter failure neither Honoré nor they should be shamed. Thus he began in his garret his apprenticeship as man of letters, according to the traditions of Grub Street itself, in a sublime ignorance as to what he should do first, or which way of glory he should choose, sure of nothing but of his purpose—

'to frame he knew not what excelling thing,
And win he knew not what sublime reward
Of praise and honour.'

'Ah, sister,' he cries, 'if heaven has given me talent, my great delight will be to see my glory reflected upon you all. What happiness to conquer oblivion, to make again the name of De Balzac illustrious! At these thoughts my blood boils!' And he adds, with the delicious gravity and good faith which belong to his age:—

'I have definitely fixed upon the subject of Cromwell, which I have chosen because it is the finest in modern history. . . . I have decidedly given up my comic opera. I could not find a composer in this hole—and besides one ought not to write for the taste of the moment, but do as the Racines and Corneilles have done, work like them for posterity. In addition to this, the second act was weak, and the first had too much music in it. And so much reflection being necessary, I prefer to reflect upon Cromwell. But there are ordinarily about two thousand lines in a tragedy, and you may judge how many reflections will be needful. Pity me—what do I say? No, pity me not, for I am happy; envy me rather, and think of me above all.'

Thus he goes on for letter after letter. In all the many works of the great Balzac there is no such genial, delightful, light-hearted, and genuine *jeune homme à vingt ans*. How he chatters to his sister about all his affairs, little and great, from his Cromwell and his hopes of glory to the stains his coffee makes on the floor, which it takes him so much time and water ('and water does not ascend by nature into my heavenly garret; it only descends there on rainy days') to get rid of; leaping from one thing to another with the gaiety of a child. 'Ah, *Laura soror*,' he cries, 'what trouble I am in! I have just found out a fault of construction in my regicide, and it rustles with bad verses.' In the next sentence he asks for a *vieillissime châle*, to wrap about his shoulders as he sits at night in his celestial garret, and pictures himself 'badly defended against the frost, which has only the roof and a flannel vest between it and my brotherly skin;' his legs covered with the *carrick tourangeau* of the country tailor; his head in a *calotte dantesque;* nothing wanting but the old shawl to make him comfortable. '*Ainsi équipé j'habiterai fort agréablement mon palais*,' he says. Notwithstanding this droll picture (and let the reader imagine how far from droll, how dismal and heart-rending would have been the vision of the young author, wrapped in all the miserable superfluities of his poor wardrobe, and shivering under the tiles of the cold and dreary Paris house, in the hands of Balzac twenty years later), the boy permits himself the distraction of a piano, and after long resistance of the temptation declares that he must be guilty of the folly of going to see *Cinna*, in which Talma is to play. 'My stomach trembles at the thought,' he says, but the thing which attracts him is that 'I have never seen anything of Corneille, our general.' His stomach trembles; no dinner for him if he yields to the seductions of the play. Even without this extravagance, 'that rascal Moi-même neglects me more and more. He goes out only once in the three or four days to buy what is wanted, and then goes to the worst shops in the quarter; the others are too far off; the lad is thrifty of his steps; so that your brother (destined to so much fame!) lives already absolutely like a great man; that is to say, he is dying of hunger.' How easy it is to imagine the gloomy tints that this picture might take if made of another! but the autobiographer is cheerful as a cricket. By-and-by he sends an analysis of his great play that he is writing, poor boy, for posterity—*Pour toi seule*, written on the precious envelope that contains it: 'It is impossible that you should not admire the plan of it,' he cries. 'How finely it is set forth! How the interest grows from scene to scene! The incident of the sons of Cromwell is admirably done. I have also been very happy in the character of the sons of Strafford. The magnanimity of Charles the First giving back to Cromwell his sons is finer than that of Augustus pardoning Cinna. There are still some faults, but they are slight, and I will remedy them,' and the poor young author ends with a sigh of satisfaction and proud alarm: 'Pourvu que le château n'aille pas défendre ma tragédie!'

Poor boy! He went home joyous at the end of the year with his tragedy, feeling that he had '*fait ses preuves*,' justified his father's indulgence, and was in the way to cover the criticising friends with confusion. In his happy confidence he had them all gathered together to hear his play. 'What

I suffered during that hour was a foretaste of the terrors which the first representations of "Vautrin" and "Quinola" were to give me,' says his sister. Even Balzac's enthusiasm for his own work grew chill as he looked round him on the troubled countenances about. The one rude critic whom he had most hoped to confound was rampant; the others, though more gentle, united in disapproval. At last it was decided to submit the work to a competent and impartial authority—a professor of the École Polytechnique. The sentence of this *doyen littéraire* was emphatic. 'The author might do anything he liked *except literature.*' 'Honoré,' says Madame Surville, 'received this stroke with bare bosom, yet without wincing, for he did not acknowledge himself beaten.' "I have not the gift for tragedy," he said, and took up his pen again.

Invincible young hero! They kept him at home and nursed him, for he was so worn with the garret and the attentions of Moi-même that his mother was terror-struck. During the five years he remained at home he wrote more than forty volumes, which were published under different names, 'out of respect to that name of De Balzac, once celebrated, and which he hoped to make once more illustrious.' 'Not one single title of these first works' does his devoted sister betray, though there is no longer any real mystery about them. No doubt the name of Balzac would have pushed them into some sort of popularity at a later period, but the great writer never acknowledged them. One wonders if no enterprising reader, no critic on the watch for coming genius, found in this mass of nameless books any gleam of future greatness. But the young author himself, fallen from the heights of tragedy, does not seem, even while composing them, to have had any faith in them.

'I can neither think nor work,' he says, 'but I must write, write every day to win the independence which is refused to me. To try to purchase my liberty by means of novels, and such novels! Ah, Laure, what a downfall of my projects of glory! With fifteen hundred francs of income I could work at my farm, but one wants time for such work, and first of all one must live. I have thus only this ignoble way of winning independence. Then make the press groan, bad author! If I do not soon gain a little money, the spectre will reappear. I shall not be a notary, for M. T. is dead. But I know that M., that terrible schemer, is quietly seeking a place for me. If they put that extinguisher upon me, take me for a dead man.'

We find further details, however, than those which Madame Surville gives, sown here and there in the letters afterwards published, the record of himself and all he did, which he sent to his favourite sister. Like Major Pendennis calculating his nephew's possible revenue by the price of his first successful novel, young Balzac, still more *naïf*, calculates upon his poor little obscure romances. 'You know I am full of joy because the "Héritière de Birague" is sold for eight hundred francs; and we are sure that one copy, at least, will sell, for grandmamma is going to buy it,' he writes, still boyish and light-hearted amid all his troubles. 'If I sell my "Israelite" well—say for two thousand francs—there I stop and I am free, for six novels a year will make twelve thousand francs.' These frank and laughing letters disclose a literary workshop, in which constant industry secures a certain small return, like shoemaking or tailoring. The young writer does not think much of the quality of the works which he turns out, one after another. 'As for my novels, they are not so good as the devil, and certainly not so tempting.' Their only merit 'is the thousand of francs they bring in.' The 'Héritière de Birague' he will not send to Laure, 'parce que c'est une véritable *cochonnerie littéraire.*' But with all this he feels the growth within him of something better to come. 'My ideas change so much,' he says, pausing in his gay chatter, his half-comic calculations 'that the *doing* will soon change also. . . . I reflect; my ideas ripen; I perceive that nature has dealt favourably with me in giving me my heart and my head. Believe me, dear sister, for I want some one to believe in me. I do not despair of being something one day.'

These five laborious years, however, spent in the family home, from which during their course both his sisters took flight, and in which he felt daily more and more the want of atmosphere and space, weighed heavily upon the young man; and, as nothing seemed likely to come of his labours, he found his way back at length to Paris, disheartened, and ready for anything that promised a little success—the reward for which he pined. He was but twenty-five after all, but he had worked like a giant at those books which were not worthy of his name, and was weary of the anonymous romancing which brought in so little, and advanced him not a step in any real way of progress. He returned to Paris with a certain desperation, determined to do something which would place his existence upon a more solid footing. Madame Surville

abridges the 'arid details' which are necessary to explain the misfortunes of his existence, 'misfortunes so little known that even his friends attribute them to follies which were never his,' she says mysteriously—so that it is with difficulty that we understand this brief but curious chapter in the great author's life. Perhaps for a moment he had been himself converted to the opinion that 'anything but literature' was his vocation. In Paris, where he arrived eager and anxious to do something, anything, in order to right himself, he encountered a friend, who advised him to try less ethereal means of conquering fortune, and lent him money with which to undertake a venture in trade. Of all things in the world he chose the trade of a publisher, in which he began with, and failed by means of, complete editions of Molière and La Fontaine, in one volume each; 'the first attempt at those compact editions which have since brought so much profit to the booksellers.' From this enterprise he withdrew in about a year, having sold less than twenty copies, and disposing of the rest as waste paper. We cannot but think that to have a Molière with Balzac's name as publisher on the title-page would be worth a collector's while. This failing, he made another start, this time with a printing office ('Books attracted him always,' says his biographer), but failed once more, though his predecessor had made a fortune in the business. In this last undertaking Madame Surville thinks he would have been successful by combining it with a type-foundry, but for the hesitation of his family to help him—and indeed the friend to whom he sold it on the eve of bankruptcy did succeed by the very means which the man of genius had foreseen, though he could not take advantage of them. He had got the materials for many a gloomy sketch, to be employed in future years, in his early knowledge of the obscure law business of a notary's office; and no doubt in the struggle for life of his printing-house he got the idea of that fine conflict with ruin which his brave Eve waged courageously, while her husband invented his types, in the history of 'Eve et David,' the modest and noble pair who form one of his most wholesome and attractive pictures, perhaps the only perfectly pure and simply heroic hero and heroine whom Balzac ever produced.

He was twenty-nine when, once more at the end of his resources, deeply in debt, though his mother had saved the credit of the name by becoming his chief creditor, he had again *de nouveau* to face the world, and find out a way of living. 'He possessed only debts and his pen to pay them with, that pen of which no one as yet recognised the value; and besides had acquired the reputation of an *incapable*—fatal title which withdraws all support, and so often accomplishes the shipwreck of the unfortunate.' It is but seldom after this serious crisis that the old gaiety bubbles up into his letters as in his former time of privation; but still Balzac was not discouraged. He buckled to his work again with tremendous industry and perseverance, which, after so many failures, was nothing less than heroic. And for a time it would seem that the works which he began to pour forth month by month, and week by week, in a profuse, unequal, continual stream, scarcely attracted more respectful notice than the forgotten productions of his youth. 'When is the great work coming?' his friends asked with smiles, even after a number of works which now rank among French classics had seen the light. This careless contempt irritated greatly the young man, who began to feel his power. 'I shall have to die,' he cried bitterly, 'before they know what I am worth.' But it is very seldom that any such gleam of rage shows in his correspondence. The stream widens, and new landscapes open as it flows on. There are new friends who engage his attention, new subjects, and a hurried, impetuous current of business and production to guide and record. The genial home *causeries*, so fraternal, so innocent, which he kept up with his dear Laure, give place to a curious, rapid course of letters to his mother, which show the place she held in his life far better than anything he says of her. Maman hitherto has had her part in the gentle mockeries of the family; her fidgets, her nervousness have not been spared. If she only knew how little she does for the happiness of those around her, when she thinks she is doing everything! Nature surrounds the roses with thorns, and pleasures with a crowd of pains: Maman follows the example of nature. So say the brother and sister between themselves with undutiful sportiveness. But when the sisters are married, each in their *ménage*, and Honoré immersed in a thousand toils, Maman becomes her son's right hand, his representative, his prime minister, his agent in everything. She has to take his manuscripts to the publishers, settle the prices, get the payment as she can, arrange how to settle a debt here and there, keep everything going, see to all his business. Everything comes through her hands; never man, it is apparent, had a servant of such boundless activity, patience, zeal, and trust-

worthiness. The son does not disdain to sweeten the task with many a tender word. His *mère bien-aimée*, his *mère chérie*, is rewarded with such expressions of love as English sons scarcely indulge in; but he gives her his orders with a brevity which shows the unhesitating trust he has in her devotion, and the somewhat imperious empire which this certainty brings with it. She was his chief creditor as has been said. He laments over her, and declares that but for her he would not care for his poverty, even while sending her here and there from printer to publisher, from place to place, on his business. *Fais-toi belle*, he says in a brief parenthesis when she has to interview some severe creditor or editor. *Beaucoup de politesse*, he adds on another occasion. Poor mother! if he could but settle these other debts from a few more stories out of his brain, a few more thousand francs out of the booksellers, there might be something for her who had sacrificed almost everything for him; and in the meantime there was all his business to do, work enough to keep her busy. One wonders whether she, who did not believe in him at first, had got to put any faith in him now, when she had to make her prettiest toilette and rush from one place to another under Honoré's orders. That she did it all cheerfully, without a grumble, is clear enough, whatever her private sentiments might be.

These letters, however, relate to a time when the overpressed author was absent from Paris upon a long journey—*soi-disant* holiday—but in reality such a laborious holiday as only people of letters, whose tools are so easily carried, indulge in. Even this, however, was not a common indulgence; for his life was almost entirely spent in Paris. 'He confessed to me,' says Madame Surville, 'that he has often been seized by temptations similar to those which he has attributed to the hero of that work, so full of youthfulness and talent, which he called the "Peau de Chagrin."' And it is not difficult to imagine Balzac, like his hero, risking with the gaiety of despair the last poor louis in his purse, and sick with perpetual work and unvarying disappointment, weary, languid, and exhausted, seeing no end to be gained by this never ending, always continued struggle, turning along the silent quais when the lights flaunted in the river, and contemplating the end that might come so easily; one plunge and all over; no more bills to renew or stories to weave—stories for which, Heaven knows, he must often have had little heart. To babble of the loves of a fine lady and *jeune élégant*, and elaborate their sentimental sorrows when one's heart is racked with troubles infinitely greater—who can say what scorn, what impatience, what bitterness this necessity sometimes produces? Breaking stones on the road would be less hard; the heart's sorrows, the indignation that burns, the bitterness that poisons, might find a certain solace in the sharp strokes of the hammer; but in the poetical despairs of the boudoir what consolation? Honoré de Balzac, loitering in a shop of *bric-à-brac*, gazing with hungry eyes at the curious things he loved, perhaps laughing grimly at the thought of the vulgar millionnaire into whose hands they would probably fall, who would understand nothing about them—whereas he, without a sou, knew everything about them—is no less tragic a figure than the student Raphael finding, at just such a crisis in his life, the Peau de Chagrin, with its wonderful qualities. That the life which the young man desperate was about to throw away so lightly—he who had no means of satisfying a single desire—should become unreasonably, frantically precious to him, as soon as he had the means of enjoying everything, yet saw his days withering up with every contraction of the fated skin—what a terrible truth is in the very wildness of the fancy! At one stroke how had he gained this tremendous height of tragedy, this awful insight into man's soul? In Raphael he has embodied the painful energy of an imagination wild and half mad with the desire of living and the force of life, yet shut in on all points, beating its wings against the narrow boundaries of earth and sky, illimitable yet confined. The situation does not sound so tragic when we find its inspiration in his own story, but yet his indignation and pain in the sense of his own unsuccess are scarcely less vivid. 'Sacré Dieu!' he cries, 'literature is like the street-walkers, who sell themselves for a hundred sous; it leads to nothing—and I burn to go off and travel, to discover, to make of myself a living drama, to risk my life; for what are a few miserable years more or less? The ocean, a brig, and an English ship to demolish, then vanish in the waters, is something better than an inkstand, a pen, and the Rue St. Denis.' His best years were shrinking from him as he wrote like the cabalistic *Peau*, bringing nothing but waste of all his faculties. 'Imagine that I have undertaken two works at the same time,' he says more calmly, yet with not less indignation against fate. 'I have promised that they should appear, the one in the middle of February, the other in April, and I am now (January) beginning them. The days melt in my

hands like ice in the sun. I do not live; I wear out horribly; but to perish of work or of something else, it is all one.' 'Do you know,' he adds, 'that I go to bed at six o'clock in the evening, that I get up at midnight, and thus work sixteen hours continuously? . . . I have but one hour to give to the world, from five to six, during my dinner. I have sworn to free myself, to owe neither a page nor a sou, and should I burst like a musket yet I will go on courageously to the end.' In another letter he describes his position at greater length:

'There is one fact which dominates my existence; it is work, continual, without relaxation, work for fifteen or sixteen hours daily; with that hydra nothing is possible. Weak friendships drop, only the true remain, and I had counted upon yours. Write! I cannot, the fatigue is too much. You are not aware that in 1828 I owed more than I possessed. I had only my pen to live by, and to pay a hundred and twenty thousand francs. In a few months I shall have paid everything. I shall have received and arranged my poor little house; but for six months still I have all the troubles of poverty. I enjoy my last miseries. I have begged from no one. I have not held out my hand for a page nor for a farthing. I have concealed my wounds and my sufferings. And you who know if money is easily gained with the pen, you should fathom with your woman's eyes the abyss which I open to you, which I skirt without falling into it. Yes, I have still six painful months to get through, all the more painful that, as Napoleon grew weary of war, I may confess that this conflict with misfortune begins to fatigue me too.

'I am then an exception, a poor workman whom one must go to see, and take care to find him in his Sunday best. No one in the world knows the value of my visits, and out of pride I never tell; but I may say these things to a true friend, sure that they will make no mischief between us. Besides, what is more honourable or greater than to raise one's fortune by means of one's talent? Only envy can be excited by that, and I am not sorry for the envious. Believe no harm then of me. Say to yourself, "He works night and day," and be surprised only at one thing, that you have not yet heard of my death.'

This tragic apology seems to have been made in answer to a friendly complaint that he neither visited nor wrote to the *amie sincère* to whom he addressed these explanations. But all his letters of this period are full of the same complaints. More deeply felt still are those which without any need to *poser*, with the certainty of her sympathy in everything, he writes to his sister.

'I have no time to write as I would. If you knew what it is to knead up ideas, to give them form and colour, and what lassitude it produces! for ever thinking, like La Fontaine under his trees. If one were sure of getting the length of La Fontaine! but no, it is only Balzac. Will it ever be anything? How this doubt torments me in my bad days! still more than my condition of bird on the branch, I assure you. And, notwithstanding, is it not sad, after so much labour, to have nothing in the future but the future itself? What will it be, Laure? Who can resolve this anxious question?'

In the midst of all this distress and labour and anxiety, between the 'Peau de Chagrin' and 'Louis Lambert,' two of the wildest and most tragical conceptions of his genius, there breaks in, vaguely seen through the daylight of the letters, a little episode which recalls the young Frenchman of the *salons*, the Rastignac, the Vandenesse, the De Marsay of his own society pictures. Balzac confides to one of his many female friends—a lady who has criticised and sympathised, and blamed and praised him, a friend of his sisters, often his hostess, and one of the few with whom he was privileged *de tout dire*—the secret motive of a journey he is about to take.

'Ah, if *one* had chosen to go to the Pyrenees I should have seen the sun; but now I must climb all the way to Aix in Savoy, running after a person who laughs at me perhaps; one of those aristocrat women whom you hold in horror, no doubt; one of those angelical beauties whom one credits with a beautiful soul, a true duchess—disdainful, loving, refined, *spirituelle*, like nothing I have ever seen before; a meteor, a prodigy subject to eclipses, who professes to love me, who will shut me up in the depths of a Venetian palace (for I tell you everything), who will have me to write nothing more but for her: one of those women who must be adored on one's knees, when they will, and whom one has so much pleasure in conquering; the woman of dreams, jealous of everything! Ah! it would have been better to be at Angoulême, at la Poudrerie, good and quiet, listening to the clank of the mill, getting fat on truffles, learning from you how to pocket a ball (*comment on met une bille en blouse*), and to laugh and talk, than thus to lose one's time and one's life.'

This mixture of vanity, boasting, doubt, and serious feeling suddenly brings us back into the *faubourg*, into the elegant *salons* which Balzac delighted to imagine, yet never succeeded in putting before us with the same astonishing force which he puts into the description of a wretched dining-room in a fourth-class boarding-house, or the poorest scanty chamber. He goes to Aix, but his great anticipations do not seem to be realised. He writes gravely to his mother about this duchess 'who is full of

amiable attentions,' and with whom he spends his evenings from six o'clock to eleven ; but to his friend he puts the best face he can upon it and acknowledges his disappointment. 'I have come here to find little and much,' he says ; 'much, since I see a person amiable and gracious ; little, because she will never love me.' Notwithstanding, he plans to go with this woman of dreams to Italy ; but on mature reflection finds that he cannot afford it and gives up the pleasure, resuming his 'life of a galley-slave,' as he calls it, never ending, always beginning work. This little indication of a possible intrigue, an adventure such as happened to his poet, the unfortunate youth whose history runs through so many romances, Lucien de Rubempré, the *grand homme de province*—has in it a shadowy interest reflected from his hero ; though no doubt it is the reflection of this or other similar dreams realised in his hero that gives reality to those feverish tales of passion and disappointment. This happened about that *mezzo del cammin*, which is, at least in force and energy of living, the middle and highest point of a man's life.

Balzac is never weary of dwelling upon the feverish industry, the boundless production of these years. He repeats his rule of work, his hours of labour, to all his correspondents, his perpetual debauch of coffee, his sixteen or eighteen hours of toil. Perhaps there is something theatrical in his choice of the night for his chief working time instead of the day. After all, from six o'clock in the evening to midnight, the most enjoyable hours of the twenty-four for most people, gave him at least six hours of sleep, which is as much as many less ostentatious labourers think of—and had these six hours been from midnight to morning, nobody would have been startled. Balzac, however, did not, as many writers have done, take the good of the day after having thus employed the night. There is no butterfly moment for him, no blossoming out of afternoon leisure to make up a little for the long toil. 'In order to force himself to the exercise so necessary for his health amid so many sedentary labours, he corrected his proofs either at the printer's or in my house,' said Madame Surville ; and here is a very interesting description of the aspect of the toilworn writer on these forced *sorties*.

'Owing to the weather, which always had a great effect upon him, the embarrassment of the moment, the difficulties of his work, or the extreme fatigue of his sleepless nights, he would sometimes come in scarcely able to drag himself along, melancholy, overpowered, sallow, miserable.

'Seeing him of this desolate aspect, I tried all I could to rouse him from his melancholy. He who divined the thoughts of all around him replied to mine before I had spoken, and said to me with a faint voice, throwing himself into a chair, "Don't try to console me, it is useless ; I am a dead man."

'The dead man then began in a miserable voice the story of his new troubles, but brightened up so quickly that his voice soon attained its usual vibration. Then, opening his proofs, he added, resuming his dismal tone, "I shall go down, *ma sœur*."

'"Bah ! a man does not go down with such works as you are correcting."

'He raised his head, his countenance brightened little by little, the sallow tint of his cheeks disappeared.

'"You are right, *de par Dieu !* these books must make one live. Besides, we have always chance on our side. Chance may protect a De Balzac as well as an imbecile ; and it is not even difficult to invent the chance. Let but one of my millionnaire friends (and I have some), or a banker not knowing what to do with his money, come and say to me : 'I know your immense talent and your cares. You require a certain sum to be free. Accept it without fear. You will clear yourself. Your pen is worth my millions.' *My dear, nothing more than this is necessary.*"

'Accustomed to the illusions which recalled his courage and gaiety, I showed no astonishment at the suggestion ; and this fable once made, he accumulated reason on reason for believing in it.

'"Those sort of people spend so much on fancy. A fine action is a fancy like another, and one which always gives pleasure. It would be something to say to one's self, *I saved Balzac !* Humanity has now and then good impulses, and there are people who, without being English, are capable of such eccentricities. I," he added, striking his breast, "were I a millionnaire or a banker, I should have them."

'This conviction attained, he paced the room joyously, raising and waving his arms.

'"Ah, Balzac is free ! You shall see, dear friends and dear enemies, what progress he will make." He found himself admitted at once to the Institute ; from thence to the *Chambre des pairs* was but a step. He proceeded thither. Why should not he be a peer ? Such a one and such a one had attained the same dignity. From a peer he became Minister ; was there anything extraordinary in that ? many precedents existed. Those who have made the round of all ideas, are not they most qualified to govern men ? He would like to see who would be astonished at the sight of his portfolio ! The Minister took his seat to govern France. He discovered and reformed many abuses. What fine ideas, what wise utterances came out of his dreams ! Then, when all went to his desire in his high office and in the kingdom, he came back to the

banker as the friend who had conducted him to these honours, and found his benefactor as fortunate as himself.

'"His lot will be fine in the future. It will be said of him, '*This man understood Balzac, lent him money upon his talent, led him to the honours he was worthy of.*' This will be his glory, whosoever is without it. A better way of leaving a name to posterity than burning a temple."

'After he had made this expedition upon such clouds of gold, he fell back into reality; but his mind had been withdrawn from his troubles, and he seemed consoled. He corrected his proofs, read them to us with enthusiasm; then left us laughing at himself. "Adieu. I am off to my house to see if the banker is waiting for me," he said with his cordial laugh; "if he is not there, I shall always find my work, which is my true money-lender."'

This rhapsody, half comic, half serious, has in it a certain reproach and indictment against the world; for after all the reader may pause and wonder, with Balzac, why this benevolent millionnaire, this banker with more money than he knows what to do with (such people are), never does step in to the aid of struggling genius. What a chance for them if they could but see it! He, Balzac, the struggling genius himself, were he millionnaire or banker, he would do it; who can doubt he would do it? Poor men and poor women do it after a sort, according to their capabilities; poor artists, poor writers, to their poorer *confrères*. Why not the rich? The question is worth considering. But certain it is that when he went back to his literary workshop, Balzac never found that angelic banker waiting for him—nor any other good angel of the moneyed kind.

And as he went on the time of his emancipation fled before him like a mirage in the desert, receding and receding. In 1831 he was to be free in six months. In 1833 he finds that three years will be necessary. 'Profit comes slowly, debt is immovable and fixed,' he says, though he still thinks 'that there is a certainty for me of a great fortune.' 'I want my freedom, my independence, moral and pecuniary,' he cries, with a gasp of despair which many a troubled soul will understand. All the same, it remains unexplained why with such tremendous exertions Balzac never accomplished this long-desired freedom. Eighteen or sixteen hours of work in the twenty-four seem to make dissipation or expense impossible; and even bills which are constantly renewed do not multiply like rabbits. The mystery of this continuous and unchanging impecuniosity is not cleared either by his letters or his sister's narrative. He was *collectionneur*, it is true. With his soul he loved *bric-à-brac*—which is an expensive taste: but then he sometimes, like all amateurs, sold his curiosities at a higher price than he had given for them, and the gatherings of an instructed collector of *bric-à-brac* are as valuable as any kind of property can be. So that even here we do not find the *fin mot* of the enigma.

This fertile mind, this overflowing energy, did not, however, confine itself even to the gigantic mass of work through which it laboured so bravely. One day when he was expected to be in the lowest depths, after the failure of an attempt to invent a new paper (which again recalls David Sechard to us), he was found radiant with a new idea. 'It never occurred to you other people,' he cries, 'that the Romans, who had little experience in mining, must have left wealth in their old quarries. The learned men of the Institute whom I have consulted think so with me, and I am off to Sardinia.' 'To Sardinia—with what?' cried the astonished listener. 'With what! I shall go everywhere on foot, my knapsack on my back, like a beggar, frightening the brigands and the sparrows. I have made all my calculations; six hundred francs will do.' And, accordingly, with these six hundred francs in his pocket, the speculator set off on this wild mission. 'If I fail, a few nights' work will set all right,' he says. And, strange though the idea seems, the result of Balzac's investigations proved that he was right. He brought back specimens of the metal left in the Sardinian mines to be analysed by the chemists, who pronounced favourably upon them. Meantime, however, in the absence of the banker of his dreams, while his ores were analysing, he had to set to work again to make a little money to carry out his plans. The mere idea opened to him an earthly paradise. He bought (in imagination) 'the little chateau of Montcontour in Touraine,' where he established the golden age. He spent the winters in Paris, and opened his house to all comers. 'Bah! il recevrait même les critiques. C'était une pacification générale. Ce roi absolu était bonhomme, et n'avait ni haine ni jalousie.' Alas! too frank, too open-hearted, Balzac had communicated his plan to the Genoese captain who took him in his vessel to Sardinia, and when he returned after an interval of a year to seek in Piedmont for a concession of these mines, he found himself forestalled. 'The Genoese has a formal contract with the Court of Sardinia. There is a million of money in the quarries,' he writes. And thus this dream, too, was at an end. He

does not seem to have been deeply depressed by it, however, but immediately seized upon some other idea not explained, which was to be still more triumphant, but in which there should be no Genoese; and so, always dreaming of the emancipation to come, never attaining it, having a hundred fine divinations which other people put to profit, but never Balzac, he took up the familiar plan again, the real money-maker that never failed him, and laboured on.

During this part of his life 'entre trente et quarante,' when his thoughts and confidences were still given freely to his good Laure, his *alma soror*, and to his kind and tender friend, Madame Carraud, a great many of his most famous books were written. Curiously enough, those of which he speaks most, which he seems to have considered his best title to fame, are, as so often happens, precisely those which increase his reputation the least. 'Louis Lambert' and 'Seraphita' figure largely in the letters. They are both studies of mysticisms, shadowy and unnatural, 'like translations from the German,' Madame Surville says with simple *naïveté*. The first is redeemed from its vague and visionary gloom by the sketches of Balzac's own experience as a child, and college life, which are to be found in it. No doubt he threw one side of his own character into the pale dreamer whom he describes as the imaginary hero and idol of his youth. The extravagance of youthful transcendentalism, the desire of 'songs that make her grieve,' by way of balancing the natural lighthearted prodigality of youthful happiness, that gaiety of which a young man of genius is disposed to be ashamed as not a sufficiently poetical mood for his pretensions —are embodied in it, besides many gleanings of abstruse knowledge and gleams of abstract wisdom. 'Seraphita' is still more unnatural, strained, and unwholesome in its mysticism, but the author thought great things of it. It was 'un beau livre, par ma foi.' 'A work which has been crushing and terrible. I have gone over and over it night and day; made it, unmade it, remade it,' and his hope is that when it is published he will have grown greatly in the public estimation. 'It will be the book of minds which love to lose themselves in infinite space,' he adds. 'There is one chapter, that which is called *le Chemin pour aller à Dieu*, which will attach to me for ever all truly pious souls.' It has become such a commonplace of criticism that the greatest of writers are apt to prefer their own least worthy works that we are bound to show this conventional necessity of genius in Balzac as in so many others. The wonderful conception of 'Père Goriot' does not occupy him half so much; that terrible image of paternal love, so great, so heroic, so vile, and miserable, before which the calmest reader trembles, does not seem to have inspired its creator in nearly the same degree as these hectic dreams of the impossible. No better illustration could be of the prophetic mood, not knowing, divining but dimly, 'searching what or what manner' of thing 'the spirit within them did prophesy,' taking the little for the great, the great for the little. Might it not, however, be to the credit of his still young and developing genius that Balzac preferred these high but faltering attempts at an ethereal standard of spiritual purity and wisdom, the triumph of Heaven over all the powers of darkness, to those terrible researches into darkness itself and all its horrors, which were his special gift? That picture of the Maison Vauquer, with all its meannesses set out before us in every miserable detail as against a background of flame, the coarse and brutal contempt of the poor for the poorer, the heartless jokes, the hungry anxieties, the jovial vulgarity of the disguised criminal, a caricature of a well-to-do *bourgeois*, the careless laugh of the students, the very odours of the mean *salle*, are put before us, appealing to every sense. A young genius might be half disgusted with himself, who could wonder, that such a path should be his? A more whimsical instance of the same strange mistake appears in the low estimate he formed of 'Eugénie Grandet,' chiefly, it would seem, because it was universally praised. 'When we scolded him for that injustice,' says his sister, 'Let me alone,' he cried; 'those who call me the father of "Eugénie Grandet" want to humble me. It is certainly a great work, but it is a little great work; they will take care not to name the truly great.' It is, perhaps, more or less in consequence of the absence of immorality (nothing more can be asserted) that 'Eugénie Grandet' has been, especially in England, one of the representative books which make an author known; but this virtue in it, which is independent of its power, does not detract from its wonderful force and greatness. Old Grandet is the natural pendant of Père Goriot. To him his wife and his daughter are as nothing in comparison with the gold which is his idol. The tragic fury into which he rises when these poor creatures, made of flesh and blood, whom he can beat and wound and crush, and wring the hearts of, venture to resist him and stand in his way, has in it a sordid passion which is at once the grandest and the

meanest essence of avarice ; just as the love which moves his counterpart is the most hideous, yet powerful, rendering of unselfish devotion. It is scarcely possible to say which of the two pictures is the most painful ; the imagination shrinks from them, yet can neither neglect nor forget them. Fain would we say they are not true to nature. It is some poor consolation to hope that no individuals sat for these awful portraits ; no two men ever were what those two men are ; but the very horror and fascination in them prove their general truth. They are immortal in dark power and insight and reality ; not only the very climax of human evil, but the most characteristic types of French vice ; the *bourgeois* with his utter immorality yet domestic virtue, the peasant with his gospel of thrift and passion for gold. Here, indeed, is the Comédie de la Vie humaine, which is the darkest tragedy ever imagined by man.

To pass to the external aspect of the life amid which these wonderful works were wrought out, fast as the hammer could beat upon the anvil, through all the dark stillness of the night and early brightness of the morning, an existence thus spent between a troublesome crowd of creditors and a continually flowing stream of money gained, money never sufficient for the wants it had to supply, but coming in daily, tempting no doubt to daily expenses which postponed to a further and further date the emancipation for which nevertheless Balzac always pined—could not but be full of excitement, and those hairbreadth 'scapes and agitating crises which make up so much of the drama of modern life. M. Léon Gozlan's description of the bell of Les Jardies, accustomed to tinkle like an alarm into the house, always in fear of creditors ; where the very dog was taught to be silent ' devant le coup de sonnette suspect de créancier '—discloses a daily incident of exciting tragi-comic character in the daily existence of the debtor. M. Gozlan had gone back to see the house after Balzac's death, long after the period at which it had belonged to him. ' How long they made me wait ! ' he says ; ' so long, that I found myself repeating mechanically the sacramental phrase so often used of old by those to whom for a thousand reasons that door was not opened. They are all dead then inside ! ' Balzac, however, did not confine himself to this one house which he had built (though Heaven knows how in the midst of that continual conflict with debt), but had others in which he took refuge occasionally, now to be undisturbed in his work, now to be free of his creditors. To get admission to one of these cities of refuge, a password and a hundred mysterious devices were necessary. The following account of a rendezvous, given by himself, related by M. Solar, once editor of the *Epoque*, and quoted by M. Léon Gozlan, is extremely amusing, and confirms the description given at the head of this paper of Balzac with all his natural surroundings, in his habit as he lived.

' I wrote to M. de Balzac to ask him for a novel. Balzac gave me an appointment at his house. He took the precaution in his letter, which I have preserved, to give me the word of the pass which was necessary to bring me to him. I was to ask for Madame de Bri—. . . . I went to Passy . . . and asked the concierge of the house No. 19 for Madame de Bri—. The concierge examined me jealously, and, scarcely reassured by this examination, though aided by the password, he said, " Go up to the first floor." He watched my ascent as long as he could see, but this not out of politeness. I went up. On the first floor I found the wife of the concierge standing sentinel on the threshold of a door which opened from the landing-place. " Madame de Bri—, if you please ?" The landing-place had a double stair. " Go down to the court," said the woman. I had gone up on one side, I went down on the other, as might be done by a double ladder. At the foot of the stairs I met the porter's little girl, a new obstacle barring my passage. Once more there was need of the talisman, the " Open Sesame." For the third time I repeated, " Madame de Bri—, if you please ?" The little girl, with a mysterious air, pointed out to me, at the other side of the court, an old hermitage, worn, half ruined, and hermetically closed. One would have said one of those solitary houses in the suburbs which await behind their bleared windows, for a quarter of a century, a mythological tenant. I rang without hope, convinced that the bell would awake amid so much dust nothing more than a tribe of bats or hermit mice. To my great surprise the door creaked, opened, and an honest German maidservant appeared upon the threshold. I repeated once more " Madame de Bri—."

' A woman of forty, stout, nun-like, and tranquil, like a conventual portress, approached slowly out of the blue and quiet shadows of the vestibule. . . . It was at last Madame de Bri—. She repeated my name with a smile, and opened to me the door of the study of M. de Balzac. I entered that sanctuary. . . . A glass door opening upon a little garden planted with clumps of lilac lighted the room, the walls of which were clothed with pictures without frames and frames without pictures. . . . In the middle was a little table upon which lay one sole volume, a French dictionary. Balzac, wrapped in an ample monastic robe, once white, a napkin in his hand, was wiping lovingly a Sèvres cup. Scarcely had he perceiv-

ed me when he began, with an animation which rose to the point of fanaticism, the singular monologue which I here reproduce scrupulously. "Do you see this cup?" he said. "It's a *chef d'œuvre* of Watteau; I found the cup in Germany, the saucer in Paris. I estimate at not less than two thousand francs this precious porcelain, thus completed by the most wonderful chance." The price struck me dumb. Two thousand francs! I took the cup out of politeness, and also to hide a smile of incredulity. Balzac went on with his exhibition. . . . "Do you know," he said, "do you know, that I have here pictures and objects of art which are worth more than four hundred thousand francs?" And his eyes on fire, his hair in disorder, his lips moving, his nostrils quivering, his legs apart, his arm extended like a showman at a fair, he went on. "Admire, I tell you admire, this female portrait by Palma Vecchio, by Palma himself, the great Palma, the Palma of Palmas—for there is as much of Palma in Italy as of Mieris in Holland. It is the pearl of the works of this great painter, himself the pearl of artists in his époque. *Altesse, salut.* Here is the portrait of Madame Greuze, painted by the inimitable Greuze. . . . This is the portrait of a Chevalier de Malta. . . . If this picture is not Raphael's, then Raphael is not the first painter in the world. I may ask what I will for it." "But will you get what you ask?" "If there is still in the world a millionnaire who has any taste, yes; if not, I will present it to the Emperor of Russia. *Je veux un million ou un remerciement.*"

'"This cabinet of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, belonging to Marie de Medicis—Montre estimates it at sixty thousand francs. These two statuettes are by Cellini. This is a Cellini unknown in the seventeenth century. They are all three worth their weight in gold. Pass on. These two vases, old Chinese porcelain, which belonged to a Mandarin of the first class, were bought for me at Pekin. I say old Chinese porcelain, for you are too enlightened, M. Solar, to confound them with ordinary oriental china. Since the thirteenth century, the Chinese have no more of that wonderful, wonderful old porcelain. They themselves offer ridiculous prices for it. They are doing all they can to buy it back. With these two vases I should have millions, and torrents of dignities at Pekin."'

This striking picture, proved true by phrases in Balzac's most intimate letters not published till long after (the readers of the letters to Madame Hanska will recognise these beloved *objets d'art* as if they were old acquaintances) is all the more piquant from the Philistine air of amused incredulity with which the editor listens, not believing a word, and thinking with a twinkle in his eye that he sees through Balzac. He thinks that all this exhibition of riches is solely to take him in, the accomplished editor. 'I came to ask him for a contribution to my journal—I was to his eyes a buyer.' M. Solar's opinions, however, left aside, M. Solar's sketch is very interesting. The large, yet short figure, clad at ease in the monk's frock, with all his treasures around him, the delicate Sèvres in his hand, the brilliant eyes of genius dazzling, yet not overcoming, the irreverent Parisian, and the *Dernière Incarnation de Vautrin* 'proofs curiously surcharged with corrections and erasures' in the background, over which they were about to bargain, make up an *ensemble* as amusing as it is evidently true.

We have lingered too long upon these details to be able to do full justice to the latter portion of Balzac's correspondence and life. But indeed we have here arrived at a point where the critic has nothing more to say. The history of his intercourse with Madame Hanska is a love story as pure, and perfect in its devotion, as has, perhaps, ever been put before the public. Balzac repeats again and again that it was the one love of his life. Before he entered within the influence of the accomplished Russian lady who reigned over the last sixteen years of his existence, there had been indeed a friend-lover, a woman of whom he speaks with something of the same devotion with which he addresses the object of his latter and more perfect attachment. 'Pendant douze ans,' he writes, 'un ange a dérobé au monde, à la famille, aux devoirs, à toutes les entraves de la vie parisienne, deux heures pour les passer près de moi sans que personne en sût rien.' Of this lady, who died in 1834, he speaks little, and not at all except to his sister, to Madame Hanska, and one other female correspondent, an anonymous personage with whom he exchanged letters for some time, but whom personally he never met; but everything he says of her is full of the tenderest respect and gratitude. 'I have made you,' he writes to Madame Hanska, 'the successor of the friend whom I have lost, and therefore I expect from you a serious criticism . . . such as the dear conscience whom I have loved, and whose voice always echoes in my ears, was wont to give.' 'I am alone against all my troubles,' he says to his sister, 'and heretofore I had on my side to fight for me the sweetest and most courageous creature in the world—a woman who daily is born anew in my heart, and whose divine qualities make all other friendships pale in comparison. I have no longer a counsellor in literary difficulties; I have no longer a help in the difficulties of life; and when I am in doubt I have no other guide than the fatal thought—What would she have said had she lived?' It seems a kind of vulgar curiosity, the desire

of a scandal-monger and gossip, to demand more information, or endeavour to find out who this woman of divine qualities was, or what was the relation between her and the friend who was so tenderly grateful to her memory, and for whom she did so much. But there is no such reason to leave untouched the romance of middle age which succeeded. Balzac would seem to have gained the friendship of Madame Hanska about the time of this lady's death. He claims to have been attached to his future wife for sixteen years before the pathetic happiness of their marriage crowned the long and patient affection. The letters which are published of their correspondence begin about 1837, when they seem to have advanced far in that friendship of the mind and heart, which we may, if we please, call sentimental, and which is certainly full of sentiment and feeling. These letters, however, show a remarkable and touching change in the end of the year 1843, after what would seem to have been the first visit he paid to her in Russia. Before, the friendship, the confidence had been great, and it was clear that the correspondence was very close and frequent. He had discoursed to her about himself, about his books, about his debts and difficulties (on this point he was always frank), with the freedom which only perfect trust in the sympathy of another can give. But after his visit all is change. It is now love, love the most entire and devoted, the homage, the confidence, the reverence, the faith, the entire abandonment of heart and feeling to one image, which makes the perfection of moral attachment, and is so rare to find; expressed, as only genius could express it, in words that burn and glow, yet are as soft and harmonious as the finest vibrations of music. The first account of his journey, when he leaves her, is an ideal expression of the lingering departure of a lover. 'As long as I was on Russian soil,' he says, 'I could fancy I was still with you, and though I was not foolishly gay, you must have seen by my little letter from Tarragona that I still had strength enough to make a jest of my own pain. But once upon foreign soil I can say nothing except that the journey is possible when one is going to you, but not when one is leaving you.' He has not the heart to go to Dresden or anywhere; he cares for nothing but to think over all that he has left. As he rolls along the bad roads he imagines what she will be doing. Perhaps she is at the theatre; and that theatre is made visible to him by the light of her presence. 'More than ever,' he cries, 'I see that without you nothing is possible for me; and the greater distance I put between us, the more I feel the force of the ties by which I am attached to you.' When at length he does find himself in Dresden against his will, he misses her more deeply than ever. 'Nothing that I take nourishes me; nothing that I see amuses me. I have seen the famous gallery, the Virgin of Raphael, and her of Holbein, and I said to myself, "J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gué!"' If he had but her hand in his, then how would he enjoy it all! These letters go on for five years in this same tone of devotion, but never monotonous, full of all the varieties of life and love. During this period they meet often, for the countess travels, as do all great Russian ladies, and he stops in the middle of his work to rush to her side, to Rome, to Wiesbaden, wherever he can meet her. In 1848 he seems to have accomplished a long desired visit to her in her country house at Vierzschovnia, whence he writes to his sister and mother in an exultation of happiness, happy in her dear society, and in that of her daughter and son-in-law who are to him as his children. There at last, after long delays, their marriage is at length decided upon. He is fifty, she forty; but a young poet in all the glory of youth could not have sung his love with more delicate ardour, with more pure and passionate devotion. At last, after troubles innumerable, the moment comes. He has nearly died first, having been attacked by a sudden development of heart disease, which he fondly hoped an unexampled doctor in the depths of the Ukraine has cured him of. On March 15, 1850, the marriage takes place. Alas! we are now within a few pages of the end of the book, which is a prophecy of evil, and the reader, who will have followed the course of this beautiful and touching romance, with the trembling of the heart which sympathy and foreboding pity call forth, must feel that the happiness so chastened, so pathetic, so impassioned, of which he is made the confidant, is doomed to be but short-lived. Still the bridegroom, who will not allow that he is dying, writes anxious instructions about his house which he has furnished for her, collecting eagerly for years past every beautiful thing that came in his way, so as to make for the great lady, whom he is bringing from her primitive palace, a fairy mansion, where everything shall be rich and rare, art taking the place of splendour. It is to be filled with flowers, this beautiful house. Do not they know, these people at home, that all was for her, and by her, everything that was done to it —the priceless cabinets, the pictures, the

porcelain, all the riches of the place? The new-married pair linger long on the way, not for pleasure, but pain, he suffering greatly. The heart disease returned in full force after its pretence at being cured. 'My health is deplorable,' he says, in one of his letters, entreating his mother to be at the house of Madame Surville, where there would be few stairs to ascend to see her. On June 20, arrived in Paris, he writes, but not with his own hand, to Théophile Gautier. Here is the end of the letter :—

'A vous de cœur.

A la suite de ces lignes dictées à Madame de Balzac le malade avait signé ; puis il ajoute de sa main :

Je ne puis ni lire ni écrire.'

This is all—and these are the last words of Honoré de Balzac, than whom no man of his generation had written more. He died three months after his marriage, which followed that faithful and passionate wooing of sixteen years. Many a darker chapter is in the Comédie Humaine, for in this no evil passions, nothing but love and sorrow, are involved. Yet it would be hard to find a more pathetic episode in all that never-ending tragic story of human life.

Art. IX.—1. *Kypros.* Eine Monographie. Von Wilhelm H. Engel. Zwei Bände, 8vo. Berlin : 1841.

2. *Die Insel Cypern, ihrer physischen und organischen Natur nach, mit Rücksicht auf ihre frühere Geschichte geschildert.* Von Dr. F. Unger und Dr. M. Kotschy. 8vo. Wien : 1865.

3. *Cypern : Reiseberichte über Natur und Landschaft, Volk und Geschichte.* Von Franz von Löher. Stuttgart : 1878.

4. *Cyprus, Historical and Descriptive.* Adapted from the German of Franz von Löher, with much additional matter. By Mrs. A. Batson Joyner. London : 1878.

5. *Cyprus, its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples.* A Narrative of Researches and Excavations during Ten Years' Residence as American Consul in that Island. By General Louis Palma di Cesnola. With Maps and Illustrations. 8vo. London : 1877.

If we were living under the old traditions of the British Constitution, or under the strict restraint of modern Parliamentary government, or if our rulers adhered to the principles of non-intervention, economy, and reduction of armaments which were supposed, till lately, to be adopted and accepted by the nation, many of the surprising events which we have recently witnessed would probably not have occurred. Indeed they would have been not only improbable, but impossible, at least in the form they have assumed. We should not have seen the British Government hazard a speculative investment in the shares of a foreign commercial company, with four millions of money borrowed for the occasion at a high rate of interest from a great capitalist, without the authority of Parliament, and with none of the political or territorial results which were commonly attributed to that singular operation. If Parliament or public opinion had any voice in the matter, the Queen of Great Britain would not have been advised to assume by proclamation the title of Empress of India, as the outward and visible sign, or rather badge, of the Oriental character of the British monarchy, and of that supremacy of Asia over Europe which is a favourite topic of some of the personages in Mr. Disraeli's novels—an appellation so ridiculous as an addition to the ancient style and dignity of the Crown of England that Ministers were obliged to limit its introduction to 'outward application only,' though this assurance has not prevented it from finding a place among the titles of her Majesty prefixed to the Treaty of Berlin. If the Government thought it desirable to transport a considerable detachment of the Indian army to Malta for the purpose of a military demonstration—supposing such a flourish to be necessary in the threatening state of affairs—a message from the Crown should have announced to the House of Commons the intention of her Majesty, and called upon the House to vote the necessary supplies for the conveyance and pay of those troops, which were virtually added to the strength of the army as fixed by Parliament. If the Crown acquired by purchase or agreement, for which the funds must be provided by Parliament, a large and impoverished island, it would not be too much for us to require that the title to this acquisition should be secure and absolute, not dependent on the will of other powers ; that we should be informed of the nature of the administration it is intended to establish there, which opens a vast field of expenditure and patronage ; and that measures should have been taken to secure the reimbursement of public and private capital about to be invested in Cyprus in the event of the island being eventually surrendered to its former sovereign, whose rights over it are suspended but not

extinguished. But Lord Salisbury's despatch of June 23 distinctly states that 'the English Treasury *shall not*, on retrocession, ask from the Treasury at Constantinople compensation for money spent on improvements,' except in the case of such improvements yielding an annual revenue to her Majesty's Government, and except where private capitalists have advanced money, which would give them a claim for compensation. Least of all should we have seen the British Government enter upon the anomalous and indefinite agreement signed on June 4 at Constantinople, which imposes on the nation the duties and responsibilities attendant on the protectorate of a large continent, the defence of a vast and difficult frontier, and the administration of mixed and semi-barbarous races of men. For although we are still quite ignorant of the extent and nature of this administration, it is evident, from its hybrid character—a cross between English government and Turkish despotism, not complete sovereignty as in India, nor limited sovereignty as it is in our own colonies—that it cannot fall within the cognisance of the British Parliament, but will become essentially a creature of prerogative. We do not intend to weary our readers by an attempt to revive or renew the debate as to the wisdom or expediency of these measures, which was exhausted before the close of the last session. Wise or foolish, rash or necessary for the defence of the Empire, the thing is done, the engagements are entered into, and the House of Commons, consulted after the fact, has approved the policy of the Government by a large majority. Nor do we deny that, in the present state of information on the subject, public opinion, pleased with the novelty and flattered by the grandeur of a daring enterprise, seemed to approve an undertaking of which it knows very little, and of which it has no means of measuring the difficulty and the cost. Our object is simply to point out, as plainly as we can, that this policy, both in its inception and its execution, is essentially novel and unparliamentary. It has been begun and must be carried on by a very strong exercise of the executive powers of the Crown; the House of Commons may, if it likes, debate these matters and ask questions, but practically, when the end comes, it must either ratify the action of the Government or turn the Ministers out of office; and above all, it must pay the bill. The House of Commons is, in fact, in the position of a man who is liable for the debts of an extravagant wife. He likes to see his wife well dressed, but he learns too late that it is at his own expense. Military and naval demonstrations, islands and protectorates are expensive luxuries; and to no country are they so expensive as to England. Just at this moment all this is extremely popular. To borrow an expression used by Horace Walpole, under the Ministry of Lord North, with a slight confusion of metaphor, 'Prerogative has been whispered in the ear of this people, and has taken root there.' No stronger proof could be given of the essential difference which subsists in all its intensity between Tory government and Whig principles. It has sometimes been imagined that these party distinctions were wearing out, or sobering down into the neutral tint of conservative progress. But Lord Beaconsfield has demonstrated that no such change has taken place. The spirit of his policy would have made him a Strafford under Charles I. and a Bolingbroke under Queen Anne. That policy cost one of those daring Ministers his head, and the other his country. We take things more tamely now-a-days, and Lord Beaconsfield is crowned with royal favours and popular honours. But the tendency of his government is to transfer the preponderating influence in the State from Parliament to the Crown; and the Crown in these times means the First Minister. We must go far back into our history for an example of a Minister whom his own genius and favouring circumstances have rendered so absolute; and, like the Cæsarism of the French Empire, this authority is all the more despotic for being founded on a broad popular basis.

Parliamentary government, we admit, is not favourable to secret and daring enterprises. In fact, it is inconsistent with them. An ambitious and aggressive nation may lose something by being compelled to abstain from such undertakings; and it has often been said with truth that for such purposes absolute governments have some advantage over governments based on free discussion and unreserved publicity. But we had no desire to be regarded as an ambitious and aggressive nation. We laid claim to a disinterestedness which had nothing to conceal and no exclusive objects to pursue. That merit we have forfeited in the eyes of the world; and, however onerous the burden we have laid upon ourselves may prove to be, it will be regarded by the rest of Europe as a conquest, and a conquest which closes our lips if we would remonstrate against similar designs on the part of other powers. One of the great merits of Parliamentary government is, in our eyes, that it does present great obstacles to the prosecution

of a selfish, acquisitive, and mysterious policy. The gains of such a policy are of questionable value at the best, and they can only be purchased at a price which is too dear for those who set the highest store on consistency, disinterestedness, and entire good faith.

At the beginning of the late Russo-Turkish war, a friend remarked in conversation to Lord Derby, that if the Russians succeeded in making a formidable inroad upon the Asiatic frontier of Turkey, which is what they were then preparing to do, and what Fuad Pasha had anticipated in his testamentary letter to the late Sultan, it might become necessary for the British Government to occupy and even annex a portion of Asia Minor. The Foreign Secretary replied interrogatively, 'Do you think countries are strengthened by such conquests?' In the opinion of many reflecting men, and, we may assume, of Lord Derby himself, from what has since taken place between him and his late colleagues, such conquests or protectorates (for a protectorate is an incipient conquest) are more onerous than useful to the State by which they are established. There are even those, not undistinguished for intellectual power, who view with distrust all the remote acquisitions and dependencies of the Empire, and who would rigorously estimate their value by their exact return in profit and loss to the people of this island. We cannot share this last opinion. We admit that an Empire like that of England is not to be acquired, defended, and governed without sacrifices by the mother country. It may well be that the direct advantages of such acquisitions to the people of England are of less account than they are commonly supposed to be, and that political obligations and contests which embrace the globe, extending from the Fiji Islands to the Cape of Good Hope and from America to the Oxus, with every race of mankind and every form of society and religion, involve tasks and duties of almost overwhelming magnitude, and that no wise statesman would seek to extend them. Measured by strict principles of public economy, or by the limitations of an insular policy, which would content itself with making this country, what Holland was and London is, the counting-house of the world, such enterprises are indefensible, and may even be described as extravagant and insane.

But this is not, at the present time, or perhaps at any time, the mood and temper of the British people. They are not the sober calculating race they have sometimes been called; when their enthusiasm is roused, no country in the world is more prodigal of money, more daring, or more persistent, for the attainment of ends conceived to be great. Sometimes, no doubt, their enthusiasm is strangely misdirected, as perhaps it is in the present instance. Sometimes it veers with extraordinary rapidity and inconsistency, under the influence of popular leaders or popular delusions, from one point of the compass to the opposite. Whatever be the difficulty, whatever be the danger, we should not feel the pride we do feel in our history and our race, if the people of England were too timid to meet it.

Mr. R. W. Greg has recently pointed out with consummate impartiality the nature of this conflict between what he terms the Imperial and the Economic systems of policy. Mr. Gladstone, with his usual eloquence and vehemence, denounces the more active and ambitious views of his opponents as not only a folly but a crime. Yet even Mr. Gladstone admits that 'the sentiment of empire may be called innate in every Briton. If there are exceptions, they are like those of men born blind or lame among us. It is part of our patrimony; born with our birth, dying only with our death; incorporating itself with the first elements of our knowledge and interwoven with all our habits of mental action upon public affairs.'* In other words, the verse of the Latin poet,

'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,'

is a part of the living creed of every Englishman. We cannot reconcile these sentiments with an unqualified denunciation of the conduct of the Government; for if the Government has been successful in obtaining the sanction of a large section of public opinion, it is because Lord Beaconsfield is supposed to have given a just satisfaction to these noble impulses, not only for the honour of England, but for the benefit of the world. Whether he has really done so, is another question. Judged by the sober light of economic principles and domestic interests, the measures of the Government in the Levant must be regarded as extremely reckless, perilous, and fantastical. To say the least, they bear the stamp of ignorance and precipitancy. Perhaps there were not ten men in England who possessed an accurate knowledge of the island of Cyprus when it was decided to occupy it, and of those ten men we are certain that not one had a seat in the Cabinet. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent out without instructions,

* 'England's Mission,' Nineteenth Century for September, p. 569.

because no one knew enough of the matter to give him any. The subsequent information we have been able to collect, and which we are about to lay before our readers, has by no means diminished our anxiety or increased our confidence in the result. But at any rate this is a strange mode of carrying on the government of a great nation, which has a right to expect the combination of knowledge, reflection, and judgment in its rulers.

The Prime Minister, himself a man of imagination, who has lived as much in an ideal world as in the streets of London and the atmosphere of the House of Commons, has been enabled by an extraordinary concourse of events to inaugurate an imaginative and ideal policy. To understand it at all, we must consent to view the world through the highly coloured medium of his vision. These ideas have been familiar to him for years. 'We should never lose sight of the Lesser Asia as the principal scene of our movements,' said Tancred to Fakredeen, the Prince of the Lebanon—'the richest region in the world almost depopulated, and a position from which we might magnetise Europe.' When Tancred himself is in danger, we are told that the 'English desire Cyprus,' and will take it to revenge his loss. For Lord Beaconsfield, perhaps, some vision of Astarte still lingers in the deserted shrines of Cyprus, and the hope that the intellectual supremacy of Asia may be revived in the lands which gave three religions to the earth is not confined to the pages of a romance. Has the romance become policy, or is the policy romance? By what inconceivable sport of fortune are we told that the sober calculations of statesmen are to be dismissed with scorn, and these fantastic conceptions realised? Is the world to be governed by the mysterious language of prophecy, or by the lessons of experience? Are we walking by faith or by sight? Of all the marvels of the present or the future, can any be greater than that these visions are accepted as truths by the House of Commons?

Yet, if these are day-dreams, as we fear they are, it is less disagreeable to share them for a moment, and to endeavour to extract from them whatever of reality they possess, than to pursue the invidious and ungracious task of carping at the irrevocable. It appears to us that these measures, and more especially the Anglo-Turkish defensive alliance, promise little positive advantage to the people of this country, and that the certain burdens they impose far outweigh, to ourselves, the uncertain benefits. But what is written is written. A new and daring policy has been announced to the world in the affairs of the Levant. A treaty has been signed in the name of England. This policy and this treaty have been debated in Parliament, attacked by the Opposition, and approved by an unusually large majority of the representatives of the nation. These facts mark an entirely new point of departure in dealing with these questions. Instead of harking back on old quarrels and controversies, the patriotic course is rather to make the best of the settlement of Berlin and to put an end, as far as we can, to old animosities at home and abroad. Whatever may be the defects of that settlement, it was hailed with satisfaction by the people of England because it averted the danger of an immediate conflict with Russia, because it established an apparent barrier against future Russian aggression, because it left the Sultan and the Ottoman Empire in possession of a certain amount of independence, and because these results were manifestly due to the energy with which the British Government made its influence felt in the councils of Europe. We took occasion to say two or three years ago, that whatever the designs of Prince Gortschakoff and Prince Bismarck might be, they had strangely omitted to take England into their reckoning, and that England would be found, at the proper moment, to have the power and the will to frustrate a conspiracy against the liberty and independence of the world. Those words have been justified by the result. And we believe, from all the accounts that have reached us, that foreign governments and foreign nations are not ungrateful to this country for the services which have been rendered to the cause of civilisation and peace. The great danger to be apprehended from the overthrow of the Ottoman Empire was, that Russia alone would be in a condition to appropriate the spoils and to extend her influence to the shores of the Mediterranean. The Treaty of San Stefano realised that apprehension. France, Italy, and Austria would have been the chief sufferers by such a change in the distribution of territorial power, yet none of those States was in a position openly to resist it. Acting in amicable concert with this country, the Mediterranean Powers are aware that if they have to choose between Russian and British ascendency in the Levant, the balance is enormously in favour of the latter. We desire the independence of Turkey, not her subjection. If we succeed in improving the government of those countries, so long abandoned by civilisation, we throw them open on equal terms to the commerce, the

religious missions, the immigration, and the ideas of all Europe. Freedom of trade, freedom of religion, freedom of thought are inseparable from the flag of England, and if she consents to take upon herself the burdens of this enterprise, no one can doubt that the benefits, such as they are, will be largely shared in by all the Mediterranean populations and by the world at large ; for civilisation, as we understand it, is not the gift of any single race or nation, but the inheritance of mankind.

To the populations of Asia Minor and Cyprus the intervention of Great Britain and the part she may be able to take in the future government of those countries, is an unmixed benefit, and no dissentient voice has been raised against the sway which England may be supposed to exercise over their future. The danger is that their hopes and expectations are too highly excited, and that the result will, for a long time, fall far short of their sanguine expectations. The readers of this Journal are aware that throughout the late war our eyes have been constantly fixed on Asia Minor, and that, whilst many of our contemporaries have mainly directed their attention to the wrongs of the Bulgarians and other Christian subjects of the Porte in Europe, we have repeatedly brought before their notice the vital importance of the Asiatic provinces of the Empire. We showed long ago that the independence of Constantinople itself rested far more on the Asiatic than on the European shore of the Bosphorus, because it is from Asia Minor that the Porte draws its chief supplies and military resources. We followed with extreme anxiety the progress of the Russian armies in the East, because the most sagacious Turkish statesman had pointed out that there lay the vital point of the attack. We dwelt more than once on the extraordinary fact that this great continent, equalling in extent the largest kingdom in Europe, which had been the stronghold of the Persian monarchy of old, the scene of the most splendid Macedonian victories, the site of the most flourishing Greek colonies, the seed-plot of the Christian churches, the most cherished of the vast territories of the Roman Empire —still possessing a soil, a climate, and a maritime position of unequalled excellence, and extending from the Euphrates to the Ionian Sea—should have lapsed into barbarism ; and we ventured even to express a hope that the mysterious course of events would one day bring back civilisation and prosperity to that most favoured and forsaken region of the globe. If, to some extent, these hopes are fulfilled, it would ill become us to decry the grandeur of the conception or the possibility of the result we desire. Mr. Forster is reported to have said in the debate which terminated the session, that if he thought Great Britain could give good government to Asia Minor, he should be disposed to approve much that he otherwise condemned. This generous feeling doubtless enters largely into the assent the people of England have readily given to a romantic and adventurous system of policy. They have made equal sacrifices of their own money and convenience for many other oppressed races of men. They are touched by the names of provinces and islands familiar to them from infancy, because these spots witnessed the first journeyings, and received the first immortal epistles, of the Apostles of Christianity. Tarsus the birthplace of St. Paul, Galatia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, the Seven Churches, and the whole geography of Asia Minor are better known in every English Sunday school than the topography of Ireland. Who does not remember the words : ' St. Paul and Barnabas being sent forth by the Holy Spirit from Antioch, for the work whereunto they were called, went down to Seleucia * and from thence sailed to Cyprus, and having come to Salamis (which is near Famagosta) they preached the word of God, and went through the whole island to Paphos, where they found the magician Bar-jesus, and Sergius Paulus the Proconsul, a man of understanding ' ? (Acts xiii. 4–7.) The language of the New Testament has to the bulk of the people of England the voice of one preaching a crusade—not a crusade of armed knights, but of peace and goodwill to men—and their sympathies are easily directed to the regions lying around what is emphatically called the *Holy* Land. This is not politics, and such sentiments might figure indifferently ill in a political debate. But they are not without their bearing on what, after all, is the master key of political life, national aspirations and national belief. They may even explain political action, when wielded by a man who has profoundly studied even the imaginative element in the English character.

But if some religious feeling, some national enthusiasm, some speculative ardour, some generous interest in the welfare of the inhabitants, and some imagination are mingled in the impression made by our recent acquisition on the public, it must also be acknowledged that there is a good

* This same Seleucia is now spoken of as the terminus of the Euphrates Valley Railway !

deal of sober prose and dismal reality on the other side of the picture. The island of Cyprus has a most romantic history, extending over four thousand years. It has been favoured and sung by gods and men. It has been occupied by Phœnicians and Egyptians, and still retains, in its countless subterranean monuments, the memorials of their passage ; it became the chosen seat of the most glowing and genial rites of paganism, when the cruel and abominable worship of the Syrian Astarte melted into the sensual but entrancing mysteries of Aphrodite, and the festivals of the much-loved Adonis ; it witnessed the death of Cimon and the dominion of its one illustrious native chief, Evagoras. In the darkest ages of Europe it became the pearl and cynosure of Christian chivalry, for Richard Cœur de Lion conquered it from the degenerate offspring of the Byzantine Empire, celebrated his nuptials with Queen Berengaria on its coast, and established on its throne the brilliant French dynasty of Guy de Lusignan, which flourished for four centuries.* When that dynasty expired, the crown passed to the widow of the last of the Lusignans, Catarina Cornaro, a Venetian matron who made Venice herself—queen in those days not only of the Adriatic but of the Levant—her heir. Another century of splendour and prosperity shone over Cyprus, which ended in the most barbarous of Turkish conquests ; and for the last three hundred years the island has suffered all the evils of misgovernment and oppression, as if she were doomed to expiate by a period of boundless misery and humiliation the superstition, the luxury, and the vices which had mingled largely with her glory. Our own dramatists of the Elizabethan age were not untouched by the traditions of that enchanting island, whose recent fall into barbarous hands (in 1594) they had themselves witnessed.

> 'The Moor himself's at sea,
> And is in full commission here for Cyprus.'

And Othello, borne on the wings of love and fame across the tempest which destroyed the Turkish fleet, utters on landing those touching lines :—

> 'If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy ; for, I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute,
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.'

Honest Tom Dekker places the scene of his 'Pleasant Comedy of Old Fortunatus' in Cyprus ; here it is that the capricious goddess bestows upon her ill-starred favourite the purse and the wishing-cap ; and the first use he makes of her gifts is 'to raffle it among the gallants of Famagosta.' It would be well if the ancient deities of the island had a purse and a wishing-cap in store for our modern adventurers, for both of them will be wanted.

Nowhere have time, neglect, bad husbandry, and bad government wrought a more complete and lamentable change. The once famous cities of the Cypriot kings are mud hovels ; the once famous shrines of Cypriot gods are scattered ruins, marked only by the tombs of ancient races ; the harbours which sheltered the galleys of Venice and the commerce of the East are blocked up with sand ; the climate, always notorious for intolerable heat—'infamem nimio calore Cyprum'—is now more than ever scorching from the absence of shade, for the eastern part of the island and the great Messorian plain has been stripped of all its forests ; the luxuriant vegetation of April is burnt up in June ; the watercourses are dry ; and even the extreme natural fertility of the soil is heat-stricken and blasted by the torrid atmosphere. Dr. Clarke spoke in his 'Travels' (published in 1813) of the neglected agriculture, pestiferous air, population almost annihilated, indolence, poverty, and desolation of Cyprus ; and more recent travellers all confirm the melancholy report. The private accounts we have received in the last few weeks entirely con-

* An interesting account of the invasion and conquest of Cyprus by King Richard Cœur de Lion, with the first English army that ever landed there, is to be found in the 'Itinerarium Peregrinorum et Gesta Regis Ricardi,' published in the collection of Chronicles for which we are indebted to the Master of the Rolls. The author of this Chronicle is supposed to be one Richard, a canon of the Holy Trinity of London. It is edited with great care and ability by Professor Stubbs, from a manuscript in the Library of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, with an interesting introduction. The passage relating to Cyprus begins at the thirtieth chapter of the Second Book. One reads with curiosity a record 'de fugâ imperatoris nocturnâ per Famagustam usque Candairam et de captione Nichosiæ a rege,' now that these names are again familiar to us, and these very places again occupied by British troops. The Castle of Buffavento, situated on an almost inaccessible peak of rock 3,000 feet above the sea, in the north of the island, the ruins of which were visited by Herr von Löher, was taken by King Richard in person, 'quamvis inexpugnabile æstimabatur.' The worthy chronicler was amazed at the wealth of the Emperor of Cyprus and the beauty of the island, and he exclaims with enthusiasm 'O imperatoris tanta opulentia ! O terra omnibus bonis opima !' (lib ii. cap. 40). The Greek tract of Neophytus, 'De Calamitatibus Cypri,' shows that Richard was hailed as a deliverer. Τούτων δὲ οὕτως ἐχόντων, ἰδοὺ καὶ Ἰγλίτερ προσβάλλει τῇ Κύπρῳ, καὶ θᾶττον πρὸς ἀυτὸν ἐδραμον πάντες. The same might be said of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

firm this deplorable picture. The aspect of the country is indescribably forlorn; the native population sparse, indolent, and wanting the commonest implements of labour; the climate highly insalubrious to strangers, as is but too plainly shown by its disastrous effects on the British troops who have landed on the coast.

It is a curious subject of enquiry how it has come to pass that so many of the finest islands of the Mediterranean, renowned in antiquity for fertility, civilisation, population, and wealth—Sardinia, Sicily, and the isles of Greece—have sunk in modern times into comparative sterility, malaria, barbarism, and brigandage. Their position, their soil, their natural productions would seem to mark them out as the most favoured portions of the globe: they are, in fact, more neglected than many an island of the South Pacific. And it is a question how far their decay is curable by man. The ordinary remark is that their deplorable condition is the result of bad government; and no doubt bad government has largely contributed to their ruin. But could the government of these islands, even in the days of their ancient prosperity, be called *good?* War was the normal condition of the ancient world from the earliest ages down to the establishment of the paramount authority of Rome. These islands were the scenes of continual hostilities. Cyprus was contended for by Egyptians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans. Her native rule was shared by fifteen petty kings. The sway of Roman proconsuls, even when they bore the name of Cato, was as rapacious as that of Turkish pashas. The commercial policy of Venice over her dependencies was jealous and restrictive. Yet under all these forms of government the material condition of Cyprus is said to have prospered, although the island must have been frequently devastated by acts of violence and oppression.

We are disposed to attribute at least as great an influence to the change which has taken place in the material condition of these countries as to the vices of their political government; and above all we place the destruction of their natural growth of wood and forest. The trees which in earlier times crowned even the rock-bound Cyclades—'sylvis umbrosa Kalymnæ'—and much more the larger Mediterranean islands, nursed, attracted, and protected that moisture on which their own existence depended. They form as essential a link in the economy of nature as the clouds. A treeless island becomes like a moon without water or atmosphere; and the attempt to restore woods to disafforested hills, stripped of their covering, is one of extreme difficulty, because the water which is their life is wanting. It is only to be accomplished by what may be termed stages of vegetation, beginning with the plants that thrive best in dry soils, and gradually ascending to higher growths; but that is the work of centuries. Something may no doubt be done by the introduction of trees which survive the terrific droughts of Australia, and even grow with extreme rapidity, such as the eucalyptus and the Australian acacia; and our first care should be to set about this work, and to protect the young growth by strict forest laws. Both are wanted, as will be seen by the following interesting passage from M. von Löher's book:—

'Cyprus, of late years, has been gradually sinking to decay through the supine indolence and indifference of her degraded population. In no particular does the whole surface of the country suffer so severely as in the utter devastation of her mountain forests. All the former rulers of this beautiful island, Greeks, Persians, Egyptians, Romans, Arabs, and Byzantines, gave particular attention to the cultivation of the fine trees that contributed so largely to her prosperity. Oaks, firs, fig-trees, and nut-trees covered the entire island, even to the sea-shore. During the two first centuries of the Lusignan dynasty the first formidable attack was made upon the luxuriance of Cyprian forests, and timber was employed in enormous quantities for the building of merchant vessels, and the construction of the fine fleets that Cyprus sent forth to the coasts of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt.

'Then came the Venetians, equally bent on shipbuilding, but their prudent foresight forbade them to hew down without planting again, and under their rule the forests flourished almost as luxuriantly as ever. A very different state of things arose under the improvidence and carelessness of Turkish rule. If a hundred trunks were wanted a thousand were hewn down, it being easier to select the finest trees as they lay upon the ground than when towering among their companions. The best were taken and the rest left to rot where they had fallen. Every maritime disaster entailed fresh destruction to the Cyprian forests. Pashas, kaimakans, and agas year by year increased their revenues by cutting down the trees, and leaving what they could not sell to be appropriated by whoever chose to take them. The fine forests were under no protection from government, and the poorer classes drew a considerble part of their livelihood from the sale of the trees they cut down. Mehemet Ali, the first Viceroy of Egypt, gave the finishing stroke to this work of folly by permitting, or rather encouraging, any one who chose to fell the trees and send them to Egypt to assist in the construction of ships, water-wheels, and canals.

'All over the island this wanton destruction of their trees by the Cypriotes is observa-

ble. Every village or occupied spot is remarkable for the spoliation of its surrounding timber; small trees are cut down at the roots, whilst the giants of the forest, whose huge trunks could only be overthrown by patience and exertion, have had all their branches and bark lopped off and hacked away.

'Another powerful cause of destruction is to be traced to the constant occurrence of fires in the woods and forests. These arise principally from the carelessness of the wandering shepherds and their families, who kindle a blaze without the slightest attempt to avoid the destruction that so frequently ensues. During the course of our ride I have often passed several of these charred and blackened districts, where it was quite evident the progress of the fire had only been arrested by there being no more trees or shrubs to devour. When the value of this rich source of wealth to the island is again appreciated, a very short space of time will be required before the forests are again flourishing in all their former beauty.(?) The fertility of Cyprus is truly marvellous, and should a tract of country be left unravaged for three years trees of every variety will again rear their heads. Even on the most arid part of the mountains I frequently observed a fine growth of young firs and pines; these, however, would not be allowed to reach maturity, for what the hand of man does not sweep away is destroyed by the sheep and goats as they wander unrestrained about the hills.

'Forests of dark pines were once numerous upon the higher ranges of mountains, but these have also fallen victims to the recklessness of the islanders. Resin and pitch are marketable articles, and to obtain these the trees have been mercilessly destroyed. Operations are commenced by stripping off the bark on one side, the finest trees being always selected, as high as the man can reach, and the resin taken. Fire is then applied to the base of the trunk, and a few hours suffice to lay it low. The branches are then lopped off, and, with portions of the trunk, are heaped into a roughly constructed oven formed of quarried stone. Fire is then applied to the wood, and the resin pours forth into a little channel cut to receive it. The first-fruits of this process is called kolophonium, and the second resin, whilst the last result forms a kind of tar. Half the resin is, of course, wasted in this rough process, and when the devastators have taken of the best the hillside affords, they climb down to another green and luxuriant spot, there to recommence their work of destruction. A sort of mania for this wanton mischief seems, actually, to possess the Cypriotes. Quarrels are of constant occurrence between the inhabitants of different villages and communities, and no better way to avenge themselves occurs to the contending parties than to burn down and hack each other's trees under the concealment of night. To burn down a fine tree, merely for the pleasure of seeing and hearing it crackle and blaze, is an amusement constantly practised by the ignorant and unreflecting shepherds as they lounge away their day upon the mountain side. I made many attempts to open the eyes of the people to the utter folly of such a course of action, and was generally met with the answer that it was done by the wish of the Turkish Government. The Cypriotes have become so accustomed to attribute every evil of their lives to this source, that they actually appear to consider their late rulers responsible for their own reckless indolence.

'In order to restore the forests of Cyprus to their pristine luxuriance, only one course can be adopted: All woods and forests must be put under the immediate protection of Government, and every act of wanton destruction made punishable. The present trade in resin must be entirely put down, or only permitted under heavy restrictions. Should this course be pursued under British rule, many districts will rapidly prove its wisdom. Whole tracts of country, I fear, must be entirely replanted. The land around the villages should be allotted to the inhabitants, and boundary lines permanently fixed. A little encouragement from their priests and schoolmasters would induce the vain and envious Cypriotes to vie with each other in the cultivation of their new possessions. I had a long and interesting conversation on this subject with the late Governor of Cyprus, a most enlightened and high-minded gentleman. His opinions on this point were not less decided than my own as to the imperative necessity of replanting and cultivating the Cyprian woods and forests, if the island is ever again to rise from her present degraded condition. If this is not done, rivers and streamlets will year by year dwindle away, and waste ground entirely take the place of what were once well-watered plains. The Pasha strongly urged the desirability of introducing the eucalyptus upon all the plains and the table rocks before alluded to. I inquired if this was likely to be done, but my only answer was a deep sigh.' (Mrs. Batson Joyner's *Cyprus*, p. 121.) *

* We have borrowed this passage from the English version of Herr von Löher's book, because it suffices for our purpose. But we must protest against the extraordinary mutilation of this valuable and interesting work by the English translator who has 'adapted' it. Herr von Löher's volume has been reduced to about half its original dimensions—a great deal of graceful description, valuable historical matter, and local information has been suppressed altogether—interpolations have been made without the slightest authority. For instance, the concluding lines of this extract about the Pasha and the eucalyptus are a pure invention of the translator: it is much more probable that the Pasha had never heard of a eucalyptus. This English edition seems to have been brought out in hot haste to meet the demand for information about Cyprus, and the book has been murdered in the process. Herr von Löher deserved a better fate, and the permission given by him to 'adapt' his book to the exigencies of the British public has been grossly abused. We strongly advise those persons who read German

It appears that many of the vegetable productions for which the island of Cyprus was celebrated in antiquity have disappeared altogether, or are now rare instead of abundant. The system of irrigation, which, under the Romans, and probably in earlier times, gave life to the soil, has fallen into ruins, though here and there traces of it remain in spots still habitable. The soil is so fertile that no manure has ever been applied to it, but water is the condition of life. On the other hand, the want of fuel in the rainy season and for domestic purposes is fatal to the growth of woods, which are sacrificed without remorse to roast a lamb or boil a kettle. The idea that property may consist in woods and trees has not entered into the Cypriot mind. Dr. Unger says that anyone might cut, burn, or destroy the trees as he pleases ; and on his expressing his astonishment at so fatal a practice, he was told that the trees ' all belonged τῷ Θεῷ,' and were therefore for the common use of man—a striking instance of the effects of communism ; it is property and ownership which developes all natural wealth.

We need hardly say that in our anxiety to obtain and collect information with reference to Cyprus, we have found the best and most copious supply in the literature of the Germans. What field have they not explored ? The works, whose titles we have placed at the head of this article, are those we have perused with the greatest interest and advantage. The ' Monograph ' of Cyprus (as he calls it) by Herr Wilhelm Engel, published in Berlin in 1841, contains all that is to be found on the subject in the records of antiquity and classical literature. These fragmentary texts had indeed been collected by Meursius more than two centuries ago in his posthumous commentary on the islands of Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus, with the amazing and *plus-quam-German* industry of the seventeenth century. But Herr Engel, following in the same path, has combined them in an agreeable historical and critical narrative. The second volume of his work is devoted to the mysteries of the worship of Aphrodite and the other Cypriot divinities, and carries us deeper into these mythological scandals than we care to take our readers.

The volume published in Vienna by Dr. F. Unger and Dr. Th. Kotschy in 1865 is a work of great scientific merit and utility. It is surprising to find that these Austrian travellers succeeded more than ten years ago in extending their researches to every part of this unexplored region, insomuch that they were able to produce a geological map of Cyprus, indicating the character of the soil, a complete flora of the island, marvellously rich in botanical productions, a minute account of the native trees, quadrupeds, birds, insects, and shells, with an interesting sketch of the primitive manners of the peasantry. This book may be superseded, hereafter, when Cyprus has become a field for British scientific exploration, but at present it is an invaluable guide to the natural resources of the island. Dr. Unger remarks that the naturalist who works ' verbis, herbis, et lapidibus ' is the magician of our times, since he brings to light the mysteries of the earth ; and the researches of these gentlemen, at an advanced age, and in spite of the difficulties of transporting themselves and their collections about the island, deserve the highest praise. The result of their observations was that, in spite of the evils of the present, Cyprus had still a future, and we hope they will live to see the fulfilment of their generous expectations.

If these Austrian naturalists laboured for the future, General Cesnola penetrated deep into the past. Of Italian extraction, this gentleman filled the office of American and also Russian Consul in the island for fourteen years, and he is the first person who applied himself with great energy and perseverance to the exploration of the archæological treasures of Cyprus, now chiefly to be found underground and in tombs ; for in none of the islands of Greece has the destruction of the stately temples and edifices of antiquity been more complete. Some French archæologists, and especially the Comte de Vogüé, had indeed visited Cyprus, and an account of their labours will be found in the *Revue Archéologique* for 1862, but their researches were by no means so complete or successful as they were represented to be. General Cesnola's work is doubtless well known to our readers, and will now form an interesting subject of study to every educated person, for it has been published in England by Mr. Murray

to procure the original work. It would even bear retranslation by a competent pen.

We quite agree, however, with what the Pasha did *not* say, and we have no doubt that the introduction of the eucalyptus or Australian gum tree would be attended with the best results. No tree grows with such astonishing rapidity or produces such excellent timber in a short time. It thrives in any soil, supports drought, and dispels fever. In twenty-five years the island might be covered with it. There are more than one hundred varieties of this tree growing in the Botanic Gardens at Coimbra in Portugal, and the particular variety best suited to the climate of Cyprus might probably be ascertained there.

with a magnificent series of illustrations, which entitle it to rank on equal terms with Dr. Schliemann's 'Troy' and 'Mycenæ.' The discoveries made by the General, especially at Curium, were of the greatest value to the history of early art; and although the Government and the Trustees of the British Museum allowed his collections to slip through their fingers and to be carried off to New York, we hope that the mine he opened is not exhausted, and we have no doubt that our archæologists, if no one else, will find an ample reward in the discovery and investigation of Cypriot antiquities. At Curium, in the vaulted chambers of a temple situated a few miles to the west of the great promontory of Limasol, the southern extremity of the island, General Cesnola had the good fortune to hit upon a passage leading to the subterranean chambers of the treasury of the temple. This was not a sepulchre nor a sepulchral repository, but literally a storehouse of the most precious objects probably secreted by the priests in a moment of danger. They consist of countless armlets, bracelets, necklaces, and rings in solid gold or silver, wrought with exquisite skill—crystal cups and smelling-bottles which appear to have been more highly valued than gold—engraved gems and vases of the purest Attic taste—some of them with indications in the Cypriot character which prove them to have belonged to a very remote period of antiquity. These beautiful and interesting objects are admirably represented in the plates to General Cesnola's book. They might with great advantage be copied by our modern jewellers, for they are equal to the finest specimens obtained by Castellani and others from Etruscan tombs, and they show that the arts of luxury in Cyprus had attained a point of excellence far beyond that of the ruder artists of Mycenæ.

But our object on the present occasion is rather to deal with the present aspect of the island than with the amazing remains of its former splendour, which will doubtless form the subject of continued investigation. And for this purpose we have met with nothing comparable to Herr von Löher's most agreeable and opportune volume. This gentleman visited the island (as we infer) in 1876. He had already explored many lands in Europe, America, and Africa; he came straight from Cairo to Cyprus, being already familiar with many forms of Oriental life. His attainments are considerable; his style is pleasing; he has the happy talent of making the best of everything, a quick eye for natural beauties, and a power of looking below the surface of things. Here and there he gives way to a little outburst of Greek or Teutonic enthusiasm, and the notion that we are entering on some new phase in the beliefs and order of the world seems to have shaken his attachment to old traditions. We were hardly prepared to encounter the spirit of German Socialism in so accomplished a writer, and we read with surprise his opinion that the time may be coming when property in land will be considered as monstrous an abuse as we now consider property in slaves. But we are not disposed to pick a quarrel with Herr von Löher, and we feel extremely indebted to him for the light his journey and recent experience throws upon our own adventurous experiment. He wisely landed in Cyprus in the month of April, when the storms of winter were over and the intolerable heat of summer had not begun. He did not throw himself on the beach at Larnaca, with nine thousand men, unhoused, in the middle of August, with the two most fever-stricken months of the year before him. If there is a spot on earth where spring realises all that the poets have said or sung, it is Cyprus in April. Great part of the plain is still green and enamelled with flowers of brilliant colour and uncommon luxuriance. In the hills many a mountain brook still gurgles through the rocks. The atmosphere is deliciously clear, the temperature warm, but not oppressive. During one-third of the year Cyprus, as he describes it, is a Paradise. During another third the heat makes it a hell, and during autumn the island is shrouded in dense sultry fogs without a breath of air. In November the rains begin, and the cold is sometimes severe; the mountains, though they are not much higher than the Grampians, are covered with snow. To those who would visit Cyprus Herr von Löher emphatically observes that they had better go in March or April and keep out of it after June. But nothing can shake our traveller's enthusiastic interest in his island. He says, as he rode on his first day's journey of twenty-two miles from Larnaca to Nicosia, that he had not imagined the interior of the country to be so utterly melancholy and forsaken—not even a flock of sheep or goats was to be seen—scarcely a pool of water in the barren landscape—the beautiful island looks 'like a deserted bride who has cried her eyes out.' Yet this very plain of the Mesoria, once *μακαρία*, is still watered by the Pedias and the Sátrachos, streams that were called the Nile of Cyprus, because they left boundless fertility in their course; and Herr von Löher exclaims:—

'What an inexhaustible garden of fruits

would bloom in this plain, abounding in all that grows and bears increase, if Cyprus had but a good government! The trees and plants of every zone would spring up over the whole border of land which is inundated in winter by these streams, or irrigated by a judicious system of water-courses. The most fertile soil has been piled up twenty feet deep by the action of the Pedias and the Morfu.' (P. 42.)

In another place he recalls the fact that in the days of the Crusaders Cyprus was made a fief of the German Empire, and asks: Why should not modern Imperial Germany reclaim her ancient dominion? Why should not Germany and the Germans place themselves at the head of the trade and progress of the Levant, by an enterprise in Cyprus which would ere long more than repay its cost? These are the most encouraging words we have had on the subject. But Herr von Löher forgets that Cyprus can only be held securely by a power which is mistress of the seas. The following passage, written before the late contest in the East, deserves to be quoted:—

'It is probable that the Ottoman Empire will fall into several small states and coast-districts, pointed out by Nature herself and the chains of mountains and position of the shores of the country. Sooner or later the provinces lying to the south of the Balkans must combine, because their common interests require it, and the leading part in such a combination must fall to the Greeks. The Turks know that these are their natural heirs, and much as they despise so crafty and volatile a people, they hate and fear them even more.

'But take another supposition—the fall of the whole empire within a limited period. Then the Greeks will have to learn to bear with other masters on the Bosphorus and the Ægean Sea, probably for years. Yet, even then, it may be questioned whether the indomitable activity which has survived for two thousand years, and four hundred years of Turkish oppression, will not in the end outlive and surmount every form of foreign dominion. The Russians alone can bring about the ruin of Turkey. If, then, they chose to surrender Epirus and Thessaly to the Greeks, and to take the other provinces, under one form or another, under their sway, must not the other European Powers take part in the settlement? Could they or would they submit to the ban, which, issuing from the Greco-Russian sea, would be cast on the whole intercourse of nations? It might well happen that the events of the thirteenth century would be repeated. Some of these lands would then form small principalities or republics under Western protectorates, others would be occupied by the European Powers, just as there was formerly in the Levant an Emperor of Byzantium, a King of Cyprus, a Duke of Athens, a Prince of Salonica, and so on. The English and the French could easily play in the Levant the part that the Venetians and the Genoese played of old. They have long been used to it. As soon as ever good and strong governments are established, the regions of the East will bloom again as if by magic, as Cyprus flourished under the Lusignans.

'And what of us Germans? Are we to sit with our hands before us in such a state of things? Whatever be the reaction of these changes on central Europe, it is unquestionable that we cannot leave the East to Russia. That possession and those sources of wealth would indeed make her formidable to us, for those regions are of supreme importance to our commerce, and the course of our Danube and the finger of our future point to them. Rather than see those countries cut off from us by the iron girdle of a Russian occupation, as East and West Prussia and Posen have been paralysed by a Russian frontier, we must not hesitate to hazard the last extremities.'

The passage is curious and in some degree prophetic, for it was written before the occurrence of recent events; and it is satisfactory to find that, whatever else may be the views of the nations of Europe, they agree in this, that the East shall not be abandoned to Russian autocracy. That is the real danger, not only to British or German interests, but to the progress of civilisation; and if the British occupation of Cyprus has been received without disfavour or hostility by the other European Powers, it is because they regard it, at any rate, as the most effectual means of keeping out the Russians. Even on Cyprus Russia appears to have had an eye, for the church plate in most of the monasteries bears the Russian double eagle engraved upon it, to remind the monks of their Northern co-religionist.

It appears to us, with the imperfect knowledge we still possess of the topography of the island, that the eastern and south-eastern coasts, on which Larnaca, Famagosta, and the ancient city of Salamis are situated, are by no means the most attractive or habitable part of Cyprus. These towns are placed at the mouths of the rivers which water the great Mesorian plain, and they appear to have had in former ages tolerable harbours. It is suggested that the port of Famagosta might be dredged out and protected by a breakwater. But this plain, though fertile, is flat, unpicturesque, and during the greater part of the year intensely hot. It can only be cultivated by the natives of tropical or semi-tropical countries, and we question whether this part of the coast will ever become a favourite place of residence or commercial resort for settlers from the north of Europe.

Several circumstances appear rather to

point to Limasol as a preferable site. This town, which even now contains 6,000 inhabitants, is situated at the southern extremity of the island, to the east of the great cape called in ancient times the Curias Promontorium, and now Cape Gatto or delle Gatte. The bay or roadstead of Limasol is effectually screened by the cape from northerly, westerly, and south-westerly winds, and it is not more open than that of Larnaca to the east. The Emperor Frederic II. landed at Limasol in 1228, and it appears at that time to have been the most convenient station for the fleet of the Crusaders, their army, and their court. We are indebted to Herr von Löher for a most interesting account of the brief but romantic appearance of the German Emperor in Cyprus; it is one of the most vivid and least known passages in the history of the Crusades, and shows how important Limasol was in those days as a base of operations for the chivalry destined to act in the Holy Land. Limasol is the principal seat of the wine trade of Cyprus, which is at present its most valuable export, about 500,000 gallons of wine being sold for foreign consumption, and it is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the best wine-growing districts, the produce of which can easily be augmented, and no doubt the wine of Cyprus, which has always been renowned as one of the finest vintages in the world, may speedily be adapted to the taste of the British consumer.* The town of Limasol lies at a very short distance from the southern declivities of the second and loftier range of Cypriot mountains. The villages of Episcopoi and Colossi, which are described as spots of great beauty, are within one or two hours' ride. Mount Troodos, the Cypriot Olympus, rises some fifteen or twenty miles due north of these places, and the whole country presents a range of comparatively well-watered and wooded hills.

* 'The wine of Cyprus, especially that of the Commanderia, is said to have marvellous restorative qualities, and is regarded by the natives as a panacea. The late Sir Henry Holland used to say, 'Give me another glass of port. I have often observed its wonderful effects on the animal economy.' The best wine of Cyprus seems to share these energetic properties, and may be of value in the treatment of some disorders. But, as far as it is known to ourselves, it is extremely strong and sweet, resembling a liqueur. The vineyards of Madeira were planted with the Cypriot grape. It appears from a passage in the Talmud that a small portion of wine of Cyprus was mixed with the incense used by the Jewish priests in the daily sacrifice of the Temple at Jerusalem, on account of the strong aroma it was supposed to throw out (Jerus. Talmud. Yoma, iv. 5).

As a further proof that this hilly region is the most habitable part of the island, and probably the healthiest from its elevation above the coast and the plain, it is here that Herr von Löher visited the three great monasteries of Trooditissa and Chrysorogiatissa and Kukki, lying, at some distance from each other, ensconced in the beautiful glens which descend from the loftier hills. In ancient times this southern portion of the island was preferred by the priests of Aphrodite and Apollo, as it now is by the monks of the Greek Church. Aphroditissa is still the Cypriot name for the Panagia or Blessed Virgin. Amathus lies a little to the east of Limasol, and Curium to the west of the great cape. In these places General Cesnola made his most splendid discoveries. It is clear that these were the sites of the most magnificent temples. Paphos itself is at some distance to the west, at a spot on the coast where the mountains descend to the sea. The inference we should draw from these facts is that the southern coast is far better adapted to be the residence of Englishmen and to become an important commercial station than towns situated, as Famagosta and Nicosia are, in the north-eastern plain of the Mesoria. After all, the distances are so inconsiderable, the island being only sixty miles in breadth, that, as soon as roads are made, there will be the utmost facility of communication to all parts of it. But it is of great importance that the chief seat of government and residence should be well chosen; and as everything will have to be done, and almost every house to be built, the natural resources and sanitary conditions of the respective sites should be well considered. For us Englishmen it is obviously preferable that the chief town should be on the coast, if a tolerable port can be made, rather than in the interior, as Nicosia is. The principal cultivation and the most tenantable dwellings of the native inhabitants appear to be on the coast. It appears that in the absence of rain which prevails in Cyprus for many months in the year, the moisture from the sea promotes vegetation, which is nowhere more luxuriant than in what Herr von Löher terms 'sea-meadows'—patches of culture between the sand-drift on the shore.

About two hours' ride eastward from Limasol our traveller reached the ruins of Amathus, at no great distance from the sea, but situated on a steep acclivity—the natural acropolis of a city. It is here that the Phœnicians are believed to have founded their first settlement in Cyprus, the name being derived from the Hebrew 'Chamath,'

a walled city, and the site is impregnable.* It was here, too, that the Greeks celebrated the feasts in honour of Adonis, who met his death, the legend tells, in the Idalian groves between Larnaca and Famagosta. Of all this nothing remains but a few shattered fragments of the huge vase of Amathus, a mighty vessel hewn in stone, some ten feet in diameter, which Herr von Löher, with some German bitterness, declares to have been broken by a party of French antiquarians, because they failed to carry it away with them. We are convinced that M. de Vogüé (whose name is mentioned) could be no party to this act of vandalism.

Still further to the east lies Karrubieh, a little port sheltered by a neighbouring promontory, where are to be seen some of the best houses in Cyprus. It deserves notice that good stone for building is found in this part of the island, and the quarries here are worked for the conveyance of stone to Egypt for the piers at Port Said. An abundance of good building material is obviously a very essential condition for the erection of houses and public works. In the alluvial deposits on the east coast it is probable that stone would be wanting. Karrubieh derives its name from the trade carried on there in the month of August in the pods of the carob-tree, known to our forefathers as St. John's bread, or the locust-tree, because it was supposed to have been the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness. The carob-tree produces food for cattle, and on a pinch for man. Its fruit is astringent, and may be used for tanning; but of late years it has been discovered that a spirit can be obtained from it, resembling that detestable *raki* drunk in the East, which may prove more fatal to British soldiers than the climate of Cyprus, if they unhappily take to it. Large quantities of this product are now exported from Karrubieh to Trieste, Marseilles, Smyrna, Odessa, and even Petersburg, and the harbour seems to be capacious enough to contain the vessels which come in August to fetch it. The carob-tree grows in the greatest profusion all over the island, and the fruit may be had for the picking, like blackberries in Britain.

As for the simple tillage of the island, we are told that a peasant with one yoke of oxen can cultivate thirty acres of land, and that the return of his crops is thirty-fold. But the peasants work chiefly on their own holdings. Paid labour is dear and scarce—a field labourer in harvest time earns two shillings a day. The consequence of British occupation, and of the works which must be undertaken in the island, will be a rapid rise in wages and a corresponding rise in the price of food. It is probable that a considerable immigration will take place from the adjacent lands, attracted by the love of freedom and the hope of gain; and this may cause embarrassment, inasmuch as the natural productiveness of the island can only be worked out by capital and labour. It must be the result of time. We run a risk of drawing to Cyprus all the scum of the Levant, from Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and Italy,* the most worthless population of the earth; and we see with pleasure that one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's first measures has been to place the admission of foreigners under severe restrictions. Probably the most valuable class of immigrants will be the Maltese. Malta is overpeopled. The people are industrious and frugal, and they are accustomed to a semi-African climate. But it must be borne in mind that the Greeks of Cyprus are amongst the most fanatical and superstitious members of the Eastern Church, observing rigorously feast days and fast days, which cover, with Sundays, more than half the year; and a large immigration of equally bigoted Roman Catholics, which the Maltese are, will increase the difficulties arising out of the multiplicity of religious sects. The Roman Catholic rulers who have governed Cyprus, the Lusignans, the Genoese, and the Venetians, have left no traces of their creed amongst the inhabitants. A large and heterogeneous population, suddenly introduced into Cyprus, might prove a very great danger, especially as the island is subject to periodical famines, from excessive drought or an irruption of locusts, which have been known to devour all the crops of the year. On the other hand, the present population

* *Hamath* is mentioned in the Old Testament by the prophets Isaiah and Jeremiah. But that was a city of Palestine: the name was applied to more than one fortified town, like our Newcastle or Newborough.

* Some of the Italian newspapers have already exhorted their countrymen to emigrate to Cyprus, since it opens to them an inexhaustible field of wealth. If they are wise, they will do nothing of the kind. Italy itself, in the southern provinces of Calabria and Campania, is not half cultivated; and the Italians have two islands of their own, Sicily and Sardinia, which would afford to an energetic people quite as profitable a field for industry and enterprise as Cyprus, but which are at present abandoned to malaria and brigandage. The present state of those islands, within sight of the Italian coasts, is an opprobrium to the kingdom; and before they seek to appropriate or to colonise other territories, they would do well to people and civilise their own splendid possessions. The present state of Sicily is, we have reason to believe, even worse than it was under the Spaniards and the Neapolitan Bourbons.

of Cyprus is said to be indolent, and labour is scarce. To develop the resources of the land, the supply of hands must be increased.

No doubt the first object of the British Government will be to make a correct survey of the island, and to lay out and execute the most important lines of road. We do not understand that there are at present any carriageable roads in the island. The sappers were sent on mules (which they could not manage) from Larnaca to Nicosia; and Herr von Löher speaks of a much-frequented road along the coast from Larnaca to Limasol; but we hear nothing of any vehicles. This, indeed, was the case in Portugal until within the last twenty years. But we trust that no one will aspire to go ahead in the improvement of the East too fast. If they do, they will fail. There is often a good reason for usages which appear to a stranger to be obsolete or stupid; and it is only by very slow degrees that we can learn the true purport and value of the manners of a native population. They cannot hastily be changed. We have everything to learn about this island; and, however ignorant the natives may be, they know far more about their own country than we can do. In taking upon herself what is termed in her Majesty's prorogation speech 'the occupation and administration of Cyprus,' Great Britain is doing what she has never done for any of her own colonies. Our first principle of colonial government is, that the colony must make its own way and meet its own expenses. England supplies, if absolutely necessary, the means of military defence, as in the Maori and the South African wars, but that is all. Even the colonial loans are negotiated entirely on their own credit, without any British guarantee. Very few public works have been executed in any colony at the expense of this country, except for naval or military purposes. In Cyprus, as we understand it, an opposite policy is to be pursued, and unless the government is prepared to make a considerable expenditure in the island, it would not be safe for our ships, it would not be tenable by our troops, and the administration could not be carried on. We must therefore assume that the British taxpayer, who appears to have welcomed this acquisition with some enthusiasm, is prepared to meet the cost of this pleasure-garden; but he may depend upon it that it will cost us lives, and money, and reputation, and may very possibly turn out to be a bad investment and a mischievous delusion. We do not deny that the possession of Cyprus might appear interesting and attractive to those who know nothing of its present condition and climate, and that it may be beneficial to the future population of the island; it may even be of some political value to Great Britain, though that is highly questionable in a strategical point of view, for its relation to Egypt, Asia Minor, and India, is by no means direct, and to maintain a fleet or an army in Cyprus would be the excess of folly, since the couple of battalions sent there have already lost by sickness a fifth of their effective force. An island without a single good harbour can never be a suitable station for the British navy; and the extreme heat in the summer months and great variations of temperature in winter render it equally unsuitable as a station for British troops. The notion that it is of value for naval or military purposes appears to be utterly untenable; and the idea that the occupation of Cyprus could materially assist the defence of India or the command of the Suez Canal appears to us equally visionary. In the event of the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway, the position might acquire additional value, but that scheme is still in the clouds. Cyprus cannot be attacked if we are masters of the sea; it cannot be defended if we cease to be so. But, in any case, the administration of the island must be costly. We should venture at a rough guess to estimate the expenditure of the government at a million a year for the first five years, and the return will be at best indirect.

Nothing can be more absurd than the Turkish system of large export duties on the produce of the soil. They ought on our principles to be abolished. But they constitute a considerable part of the revenue; and it is exceedingly dangerous and difficult to exchange one form of indirect taxation, however vicious, for another form unknown to the people. Nearly half the revenue of the island is collected by the system of tithe on produce, levied on the growing crops or at the harvest. That, again, is a vicious system; but in a country where money is scarce, to commute payments in kind into a payment in specie would be strenuously resisted by the peasantry. The rational substitute for these mischievous taxes is a moderate land-tax, to be assessed upon a careful survey of the island—a work with which our Indian civil servants are familiar. But in India the land revenue is traditional, and has the character of rent, the State being the actual, as well as titular, owner of the soil. The first condition of any reforms of this nature, which lie at the bottom of all agricultural improvement, is to ascertain what the land tenures of Cyprus really are.

We are told that a vast extent of uncultivated land belongs to the Sultan—does that mean to the Sultan or to the State? Is the right to dispose of this land transferred to the *de facto* administration of the island; and if so, on what terms would grantees or tenants hold under it? This question is answered by the fourth clause of the Annex to the Convention of June 4, by which it is expressly agreed that 'the Sublime Porte may freely sell and lease lands and other property in Cyprus belonging to the Ottoman Crown.' The lands of the Crown or State have *not* passed to the administering power, and we stand in this ridiculous position—that while we assume all the burdens of the State, the whole disposable portion of the soil of the island still belongs to the Sultan. The Porte, therefore, retains all the rights of ownership over it; and any profit accruing from the sale or lease of these lands will pass, not to us, but to Turkey. It is of the utmost importance that the extent of these possessions should be ascertained without delay, for in the East the ownership of the soil by the Sovereign is the rule and presumption of law, wherever a private title cannot be produced and established. The monasteries have extensive estates, which are cultivated by farmers under them. The tithes on lands held in *vakuf* by the mosques amount to 400,000 piastres; their total value must therefore be large; and these are doubtless subject exclusively to Mohammedan law, and to the religious tribunal we have agreed to retain for Mussulman objects. It is clear that no British capital can with safety be invested in agricultural operations in Cyprus, until it is ascertained on what tenure the land is held, to what taxes it is subject, and by what law the rights and duties of landowners are regulated. Indeed, we may say at once, that until these fundamental questions of land-tenure, the supply of labour, the means of communication, and the law that governs the island are clearly settled and understood, it would be eminently rash to adventure any private capital at all in the country. No returns from the land can compensate for insecurity of property; and the people of England have lost many millions of money, invested abroad, from their habitual inattention to this essential condition. By our law all transactions affecting the transfer of land must be regulated by the *lex loci rei sitæ*, that is, in this case, by the law of Cyprus.

As far as the Porte is concerned, an excellent bargain has been made, for the Turkish Government is to receive from Great Britain, without trouble or expense, an annual sum equal to the revenue they have derived from the island on an average of the last five years. It is supposed this will be about 120,000*l*. But for this country the bargain is obviously extremely onerous, for we are to pay to Turkey the whole surplus revenue of Cyprus, and to carry on the government, which will be far more costly than that of the Turks, at our own expense; and it would seem that all the advantage we are to derive from this outlay is the 'occupation and administration of the island.'

The same phrase of 'occupation and administration,' without any definite limitations of sovereignty, was applied by the Treaty of Berlin to the Austrian advance into Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and we see what has come of it. There the Mussulman population was strong enough to offer a protracted resistance to a large and well-appointed army. The Porte naturally hesitated to alienate a province containing some hundred thousand of its subjects who are in arms to defend what they conceive to be the rights of their sovereign and their own; and the result is a renewal, on a small scale, of all the horrors of bloodshed and war. If 'occupation and administration' is a euphuism for conquest and annexation, it had better be stated in plain terms. But if it be temporary, as it is when a native state in India is occupied and administered by the British Government during the minority of a young native prince, a case of not unfrequent occurrence, then the sovereignty of the reigning house is respected and restored after a definite period, and no annexation follows.

Upon a close inspection of the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention, it would seem, from the extreme looseness of the stipulations they contain, that they were framed on the principle avowed by another luckless amateur diplomatist, that a certain vagueness of language is desirable if you wish to come to an agreement with a foreign power. Many of the clauses of these celebrated instruments may mean anything or nothing. For example, the questions we have just raised with regard to Cyprus, may all be resolved into one—*Has England acquired from Turkey the sovereignty of the island?* Without sovereignty there may be 'occupation and administration,' but sovereignty alone is the source of legislative and judicial power. It might be inferred from the language of the Convention and from the express agreement to restore the island to the Porte and annul the Convention, in a certain event to be determined by a third party, that the sovereignty of the Sultan is to be main-

tained, though dormant, and that the Mussulman population at any rate are to continue under the laws and tribunals of their Turkish rulers. But such a supposition leads to a very anomalous and impracticable conclusion. Who is to make laws for Cyprus, altering perhaps the whole conditions of landed property and taxation in the island? Not the Parliament of England, for on those terms it is not a British possession; it is a dependency of a foreign Empire, held on a terminable lease. Not the Queen in Council, for it is not a Crown colony. Is Cyprus to have, like the Ionian Isles when under British protection, an autonomous legislature? That proved to be a dangerous experiment. At present, the island appears to be governed simply on military principles by the edicts of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and at first no other course could be pursued. But it is obvious that some more regular form of legislation must be provided. Probably the best mode would be to nominate a council, including in it some of the principal inhabitants. But from whom would such a council derive its authority, and to what point would that authority extend? If its measures were held to be injurious to the rights of the Sultan over the island, which are so imperfectly defined, or to the rights of the Mussulman population, who is to decide such questions?

Again, some code of laws and some courts of justice must exist to adjudicate upon civil rights and to punish crime. The English will claim to be judged by their own laws, the Greeks by the laws in force in the island (whatever they may be), and the Mussulmans by the Koran and the Mekhemet Sheri. When the Lord Chancellor was asked what law prevailed in the island, he referred the House of Lords to the Foreign Jurisdiction Act; but that Act specially applies to jurisdiction over her Majesty's subjects in countries and places *out of her Majesty's dominions;* being, in fact, under another sovereign. Did Lord Cairns intend to say that the full sovereignty of the Porte still prevails in Cyprus?* If that be so, almost all the Christian states, seventeen in number, have capitulations with the Porte, by which their own subjects are protected by the consular jurisdictions existing throughout the countries in which the Sultan is sovereign. General Cesnola cites numerous instances in which he, as consul, exercised these powers in Cyprus. Does the partial transfer of the administration of the island by the Porte to British officers abrogate these conventions? It will probably be contended by the Powers which are not parties to this transaction, that if the sovereignty of the Sultan subsists in Cyprus, the consular jurisdictions secured by treaty with the Porte subsist also. Again, many States besides ourselves have treaties with the Porte which entitle them to commercial privileges throughout the Sultan's dominions, including of course Cyprus. Are those treaties affected by our 'occupation and administration'? If they are in force, they may preclude a revision of the Turkish system of customs, or give rise to disputes difficult of solution.

Nothing is so embarrassing as a limited, divided, and restricted authority. We find it so in India, where we have become the protectors of many native states, and are anxious to maintain their independence; but we deplore and condemn abuses of native government which we cannot prevent, though they are committed under the shelter of our own power. It is probable that our Ministers were induced to accept the administration of Cyprus on these terms, because they were unwilling to be charged with sharing in the spoliation or partition of the Ottoman Empire. But in fact that charge would have been equally met by the purchase of the island outright for a capital sum; and if it was desirable for us to acquire such a possession at all, that would have been the plain and honest mode of obtaining it. There is no rule in inter-

* The clause in the Act to which the Lord Chancellor referred (6 and 7 Vict. cap. 94) is in the following terms: 'Her Majesty may exercise any power or jurisdiction which her Majesty now hath, or may at any time hereafter have, within any country out of her Majesty's dominions, in the same and as ample a manner as if her Majesty had acquired such power or jurisdiction by the cession or conquest of territory.' But this means jurisdiction over British subjects, since the Queen has no jurisdiction over foreigners in dominions not belonging to the crown of England. (See Mr. Boyd's excellent English edition of Wheaton's 'Elements of International Law,' § 110 *a*.) Since the foregoing lines were written, an Order in Council of the 14th of September last has been promulgated, which purports to make provision for the exercise of the power and jurisdiction vested by treaty in her Majesty the Queen in and over the island of Cyprus. This is the first time these words 'power and jurisdiction' have been used; and we have yet to learn in what they consist. The whole order is an act of high prerogative establishing a legislative and executive government in an island which forms no part of the Queen's dominions. The validity of such an order, and of all that is done under it, will of course be subjected to the closest legal discussion; but we can at present discover neither precedent nor authority for such a proceeding.

national law against the acquisition of territory by purchase. The United States purchased Louisiana from France, and Alaska from Russia; and some West Indian islands have been sold in like manner. George III. instructed Sir James Harris to offer the cession of Minorca (then a British possession) to the Empress Catherine of Russia on condition of her joining her forces to those of England against the French and Dutch in the American war—a proposal which was happily refused. Though it might be disagreeable to some other Powers and to ourselves in particular, the Porte might do worse for itself than to sell some of its outlying possessions. Crete, for example, might be ceded to the Greeks for eight or ten millions sterling; and if the whole Christian population of the island and of the kingdom of Greece and the Greeks abroad are so anxious for the acquisition, they could raise the money.

But there is another stipulation in the Anglo-Turkish Convention transferring to us the administration of Cyprus, limited as it is, which far outweighs in gravity any pecuniary payment we could have been asked to make. We mean the engagement to defend against Russia the whole of the Asiatic possessions of the Ottoman Empire. Lord Beaconsfield's argument is, that in point of fact we must have defended them, at any rate, for the protection of the Indian Empire and of our own power as 'an Asiatic monarchy;' and that the Anglo-Turkish Convention and defensive alliance is in truth no more than a public recognition and declaration of a responsibility which no British Minister could have evaded, should Russia pursue her aggressive course towards the southern coast of Asia Minor or the valley of the Euphrates. He hopes that this distinct warning to Russia will induce her to keep within her own extended frontiers. Should it be otherwise, Great Britain is distinctly pledged to go to war, and it rests with Russia (if she be so minded) to plunge us into a very formidable contest, and to cast upon us the defence of Asia Minor. Strangely enough, the defensive provisions of this treaty are not even made reciprocal, although, if war did break out between the Indian Empire of Great Britain and such Powers as Russia and Persia, the alliance of Turkey would be of considerable advantage to our forces, and this might have been secured to us.

In speaking of Cyprus the area was comparatively small, we have some slight sources of information, possession is secured by our fleet, the former history of the island is interesting, and its natural fertility an undoubted fact. But when we turn to Asia Minor we can neither limit nor conceive what the extent of our liabilities may become. England has indeed dealt in India with large native provinces, which have gradually been brought into a state of order, regular government, and progress. But these changes have been commensurate with the progress of our actual sovereignty and power. In Asia Minor we encounter all the evils of an existing bad government and corrupt administration with no stronger weapon than friendly advice. There, too, no doubt, a survey of the country and a settlement of a just and moderate system of land revenue should be the first steps to improvement; but this must be a work of great labour and time, and it would be thwarted by the landed interests of the Sultan and the mosques. Some forty years ago we remember the reigning Sultan offered to M. de Lamartine a large grant of land not far from Smyrna, on the banks of the Mæander. The poet, who had just returned from his journey to the East, accepted it with enthusiasm, and endeavoured to form a French company to work the enterprise, the land being of great fertility. But it was soon discovered that the grant was limited to some seventy years. It was alleged that the Sultan could alienate nothing in fee-simple, and that at the expiration of the term the land would revert to the Crown. No one would engage in the undertaking on such conditions, and M. de Lamartine renounced the concession. *De te fabula narratur.* In dealing with these Eastern possessions the first condition is sovereignty, which implies absolute legislative power; and the second is certainty of tenure and an unlimited estate in the land. But these are the last things any Eastern court will surrender.

We must confess, therefore, that the design of the Government in agreeing not only to defend the frontier of Asia Minor against the Russians, but to introduce the necessary reforms into the administration of that country by the Turks, appears to us so vast and indefinite that we are at present unable to discuss it. Whatever can be done by England, either for the purposes of defence or of administration, must be in an exact ratio to the actual power she may exercise in that territory. It would be quite possible, for example, so to fortify the passes of the Soghanluk, between Kars and Erzeroum, and to strengthen the defences of Erzeroum itself, as to render the advance of an invading army extremely difficult. It would be possible to convert those gallant and all-enduring Anatolian soldiers into an excel-

lent Asiatic army with European officers. It would be necessary to survey the country, to establish a rational and equitable system of taxation, and a system of judicature controlled by Europeans. But measures such as these demand time, money, and, above all, *power*. It is difficult to introduce reforms into the laws and customs of a people ; but it is impossible to effect such reforms when they are secretly or openly resisted by a government living on rank corruption and interested in the maintenance of abuses. The best hope of success in such a task would consist in finding Turkish ministers or public servants, if such there be, capable of understanding and executing such an enterprise, and in giving to such men the support of this country. Speaking from what was done by Midhat Pasha in the vilayet of the Danube and at Bagdad, and from the bold expedient adopted by him of convoking a National Assembly in Constantinople, we should suppose that this statesman, aided by the judicious and intelligent counsels of Sir Austen Layard, who knows the country as well as any Englishman can know it, might be able to carry some of the measures on which the future existence of the Ottoman Empire depends.

To those who are accustomed to take words for things, and who imagine that the world can be ruled by protocols, the Treaty of Berlin appeared a very tolerable settlement and termination of a sanguinary quarrel ; and as everything in this world must end by compromise, we should not have complained of the result if it had been real. But in politics nothing ends ; there is a morrow to every war, to every revolution, to every treaty. No sooner has the curtain dropped on one scene than the next begins ; and the test of success is not the effect of a treaty on the past, but on the future. By this test, the Treaty of Berlin and the Anglo-Turkish Convention appear to us to labour under two serious defects. These instruments are couched in terms so vague that differences may, and probably will, arise on the interpretation of many of the clauses ; indeed, it is already apparent that some of the clauses are understood differently by the several contracting Powers. Thus Lord Salisbury's version of the liability of Turkey to pay to Russia a vast war indemnity is at variance with Count Schouvaloff's declaration in the protocol. The one adjourns the payment indefinitely ; the other subjects it only to the prepayment of the loans guaranteed by France and England. Nor is it anywhere stated that the Treaty of San Stefano, as between Russia and Turkey, is abrogated. Failing the execution of the Treaty of Berlin, Russia would possibly fall back on the previous contract, and the web of the Congress would be unravelled from the beginning. Indeed, it appears that another definitive Treaty between Russia and the Porte, on the basis of that of San Stefano, has since been proposed by Russia, which would confirm some of the most objectionable provisions of the former instrument.

But, secondly, and this is the more important consideration, we can discover no distinct evidence that the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin will be executed at all. They will not execute themselves, and in several respects no effectual means have been provided for carrying them into effect. The task is, in fact, far more difficult than it was supposed to be by those who in 1876 recommended the occupation of Bulgaria and Bosnia by a few policemen, for it is opposed not only by the tenacity of the Turkish Government, which recedes very slowly under pressure, but by the resolute resistance of great part of the inhabitants. The Austrians have found that the occupation of Bosnia involves military operations on a large scale. Their advance in force was for a time successfully resisted, it was not accomplished in the end without severe losses, and they now find themselves in military possession of a hostile Mohammedan province. The overthrow of the authority of the Porte in Bulgaria and Roumelia was followed, as might be foreseen, by a horrible state of anarchy, in which the hostile races and creeds of Mussulmans and Christians alternately committed the most atrocious crimes against each other and against humanity. Whichever was weakest perished. And we regret to add that the presence of the Russian army of occupation south of the Balkan, far from having repressed these crimes, seems rather to have inflamed the passions of those who committed them. In the Rhodope mountains an insurrection broke out. As for the surrender of territory which the Porte was recommended to make to the kingdom of Greece, it seems but little probable that this cession will be peaceably effected. The rough but bold natives of Lazistan bitterly opposed the surrender to Russia of their province and their port without resistance, and although Batoum has at last been surrendered to Russia, a large portion of the population has migrated from the district. The Russians take advantage of their temporary occupation of Bulgaria to strengthen the hands of their military and clerical emissaries. The Albanian chiefs and their fierce

clansmen are both able and ready to fight for their independence and maintain it. The cessions of territory which have been partially accomplished have been made with violence, and in most cases against the will of the ceded population. These anarchical disturbances, this bloodshed, this resistance, afford a strange commentary on what is called a European peace. At other times we should have called them war, and even now, until a year has passed over our heads, we can feel no absolute confidence that peace will be restored. Till then we must suspend our judgment whether the Congress of Berlin did really accomplish a salutary work and establish peace on a sound foundation, as Lord Beaconsfield has assured the House of Peers and the citizens of London, or whether it sowed the seeds of fresh disputes, and opened the road to fresh aggressions on the Ottoman Empire. The Eastern Question, as it is called, it certainly did not settle; for that springs not only from the decay of the Turkish Government, but from the nature of things. It may be questioned whether the next generation will see a settled order of government in those countries; certainly not our own. Already there are alarming symptoms in the further East that the arrangements entered into at Berlin, far from being pledges of mutual goodwill and general peace, are directly opposed by the active policy of Russia in Central Asia. If it should turn out that the reckless defiance of the ruler of Afghanistan which threatens to draw us into another Afghan war is the result of the encouragement Shere Ali has received from Russia, it would only be another proof of the incredible duplicity of that Power, which affected to make sacrifices for the restoration of peace at Berlin, at the very moment when its agents were instructed to injure and insult us on the north-western frontier of India. Shere Ali may be an intemperate barbarian, but it is hardly possible to doubt that the springs of policy which have set him in motion are at St. Petersburg. If that be the case, the influence Lord Beaconsfield was supposed to have exercised at Berlin would be a miserable imposture, and the ovation which greeted him on his return the irony of fate. The conduct of the Ministry, alternately adventurous and hesitating, has placed themselves and the country in a difficult position. They boasted that they had erected barriers of adamant against remote or imaginary dangers; but the hostility of a hill chief beyond the Hindoo Khoosh takes them by surprise. Like King Henry VIII.'s gallant knights at the Field of Cloth of Gold, they 'made Britain India' at Berlin; and they found ere the autumn passed away that it was in India that serious military and financial difficulties might arise. The truth is, that the gloom which hangs over the future of the East, and the grave responsibilities that devolve on the British Government, have not been lightened by the results of the late Congress, and we still look with the greatest anxiety to the future course of events.

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